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# THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Always the Same.**—As we predicted a month ago, the change of Government has involved no change of policy. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's great speech at the Albert Hall was simply a verbose enunciation of platitudinous generalities—"without form and void." It would be difficult to say that it committed him or his party to anything; as is evidenced by the fact that he succeeded in pleasing all the heterogeneous elements which make up the great Liberal Party. The Irish appear to be assured that he is for Home Rule; but the Duke of Devonshire is equally assured that the Government is committed to nothing but the maintenance of free imports. Imperialists like Asquith, Grey and Haldane are convinced—or pretend

to be — that the Prime Minister has foresworn his "Little-Englandism" and is now as good an Imperialist as any member of the Liberal League; while the anti-Imperialists believe—or pretend to—that he is as much opposed to the "methods of barbarism" incidental to Imperialism as he ever was. So everybody is pleased; but it should be clear even to the man in the street that there is to be no change of policy.

**Threatened men Live Long.**—Any member of the House of Lords who has ever been alarmed by the Liberal threats against that assembly—if there is any such—must be reassured by the absence of the reiteration of these threats in "C.-B.'s" speech. Still more reassuring than his silence on the subject is the new Premier's action in creating some seven new peers. It is not as if these new peers were extreme Radicals who would be willing to assist the House of Lords to commit suicide. In every instance, the promotion is made as the reward of party services, and in three cases the new peers are wealthy men whose hostility to Labour is well known. Sir James Joicey, head of one of the largest colliery companies in Durham, and a director of the North-Eastern Railway Company, is the man who jubilantly rubbed his hands and exclaimed, when the Lords threw out Asquith's Employers' Liability Bill, "Thank God we have still a House of Lords." Then there is Mr. Charles H. Wilson, shipowner, of Hull shipping strike fame; and Sir Wm. H. Wills, of Bristol, chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company. Altogether, a worthy trio to help the passage of any democratic measures through the reactionary Upper House! If anybody had any doubt of the intentions of the new Ministry towards the House of Lords, these peerages should be sufficiently reassuring, as also a guarantee of its sympathy with Labour.

**A Clever Electioneering Dodge.**—If there were any question, after the creation of these new peers, of the Government's sympathy with Labour, it will not be the fault of "C.-B." Is not John Burns President of the Local Government Board? That will, for many a day, suffice to silence all cavillers. This appointment is the cleverest electioneering move that the new Premier has made. We know, of course, that the service Burns rendered the Liberals when he went over to them from the Socialist movement would be rewarded by a post as soon as that party came into power. It was very well known, too, that office has been Burns's ambition ever since 1893. But the rank and file of the working-class have paid little attention to his harlequinades; they have foregotten his advocacy of *independent* Labour representation, and his onslaught on Liberal-Labour men at the Trades Union Congress in 1890, his narrow escape from a ducking in 1884, when he denounced John Bright as a "hoary old hypocrite" and Gladstone as a "grand old windbag;" they have forgotten his, later, defence of the Featherstone murders and his acquiescence in Lord Stanley's attack on the "bloodsuckers" and "blackmailers" of the Postal Service. These things are all forgotten. John is a "trusted, tried and true" leader of Labour, and his promotion to a place in the Cabinet is an unexpected honour to the working class —Labour is now in power—and an earnest of the sympathy of the new Government with the working-class. That is how it is generally regarded by all but a few Ishmaelitish, envious, cantankerous Socialists, and this clever stroke will gain for the Liberal Party thousands of working-class votes from among those who were just beginning to realise the need for independent working-class political action. Oh, it is a clever dodge; quite worthy of the party which ever since Chartist days has succeeded in defeating every working-class movement by trickery and cajolery! Burns is in the Cabinet as a hostage for Labour. Impotent to shape the policy of the new Government in the interests of

the working-class, yet making the working-class partners in the class domination of which they are the victims.

**All's Well.**—So far as any constructive social policy is concerned the electors of the country are quite in the dark as to the intentions of the new Ministry. As we have seen the "great" speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which consisted of vague generalities, and since then Sir Henry has issued his election address. Here also we have looked in vain for any definite announcement of social reform. It is all taken up with abuse of the opposite party—the usual tactics when they have no case of their own. So we may take it the Liberal Party are quite satisfied with simply standing on their Free Trade policy. Not less satisfied are the Tories. Mr. Balfour, in one of his speeches, has stated that "surely not one of us here need look back with anything but feelings of pride to the record that lies behind us. (Cheers.) I care not in the least to which department of our activity you refer—whether it be administrative reform, social reform, the conduct of foreign affairs, the augmentation of those defensive forces upon which all sound diplomacy ultimately rests. I care not in which department you criticise, if any man will impartially compare the ten years now concluded with any other decade, be it what it may, in British history, I venture to say that he will not find greater consistency, more fruitful unity of idea, greater schemes of legislation, a more essentially successful foreign policy, than he will in the ten years which have elapsed from 1895 till December 11, 1905." And Mr. Chamberlain has also stated that "the Government which has just resigned, and the Government before that, in which I occupied an honourable position, have nothing to be ashamed of." No doubt they are very well satisfied—they have every reason to

be. Who said anything about thousands of men unemployed, starving children, rotten and dilapidated houses at high rents, or a standing army of nearly a million paupers? Who whispered war contract scandals, thousands of lives lost on the South African veldt, famine in India, a bigger National Debt?

**Vere de Vere Economics.**—Lady Violet Greville recently said that, "If every working man could earn £1 a week, the women might stay at home and mind the children, and thus improve the race." We do not for a moment wish to infer that the aristocracy as a class are insane, far from it; but certainly the remarks of the Lady Violet Greville (poor girl), are not such as will enable us to conclude they are all sane—that is, if she is correctly reported. We wonder whether the honourable lady would like to try staying at home and minding the children on £1 per week, and moreover improve the race. It strikes us that the improvement which would result from such an attempt would be, like the wage, small. Unfortunately, it is because the working man only gets a wage of £1 per week, or less (which, by the way, these ladies spend on a dog's coat), that women have to enter the labour market, neglect their children, and bring down the physical and mental condition of the race. But, fortunately, the working class are not looking to economists of the Lady Violet's type to manage their affairs.

**Russia.**—At the time of writing it looks as if the Revolution in Russia may not succeed in abolishing the Czardom and its tyranny so soon as it appeared some little time ago. The power of the autocracy seems to be getting the upper hand, and we may con-

fidently look forward to savage and bloody revenge upon all who took part in the people's revolt. This failure, however, is only temporary. Widespread as is the uprising, and wonderful as is the organisation, the cohesion and traditions of the autocracy is still too strong to be overthrown at one stroke. But the Russian people can never go back to its former self. They have awakened from their sleep of ages, and it is now only a matter of time for them to arrive at the goal of freedom from landlordism and capitalism towards which they have set their face. The people have entered on their revolutionary march. Judging by past events, we can confidently look towards our comrades there to mould the movement towards its only legitimate end—Social-Democracy. As regards England, we cannot say that the English people have warmly backed up the efforts of their Russian brothers and sisters. There is a good deal yet to be done here to stimulate the true internationalist spirit.

## DOGMATIC HISTOICS.

Our friend Rothstein claims that he "has succeeded in showing" that my criticism of one-sided "Marxism" in historical theory is "shallow," and my views thereupon "crude." These be brave words, but there may possibly be some among those who have read his article who hold less drastic views of Rothstein's success than he himself does. On a careful perusal, with the best intentions, of Rothstein's polemic, I, personally, can find not a *single thesis* proved, albeit plenty of dogmatic assertion and a luxurious amount of question-begging. The one point in which Rothstein (not to be too hard on him) may be granted a trifling "score," is in his criticism, to be referred to later on, of *one* expression of mine, which I am prepared to concede to him was not, perhaps, quite happily chosen.

I must protest, once for all, that, *pace* Rothstein, I have never as yet laid any claim to be the author of a "new scientific philosophy" (sic) called "synthetic." The question in hand, I may observe, moreover, is not one of philosophy *as such* at all, but of the theory of history, or if Rothstein prefers it, the "philosophy" *of history*. Neither have I claimed "originality" for the view put forward by me. When I "took on" Kautsky on this subject some ten years ago in the "Neue Zeit," I found that Hyndman had independently reached similar conclusions. (In fact, he it was who first called my

attention to the history of mathematics as a crucial refutation of the one-sided Marxian view.) The same is true of Jaurès, who has, if I mistake not, more than once publicly debated the subject. At the same time I hereby challenge Rothstein, not to make good his wild assertion that "this has been said over and over again by all our bourgeois critics"—which would be too much to expect of him—but to give the name of *one single* bourgeois writer who has stated the matter as I have stated it. If bourgeois historians have reached the same conclusions I congratulate them, only I don't know who they are.

Naturally my criticism of an impossibly one-sided theory gives Rothstein the opportunity to raise the cheap cry of "eclecticism." This can always be done under similar circumstances. Aristotle himself, when he criticised the pretensions of the one-sided pre-Socratic thinkers—each of whom had his own special abstract formula as the last word of philosophic wisdom—when he did justice to each by showing its relative truth in the great synthetic system he himself elaborated, might well have been condemned as a vile eclectic, by, let us say, a servile follower of Zeno of Elea or of Herakleitos of Ephesus, respectively. "Eclecticism" in the bad sense means a piecing-together, a patchwork, not an organic unity. What I have pointed out is that history *is* an organic unity, but that in tracing the causation of events we have, in the last resort, to take account of a double causal series, that of the evolution of material (mainly economic) circumstances on the one hand, and that of the intellectual and emotional side of man on the other. All I have contended is that one of these series cannot be reduced, *without remainder over*, to the other, albeit the proportional causal efficacy of each as regards the total result, varies. I may here remark that Rothstein plumes himself upon being a Monist, and seems to think that Monism is incompatible with my view. To this I reply, that while myself a Monist in

historical theory no less than in philosophy, I recognise in both cases two sorts of Monism, an arid fallacious *abstract* monism and a fruitful and productive *concrete* monism. The historical Monism of the extreme Marxists seems to me to belong to the former category.*

According to my severe critic, I am not only a base and vile eclectic, but my animadversions display a "total misconception of what historical materialism teaches." My first sin is that I assume the doctrine in question to offer an explanation of "the entire human life." All I can say is, that, with all my ignorance of the controversy, I have read enough of the modern *epigoni* on the subject to be in a position to say that most of them in their expositions of the doctrine speak *as though* the formula of historical materialism could be made to cover the whole sphere of human thought and action. I am also not unaware that when brought to book, they (e.g., Kautsky in his discussion with me) take refuge in some such *caveat* as that entered by Rothstein.

My contention and that of those who think with me, is that man attained to natural knowledge *essentially* through observation of fact (supplemented later on by experiment) and reasoning from fact; to mathematical and philosophical knowledge *essentially* through reflection on the abstract relations of time, space, and number, and on the conditions presupposed in conscious experience in general. We say that the mere question whether the impulse to observe or to reflect in special departments was given, or even whether the results

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* Rothstein is pleased to make sweeping assertions as to my "ignorance" of the literature of the Marxist historical theory. This kind of "slogging" in controversy is not usually nowadays considered "good form." However, I don't mind it, recognising that it is only "pretty Fanny's way" of intimating that she disagrees with me. As a matter of fact, my acquaintance with the literature in question is probably at least as extensive as that of comrade Rothstein.

were suggested by current conditions of life, though undeniably an interesting one, is relatively unimportant. That geometry, as the name implies, had its origin in land measurement may be perfectly true. But it is the correctness of the formulation of the space-relations involved in it that is the crucial point for the science as such. The practical necessities which led men's attention to these relations is the mere superficial and proximate cause. Similarly, it may be true or not that the doctrine of "natural selection" was suggested to Darwin and Wallace by the competition of the commercial life around them; but if true, interesting though the fact may be, it is trivial, since observation and experiment on the phenomena of natural history themselves would have been quite sufficient in a mind such as Darwin's to have led to the same result. This even Rothstein will hardly deny. If anything is "shallow as a duck's pond," it is surely the triviality in which Rothstein makes this materialistic theory of history to "peter out." *Ex monti partituritur mus.*

The attempts which have been made to show a connection between philosophical theory and economic conditions are too ghastly for words. I think it was our worthy friend Lafargue who suggested that the distinction between *phenomena* and *things-in-themselves* in Kant represented the endeavour of the rising bourgeois to *hocus* the guileless proletariat into thinking that the bourgeois was, after all, *in himself*, his best friend! Engels, if I mistake not, in his pamphlet on Feuerbach, has also a "go" at Kant and the *ding-an-sich*. According to Engels the "thing-in-itself" was a conception due to the backward state of chemistry in Kant's day! Now that our acquaintance with the properties of bodies is so much enlarged, the conception of the "thing-in-itself" is superfluous! This is a crucial illustration of the saying anent the shoemaker and his last. It is veritably astounding that a man of Engel's capacity and acuteness in economic science,

when it comes to a question of philosophy, should write the baldest nonsense, betraying the absence of even a schoolboy's acquaintance with the meaning of the problem of which he is speaking. For this pitiable exhibition the attempt to push the materialistic theory of history *à outrance* must be held responsible.

The statement that the "materialist theory of history" does not profess to deal with the whole of human life is not the only protest that the extreme Marxists are fond of making when hard pressed in controversy. Like Rothstein, one and all they indignantly repel the idea that by economic condition they mean nothing but the material interests of individuals or classes. They protest they refer to the conditions of life, of production and distribution generally and not merely to "interests." But here, again, can it be denied that Marx (with undoubted justice) repeatedly insists that the salient factor in history is the struggle of classes, the conflict of class interests, maintaining further that to this human evolution during the historica period may be reduced? And can it be further denied by anyone acquainted with the recent party literature, that nine-tenths of the writing on the subject consists in the endeavour to trace the *whole* intellectual, æsthetic and moral development of man precisely to this conflict of class interests? Now, there is no one who is more strongly impressed with the importance of the class struggle, not only in its form of to-day, but in its earlier phases as exhibited in history, than myself; but nevertheless I cannot subscribe to the extravagance that it is capable *per se* of adequately explaining every fact of human progress. The note on p. 60 of the original German edition of "Das Kapital" (now before me), which by a slip I erroneously, in memory of a reference of Kautsky's in his controversy with me, spoke of as a manuscript comment of Marx, says that "the manner in which they [the men of antiquity and the Middle Ages respectively] made their living explains why there city-

politics, here Catholicism, played the chief rôle." In this sense Rothstein similarly asks why at a particular moment one form of religious belief becomes dominant rather than another. The answer, according to Rothstein, is naturally that "it was precisely owing to them [the relations of production, etc.] that a religious belief" like Catholicism "arose and took such a mighty hold of the minds of the people." *Proof* of this assertion is as little attempted by Rothstein as it was by Marx. I remember once challenging Engels to demonstrate the connection between the rise of the Gnostic systems in the second century and the special economical conditions of the Roman Empire at that time. His answer was that to do that one would have to go far to the social origins of things! Exactly what he meant I do not know. Neither myself nor any other Socialist thinker of the order of what Rothstein terms the "unscientific mind" would deny the influence of economic conditions in all these cases. What our unscientific minds fail to grasp is the possibility of an adequate explanation of the facts by economic circumstances *alone*.

We cannot quite "tumble" to the scientific procedure which consists in trying to force recalcitrant facts under a one-sided formula which doesn't fit them, or which only fits them in part. But what of the other factor which we say enters into historical change? What of the mental or ideal factor considered per se? I will here make a concession to Rothstein and admit that my expression "intellectual spontaneity" was unhappily chosen. What I meant was that the factor in question was relatively *spontaneous* so far as the other factor was concerned, not, of course, *spontaneous* in the sense of being out of relation to a causal series altogether; in other words, that, up to a certain point at least, it followed its own causal series, and was not solely the product (*epiphenomenon*) of the series of external causation. This, I am prepared to maintain till doomsday if necessary.

According to Rothstein, p. 659, the individual consciousness and will as such has no historical importance. It does not belong to the domain of history, but to that of biography. Now, I am quite prepared to admit that society is in no sense the mere sum of the individuals composing it, any more than the human body is the mere sum of its component cells and nerve-centres. Hence what Rothstein, following Marx, terms the social-consciousness—i.e., the psychical side of society—is more than the mere sum of the individual psyches of its members. But you cannot *separate* the one from the other. The individual psyche and the social psyche are in indissoluble synthesis of action and reaction. The whole of history illustrates this. We may none of us believe in Carlyle's "great man" theory of history in the present day. But will Rothstein deny that the individuality, the personal will-consciousness, of a Martin Luther or a Jean Jacques Rousseau entered formatively into the main development of history? Or have Cæsar, Luther, Rousseau, Napoleon, no historical, but only a biographical, significance?

Marx says there are "certain forms of social consciousness which *correspond*" to the "economic structure of society." Engels says that these "forms of social consciousness" "reflect" the "economic conditions." Now here we come to the crucial point. According to the extreme Marxian view, the forms of social consciousness are *mere* forms and nothing else. They are simply passive reflectors of the economic structure. They *ex*press nothing but what that structure *im*presses upon them, albeit, of course, they express it in terms of their own nature, just as the reflection in a mirror is largely determined by the character of the glass of which it is made.* Now this purely passive rôle of the

* I devoutly hope Rothstein won't again perform the one-sided Marxist's usual wriggle when he is in a corner, and accuse me of "misunderstanding" once more, for if we can't accept plain statements of doctrine and argue from them, it is of no use discussing at all.

intellectual and emotional side of human life is what we of the guild of the "unscientific mind" absolutely refuse to admit. We say there never was a period, since human society existed, when the "social consciousness" did not play the part of a distinct agency or activity in the formation of the total result called human evolution, and that even the content it receives from without is not necessarily exclusively economic. That it has always been in part determined by the economic factor, that the relation between these two elements of human development has always been one of action and reaction—no Socialist has thought of denying. The great service of Marx in this matter has been to call attention to the preponderating influence of the economic factor throughout history. And I must here correct a direct falsification of my view on the part of Rothstein. Says Rothstein, "Bax distinctly confines its [the economic factor's] influence to but modern times." This is inexcusable of Rothstein. If he will but glance at the article he is criticising, he will find that Bax "distinctly" does the very opposite. He carefully guards himself against any such interpretation. What I said in the article in question was that *both factors were operative throughout history, but* that the preponderance of the economic factor became more marked as we approached the zenith of the capitalist period, when its relative predominance has become so great that for practical purposes the opposite factor (as being so relatively unimportant) might be almost disregarded. Moreover, to speak of my view as "a happy complement to Bernstein," is distinct "cheek" on the part of Rothstein, seeing that, as that Marxian of the Marxians, Karl Kautsky, pointed out some years ago, Bernstein's view is, *au fond*, simply a plagiarism from my own (published two or three years before his book), but inverted in a manner that makes complete unhistorical nonsense of it.

I now come to a passage of Rothstein's article which is characteristic of the one-sided Marxian, and

highly edifying (p. 652). *La voila!* "The reader will note that we are not concerned here with interpreting this or that historical phenomenon—Catholicism or any other [!!]. Historical materialism is a method of inquiry, not a ready solution for historical riddles." Delightful, is it not? "Heads I win, tails you lose" Where the economical element in an historical phenomenon is sufficiently preponderant as to render it possible for the so-called "historical materialist" to make it pass muster for the whole cause, then that is a crucial score to the success of his method. When the contrary is the case, then the explanation of the phenomenon in question becomes an "historical riddle," which it is no business of the "historical materialist" to solve. Somehow, I rather "cotton" to this "method." It saves one such a lot of mental exertion. It is so deuced scientific, too!

Rothstein's "finger posts," according to which the atomistic philosophy of Democritus was a product of the dissolution of the old family and tribal relations in Greece, and the materialism of Lucretius of the ruin of Italian agriculture, are apt illustrations of the loose and vague guesses which seem to satisfy the "scientific mind" of the extreme-Marxist. As regards race-temperament, while starting out to combat my contention that it plays a part in general historical development, Rothstein practically has to throw up the sponge. His own admission that such widely different results as the troubadour movement in "sunny France," and "heavy lewdness" in cold England, were brought about by like economic causes, is a sufficient recognition that other determinant influences besides purely economic ones, among them race-temperament, have their share in the making of human history.

Rothstein complains that the synthetic method as opposed to the one-sided Marxian is old. Well, it may be so, but for myself I confess to having a weakness for *old* sense over *new* nonsense. And I am prepared to maintain the assertion *is* nonsense, that all human development can be explained, with

out remainder over, by the simple formula which declares all things historic to be merely the reflex of material or economic conditions. As Jaurès remarked to me some time ago, the absurdities of the *ultra* "historical materialists" discredit Socialist theory and are in the long run injurious to the movement. Whenever the method of this one-sided historical materialism is reduced to a test in any given instance, it breaks down utterly and hopelessly. Its only chance is to remain suspended in the vague, to take refuge in bare general assertions without attempt at proof, and to avoid allowing itself to be brought to book with the concrete.

I now bid farewell to my esteemed friend of the "scientific mind." Yet my heart bled for him on reading his article, and I have appealed to the Throne of Grace, to wit, the Editor of the SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT, not to close the discussion as was originally intended, but to allow him another chance, as I didn't want to be too hard on him. To this our Editor has consented. So Rothstein will now have the opportunity of dilating further on my unscientific mind, my ignorance, crudeness, unoriginality and the like. I am prepared to accept "all this quantity of sack" provided only that I get my "ha'porth of bread" in the shape of a genuine attempt to solve *one* problem in man's intellectual development by means of the one-sided formula under discussion. Let Rothstein take his time about it and tackle the Gnostic business or Catholicism and Manichæism, for example, and show these speculative conceptions to have nothing for their content but speculatively metamorphosed economic conditions. I do not propose at present to go over the whole ground again, and shall confine such comments as I may make thereupon to any new points raised by comrade Rothstein.

E. BELFORT BAX.

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P.S.—In re-reading Rothstein's article, I find there is one point of his I have failed to notice. This is his criticism of my statement that only by the elimination

of such disturbing influences as economic conditions can pure science progress at all. This, says Rothstein (p. 654), must mean "that it is only when a man does not care for any ultimate gain, but concentrates his attention unselfishly on the subject, that he is able to push science forward." No, dear comrade, wrong again! I meant a great deal more than this in the passage quoted. I meant that a science must emancipate itself from being the mere handmaid of material things and practical purposes before it can attain the rank of a true science. Take the example in question, geometry to wit. Geometry did not become a science until it had shaken off not merely the personal economic interests of the land-measurer, but the clogging and disturbing influence of the land itself, or any other material thing or practical use. It had to become a science of pure space relations employing constructions, strictly speaking, unrealisable in material objects at all. This it is that gives it its *cachet* as a pure science. Whether its truths were suggested by the measurement of land or in any similar way, is doubtless an interesting question, but without the slightest philosophico-historical importance. With this explanation Rothstein's dithyramb on my "crudeness" may be taken or left, as the reader pleases.

## THE L.R.C. AND ITS ENEMIES.

The idea of "Labour Representation" although it has already taken hold of the trade union world, is still shrouded in a cloud of misunderstanding and misconception. This is shown by the antagonism to the L.R.C. coming from quarters where the belief that the workers must make use of their votes to improve their economic condition is accepted.

When we bear in mind the fact that the L.R.C. is a body born not outside of trade unionism but within it, and that at present it is the only political organisation which stands nearest to trade unionism, then the attack upon that body by alleged trade unionists and by supposed friends of Labour becomes inexplicable on any other ground than either ignorance or malice.

Take for instance the circular published by "Reynolds's Newspaper" of the 18th June, 1905, under the title, "Trade Union Defence League," signed by alleged trade unionists, wherein an appeal was made to workmen in the name of political freedom and political independence, to subscribe to the League, which has for its object to take legal proceedings against such unions which give financial support to the L.R.C.

If such a circular had appeared in the "Daily Mail" notice need not have been taken of it; but when published by "Reynolds's," and a criticism of same

having been rejected by that organ, then we must come to the conclusion that something is wrong somewhere, that something is misunderstood in connection with "Labour representation."

About nine or ten years ago, I pointed out in an article in the "Social-Democrat" the true position of the Socialist Party in Great Britain. I then argued that we shall never *absorb* the working class in this country. We are and always will be the scouts, the advance-guard of the Labour movement. I hold the same opinion now as strongly as I did then.

If we look upon ourselves as *the* working-class party we will find that we have accomplished little, because our number is small. But if we will judge our propaganda from *my* standpoint, we have a right to say that we have accomplished very much.

We have done more than any other body to teach the workers of England that the solution of the "Labour question" is to be found in Labour's control of the political machinery of the country, and we have lived to see the day when the workers of this country have to some extent become converted to this great truth.

It is, therefore, our duty to guard zealously and look out most keenly for any occurrence, however small, which points to some confusion, some misunderstanding in the march of the workers on the road to their political control of the country.

I said before that the circular in question indicates that there is something wrong somewhere. I will, therefore, devote this article to the organisers of the "Trade Union Defence League," and will endeavour to convince them that their efforts in inducing trade unionists to withold their support from the L.R.C. will not be for the best interests of trade unionism, and that they are exerting themselves in favour of the common enemy, although their intentions might be otherwise.

For argument's sake I will ask them to suppose

that the following imaginary circular had been sent to them :—

"Fellow Workers,—The time has arrived for the formation of a Liberty and Labour Defence League, to maintain and protect the individual liberty of every British working man to work as he pleases, for whom he pleases, and to sell his labour for any price he likes, without the interference of walking delegates and trade union officials, who fatten on our toil. Fellow workers! We must once and for all time break down the despotism of trade unionism, and show the world that we are free British workmen. Free to starve (oh, beg pardon, it is a slip of the pen), we mean free to work when we like, for whom we like, and as long as we like. That no one shall be compelled to join a union against his will. The only way of demonstrating the illegality of the methods of those trade union officials in cajoling workmen to join the union is to have them arrested for conspiracy. For this purpose we open a fund, and we trust that every working man who believes in the freedom of Labour will subscribe.—(Signed), J. IGNORAMUS, W. BLACKLEG, T. KNAVE."

If the organisers of the Trade Union Defence League had read such a circular, what remark would they have passed about it? I imagine I can see the sneer about their mouths and can hear them say, "Oh, we can tell by the bark what kind of a dog he is."

If only those trade unionists would compare their circular with my imaginary one, and substitute the words "Political freedom, political independence," in place of the words "Freedom of labour, individual liberty," both circulars would be of the same type, i.e., both, if acted upon, would be injurious to the workers and beneficial to the interests of those classes who live and luxuriate on the misery and toil of the workers.

It is far from my intention to impugn the sincerity of those who organised such a league. My sole desire is to try and enlighten them and others on the subject of "Labour Representation," which is, unfor-

tunately, so misrepresented and misunderstood. I must also mention, by the way, that I am in no way connected with the L.R.C., nor with any organisation represented in the L.R.C. I am simply an ardent student of the social and labour question, and, therefore, I can view the subject more impartially than either of the combatants.

From the tone of the circular and the writings of those who are opposed to the levies for the L.R.C., it is plain that the L.R.C., or any other political body whose programme is of the same nature or more socialistic, are looked upon by many trade unionists as altogether outside the sphere of trade unionism. It is, therefore, no wonder that they strenuously oppose the attempt to use the unions' funds in support of such political bodies. But if those trade unionists could be convinced that the above political bodies are not outside the sphere of trade unionism, that they and trade unionism are really one, just like infantry and cavalry are both different organisations, but they are, nevertheless, one and the same army—if this truth could be impressed upon the trade unionists of this country, then this great controversy would end, and the road to a brighter future for all to whom life, at present, is not worth living would be cleared. I will, therefore, try to convince them that the object of trade unionism and that of the L.R.C. are one and the same.

The object of trade unionism is to secure for the workers a better living. The workers of 50 years ago, who did not understand the workings of the capitalistic system of production and distribution of commodities, looked upon the employing class as their only enemy. It is a general rule that unthinking and uneducated people can only grasp things which affect them directly, but do not feel indirect effects. So it was then with the workers, and so it is with most of them now. The dealings of their employers with them they feel and understand, because it is direct;

but that of the whole industrial and commercial system they do not feel nor understand. Although the system, or society as a whole, robs the working classes of two-thirds of what they produce, whilst the net share of the robbery which goes to the employing class is on an average not more than 20 per cent., yet the majority of workers in the past have looked only to the employing class as the only party with which to fight in order to secure a better living; hence comes trade unionism, with its weapon the strike, wherewith to wrest from the employer a shilling extra on their weekly wages, or an hour off the working day.

With the advance of education, especially on labour and social questions, the workers began to find out that they are being robbed by society generally, and that to strike for a shilling extra on their wages is not the only way to better their condition. They discovered that by fighting society they could secure much more. That to build national or municipal dwelling-houses for working men at a rental to cover cost of construction and repair, would bring them 3s. a week as a saving on rent, and this sum would have the same purchasing power as an equal sum gained from the employer. State ownership of coal mines, and municipal coal depots, would save them another 1s. 6d. per week. A sixpence gained through municipal tramways goes just as far as a sixpence gained from the employer. Free Maintenance of his children at school would be, to the unemployed working man, of greater benefit than all the benefits he could derive from a trade union during a lifetime. The nationalisation of the liquor traffic would bring in the average working man at least a shilling a week, and would give him good stuff in the bargain. The removal of all duties on food, tobacco, and drink, and the placing of same on land values and on a graduated income-tax, together with the abolition of a standing army and the substitution of a citizen army, would so cheapen

most of the necessaries of life, that it would mean a couple of shillings a week to the working man.

The discovery by the workers of the above truths gave birth to the idea that the working-classes must devote their attention to politics. That was the first step in the right direction. But when it came to the practical application of the new idea, they went the wrong way again. They began to bargain with the two capitalistic parties, and the result was that they were beaten. Thirty years of disappointment led the workers to take another step in the right direction. They resolved to devote themselves to politics independent of any party which represents in any way the interests of those classes who live on the toil and misery of the workers, either directly or indirectly. The word "independent" has been a bone of much contention between the more advanced and the less advanced sections of organised labour. In my opinion the truth is on the side of the more advanced section in this controversy. In spite of all the talk about "isolation," I hold that the political Labour Party in England must be strictly independent of, and isolated from, every capitalistic party in the same way as a trade union is independent of, and isolated from, every masters' association. The other political parties, as a whole, are nothing less than "the political masters' associations"; therefore, the political Labour Party must be a kind of "political trade union."

After taking the second step in the right direction, they again went the wrong way in its practical application. Instead of taking labour politics *inside* the trade union, as part and parcel of trade unionism, they unfortunately keep it *outside*, and as a result of this false application of a good principle, we see such anomalies as, for instance, one Labour M.P. signing the constitution of the L.R.C., another refusing; one agreeing with independence, another calling it isolation; and to crown it all comes the circular which led me to write this article.

I do not at all hope that at the present moment the idea of melting together Labour politics with trade unionism will find many adherents, but I firmly believe that after many years of contention and confusion in the Labour movement, the workers will ultimately come round to that idea, because it is the only logical one, and whatever is logical in the sphere of politics is also inevitable. What else is there left now for a trade union to do, since its chief weapons, the strike and the picket, are broken? What can be the subject for an agenda at a business meeting? The mere paying of contributions and the reading of minutes will not keep them for long cemented together. As things are now, trade unions have ceased to be fighting organisations, they have been reduced to the level of friendly societies. It would, therefore, be wrong to argue, that to take politics inside the trade union would mean to bring in foreign matter, would cause dissension, etc. The discussion of a political programme, or of the candidature of a trade unionist at a business meeting should be—and I hope in the future will be—as natural as the discussion of a strike, or the sending of a delegate to the Trades Union Congress. When the great day comes that this truth dawns upon the workers of Britain, then will be the time for the S.D.F., the I.L.P. and the L.R.C. to change their constitutions and form political bodies; they will become propaganda organisations.

They will form the scouts of the Labour movement. The only political Labour Party will be the organised workers. The trade union and the political club will be one. At a business meeting part of the agenda will be formed of matters appertaining to the trade, and the greatest part of things political, because the political fight of the worker is the more important, as I have already shown that the worker has more to gain from the fight with society than from the fight with the direct employer.

At present the question as to who is and who is

not a proper person to represent Labour in Parliament, is not quite clear to the unions, and much discussion has taken place on this point; but when Labour politics shall become part and parcel of trade unionism, this question will be solved. The trade unionists will then be able to tell instinctively who is and who is not a fit Labour candidate, in the same way as he can tell now who is a fit candidate to send as delegate to the Trades Union Congress. When a trade union in dispute with a masters' association is asked to appoint delegates to represent them on a board of arbitration to meet there delegates of the masters, the union has no difficulty in deciding who are fit and proper persons to represent its interests; neither will the union then have any difficulty to decide who is a proper person to represent its interests in Parliament.

Having indulged in a little prophecy, I will leave the future to the future, and will return to the present. At present the L.R.C., with all its shortcomings, represents the principles of independent Labour politics. I have started out to examine the objects of trade unionism and of the L.R.C., and I trust that I have convinced the readers that the objects are the same—viz., to secure for the workers a better living. If this is so, where, then, do the signatories of the famous circular came in? I trust that this article will have the effect upon them and on others of their type to turn from the wrong path and sin no more.

J. FINN.

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SUPPLEMENT.

As this article was written about seven months ago, and the impulse to write it was given me by the above-mentioned circular, I now find, on reading over the proof copy, that the predominant idea in my mind which I desired to impress upon the reader only plays second fiddle. I feel, therefore, the necessity to supplement the article with a few remarks.

My chief object is to point out that the working men of this country, with their political and economic blindness, have, nevertheless, unconsciously travelled a good distance in the right direction towards the real solution of the "Labour question," and the way they have travelled was not in a *straight* line, but in a "zigzag" line. The reason for it is to be found in the working of two forces—necessity and ignorance.

Necessity compelled them to make a step forward, and ignorance pulled them aside; for example:

Necessity moved them to combine against industrial oppression; that was a step forward, but ignorance pushed them aside, and their activities were expressed in the smashing of machinery. Necessity afterwards got the upper hand, and moved them to combine against the capitalistic class, but ignorance made them fight *against* capital industrially and *for* capital politically. Necessity again got the upper hand, and moved them to fight capital politically, but ignorance managed to persuade them to do it indirectly, by a Parliamentary Committee going cap in hand from one capitalistic politician to another, begging for Labour legislation. Necessity again gave them a push forward, and they resolved upon independent political action, but ignorance is hard at work trying to pull them aside, telling them that it must be kept outside the union.

Thus we see that circumstances compelled the working men, almost unconsciously, to move on in the right direction, and although I believe that circumstances will also in the end compel them to make the last and most important step, that of making "Labour politics" part and parcel of trade unionism, it is advisable that we should come to the assistance of circumstances and hasten on the great move. We shall only be in a position to do this when we ourselves are free from the idea that a time will come when the working men will give a majority of their votes to a Socialistic organisation. We must understand our

position in this country. *We* are the flag-bearers, *they* are the army. Necessity or circumstances—call it what you will—which pushed them on from machine-breakers to their present position, in spite of the efforts of ignorance to pull them aside, will push them on farther and farther. When a tramcar is off the line, it jerks and turns, bumps and shakes, but when it is got on the line it runs smoothly to its destination. Until now the Labour movement was *off* the line; when politics and trade unionism will become *one* it will be *on* the line, and will run smoothly towards Socialism. If some readers doubt this and will express their doubt, I will make it the subject of another article.

I hope that the comrades will not infer from the aforesaid that I am against the present S.D.F. political campaigns. Until the trade union tramcar is brought on the lines, our political campaigns are necessary as means of agitation and education. In conclusion, I will mention a fact which is quite worthy of note. When I wrote the above article in June last, I had no idea whatever that there was a movement on foot to bring forth a resolution before the last Trades Union Congress to amalgamate the Trades Union Federation, the Parliamentary Committee and the L.R.C. into one body. Here we see how the force which I for convenience sake called "necessity" is working towards the unity of political action and trade unionism. "Ignorance" has for the present frustrated the attempt, and there will certainly yet be a terrible fight between the two forces about this all-important point; but necessity will win in the end, and we must hasten to come to her aid.

J. FINN.

# PAUPERISM IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The 34th Annual Report of the Local Government Board has been issued, and contains the returns relating to the Poor Law for the year ended Lady Day, 1905. We have extracted certain statistics, etc., which may be useful and interesting to our readers.

## England and Wales.

The rise in the total number of paupers which took place in each of the three years 1901-3 was followed by a much larger increase during 1904, the numbers relieved on January 1, 1905, being 7.3 per cent. greater than on the previous January 1. The average rate of increase in the previous three years was only 2.8 per cent.

The increase in 1904 was considerably higher in the class of outdoor than in that of indoor paupers, in contrast with the general tendency of recent years. There was a considerable increase in the class of married couples with children, especially in the number receiving outdoor relief.

The mean number of able-bodied paupers (excluding casuals) for the parochial year ended Lady Day,

1905, was 116,366, the highest record since 1873. Considered in relation to population there has, however, been an appreciable decrease in the numbers of this class. The ratio per 1,000 of population, which was 4.1 in 1880-1, reached its lowest (2.8) in 1900-1, since when it has risen to 3.4.

It is important to note that of the adult able-bodied indoor paupers relieved on January 1, 1905, 59 per cent. were sick or temporarily disabled on the day to which the return relates. Of the total male pauperism at that date the able-bodied classed as inh ealth formed 9.0 per cent., while the class of able-bodied men relieved on account of sickness, etc., formed 10.3 per cent.

The course of pauperism in recent years will be seen from the following table:—

| Year. | Paupers except Casual and Insane. | | | | | All Classes relieved including Casual and Insane. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Indoor. | | Outdoor. | | Total. | | |
| | Mean Number. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. | Mean* Number. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. | Mean Number. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. |
| 1881 | 160,881 | 6.3 | 560,731 | 21.8 | 28.1 | 790,937 | 30.8 |
| 1886 | 164,289 | 6.1 | 542,158 | 19.9 | 26.0 | 780,712 | 28.7 |
| 1891 | 163,357 | 5.7 | 515,473 | 17.9 | 23.6 | 759,730 | 26.4 |
| 1896 | 186,504 | 6.1 | 534,460 | 17.6 | 23.7 | 816,019 | 26.8 |
| 1901 | 186,312 | 5.8 | 489,498 | 15.3 | 21.1 | 781,298 | 24.3 |
| 1902 | 195,528 | 6.0 | 497,500 | 15.3 | 21.2 | 801,356 | 24.6 |
| 1903 | 203,604 | 6 2 | 506,029 | 15.3 | 21.5 | 822,786 | 24.9 |
| 1904 | 211,019 | 6.3 | 511,441 | 15.3 | 21.6 | 837,680 | 25.1 |
| 1905 | 222,217 | 6.6 | 542,891 | 16.1 | 22.6 | 884,365 | 26.2 |

* The mean numbers shown for any year are the mean of the numbers relieved on January 1 of that year, and on July 1 preceding.

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND AND WALES ON JANUARY 1, 1904, AND JANUARY 1, 1905, COMPARED.

| January 1, 1904. | | January 1, 1905. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No. of Paupers. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. | No. of Paupers. | Rate per 1,000 of Population. |
| 869,128 | 26.0 | 932,267 | 27.6 |

These 932,267 are classified as follows :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Paupers not classed as Insane or Casual Paupers: | |
| Men ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 216,066 |
| Women ... ... ... ... ... ... | 345,092 |
| Children under 16 ... ... ... ... ... | 247,771 |
| Total, excluding Insane and Casual Paupers | 808,929 |
| Insane: | |
| Men ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 47,581 |
| Women ... ... ... ... ... ... | 56,780 |
| Children under 16 ... ... ... ... ... | 2,001 |
| Total Insane ... ... ... ... ... | 106,362 |
| Casual Paupers ... ... ... ... ... ... | 17,524 |
| | 932,267 |
| Increase as compared with January, 1904 ... | 63,139 |

The respective totals of indoor and outdoor are given as under, although the total does not quite agree with the previous total :—

| Classes. | January 1, 1905. |
|---|---|
| Indoor ... ... ... ... ... ... | 273,386 |
| Outdoor ... ... ... ... ... ... | 575,613 |
| Insane in asylums, etc. ... ... ... ... | 83,816 |

The total of 273,386 indoor shows an increase of 13,477 over the number on January 1, 1904. As re-

gards the outdoor, the following particulars are furnished:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Persons receiving medical relief only ... ... | 18,776 |
| Children boarded out ... ... ... ... | 8,620 |
| Other outdoor paupers ... ... ... ... | 548,217 |
| Total outdoor... ... | 575,613 |
| Increase as compared with January 1, 1904 ... | 47,356 |

The aggregate expenditure on poor relief and the rate per head of the population were higher in 1903-4 than in any previous year for which the statistics are available. The total expenditure relating to the relief of the poor and matters wholly connected therewith during the year ended at Lady Day, 1904, (other than expenditure defrayed out of loans) amounted to £13,369,494. This sum is detailed as follows:—

| | £ |
|---|---|
| In Maintenance ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3,050,806 |
| Out-relief... ... ... ... ... ... .. | 2,991,130 |
| Maintenance of lunatics in county and borough asylums, registered hospitals, and licensed houses | 2,286,652 |
| Salaries and other remuneration, rations, and superannuation allowances of union officers and servants ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2,358,851 |
| Loan charges: Principal repaid, and interest ... | 1,098,163 |
| Other expenses of or immediately connected with relief ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1,583,892 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | £13,369 494 |

The amounts expended by the managers of the Metropolitan Asylums District exclusively in respect of their small-pox and fever hospitals, ambulance service, etc., £646,775, should be added to the above, making it £14,016,269.

In further tables it is shown that the expenditure

for the year 1903-4 relating to indoor relief works out at £37 18s. 11d. per pauper in London, and £25 2s. 1d. outside London, or £28 18s. 3¼d. for the whole of England and Wales; whilst for outdoor relief the sums were: London, £8 os. 2¼d., outside London, £6 14s. 1½d., or £6 16s. 3¼d. for the whole of England and Wales.

## Scotland.

The total number of paupers of all classes in Scotland on May 15, 1904, was 105,624, an increase of 2,608 over the corresponding figure for the previous year. Allowing for the estimated increase of population there was an appreciable increase in the proportion of pauperism to population, the rate per 1,000 in 1904 being 23, as compared with 22 in each of the years, 1899-1903. Compared with 1868, the year of highest recorded pauperism, the number of paupers per 1,000 has fallen from 41 to 23. The figures for certain recent years are shown in the following table:—

| At May 15. | Number of Ordinary Poor. | | Lunatic Poor. | Total. | Ratio Total per 1,000 of Estimated Population. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Indoor. | Outdoor. | | | |
| 1881 ... | 9,040 | 84,918 | 8,348 | 102,306 | 27 |
| 1886 ... | 9,495 | 78,575 | 9,434 | 97,504 | 25 |
| 1891 ... | 8,160 | 72,294 | 10,609 | 91,063 | 23 |
| 1896 ... | 9,569 | 76,494 | 11,939 | 98,002 | 23 |
| 1901 ... | 10,306 | 75,126 | 13,596 | 99,028 | 22 |
| 1902 ... | 10,865 | 76,134 | 13,849 | 100,848 | 22 |
| 1903 ... | 11,711 | 77,112 | 14,193 | 103,016 | 22 |
| 1904 ... | 12,827 | 78,413 | 14,384 | 105,624 | 23 |

While pauperism as a whole, in relation to population, has declined since 1868, the proportion to insane paupers to population has steadily increased.

In 1868 the insane formed 4.2 per cent. of all paupers, in 1881, 8.2 per cent., and in 1904, 13.6 per cent.

The number receiving indoor relief has on the whole increased; the number receiving outdoor relief fell fairly steadily between 1868 and 1892, but has since shown a tendency to increase.

The total expenditure on poor relief in the year ended May 15, 1904, was £1,300,743, equivalent to 5s. 7½d. per head of the population, or £12 6s. 3½d. per person relieved on the date named.

### IRELAND.

The daily average number of all persons in receipt of relief, in Ireland, for the year ended April 1, 1905, was 101,251, representing nearly 23 per 1,000 of the population. The daily averages for certain recent years, distinguishing indoor and outdoor, are shown below :—

| Year ended March. | Average daily number. | | | Ratio per 1,000 of Population. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Indoor. | Outdoor. | Total. | Indoor. | Outdoor. | Total. |
| 1896 ... ... | 41,564 | 56,619 | 98,183 | 9.1 | 12.3 | 21.4 |
| 1901 ... ... | 41,596 | 57,676 | 99,272 | 9.2 | 12.8 | 22.0 |
| 1902 ... ... | 42,583 | 57,551 | 100,134 | 9.5 | 12.9 | 22.4 |
| 1903 ... ... | 43,316 | 57,875 | 101,191 | 9.7 | 13.0 | 22.7 |
| 1904 ... ... | 43,561 | 56,672 | 100,233 | 9.8 | 12.8 | 22.6 |
| 1905 ... ... | 43 586 | 57,665 | 101,251 | 9.9 | 13.0 | 22.9 |

The total expenditure on poor relief in the year ended September 3, 1904, was £1,012,970, or 4s. 7¼d. per head of the population. Computed on the daily average number for that year, the expenditure amounted to £10 2s. 7¼d. per person relieved.

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The Local Government Board, as is well known, has a large field of operations, one of its many duties

being the supervising of the Adulteration Acts. The following return shows the results of analyses of samples of food and drugs under the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts during 1904.

| | Number of Samples. | | Percentage Adulterated. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Examined. | Found Adulterated. | |
| Milk ... ... ... ... | 36,413 | 4,031 | 11.1 |
| Butter ... ... ... ... | 15,124 | 867 | 5.7 |
| Cheese ... ... ... ... | 2,176 | 20 | 0.9 |
| Margarine ... ... ... | 1,169 | 83 | 7.1 |
| Lard ... ... ... ... | 2,489 | 4 | 0.2 |
| Bread ... ... ... ... | 473 | 1 | 0.2 |
| Flour ... ... ... ... | 476 | 3 | 0.6 |
| Tea ... ... ... ... | 486 | — | — |
| Coffee ... ... ... ... | 2,550 | 161 | 6.3 |
| Cocoa ... ... ... ... | 477 | 42 | 8.8 |
| Sugar ... ... ... ... | 901 | 49 | 5.4 |
| Mustard ... ... ... ... | 812 | 39 | 4.8 |
| Confectionery and Jams ... | 1,303 | 72 | 5.5 |
| Pepper ... ... ... ... | 2,393 | 43 | 1.8 |
| Wine ... ... ... ... | 308 | 54 | 17.5 |
| Beer ... ... ... ... | 1,065 | 75 | 7.0 |
| Spirits ... ... ... ... | 6,938 | 832 | 12.0 |
| Drugs ... ... ... ... | 3,244 | 365 | 11.3 |
| Other articles ... ... ... | 5,881 | 432 | 7.3 |
| All articles ... ... | 84,678 | 7,173 | 8.5 |

## BELGIUM.—*(Concluded.)*

The following is the second portion of a lecture (one of a series) delivered by Mr. P. Descours at South Place, Finsbury, on Sunday afternoon in 1903 :—

Formerly the middle classes were generally freethinkers of a Voltairean type; but, as in France, with the rise of democracy they have got afraid of these doctrines. They are now firmly convinced that a religion of some kind or other is necessary for the people, if not for them, and so they nominally conform to the Catholic religion. The Church is not taken in by these manœuvres, but this conformity gives her all she requires, and she is accordingly satisfied. As long as a man is married at church, has his children christened, and has the priest in his last illness—he is only called in at the last moment—appearances are saved, and the Church does not insist on the performing of the many rites incumbent on a good Catholic. It is needless to point out that this is a very bad system, and that the position of these men is a very illogical one.

In addition to the ordinary members of the clergy, the parish clergy, or secular clergy as they are called, there are a very large number of monks and nuns. The numbers were always very large, but they have gone on increasing very rapidly in recent years. In 1880 there were 1,559 convents of men and women, and they had 25,462 inmates; in 1890 there were 1,793 convents, and 30,098 monks and nuns; in 1903 there were 2,221 convents, and 37,684 monks and nuns; and this year there are 3,000 convents, and 45,000 monks and nuns. In other words there is one monk or nun for every 1,000 inhabitants. This increase is due, of course, to the recent dissolution of religious orders in France, the members of which have crossed the French frontier and established themselves in Belgium, often quite close to France. A great deal of property is passing into the hands of these religious

bodies, though it is impossible to say how much of the land and of the wealth of the country they own. They are more numerous in the Flemish-speaking part of the country, and their number is specially seen at the open-air processions which form so prominent and so picturesque a feature of Belgian life. At a great Catholic festival, such as that of the Assumption on August 15, the visitor would be astonished at seeing the large number of monks and nuns taking part in the procession, and mitred abbots can be seen there as in the Middle Ages. The question will have to be solved one day in a very drastic way or else the greater part of the wealth will pass into the hands of the clergy. Large sums of money are spent on the churches and facsimiles of miracle-working shrines are erected. There is even a project now of erecting at Kockelberghe, near Brussels, a facsimile of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, though it would appear that there are enough churches there already, and the King, whom one would not expect to find particularly eager in the affair, has already promised a munificent donation.

Taxation in Belgium is of two kinds—direct and indirect. The direct taxes are levied on property and on trades; there is no income-tax and the succession duties are very low, the present Government having always refused to increase these latter duties or to impose an income-tax. The indirect taxes are levied on beer, wine and spirits—the duties on the latter having been raised recently. The spirit which is generally drank is gin, and it is often very badly distilled and produces very deleterious effects. It has been proposed that it should be made a Government monopoly and not sold until it has been properly rectified so as to remove noxious compounds from it, but naturally there is much opposition to this, not only from the distillers but also from the retailers.

The customs tariff is moderate; tobacco is not a Government monopoly as in France, and being much cheaper than in that country there is a great deal of smuggling into France. Nearly all the railways in Belgium belong to the Government. There is a considerable revenue derived from them, which is increasing. Travelling is very cheap, and the working classes can obtain weekly tickets at an absurdly cheap rate; there are many workmen who come to Brussels every day from towns and villages 20 and 30 miles away. Unfortunately these trains often run at a very early hour and they may have to leave their homes at three or four o'clock in the morning. It is difficult in those cases to see where the benefit of living in the pure country air comes in, and, of course, it adds considerably to the working day if two or three hours, in going and returning from work, have to be spent in the train.

Nearly all the debt of Belgium has been incurred in the construction of State railways, and the profits derived from them are used partly as a sinking fund.

In the towns the Revenue is raised by direct taxation, as there is not, as in France, any system of octroi, i.e., dues levied on articles taken into the town.

A great deal of money has been spent, however, on fortifications. At first, Antwerp was strongly fortified, but now the military authorities declare that the fortifications are useless. Having wasted the money, the ordinary person would think they would be more careful in the future, but military men are not ordinary persons. If a million has been wasted on useless forts that is a very good precedent for wasting double as much again. Accordingly, this was done, and a new line of forts was erected along the banks of the Meuse. It is difficult to see any utility in this, for is it not obvious who is going to fight with Belgium? but no doubt the expenditure benefited some people directly and others indirectly, and that may be a sufficient reason. Besides, we cannot rationally expect the Belgians to be wiser than other nations.

There is an army which is recruited by voluntary enlistment, and also by what is called conscription. (In England we understand by that word universal military service, but on the Continent the meaning given to the word is that a certain proportion of men at a given age are taken.) The men join the army when they are nineteen, the number required is fixed by law, and then the number of men of the given age is also ascertained. The men draw lots, and those with the lowest number have to serve. If, for instance, in a village three men have to join the army, and there are ten young men of the required age, they all draw numbers from a bag, either personally or by proxy, and the three having the lowest numbers have to serve as soldiers. The conscript may, however, find a substitute, who is one of the men who has drawn a lucky number, and who may come from any part of Belgium. This is now arranged by a Government bureau, which fixes the price to be paid. The sum varies, but is generally 1,000 francs (£40). The money is not paid all at once to the substitute; some of it is given to him every year, but most of it is paid to him when he leaves the army. Should, however, the substitute desert, then the other man has to serve his unexpired term, and the object of keeping back the money is to prevent desertion. If the substitute deserts, what is left of the money is paid back to the man who found the conscript. It will be seen that this system is one which is to the advantage of the rich young man. He may provide a substitute, but the poor man has to serve and waste precious years of his life in the army.

This iniquitous system has been denounced, but as the privileged classes have always been in power they have always tenaciously clung to the abuses. The period of service is eight years in the active army and five in the reserve, but the eight years are generally shortened in practice to six or seven. The system of universal service, as in Switzerland, would appear to be one

peculiarly suited to Belgium—a country which would never be engaged in offensive, but only in a defensive war.

In addition to the regular army there is a "garde civique"—a kind of National Guard—to which, nominally, every Belgian belongs, but this body is only organised and drilled in the large towns. In the small towns and villages it only exists on paper.

The Socialists have been very active in Belgium; they have as their programme the orthodox German one. The progress has been very rapid, and there is now a strong and able Socialist Party in the Chamber of Representatives, besides many Socialist members of local councils. One of the most remarkable features in the development of Belgian Socialism are the numerous flourishing co-operative societies which are worked in connection with the Socialist Party. We generally associate co-operation in this country with simply trading in order to get goods of better quality and to receive a bonus. In Belgium, however, the Socialist Party is really financed by the Socialist Party. There are large stores at Brussels, at Ghent, etc., but also in small places, though these are more numerous in the French-speaking part of the country. There is nearly always a café attached to the store, but as a rule no spirits are sold, and there is always a hall which is available for meetings, lectures, concerts and dramatic performances. The Maison du Peuple at Brussels and the Vooruit at Ghent are handsome buildings, but the small local Maisons du Peuple are centres of light in their district. They serve as clubs to which women are admitted, libraries are attached to them, the newspapers and pamphlets of the movement are sold there. There are also benefit clubs, life insurance clubs, sick clubs, funeral clubs, in connection with many of them. A small bonus from the profits is paid to the members on their purchases, but the greater part of the profits are devoted to the propagation of Socialism, the chief organ of the party, "Le Peuple," is published by the Brussels society, and the "Vooruit," of Ghent, also publishes a small local Flemish newspaper. The Belgian co-operative societies cannot certainly be accused of only thinking of the need of declaring large bonuses.

There is also a party of Christian Socialists who have a Catholic priest, the Abbé Daens, as their leader; they were very active at the time when the late Pope published his encyclical on Labour, but in recent years they have found a great difficulty in existing. The Socialists will have nothing to do with them, and the Clericals, a rich and middle-class party, also reject them; it is not probable that this party will ever be influential, especially now there is a new Pope who has not the astuteness of his predecessor and who apparently keeps to the old-fashioned ways of the Papacy. The Socialists in Belgium profess, as the Socialists elsewhere, not to be an anti-Clerical party, but in practice the leaders are either indifferent in religious matters or openly hostile; one of the leaders, Furnement, is an avowed Freethinker.

There are no Belgian colonies properly so-called, but the Congo is practically a Belgian colony. In 1883 the King of the Belgians founded the Congo International Association, and sent an expedition to East Africa to make discoveries and treaties with the natives. He made treaties with various European Powers which recognised his sovereignty. In 1885 a Congress was held at Berlin, under the presidency of Prince Bismarck, at which not only were the European Powers represented, but also the United States of America. This Congress passed several resolutions, which established freedom of trade in the Congo basin, declared the navigation of that river to be free, rules were laid down for the protection of the natives and the suppression of the slave trade. The King of the Belgians was recognised as Sovereign of this new State, but its administration was quite distinct from that of Belgium.

In 1890 a new International Conference was held at Brussels, and the Independent State was authorised to levy certain duties on imports. In the same year a sum of 25,000,000 francs (£1,000,000) was voted to the King by the Belgian Parliament for making certain public works on the Congo, and a few years afterwards a further sum of 8,000,000 francs (£320,000) was granted to the King. He, on his part, declared that he would leave the Congo to Belgium by his will. The chief product in this State is rubber. Companies have been formed for the working of this, and very large profits have been made. It is commonly reported that the King is a large shareholder in some of these, and his share of the profits must have been very considerable. While there was to be free trade, there has practically been none, and only some companies have been allowed to trade. The methods of obtaining the rubber have been very barbarous, and great cruelties have been practised. The slave trade may have been abolished in name, but in fact industrial slavery of the very worst type has been introduced. Many cases of ill-treatment, mutilation and murder of the natives are recorded. It is even said that some of the native police are cannibals and have carried on legally their disgusting practices. So that it is generally agreed that the Congo Free State has been a failure. It was hailed with a great flourish of trumpets. Prince Bismarck gave it his blessing and the usual clap-trap of the benefits of civilisation was particularly noisy at its birth. Representations have been made by the British Government, and a report by the British Consul in the State disclosed a terrible state of things. The Congo Government denies these systematic atrocities and would have us believe that everything is, if not perfect, not worse than in the government of natives by other white men. It is difficult to see what can be done at present, but when the Government of this State passes to Belgium then perhaps something may be done to improve matters or, at all events, an impartial inquiry might be held. But the outlook is not promising; the government of

tropical countries by Europeans is rarely satisfactory. We are in much too anarchic a condition to do these people any good, and we are too ready, in the sacred name of progress, to commit many atrocities. We talk about teaching the natives the dignity of labour and thus persuade ourselves that we are doing a good work while we are really introducing a system of slavery. We have done the mischief and it will take us a long time to set matters right.

## Luxemburg.

This small State of only 998 square miles and 236,000 inhabitants, adjoins Belgium. It used to be much larger, and was a State under a Duke in the Middle Ages. In the fifteenth century it passed into the hands of the Dukes of Burgundy, and so eventually to the House of Austria, in whose possession it remained till the French Revolution. It was then annexed to France, but the Congress of Vienna gave it to the King of the Netherlands. When the last King of the Netherlands died in 1890, without male heirs, it passed by virtue of the State law into the hands of another branch of the family—that of the Dukes of Nassau. It is now an independent State, and was declared by the Treaty of London, 1867, to be neutral territory.

There are iron foundries and smelting works, but most of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture, and the rearing of cattle. There is a Chamber consisting of 45 members, chosen by electors paying a small yearly amount—15 francs (12s.)—in direct taxation. There is an army consisting of 250 men. Most of the population are Catholics. There are several local railways, which belong to the State, and the debt consists of the money raised for their construction. Most of the inhabitants speak French and German, but the latter is the official language.

The State is interesting as being almost the only survival of a small State in Europe. There are smaller States in Germany, but these form part of the German Empire, while Luxemburg is an independent State. It is to be hoped that it will long continue in that position, and not be absorbed by either of its big neighbours, France and Germany.

Paul Descours.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE RUSSIAN SOCIALISTS.

"Z. C. K." has an article on the above subject in the current issue of the "Contemporary Review." We need make no apology to our readers for giving extensive extracts from it:—

In these early years of the twentieth century the pages of history are quickly turned, and the stories recorded thereon are tal esof strife. Race rises against race, class against class, creed against creed. Unrest and the discontent which precedes great social changes are felt in every civilised country. And if this be so in the green tree, what do we see in the dry? If cultured nations murmur at the existing state of things, what do we hear from that half-savage people of that vast tract of earth we call Russia? Here, indeed, scenes of horror, unrivalled in the world's annals, mark recent events. Death and the fear of death, rapine, massacre, terrorism, and hunger are mingled with a torturing anxiety for what the morrow will bring forth. Followers of the old régime flee from one town, the revolutionists from another, the Jews from a third. The cities are now dark and deserted, now thronged with crowds, who rush hither and thither in a frenzy of excitement, knowing not where to turn for counsel. . . .

Whatever be the new order which will finally replace the old, whatever form of government will suppress the present state of anarchy, one thing is certain: Socialism has hypnotised the Russian people to-day. It is not the ideal Socialism of the early "circles" of noble dreamers, who knew less about the moujik's real character than they did the serfs they set free. Neither is it the Socialism of those earlier federal States when bureaucracy and Czardom were as yet unknown and when every subject, from prince to peasant, had a voice in the government of the State. Those were the golden days of the land of the Russ. Everybody was free; large territories were conquered and prosperous cities founded.

Had these primitive States been allowed to develop, the Socialism that wrecks Russia to-day would be impossible. But unfortunately this early culture did not last. Eternal conflicts, perpetual struggles against Tartars, Turks, and Poles, changed these peaceful Republics into military States, subject to the principality of Moscow, whose Czar, aided by the orthodox Church, introduced serfdom, destroyed autonomy, and placed absolutism upon a firm basis. The peasants, deprived of personal liberty, sank into misery and ignorance; the landed aristocracy increased; a powerful bureacracy upheld the Czar, and it seemed as if German politicians and German mysticism had effaced all traces of the old order of things and forced Russia to forget what once had been. But there were two institutions which even absolutism could not uproot, and which have served all Russian reformers as an argument against autocracy. These are the common or peasants' laws and the village communes, which have survived the horrors of serfdom, and exist to-day, side by side with the more recent landed aristocracy and the Code of the Empire.

It is in these two conflicting elements, in the remnants of ancient autonomy and the increasing powers of a new absolutism, that we find the seeds of Russian Socialism. Even in her darkest days there were men who reminded her of her heritage. No amount of oppression, no amount of exile, no amount of suffering could crush the secret societies, whose aim was the restoration of ancient liberties, and whose watchword was ancient federation. This heritage of the common law has ever been the nightmare of Russian absolutism; it confronts it everywhere—in history, in literature, even in law. It cannot be avoided nor denied. There it is, an indisputable, unconquerable fact, to be used by every leader of the people, from the Pope Avvakim* to the Pope Gapon; to be read on every page of Russian literature, from the oldest relics of folklore to Gorky's latest story. Were it not for this heritage handed down from generation to generation, the revolution which broke out in France at the end of the eighteenth century would not have influenced Russian society as it did. But educated Russians realised that their country had once enjoyed the liberties France was fighting to obtain, and secret societies, formed in Moscow and St. Petersburg, began to spread the doctrines of liberty and equality, basing their arguments on the ancient federations absolutism had crushed. The Government did its best to stamp out this new movement by executing and exiling the best men in the Empire. But Socialism took root and spread. Its first victory was won when Alexander II. abolished serfdom, a reform the early

* Avvakim, sometimes called the first Russian Socialist, was a priest exiled to Siberia for advocating reforms. After making the journey from Moscow to the Amur and back on foot, he was burned to death in 1681.

Socialists had agitated for from the beginning of their existence. This victory was followed by a period of activity which unfortunately degenerated into terrorism, and finally ended with the assassination of Alexander in 1881.

It is difficult for the hopeful, energetic English-speaking races to realise the gloom and despair that enveloped Russia during the next decade. An idea of it may be obtained by reading A. P. Tchehoff's stories, which depict Russian "intellectual" life during the eighties. He paints the despair of the middle class; he tells us of well-educated, well-to-do men and women who have no ideals and no energy, who are too weak to do any good, and too cowardly to be thoroughly bad. They are neither Conservative nor Liberal, aristocratic nor Socialistic. They are nothing but petty Philistines, with craven souls and sickly bodies, who, knowing the country needs their help, are too limp and mean to give it.

Such are Tchehoff's characters, and such was intellectual Russia during these ten years. Not one of his characters is exaggerated or overstrained. His men and women are portraits of thousands of educated Russians who were to be found before the Socialist revival we see to-day. They were all despair; so was Russia. They had ceased to believe even in their own forces; so had Russia. The mean, every-day life, without ideals, without aims, had eaten into their very souls. So it was with Russia. She had ceased to believe in the people, in work, in liberty, and looked on callously whilst her best men and women were working in Siberian mines or starving in European slums. But the revival came at last, and from the least expected quarter. Whilst the bulk of the educated classes were helplessly bewailing the misery of the masses, the Socialist "circles," though sadly thinned by exile and desertion, quietly carried on their work. They saw that Socialism's success depended entirely upon the people and spent those ten gloomy years amongst them.

Though neither the Government nor the patriots had thought the education of the masses a matter needing immediate consideration, the Socialists of the eighties did not find the soil altogether uncultivated. The enthusiasm of the preceding decade, when the sons and daughters of noblemen had shared the miserable lives of the working classes in order to teach them the need of better things, had to a certain extent prepared their way. But it must not be forgotten these pioneers were idealists. The creed they professed was not the creed of to-day's Socialism, which, rightly or wrongly, is the watchword of the Russian masses in their present revival, and which has brought the movement in Russia to its third stage of development. In the first stage we find the autocracy organising the crusade against serfdom; their efforts were crowned with success in the sixties. The second stage, that is, during the seventies, we see the "intellectuals" teaching the liberated serfs the doctrines of Socialism, and to-day we have the first fruits of the

work of the eighties, when the *narod* or masses have declared war against absolutism and capitalism alike. They have outgrown the need of a Turgenieff or a Tolstoy to plead their cause, for they have their own advocates, their Gapons and Gorkys, who are not only *for* but *of* them. They no longer plead to autocracy through the medium of benevolent landlords and aristocratic dreamers. Those days are gone for ever. Now they wage war against Czar, landlord, and bourgeoisie alike, and address their enemies in phrases that Turgenieff himself could not rival. The procession of January, 1905, when thousands of workmen marched to the Winter Palace, aided by the people's poet, and led by the people's priest, formed a landmark in the history of Russian Socialism, because it was the first time the masses had appealed directly to absolutism. Then, and not till then, they showed the world that they had come to that stage in which they knew what they wanted, and were not afraid to ask for it.

The butchery which followed aided the Socialist movement. Many friends of the old régime were alienated. More than this, people began to talk about Socialism as they never talked about it in Russia before. They discussed it in the streets, restaurants, trams and trains. This publicity has grown to such an extent that what was whispered between four walls a year ago is shouted from the house-tops to-day. Plays openly deriding the bourgeosie are acted in St. Petersburg to audiences that, fed on Gorky's teaching, applaud every line that condemns the old order of things. Socialism is on every lip, its movements before all eyes. It cannot be avoided; it is in the air, in public opinion, in the people. No matter what manner of people meet together for pleasure or profit; no matter what political opinions they hold, the conversation always veers round to the all-absorbing topic. This is not all; another element has entered the movement—that of force—the energy of a class which, too young to have traditions of its own, shows no regard for those of other social spheres. Compare what Tchehoff wrote two decades ago with what Gorky is writing to-day; it is the picture of the change in Russia during that time. Tchehoff, after painting the weakness of the intellectuals, gloomily asks, "What next?" Gorky answers the question by sending his men and women into the world to fight the battle of modern Socialism. He, in his turn, reflects the feelings of his age. His is the voice of young Russia, of the people, whose son he is. Every pulse is beating there, every nerve is strained in the efforts of the revival. Like them he is filled with hope and energy; like them he believes in success; like them he feels no mercy for those who resist his cause. He understands their aims and needs as a Tolstoy cannot, for he and they are rebels against "society" and absolutism, and the thousand and one traditions the upper classes cling to.

This new stage in the development of Russian Socialism, this

movement of the masses, has attained proportions which would astound and bewilder the idealists of the early circles. Its realism, its energy, its youthful brutality are not the things they longed for. Its very organisations, which have reached every town and village in the Empire, would excite the wonderment of the early pioneers. The central committee of the Socialists work in the cities, their factory committees in the workshops, their rural committees in the villages, and their university committees in the schools. Even the barracks and fortresses know them. They have not merely reached every portion of the people; they have done more, for they know how to keep in touch with them. They promise the workman a proletarian republic, the peasant unlimited land, the soldier and sailor unlimited license. This is why the "Union of Unions" and the Polish patriots have no influence upon the masses. This is why the few moderate men left in Russia to-day have learnt with sorrow that Socialist literature and Socialist agitation have found their way into every factory and workshop in the land and sown mutiny amongst the men who have sworn to obey their officers.

Little did they think that the secret press and its forbidden literature had done its work so well. Little did they think that the Socialistic propaganda had been the Russian working man's tree of political knowledge. And yet it is so. Not only has it told him of trade unions and of strikes, of public libraries, and of night schools, of free doctoring, and free physic, it has taught him that he has the right to ask for these things and take them by force if the Government refuse to give them. It has convinced him that his old belief in Russia as the whole world and the Czar as its heaven-appointed lord is a lie, invented by absolutism, and upheld by a bureaucratic horde. It has convinced him that Russia is but a poorly-developed part of the civilised world, that the Czar is a self-appointed despot, that he and his rich subjects owe their well-being to the sweat of the people, who are the salt of the earth, and who, hitherto down-trodden and oppressed, must now overthrow absolutism and replace Czardom with a people's State and a people's Parliament, wherein all shall be equal.

When we consider that this doctrine has been imparted to men whose fathers were bought and sold as cattle; who have no culture, no traditions, no pleasures and no comforts; whose daily toil barely brings in enough wages to keep them and theirs from starvation; whose homes are hovels, whose sordid lives are absolutely devoid of one redeeming hour of brightness; we can only wonder at the inherent patience of the Russian masses, who have suffered so long and complained so little.

In the country districts, too, misery abounds. A series of bad harvests and years of heavy taxation have brought the rural population of many Governments face to face with famime. Here, too, the Socialist has stepped in with his agitation and literature, telling the moujik that the only way out of his misery is to plunder the

manor houses and divide the manor lands, and that the recently granted Constitution is the worst thing for him, as it means a return of the horrors of serfdom. During the General Strike the Social-Democratic League sent hundreds of workmen into the country to enlist the sympathies of the peasant and prepare him for the approaching struggle against autocracy, in which, to quote a recent Socialist proclamation: "The Czar and his ruffianly Government shall perish as in a whirlpool."

Slowly but surely Socialism is creeping into the army, though there are great difficulties to be overcome before the movement can make any headway. The average line regiment is composed of men drawn from all corners of the Empire, speaking various dialects, and professing various creeds. They have nothing in common but the uniform they wear, and the brutality they are subjected to. They learn to repeat the creed of the orthodox Church, and to answer the question: "Who are the Czar's bitterest internal enemies?" with the words, "The Poles." They are sent to confession in Lent and to camp in the summer. Beyond this their officers neither know nor care to know anything about them; they know no fatherland and therefore no patriotism. True, they fight well in action, not for the love of their country, nor of the great White Czar, but for that love of fighting which makes the lion the bravest of all beasts. The Socialists affirm that men treated like this are ready to listen to their progaganda, which is carried on by short-service recruits—that is, by lads who, having passed through the gymnasia, or public colleges, are drafted into the reserve after one year's military training. These young men, fresh from the schools, are generally ardent Socialists, and do their best to convert their comrades to the movement. . . . . Let us return to the proletariat. Once the Russian working man realised his misery, the first part of the Socialists' programme had been carried out. Roughly speaking, this period of preparation lasted till the end of the year 1904, when the strikes at the Putiloff Works marked the opening of a new campaign.

At first these strikes were intermittent and disconnected, only a part of the factories in any one town being locked out at once, so ss to enable the men at work to share their earnings with the strikers. Nowhere were the men so often locked out as in Poland, where every Labour demonstration was followed by a period of "mourning" for comrades killed or wounded by the military. This mourning takes the form of strikes, processions, proclamations, and various other observances, some of which cause considerable inconvenience both to the general public, who are forbidden to use cabs, trams, carriages, or other conveyances, and to the tradespeople, who are ordered, under pain of death sentences, to close their shops for periods varying in length from half a day to a week, according to the depth of mourning.

It is difficult to say how far terrorism prevails in these

"mourning" strikes. The Polish working classes are still awaiting their Gorky to paint them. It is true that many men are forcibly locked out by a minority of strikers militant who, armed with revolvers, dictate to their comrades. But it is equally true that, when these so-called passive strikers have acted with energy, they have been allowed to work unmolested. There is not the least doubt that terrorism does exist, but it is chiefly directed against factory-owners and foremen, the police, and the house-guardians.

The houses in the Polish towns are let out into flats of various sizes, varying from the palatial apartments of the first floors to the students' attics under the roof. The house-guardian, or shóz, must know all about the tenants in the house under his charge, what hours they keep, and what business or pleasure occupies them. He thus hangs between two fires. If he fails to satisfy the police he will lose his place, and if he gives them information leading to the arrest of a Socialist he is in danger of losing his life. This accounts for the fact that between January and June of the present year at least one Warsaw shóz was killed daily. The policemen fare little better, though; as an active Socialist recently remarked, all the unpopular members have now been "removed," so that no more violence in this direction is expected for some time. And yet the Socialists do not look upon their campaign for the first half of the year 1905 as altogether successful, though the strikes have done much to improve the economic conditions of the proletariat.

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. . . . A part of the programme—namely, a general strike—has been carried out. It will be remembered that this strike paralysed the life of the Empire, and forced the Czar to sign the Constitutional manifesto of October 30. But instead of pouring oil on the stormy waters of party strife, it was the signal for an outburst of such disorders and massacres as the world has not seen since the French Revolution of 1789. This chaos, for which Socialists and the Government were jointly responsible, reigned in Russia and in Russian Poland for over two weeks. At the end of that time the strike terminated in Russia, but was renewed a few days later as a protest against the Government for refusing Poland her request for autonomy, and for placing her under martial law. . . . . When the contents of the Constitutional manifesto were published in Warsaw, the streets rapidly became filled with processions of working men and of hooligans, who carried red flags and sang revolutionary songs. These crowds, which increased in denseness and noisiness as the day wore on, were addressed from balconies, carts, ladders, and street lanterns by workmen, Jews, students, and by women known throughout the country for their activity amongst

the proletariat. The speeches were of a revolutionary character, tending to incite the masses against the Government, the bourgeoisie, and the intellectuals. . . . . The revolutionary processions were fired upon more than once by the military. . . . . The Socialists lost a few men in these encounters. The Jewish Bund tried to excite the populace by carrying a dead comrade round the town. The corpse was laid upon a cart, the breast bared to expose the wounds, and bloodstained linen arranged near the body. A patrol finally took this gruesome spectacle away from the crowd. At nightfall a band of men marched to the town hall, and demanded the immediate release of all political prisoners. As this demand was only partially complied with, the men began to force the gate leading to the magisterial offices. The square where these buildings stand was packed with hundreds of people, mostly women and children, who were singing the national anthem and taking no part in the demonstration by the town hall. Without any warning whatever, this orderly crowd was charged by detachments of lancers, hussars, and Cossacks, who killed seven people and wounded a hundred. These scenes were repeated in the provincial towns.

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Meanwhile, the span of absolutism is nearly run. Little by little Russia's voice is making itself heard, and the verdict is unanimous. Czardom must fall. It would seem that the end is fast approaching. The Czar's counsellor stands alone, the intellectual classes give ear to anarchy, a helpless Government has recourse to massacre, strikes demoralise the working class and threaten the country with ruin. The signs of the times are unmistakable. Carzdom is falling. How long it can still stand depends upon the land and sea forces, which have already begun to murmur against the Emperor. Once they fail, once the examples of Crondstadt and Vladivostock are followed by other fortresses; once the resolution of a few officers and men to support the proletariat becomes the resolution of the barrack-rooms of the Empire, the Czars of Russia will be but a memory, for Cossacks and tchinovniks cannot save them. The Socialists are confident of success in the struggle which must inevitably follow this crisis. They have never admitted more than a partial failure of their plans. They claim the Constitutional victory as theirs—a pledge dragged by them from the Autocrat's unwilling hands. To-day, knowing the final struggle is near, they are making every effort, straining every nerve, to gain the most political influence when the moment comes.

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Whether the cause of Russian Socialism is worthy of success, whether the intellectual classes are wise to make heroes of the

mutineers of Cronstadt, whether the Russian moujik, and the Polish chlop, and the working men of St. Petersburg and Warsaw are fitted to take the helm of the State and guide it through the storm which has already broken, are questions the reader must answer for himself. One thing alone is certain. If the Russian proletariat succeeds in carrying out the Socialist programme, the world will witness the establishment of a novel form of government indeed, in which the grey Russia of mediæval autocracy will be replaced by the Red Russia of modern Socialism.

## FRENCH POLITICS AND THE COMING ELECTIONS.

Mr. Robert Dell has an article in the "Fortnightly Review," on the above. He says:—

Anyone who returned to France just now after an absence of a year could not fail to be struck by the change in the political scene. In the first place, he would remark that the separation of Churches and the State is no longer a subject of general interest, and excites no feeling outside purely ecclesiastical circles. The Separation Law seems to be generally accepted by all but the extremists on both sides as a just and liberal measure, and a satisfactory solution of a difficult problem.

In the second place, he would notice the keen interest taken in questions of foreign policy, and the remarkable growth of a popular desire for closer relations with England. . . . .

In France, as in this country, politics are overshadowed by an approaching General Election. Part of the Senate is renewed this month, and the Chamber will be re-elected next May. But whereas it is tolerably certain that the English elections will confirm the change of Ministry and the policy that has just taken place, it is the general opinion in France that—whatever may be the result on the personnel of the Ministry—the country will ratify again, as in 1902, the general policy which has now directed the Government of France for nearly seven years—a record in the history of the Third Republic. Unquestionably the last decade has been the best all round that France has known since 1870. Not only has she recovered her place in Europe, but every observer has been struck by the growth in stability both of character and institutions. . . . .

The nation is hardly ready for a Socialist Ministry, and among the various opposition Groups there is none to which any sober or thoughtful citizen would like to entrust the destinies of his country. The Bonapartists and Royalists are out of the question; the former,

indeed, are nearly extinct, and the latter, outside Brittany, maintains a precarious existence by hanging on to the Nationalists' skirts. The Nationalists themselves are hopelessly discredited in public opinion. . . . .

The only change that seems to be at all possible is an increase in the strength of the "Progressists," led by M. Méline, and the Republican Centre generally. Probably the candidates of the Centre wish, in return for their opposition to Separation, to get votes in some constituencies from the Right, but that very fact may damage them in the other direction. The chief result of the continued agitation by a small minority of Frenchmen against the Republic has been to make the position of a Conservative Republican Party possible: It is forced to coquet with the Clericals as other opponents of the Republic, and so soon as it does so it is ruined. The chief hope of the Centre is the "unification" of the Socialist Party, and the consequent retirement of M. Jaurès and his followers from the organisation of the *Bloc* may force the rest of the Left to combine with the Centre after the elections in order to secure a working majority. This would mean a coalition Ministry, probably including M. Ribot and M. Méline, with a much moderated M. Rouvier as Premier. So long as the *Bloc* remained solid the Centre was unable to influence the Ministerial policy, whereas the Socialists had the influence of an important factor in the Ministerial majority, and were largely responsible for the inclusion in the Ministerial programme of such proposals as that of State pensions for the aged and an income-tax on a graduated scale. The "Temps" in those days never ceased to denounce a combination which made M. Jaurès the "master of France"; and, when M. Jaurès separated from the *Bloc*, it warmly congratulated him on having taken the only logical and consistent course, forgetting, apparently, that its former insistence on the strength of his position gave its congratulations a sinister aspect. Now the "Temps" warns the Radicals and Radical-Socialists that, deprived of Socialist support, they can escape destruction only by uniting with the Centre.

## "THE COMPANIONSHIP" OF FRANCE.

### A THREE HUNDRED YEAR OLD TRADE UNION FEDERATION.

As no social movement or institution can be rightly understood except by and through its history, it necessarily follows that every worthy attempt to dispel the mists that now obscure the rise and progress of the trade union must be regarded as of great value by those who are earnestly striving for the better organisation of our industrial system.

Nearly everyone who now speaks or writes on the subject of the trade union starts with the assumption that the institution in question had its origin at or about the time when the name "union," as applied to combinations of workers of the same or allied crafts, first came into vogue, about the year 1830; but as there have always been men with sufficient acuteness to distinguish between the local and temporary name of a thing, and the general, permanent thing itself, so it will ere long be recognised that the trade union, far from being a new way of combining individual workers, is, in reality, of very remote origin.

In England, for 300 years previous to the above-mentioned date, craft organisations were disguised as sick and funeral clubs, under the name of "friendly societies," of which the Friendly Society of Iron Founders, now aggregating upward of 120 local unions and 16,000 members, furnishes a living example. As these so-called friendly societies were but so many continuations of the legally suppressed trade union "fraternity," it is not surprising that they were only first legalised by an Act of Parliament, passed in 1793. Thus, it has been difficult to trace their existence beyond that date, owing to the absence of records, which were very rarely kept, in consequence of the danger of such documentary evidence falling into the hands of the authorities. It is credibly reported that to avoid this danger the local unions of iron founders were in the habit of meeting on moonless nights on moors and other lonely places, and having transacted their business, concluded by burying the record thereof in the ground.

But if, owing to the absence of records, there is difficulty in tracing a continuous and unbroken existence of trade unions in England, certainly no such difficulty exists so far as France is concerned, their existence and effective working in that country being attested by a long list of royal decrees and official ordinances that were levelled against them during a period of 300 years.

For the proper understanding of much that follows, it is necessary right here to refer to two important facts. First, at an earlier period, the difference between the master workman and apprentice was marked by little more than the natural subordination resulting from age and experience. They each passed through the same three degrees. They worked side by side, ate at the same table, and slept under the same roof as members of one family ; but at the time of which we write that primitive simplicity had passed away. Secondly, it is necessary to note that at an earlier period each union invariably consisted of two sections—one for business and the other for benevolent purposes. The former was styled a "corporation," and held its meetings in a hall. The latter was known as a "fraternity" or "brotherhood," and met for funerals or hearing masses for departed members in a chapel of the nearest or most convenient church.

By the middle of the sixteenth century, however, the workmen in England had, by conspiracies of the richer citizens with impecunious monarchs, been gradually excluded from the corporations, and, finally, the suppression of the fraternities and the confiscation of their benevolent funds, together with those of the Church, by the Lord Protector Somerset, in 1551, had left the workers no other resource than secret organisation in so-called friendly societies.

From this time forth we see everywhere two opposing bodies of masters and workmen ; the one prosperous, eating of the best and enjoying all the comforts of family life ; the other poor, subsisting on the coarser viands, and sleeping in lofts and attics. In England this great change in the condition of the workers was very gradually effected, but in France, on the contrary, the transition was achieved almost by a single blow. The corporations and fraternities were dissolved at one and the same time by an edict of Francis I., dated August, 1539, and afterward royal charters were granted to masters only ; the clergy being strictly forbidden to allow any journeymen fraternities meeting in the chapels, cloisters, or other places of their establishments.

The French journeymen, from the time of their exclusion from the corporations, continued and further developed the custom of travelling from city to city and meeting in certain taverns or "houses of call" ; and being prevented from meeting as craft organisations in chapels or other religious places, they elaborated a ritual or rituals of their own. In this way there arose in France a form of trade union organisation widely different from that

which had formerly prevailed. This organisation was known as the companionship (compagnonnage); and in its course was constituted of numberless unions of masons, plasterers, carpenters, joiners, roofers, glaziers, gilders, locksmiths, turners, coopers, sabotmakers, waggonmakers, smiths, horseshoers, cutlers, nail-makers, tanners, curriers, saddlers, shoemakers, hatters, weavers, tailors, ropemakers, bakers, and printers.

It is important to know something of the obligation (le devoir) binding upon these unions. Unfortunately, as the history of the federation sufficiently proves, there was not one obligation, but three separate obligations to which the several unions held allegiance. Therefore, we see that at certain times and places unions, and even unions of the same trade, were divided against each other, fierce conflicts often arising in consequence. These several obligations were known as that of the children of Father Soubise, that of the children of Master Jacques, and that of the children of King Solomon. Many of the masons' unions held to the obligation of Solomon, but others of that craft held to that of Jacques. The joiners' unions were thus divided, and so also were those of the locksmiths. It is probable that all carpenters originally held allegiance to the obligation of Soubise; but, in Paris, some unions seceded and claimed that of Solomon. A prolonged and bloody feud, in this case, was fortunately averted by a treaty, which divided the city of Paris, so far as carpenters were concerned, in two nearly equal parts, the half of the city on the left bank of the Seine being conceded to the carpenters of Solomon, which territory they still hold to-day. The traditions which are supposed to account for the origin of these several obligations, although couched in somewhat figurative language, are useful in revealing the long-cherished desire for working-class solidarity, and as such must be seriously considered by the historian of the future. We gather from the legend of Jacques that the founder of that obligation was the son of one Jacquin, who was a member of one of the few fragments of the Roman stonemasons' union (colegium architectii), which in the Teutonic invasions escaped the wreck of Roman institutions. Jacques was born in the small town of Carte, in Gaul, now known as St. Romili, France, and appears to have been possessed with the idea of reuniting the workers of the world in a federated system of trade unions as they existed before the fall of Rome. On his death, as the tradition states, he devised his hat to the hatters, his tunic to the masons, his sandals to the locksmiths, his cloak to the joiners, his belt to the carpenters, and his cane to the waggonmakers. Soubise appears to have worked and travelled in Judea and other Roman provinces with Jacques; and as a carpenter seems to have devoted special efforts to the propagation of the idea of the organisation and federation of trade unions among the men of his own craft in particular. The obligation of Solomon seems to have been a special attempt at such

organisation on the part of the masons, and it is probable that it is from this latter that freemasonry has derived its main tradition.

During the previous trade union system a young man having completed his apprenticeship was supposed, before competing for the mastership, to successively visit and work in certain cities where his craft was carried on in the most approved manner; but when the workmen could no longer hope to become masters, this migration, which had previously been only a temporary phase in the life of a workman, became in most cases a lifelong habit. In the course of time the tour thus developed included from 16 to 20 cities situated between the Mediterranean and the Seine, beside a number of "bastard towns," so-called because few or no unions of the companionship existed therein.

"The Mother" was the peculiar name given to the "house of call" of each craft in the several cities, the proprietor and his wife were called Father and Mother; but they also styled the house itself the Mother (la mère). A companion arriving in a city of the tour did not look for work himself; he went direct to the Mother; here he would make himself known by the proper sign, and, although he might be a complete stranger in the place, he was greeted as an old friend. No matter if he had money or not, he had a plate on the table, a seat by the fire, and a good bed, until work was found for him, and if he fell sick the Mother nursed him as a son. As the companionship was responsible for the legitimate expenses of any particular member in such cases, the Mother suffered no pecuniary loss by this generous hospitality. It was at the Mother that a young man was admitted as an "aspirant"; it was here he entered into the serious question of trade policy as a "companion"; it was here he voted, feasted, and trod "the light fantastic toe," at the annual election of officers, banquet, and ball, and it was here when his life's work was done the companions assembled to carry him to the great Mother of us all.

Notwithstanding the great variety of special names used by the several trades to designate the degrees in the several obligations, there never were more than two legitimate degrees in the companionship. A young man having served his apprenticeship to a certain trade would present himself at the Mother of that trade and ask to be received as a member, and, as no one, under any circumstances, was ever solicited to become such, he was questioned in order to ascertain if his intentions were serious. If the interview was satisfactory, he was "engaged" (embauché), and told to come to the next general assembly, invariably held on the first Sunday of each month. The candidate, having presented himself at the time specified, was conducted into the presence of all the members; the rules were read to him, and he was asked if he could and would conform to them. If he answered "Yes," he was conducted to a seat and further instructed. He was then

required to choose a name by which he would thereafter be known in the companionship. Having so chosen a name, he was from that time forth no more addressed by the title of Mr., but always as Country (le pays). In ceasing to be an apprentice he had also ceased to be, in terms peculiar to the federation, a rabbit (lapin); he had now become a fox (rénard); and, if found as intelligent and active as his namesake, he might in time become an ape (sinège); that is to say, he would become a regular companion and be eligible to office. But as yet, while a fox, he could not wear the square and compasses, or the knot of red, white, and green ribbon in his buttonhole, or wear the white gloves, which, with the travelling cane, were the symbols of the Companionship.

Despite the confusing variety of figurative terms and special names generally used, the system of government was direct and very simple. The officers of each union rarely exceeded three in number, and, although in the course of three centuries the titles of these changed somewhat, the functions performed by them varied but little. Each union may be said to have had a premier, a vicegerent, and a secretary. A business agent (rouleur) was appointed by the premier each week, as were also a sick committee. The duties of the agent were both numerous and onerous. The agent received all newcomers at the Mother, and informed them of the state of trade, rate of wages, and of any boycott (l'interdict) or strike (la grève) that might exist. If a newcomer decided to continue his journey and was destitute of funds, the agent saw that he was relieved, and if he elected to remain the agent found him work. If no vacancy existed it was the agent's duty to find someone willing to leave the city, or to notify those employed to work less time in order to give the newcomer room for employment. In introducing a journeyman to an employer, the employer was required to advance one day's wages. This advance the agent retained. Before his week's term of office expired, the agent called a meeting of those whom he had thus placed, and returned the advance money to each, less a certain portion for the union treasury, and with the money thus returned the member paid for a frugal banquet in which the agent shared ex officio. Before a companion quitted the city the agent was required to see that the accounts between the companion and his employer, and between the companion and the union were settled, also all indebtedness to his fellow workmen. On resuming his travels a companion was honoured with a convoy (conduite en règle) beyond the walls of the city. Quitting work at the week's end, a special assembly would be called on Saturday evening. On Saturday morning he took a parting glass with the Mother; the companions donned their ribbons, the music struck up, and the convoy then started. Passing through the city gates, they marched along, singing in chorus the songs of the federation, until arriving at some wood or other secluded spot, they raised the peculiar chant of the companionship, and finally giving the

federation embrace to the departing companion, the convoy retraced its steps to the city.

If a companion was found guilty of disgraceful conduct he was expelled by a ceremony called the Convoy of Grenoble. In full meeting the condemned was forced to his knees; the companions then set up a peculiar chant similar to the Celtic "keening"; his glass was shattered into fragments; his colours were torn from his buttonhole and burned; the agent then led him by the hand around the room and each companion in turn slapped his face; the door was then opened and, finally, the agent kicked him out.

When a companion died the union buried him. On the coffin were placed two travelling canes crossed, the square and compasses, and the ribbons of the craft. Each companion wore crape on his left arm, on his colours, and on his cane. They carried the coffin by groups of four or six, changing from time to time, until all had borne a share of the burden. Arrived at the grave, they placed the coffin on the ground and formed around it the "living circle." One of the companions delivered an address, and all sank on one knee and chanted while the coffin was lowered into the grave. Two canes were then placed crosswise on the ground and two companions placed their feet in the quarters thus formed; then, taking each other by the right hand, they whispered certain words in each other's ear, and gave an embrace known as the juilbrette. In retiring they knelt again on the edge of the grave and threw three clods of earth on the coffin. All performed these operations in turn, and then, re-forming ranks, returned to the Mother.

From what has been here stated of the activity of the companionship, not only in open-air demonstrations, but also of its energetic attempts to control the supply of labour, it would be unreasonable to suppose that this vast organisation attained its great development without repeated attempts on the part of the government to suppress it. Indeed, it is by the very multiplicity and ferocity of the royal and official decrees and ordinances levelled against it that we are chiefly enabled to realise its power and to trace its continued operation during three centuries. For instance:

An edict of December 28, 1541, prohibited the companion printers of Lyons making agreement to delay work, to choose officers among themselves, or to assemble at the doors of master printers in greater number than five persons.

An ordinance of May 15, 1579, forbidding the companion bakers of Paris, then on strike for an increase of wages, to work under less than a six months' engagement; it also forbade master bakers to employ any journeyman without a written discharge from his previous master.

An edict of January, 1601, prohibiting the companion shoemakers of Paris accosting any journeymen of that craft, or to

serve as agents in procuring work for others, or to assemble in greater number than three under pain of banishment or worse.

The seven years ending 1655 were occupied by an official general investigation of the ritual of the companionship. It appears that a companion shoemaker took offence at the ceremony of initiation and abjured his membership. Not resting here, he organised a body named the Brothers of St. Crispin, and obtained legal sanction for its existence. In consequence of the application for such sanction, information was obtained from the seceders, which resulted in the indictment of the companionship by the municipality of Paris in 1648. At length, on March 23, 1651, the shoemakers were induced to disclose the secrets of their union, and on May 16 following they solemnly foreswore the obligation of Master Jacques. In the excitement which followed, disclosures were also made concerning the ceremonies of the saddlers, tailors, cutlers, and hatters, some portions of which were printed and published. Upon the strength of these revelations the theological faculty of the Sorbonne was asked for an opinion. This opinion, in writing, was delivered March 14, 1655. The sentence of condemnation which followed this examination was confirmed by the government, May 30, 1658, and was then posted throughout France. The companionship, however, was too deeply rooted to be destroyed by royal decrees, judicial verdicts, or theological anathemas, and 20 years later we see the federation carrying on the work more vigorously than ever.

On October 3, 1688, the master tailors' corporation of Lyons bears testimony as to the power of the companion tailors, who, in the Mothers of the Silver Clock, the White Cross, the Golden Scissors, and seven other places named, "make their cabals."

Passing over a long list of such appeals for government protection, made during the following century, we will only refer to that of the master joiners of Toulouse, January 17, 1783, which declares that the companionship defies the police and becomes formidable to the troops that the magistrates send against them.

It was not without reason that the mayor of Toulouse was thus alarmed, for France was in the throes of the great revolution. Already, in 1776, the royal Finance Minister, Jacques Turgot, sought to avert the catastrophe by the suppression of the masters' corporations, which had become "as full of abuses as a dog is full of fleas." But the reform came too late. The revolution burst forth in all its fury, and when, after a terrible military struggle of a quarter of a century's duration, the political situation became somewhat calmer, an industrial revolution, with steam as its agent, was destined to usher in a new economic era. The displacement of the workshop by the mill, the obliteration of the general workman by the factory hand, operated disastrously to the companionship, but the now weakened federation was fated to suffer yet another blow in the invention of the locomotive. As we

have already seen, the travelling system was the main feature, if not the very life, of the federation, and when the locomotive offered to the very humblest worker a measurably better and vastly cheaper means of travelling than walking, the companionship shrunk to a mere shadow of its former self.

The companionship had now performed the measure of its usefulness. For 300 years it had formed a bulwark for the protection of the workers against the rapacity, arrogance, and oppression of an employing class strongly entrenched behind barriers of special privilege and legalised monopoly. In an age when the few means of communication that then existed were slow, dangerous, and enormously expensive, the companionship brought the workers in the most distant parts of the country in closer touch with each other, and ever held before their minds the grand idea of the universal solidarity of the working-class. In an age when hospitals were but charnel-houses, and secular institutions for the relief of the poor were almost unknown, the companionship secured work and wages, comfortable lodgings, and careful nursing when sick to all its members.

That the unions composing the companionship were genuine trade unions, even in the sense of that name which now prevails, is sufficiently clear from their three chief characteristic features. First, the membership was strictly confined to journeymen. Secondly, the unions vigorously protected the trade interests of their several crafts, by means of the strike and the boycott. Thirdly, the unions furnished a system of mutual insurance, as unemployed, sick, and funeral benefits. Moreover, if a union fell into financial difficulties the other unions of the same craft, and in urgent cases all unions of the same obligations, might respond to the call. But although general conferences of officers or delegates were held when some great special necessity arose, there does not appear to have been any kind of general executive council of the companionship as a whole. This lack of general direction was perhaps the chief fault of the federation. Another of its failings was the discouragement of family life by excessive use of the travelling system; and yet another grave fault was the frequent bloody conflicts for supremacy between rival bands of the three kindred obligations.

Unions of the several obligations of the companionship still exist in most of the chief cities of France, but their number steadily grows less as "open" unions with fewer of the worse and more of the better features of the ancient organisation are rapidly arising.

HUGH MCGREGOR, in the "American Federationist."

## STORY OF CATYA, THE RUSSIAN SERF.

I have no need to say that in this story, simple in itself, I have shunned the smallest ornament of imagination. There is no circumstance which I have not known either of myself, or from the several persons : their names alone, which I shall give, will be the best guarantee for the public.

All the world has seen Catya, without knowing her, in the pictures where she has served for model. Paulin Guérin has placed her beautiful head in several historical paintings ; that charming painter of women, Belloc, has painted her as St. Cecilia, and has seized perfectly the sweetness of her look.

Her precocious beauty was her ruin. She was with her family, in the depths of Russia, far beyond Moscow. The family was serf, but yet of easy circumstances ; her grandfather, who loved her infinitely, was a fur merchant. The child, aged four years, was playing on the shore of the lake, quite near the highway, when some carriages passed—the carriages of a great lady, the wife of the Governor, who was travelling with her children and all her household. She remarked the gracefulness of Catya, and as her own children were about the same age, the whim took the lady of giving her to them for a plaything.

Without ceremony, without consulting the family, nor the master to whom she belonged, she picked her up like a kitten which one might find on the road ; she put her into the carriage and went on her way.

The anxious family, after some time, learned what had happened. The lady had stopped in a neighbouring town. The poor grandfather ran there, offered a ransom—his entire fortune—if they would give back his child. He was rudely repulsed, and perhaps beaten. The lady laughed in his face, and set out, taking her prey with her.

The lot of children of the inferior classes brought up with those of the great is well known. These last, spoiled and flattered in their egoist caprices, make of them living playthings,

drudges, laughing-stocks. If the parents, on their part, have some example to make, a severe lesson to give, they give it by preference on the back of the little stranger. One knows the story of the young prince who had a page for comrade: it was the rule that, if the prince transgressed, the page should be whipped.

As she grew in stature, her mistress employed her in her personal service as a little maid. Her lot then might seem to have improved. It was the contrary. These ladies, mistresses of slaves, are themselves grown children, as fantastic as the little ones, more violent and more tyrannical.

Catya, now somewhat grown a pretty child of about ten years, began to be remarked by the men, who doubtless did not fail to compliment her mistress on her account—the mistress liked her so much the less; she did not miss an opportunity of treating her harshly. If, for example, she was a little slow in putting on madame's boots, madame would, with a kick, throw her face downwards on the ground. She slept, like a dog, on the mat at the door. Woe to her when they heard her weep during the night. Although taken away so young, she had taken with her a too keen impression of the paternal house, of the village, the forests, the lake, of her little comrades, of that good time of peacefulness and of liberty, of the caresses of her poor grandfather, in whose arms she had so often gone to sleep. This remembrance followed her to the end, as present as ever 40 years after—far and obscure past, but so peaceful! It was for her all the reality of this world, and the rest of her life was a sad dream through which she passed.

She was about twelve when her mistress came to France, and brought her here, in 1815. The lady, having come with her husband, let him go back with the Russian army, and remained here. Retained by some caprice of passion, or of religion: dominated perhaps by some converting priest (as more than one Russian dame was in the time of Alexander), she was obstinate to remain in Paris, and would not hear speak of Russia. Her husband, tired of entreating and commanding, ceased to send her money, thinking doubtless to bring her back by hunger. But she persevered, established herself in a Paris convent for a small pension, dismissed all her domestics—the little Catya was not excepted. Her mistress turned her out of doors, harshly and abruptly, just as she had at first taken her. She was a castaway, literally. From the neighbourhood of the Panthéon, where the mistress dwelt, she was taken to the Marais, rue du Chaume, at nightfall, and left under a doorway.

It was getting dark, it rained. A lady who was passing heard the child weep, and drew near. Great was her surprise at seeing this girl, now tall and beautiful as an angel, who could only weep and could not speak. She hardly knew two words of French. God had pity on her. The lady was Mme. Lerdy, sister of Belloc. Conceive this lady, there, compassionate. She took Catya with

her, and indignant with the barbarous indelicacy which could abandon an unfortunate child of that age to the chances of the night, in a great city—whose beauty exposed her still more—she took her to her own house—protected her, brought her up, taught her our language, and treated her with a kindness which she had never known since she was taken from her father's house.

Mme. Lerdy, leaving Paris later on, entrusted her to the dearest hands, to those of two ladies loved, honoured, venerated by everybody. Why should I not name them, and recall here one of my best memories, that of so amiable and sacred a house? These ladies were the energetic and spiritual Mme. de Montgolfier, then an octogenarian, wife of the inventor of balloons, and her worthy daughter, a great writer, who wrote only for a noble purpose, not for fame, and has hardly ever signed her name. Imagine whether she, with a heart so warm, so tender, was humane to Catya. The young girl had great need of circumspect management, and indeed would have need of being served herself. She had grown much, and was very weak. The least weight to lift, a stair to climb, put her out of breath. It was supposed she might have an aneurism of the heart.

Having fallen into such good hands, and like a child of these ladies, their jewel, it, however, was not difficult to see that the memory of her family followed her always, that nothing could take it away from her, that she was always in Russia, always on the shore of her native lake from where she had been taken—in reality, she had hardly left the fatherland. Her mind was moderately cultivated (although she spoke French with remarkable elegance); her heart was developed, too much, doubtless, but only to the profit of her remembrances of childhood—they never came back to her without producing tears.

These ladies, goodness itself, in concert with Mme. Belloc, resolved to do everything to find her family. The Russian Embassy was obliging, but they could not discover anything. The indications which Catya could give were vague and confused. It was towards 1823, I saw her then once at the house of these ladies; it was the only time I saw her. I recall well the impression she made on strangers who were in the room when she entered: there was first a movement of admiration, soon restrained, then a sort of compassion. She was very tall, visibly weak; with her young arms, elegant, but a little frail for a girl of 20 years; she carried, leaning forward a little, a tray charged with cups of tea. She seemed to bend under the light weight, like a poplar to the breath of the wind. She smiled at her weakness, and seemed to ask for excuse.

One was tempted to ask her not to wait. Her elegance, her language, her beauty—more remarkable for its lines than for its freshness—gave exactly the idea of a Russian princess disguised. But the purity of her eyes, with their character of humanity and tenderness, had a charm quite different from what is met with in

the aristocratic classes. This expression of kindness, of sweetness, of docility, encouraged only too many impertinent attentions, and these were for the poor girl a continual embarrassment. Men, young and frivolous, the fortunate of the world, saddened with their indiscreet addresses this heart so broken. She was tender, but her soul was pure (without having the merit of it), cold as the ices of the pole. In this respect, it seemed as if she had remained at the age at which she had been carried away.

She liked to be alone. Without ecclesiastical influence, she went often to church. She would have been thrice mystic, if she had had a little more culture. It was probably to have more solitude, free rêverie and prayer, that she left service, wished for a room of her own, and made her living by her needle —a situation difficult in Paris, where women earn so little. From time to time, failing work, she entered service again. But, as soon as she could, she returned to her desert which, under the roofs of Paris, allowed her to dream always of her native desert and her family.

Her protecting friends, who never lost sight of her, often advised her to marry. Suitors were not wanting. She always put them off. Whether because, like a melancholy heart, she feared to console herself, or because the good and honest men, who were likely to seek her hand, may have shocked her delicacy, and responded little to her instinct of poesy. Well or badly clothed, she always had the air of a great lady, full of noblesse and of gentleness. Nothing of pride, nothing servile, one thing alone recalled her past—always in visiting these ladies, whom she loved much, she humbly kissed their hands in Oriental fashion.

Age came. La Belle Catya must have been about 47. Latterly she lived along with a venerable person who, at 80 years of age, lived still by her labour—Mme. Paul, a poor workwoman, who, in addition, had the misfortune of being deformed and dwarfish, sharing her lodging with her. I don't know how they managed, but in their great poverty they still found the means of doing good to their poor neighbours.

The heart of Catya was put, a few years ago, to a severe trial. She met in the street an aged lady, whom she seemed to recognise, clad in threadbare garments, badly put on. Strange topsy-turveydom of affairs! It was her old mistress, become poorer than herself. Catya approached her, saluted, kissed her hands. The other, astonished and confused, let fall from her too full heart some words of her misfortune, her extreme misery. "Ah! madam," cried Catya—a serf again out of the excess of her good heart—"you are always my mistress, and that which I have is yours."

That same day she had left service, and was in funds. She ran to her garret, which was quite near, and, returning quickly, put her savings into the lady's hand, who could only weep.

Our readers will be astonished that, in a work so short, where we enumerate the sufferings of Russia only to arrive at the martyrs who crown them, we should have dwelt so long on the life of this girl.

We answer that the complete knowledge of a single destiny has initiated us more into the history of the Russian soul than any narrative, any book, any communication.

Russia is a supplice—that is only too visible. Meanwhile, to what extent is the Russian soul attainted? that is the true question. These unfortunates oppose to blows, to outrages, an apparent insensibility; their language is not often known. And, did one know it, in their so legitimate distrust for the classes who tyrannise over them, they would take good care not to open their hearts. Their existence is so uncertain, their dearest friends are so little guaranteed, that they fear horribly to displease, and whoever visits them finds a smile on their lips. They are afraid of appearing unfortunate, and almost ask pardon for their wretched condition. How shall I seize the true sense, the secret idea of a word without voice? Hardly shall I divine something of it in the profoundly sad melodies which this man, who seemed cheerful, lets you hear when he is alone, when he labours, when, in the morning, he buries himself in the great forests.

Catya was for me the intuition of a world—the simple sight of her, and her story, explained a thousand things which I had read without comprehending.

In seeing her once—and that, once only—a simple word escaped me: "*Broken heart.*" That is the true name of the Russian soul.

We do not generalise here inconsiderably; we have studied the question many times. There has hardly a year passed in which we have not given new attention to the subject. And since this solution first appeared to us, 25 years ago, it has been submitted to varied tests, and always with the same result.

We that day felt Russia—the true moral basis of that people—such a *brokenness of heart*, that nothing can be compared to it.

The Polish soul is wretched, but it is not broken; on the contrary, it is revivified by the sentiment of its martyrdom.

Oriental slaveries give no idea of the evil. Nothing is more absurd than to compare, as is done, Russia with the East. The countries of Asia, even the most tyrannically governed, participate much more in the liberties of nature. The state of Asia is generally relaxed and vague, even in that which is most barbarous. Russia, stretched to breaking, is with calculated cruelty organised for suffering. That which is especially atrocious here is the only thing to which the Russian clings, the unique idea he has in his head, the unique love he has in his heart—all seems combined to crush him at every moment.

The only thing, we repeat it, outside of which the Russian soul is a void, an abstract blank, where the best eyes can read nothing. What thing? Is it the political idea, the State? By no means.

The *State* is not for the Russian ; he only knows the commune, or, if he has a glimpse of the State, it is as a far, poetic dream.

*Religion* is quite exterior for him ; he worships such and such an image, in attaching these few ideas, no precise dogma. Nothing is more fantastic than the different senses which he gives to Christianity—he is perfectly ignorant of it.

*Property*, that idea so dear to the Western peoples, and which occupies them so much, is nothing in the idea of the Russian. Make him proprietor, and he returns at once to his communism.

The Russian idea, the only Russian idea, and the only Russian sentiment, *is the family*—nothing more.

All the rest, the commune itself, procures for him, as family, what a cruel policy has superadded to his primitive existence. The *master*, and the master of masters, he comprehends them only from the point of view of family, translating these words by others so peaceful, *the little father* (batouchka), the father of fathers.

The paradise of the Russian soul is that room where for eight months, wearing rough cloth, amusing himself in carpentry for the needs of the family, he lives near an enormous stove, whilst the sharp north wind, blowing from Archangel, passes over the little cottage without finding the least entrance through the close-piled logs of trees, caulked with moss, which encloses so well his nest.

And the hell of the Russian soul is the breaking up of the family. The seigneur can do it with a word. This is why the poor man is so abject before him. He belongs to him, *even to his entrails*. Let them take his wife or his daughter—he has nothing to say ; let them take his little child—he must find it good.

Finally, let them take himself ; let him, one morning, seized, shorn, and put into a chain, be sent marching to the mines, to the factories, to the army—he has still nothing to say. His wife, in tears, is obliged to enter the bed of another man. She, too, is a property, and that property must not lie fallow ; she must, like the earth, produce each year, produce new slaves and conceive in despair.

From MICHELET.

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Liberal Triumph.**—As was generally anticipated, the result of the General Election has been an overwhelming victory for the Liberal Party. It cannot be called a victory for Liberalism, because never was there less faith among professed Liberals in the principles which that term is supposed to connote, but the heterogeneous crowd who know little and care less about any principles at all, and whose chief object was to turn the "Ins" out and put the "Outs" in, and who, for want of a better—or worse—name call themselves Liberals, have been phenomenally successful. And nobody has been more surprised at this success than themselves, especially as it has been achieved without any of those Liberal promises which are generally so much in evidence before an election. The Liberals have won, not because Liberal principles have grown in popular

favour, but chiefly because the people had got tired of the Balfour Government, and wanted a change, and, also, because they were afraid of a return to Protection. It is to the conservatism of the Liberal Party, not its Radicalism, that its success at the polls is due. As we have previously pointed out, the present Government is pledged, not to any change, but to continuity of policy, alike in domestic, colonial and foreign affairs. That being so, and the propertied classes being assured that their interests were not likely to suffer, while Free Trade would be safeguarded by the change, the transference from one side to the other of the few thousands of voters necessary to transform a minority into a majority is not so great a surprise as it looks, after all.

**The Government of the Minority.**—The Government boasts a majority of 130 over all other parties in the House of Commons combined. Leaving Ireland out of account, Great Britain has elected 398 Liberals to 139 Conservatives and 29 L.R.C. men. This places them in a majority of 230 over the rest of the representatives of Great Britain. But they have nothing like that majority in the constituencies. Some 2,406,731 of the electors of Great Britain voted for the Tories as against 3,044,259 votes given to Liberals and Labour men combined. Yet the latter number 427 representatives, while the former have only 139. Thus a majority of little more than 600,000 votes in a total of nearly 6,000,000—or about a ninth of the whole—gives the Government—counting the Labour men among its supporters—more than a three-to-one majority of seats. A transfer of 400,000 votes—or about one-fifteenth of the total—from one side to the other would place the Government, even counting the Labour votes as theirs, in a minority in the matter of votes, but a transfer of one-fifteenth of the

representatives from the Government to the opposition side would scarcely impair the Ministerial majority. If we deduct the 334,920 votes given for the L.R.C. and Socialist candidates we find that the total Liberal vote is reduced to 2,699,339; and if we add these Socialist and L.R.C. votes to those given to the Tories we have a total of 2,751,651, or an actual majority of the total votes cast. This great Liberal Ministry, therefore, after the tidal wave of Liberal reaction—we cannot call it Liberalism—and with its enormous majority of more than three to one, is only the creation of a minority of the electors! These are only some of the anomalies of our antiquated electoral system. Nothing but a system of proportional representation will get rid of such anomalies entirely; but with equal electoral districts and the Second Ballot we should, at any rate, ensure that the majority would rule.

**The New Party.**—The most significant fact of the election, however, is the emergence of the new Labour Party. We say Labour Party advisedly, because, although its existence is largely due to Socialist propaganda, it is not, unfortunately, a Socialist Party. Socialist agitation in the constituencies has created a body of Socialist opinion in favour of an independent working-class political party, and the attacks upon trade unions, together with Socialist influence inside, have led those bodies into political action. But the trade unions, which form the bulk of the new Labour Representation movement, are essentially not political organisations, and their members, whatever else they may do, do not *vote* as trade unionists, or as workmen; the old party shibboleths still divide them. Whatever the trade unions may do, in their corporate capacity, in the matter of subscribing to election funds, or paying candidates or members of Parliament, it is quite certain that there is no constituency

outside the great mining or industrial districts in which the trade union vote is sufficiently well-organised to carry an election. That being so, it is all the more remarkable that no less than 29 men, pledged to a policy of independence, should have been elected. It shows, what is much more important, the growth of a real independent working-class party in the constituencies, and a party which, whatever may be the organisation or its representatives, is decidedly Socialist in its sympathies and ideas. For it is significant that the avowed Socialist candidates, whether run under L.R.C. auspices or otherwise, did quite as well, in the same circumstances, as the non-Socialists; while their political opponents took care that the latter should, as far as possible, be made to suffer all the disadvantages that could attach to an avowal of Socialist opinions. Of course, the Labour men fared best where they had no Liberal opponent, as there they got the advantage of the Liberal reaction; but the most encouraging feature was the good vote polled in opposition to both Liberal and Tory on a straight Socialist programme. It is clear that the recruits to the new party in the constituencies have been drawn from both parties pretty equally, and it is to be regretted that so far as the group in Parliament is concerned it has not been constituted on a definite Socialist basis. Had that been the case, much trouble which is likely to arise in the future might have been avoided.

**Political Agitation.**—The advent of a Liberal Government affords an opportunity for pushing political reforms which should not be neglected. In spite of the attempt which was made by many Liberal candidates, for vote-catching purposes, to make out that the electoral contest was one between Social Reform and Tariff Reform, it is perfectly well known that the

Liberals are not pledged to any social reform whatever, and that by tradition they are, so far as social questions are concerned, more bitterly opposed to reform than the Tories. In political matters, however, the Liberals are committed to reform; and in these matters, as we have repeatedly pointed out, we maintain the Liberal tradition and Liberal principles which many professing Liberals have deserted. Politically, Liberalism is supposed to stand for liberty, for democracy, for government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Well, we want all that and more. We want universal adult suffrage; one man or woman, one vote; payment of members and election expenses; all elections to be held on the same day; and, above all, the Second Ballot. One of the results of our winning recruits from both parties, is that the putting up of a third candidate does not so dangerously affect the Liberals as it used to do. Nevertheless, there were several instances in the elections in which a triangular contest resulted in "letting in the Tory." The Liberals may, therefore, be inclined to consider the advisability of instituting the Second Ballot, as a means of preventing similar mishaps in the future. In any case, now is our opportunity for pressing this and similar questions to the front, while not losing sight of the more important social questions.

**Why Fight the Liberals?**—It may stimulate the zeal of the Liberal Government in this direction if they are reminded that if the new Labour Party is to grow—and it must either grow or die—it must do so, at any rate at first, at the expense of the Liberal Party. The Liberals have secured such a majority of the seats that there are few the Labour Party or Socialists could win except from among those held by Liberals. It is quite clear, therefore, that unless the Liberals throttle the Labour Party, or that party be-

comes merged in the Liberal body, it must fight the Liberals. It cannot grow, otherwise. Seeing, then, that, willy nilly, the Liberal Party must be the object of attack for the Labour Party in the next electoral struggle, it may be worth while for the Liberals to consider the propriety and advisability of the political reforms they are supposed to favour. While they could count on a sufficient number of working-class non-Liberal electors to vote for them on the plea that the Socialist "had no chance," and the Liberal was "in favour of all that was immediately practical in the Socialist programme," it was to their interest not to establish the Second Ballot. Now, however, that the practicability of Socialist success at the polls has been demonstrated, the need for a measure to secure that the elected person shall represent a majority of those voting, may be recognised.

**Land and Labour.**—"Back to the land" is a cry the futility of which is daily demonstrated. The people have been too long and too completely divorced from the soil, and the idea of at once transforming a nation of town dwellers into one of peasants and agriculturists is as chimerical and absurd as any that could be conceived. Yet everyone is agreed that something must be done to revive country life; to break up the huge town agglomerations, and to put a stop to the persistent and increasing overcrowding, if the nation is not to perish from the physical deterioration which is rotting it at its roots, and even the ever-existent danger to our food supply is to be averted. It is quite clear that this re-peopling of the land of England—at least as important, by the way, as re-afforestation or the reclamation of waste land—will never be carried out by private enterprise or under any form of individual ownership. Private enterprise is directed towards driving the people off the land, and even private

charity is devoting huge sums to depriving England of its most valuable asset—capable and willing workers—by emigration. We often hear about the killing of the goose that laid the golden eggs, but that was no worse folly than our ruling class is perpetrating in its selfish greed and utter disregard of the truism that a nation's greatest wealth is the well-being of the men, women and children, who compose it.

**The "Daily Telegraph" on the Elections.**—The "Daily Telegraph" tries to comfort its readers even while not concealing from them the dread position and portents. Its leader on the results notes a tendency to "magnify the future power of the Labour Party in Parliament; the more so as it was practically ignored till it won its victories of this week." Be "Telegraph" easy, for it is all right. It may be that they are "determined bodies" which have taken upon themselves the weight of distinct political responsibilities; but "the upper hand has been finally gained by the Fabians." The famous "Object" clause of the L.R.C., the "Telegraph" observes shrewdly enough, "is a plan of propaganda rather than a declaration of doctrine." And yet the leader and the special article writer are not quite happy. They note that the L.R.C. never uses "the unholy word Socialism." Burgess may in particular take stock of the "Telegraph's" discovery. But the writers also note that Atkinson moved at the Liverpool L.R.C. Conference a year ago, an unqualified Socialist resolution. The ultimate object is obtaining for the workers "the full results of their labour" "by the overthrow of the present competitive system of capitalism." The "Telegraph" bids its readers note that the seconder of this resolution was Will Thorne, "who, by-the-way," it points out, "won his seat at West Ham as an S.D.F. and not as an L.R.C. candidate." The Atkin-

son-Thorne resolution "was agreed to without discussion." "That, then, is to be the end of the journey." A "stopping-place on the way" is to be the reversal of the Taff Vale decision, and the re-establishment of the trade unions in the position of having no liabilities but only privileges. On that the Labour members "will focus all their energies as soon as Parliament meets."

**Other Voices.**—All the papers are full of the new portent. The "Star" is reassuring. Socialism, it says, is a mere "bogey" vice Home Rule. Why, of course, "the late Sir William Harcourt said, 'We are all Socialists to-day.'" The "Pall Mall Gazette" says the new group is not a Pleasant Sunday Evening party. The "Mail" quotes A. M. Thompson in the "Clarion," and tells Liberals it has probably foemen, not allies: it lets Snowden write a too-frothy column in its pages, and analyses the financial position, detailing the L.R.C.'s monetary growth from the earliest days of £250 a year to the present four or five thousand. The only comment we have to make is—a sigh, that we have not in Parliament an economist like Hyndman, and a few more stalwarts to back him.

**Prosperity still Booming.**—Last year, 1905, was a record year for trade, and already the present year is breaking the record. The Board of Trade returns for January show that exports for the month amounted to £30,774,811, an increase of £5,785,034, while imports reached £53,475,830, an increase of £5,709,370. Thus our national prosperity is still booming, and our wealth and commerce are increasing by leaps and bounds. How exceedingly gratifying all this must be to the thirteen millions of our population living on the poverty line; to the half-million or so of the unemployed;

and to the great body of the working class, who by the most arduous toil can only just keep body and soul together, and have no hope in the future but the workhouse or the grave! *We* are prosperous; *we* were never so prosperous before in our whole history? But who are *we?* Well, *we* are the people of England; that is to say, the only people of England who are of any account; the only people who own anything. The others are of no consequence. They are mere toiling cattle; voting cattle—sometimes; and then they, generally, are good enough to vote for us. They know that ours is the kingdom, the wealth and the glory, so they vote us the power as well. And so we are a great and a free and a prosperous people, and they?—ah well, we will see that there is no tax put on their food because they can barely live now, so that if they had to pay more for their food we should have to pay them more wages, or they would starve outright.

# THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF HISTORY.

It seems to me that there are certain defects in style, on both sides, in this controversy, which I may reasonably speak of without offence to either disputant. Rothstein, in his criticism of Bax, apparently forgot that he was discussing with a man, who, whatever may be his shortcomings in practical politics, is possessed of quite exceptional learning, and who, in the domain of pure philosophy, has shown himself, beyond dispute, to be one of the most acute intellects of his time. This is no exaggeration whatever of Bax's position in the world of thought and letters. To write of him, when treating of his own subject, as if he were a mere sciolist is a piece of literary presumption which, I confess, for Rothstein's sake, I regret. This sort of thing is far too common among extreme "Marxists," who push dogmatism to the point of bigotry, and strain Marx's theories to an extent which that great thinker would have been the first to deride—which, indeed, he himself laughed at contemptuously many years ago.

On the other hand, I cannot, for the life of me, understand why Bax, who has a complete command of philosophic and academic phraseology of a clear and convincing kind, and is not at all wanting in power to handle plain, nervous English, should

disfigure his argument by sticking into it great gobbets of slang, when he could express his meaning much more forcibly without any such derogation from his literary dignity. I am convinced that Bax is right and Rothstein wrong in this discussion; but Bax's refutation, in my opinion, is strong enough to stand by itself, without any of these grotesque and unseemly interpolations.

That the main developments of human society have been chiefly influenced by economic causes Bax has never denied. On the contrary, I know of no writer who has insisted more strongly upon this than he. In my own way, I have worked on the same side, as all my books and pamphlets show. It was more important to insist upon this element in human history, during the past quarter of a century, than to take account of the modifications which must inevitably be weighed and considered if the whole subject is to be adequately dealt with. When Marx and Engels, therefore, had systematised the material conception of history it was a matter of much more urgent necessity to verify and spread and extend this conception than to point out the great parallel current, or even at times counter-current, which was running through human affairs at the same time. Just as in attempting to solve any mechanical or geometrical problem we eliminate friction, or the pressure of the atmosphere, or even matter itself, though perfectly aware that it exists.

Far too little account had been taken of the actual economic causes as bearing upon the succession of social developments before Marx came to the front; though, of course, he would never for a moment have claimed that he *originated* the idea. Consequently, the whole Socialist school, which has accepted him as its chief master in economics, and to some degree in sociology, has thought itself justified in temporarily excluding what Bax designates as the psychic influence on man in society, which, as already said, has not

infrequently overcome, for the time being, the economic influence.

Surely, however, it is now high time that we should openly recognise that there is something in history beyond the annals of production and distribution. In the human body ninety-nine hundredths of its action must be automatic, yet the mind, which is a function of this highly-developed animal, exercises an influence of a most potent character over the whole material organism; so, in society, what we may call, for want of a better phrase, the social mind, has often obtained temporary control, to the extrusion of the economic factor pure and simple.

As Bax himself has admirably put it in one direction: "The idea of a future life is not an economic factor."

Yet there is no man in his senses, not even a Marxian eager to discover in the materialist conception of history the universal theorem which shall comprise and elucidate all human expansions; there is no man in his senses who would dispute that the doctrine of a future life, the hope of future reward and the fear of future punishment, has at times, and even often, swept the economic motive aside, not only for individuals, but for vast masses of men. These people, so moved by a non-economic factor, were living under known economic conditions —we all admit that; but the psychical motive has, nevertheless, for long periods dominated the physical motive—and he who does not admit that, has, in my judgment, read history to very little purpose. Illustrations of the truth of this proposition rush, indeed, to the point of the pen. The difficulty would be to know where to stop, not where to begin.

Again, since Bax has referred to the instance of progress in the higher mathematics, which I suggested at the time of his discussion with Kautsky, I may here again point out that in nearly all such investigations, as in the establishment and verification of new

formulæ, the abstract discovery precedes the concrete application, often by decades, sometimes by centuries. Human reason in such cases acts, as it were, *in vacuo*, and has a marvellous power of intellectual anticipation, entirely divorced from the practical material facts of the time. Here, once more, evidence of a completely overwhelming character is ready to hand. In fact, the tendency of purely abstract thought in this connection, is towards unrealisability, to coin a word; and the old joke of the two famous Cambridge Professors, Cayley and Stokes, meeting on one occasion and vigorously denouncing the "scoundrel" who had found a practical use for their most recent theorem, only exaggerates a frame of mind in this department which is well known to all who have even a superficial knowledge of the subject. Bax's own mind in philosophy, also, positively abhors concrete illustration, and he never, in my opinion, shows his capacity to so much advantage as when he is writing entirely in the abstract.

But, really, it is scarcely worth while to argue this point farther before any well-educated audience. To repeat and sum up, therefore. It is obvious that the individual human mind, though a function of highly-organised matter, has an existence and laws peculiar to itself, and a power of reaction upon matter, as well as a capacity of unconscious anticipation, which cannot be brought under the heading of any economic factor whatever. Overwrought imagination, religious creeds and feelings, hopes and fears of a future life, the ideas of spirits or shades of the departed, are all conceptions, lying on the borderland of hallucination, and producing extraordinary personal and social phenomena, which have vastly affected the history of individual man and of mankind in society. On the other hand, in the domain of science, imaginary quantities, which no human mind can grasp, and which have no application so far in actual fact at all, infinities of time and space and numerals, of attraction and repulsion, of the indistinguishably small and the inconceivably great, which

the mental processes of man at present admittedly cannot comprehend, expansions and differentiations and integrations, etc., which are wholly unverifiable in all the categories of matter, are nevertheless used to push forward the boundaries of human knowledge, and, by reasoning on the abstract and the unknown to-day, to prepare the ground for the concrete and known in the more advanced society of a future time.

I accept Bax's statement—though I have arrived at the same conclusion by a very different route—that history has two main factors: the first, and by far the most important as a whole, the material or economic factor; the second, always present, and at special periods dominant, the psychical or mental factor. To exclude either from a serious investigation is inexcusable nowadays. And, though I believe I may claim to have done as much to popularise, and even to extend, Marx's teachings as any man living, I do hope we Socialists shall not attempt to put him on a pedestal of infallibility, similar to that which, occupied by Aristotle, dominated and stunted human intelligence for some centuries.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

# THE BUTCHERIES OF PEACE.

## OVER HALF-A-MILLION KILLED AND WOUNDED.

"We were grief-stricken to hear that comrade W. G. Paul had met with a fatal accident whilst following his employment. He was engaged in painting on a scaffolding near some shafting, which was in motion. The draught drew some portion of his clothing, and he was whirled round and round and battered to death."—"W. A. W." in "Justice."

"A million people in London without sufficient food and clothing and fire for a healthy life—but great commercial prosperity! Thousands maimed or racked and tortured to death by dangerous trades—but great commercial prosperity! . . . . The average lives of the lower class of artisans and workers in the unwholesome trades being only 29 years, while that of the upper classes is 55 years—millions thus killed 25 years before their time—but then we have 'Great Commercial Prosperity.'"—ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

Some time ago the lying yellow press came out with sensational headlines entitled "A Man with an Iron Nerve," etc. These headlines concerned a case for compensation. A railway employee had had both his legs severed from his body by a train. One plea urged against his receiving compensation was that he had deliberately laid himself across the line, and that he did this to obtain insurance and compensation money! What an age! Fancy trying to cheat a maimed and

tortured man by such a lying tale as that? And even if it were true, what a condemnation of a system which makes men prefer to mutilate themselves—and to such a terrible extent—than continue working? We have almost, by now, become used to the dishonest and hypocritical subterfuges practised by the capitalist class to cheat and defraud the working class. We know how Factory Acts and Compensation Acts are hide-bound by legal limitations and restrictions. But there are still greater depths to be fathomed, as this case conclusively proves. For, astonishing to relate, the plea of self-mutilation was upheld, and the man's claim for compensation rejected!

"The Butcheries of Peace," it is said, "are more bloody than the butcheries of war." Whether this be true or not, it is certain that there are more victims sacrificed to the Moloch of capitalism (industrialism) than to the Moloch of war. Thousands of men and women, and children too, are torn and mutilated, wounded and killed annually. Capitalism laughs at our so-called restrictive laws. Old Daniel O'Connell once said that he could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament; the truth of which statement is confirmed by the great number of industrial murders committed—for the sake of profit—to-day. Our factories and mines, our mills and our sweat shops, all deliver up their quota of dying and dead. Men, women, and children, caught in machinery, whirled round and round, battered and mangled, with their torn and bleeding flesh twisted amongst the whirring wheels, such is the fate of some. Others are blown to pieces in explosions, or buried in the bowels of the earth, as in mining disasters. Others are drowned, as our comrade W. G. Pearson was. Others are crushed in falls of scaffolding, falls from the roofs of houses, falls while window cleaning. You would stand less chance of being hanged if you were a murderer than of being killed while working at some of the dangerous trades. Men risk life and limb every

minute of the day, and receive in return the most miserable pittance. How often is that fearful scene, which the great Zola so graphically describes, of Coupeau falling from the roof, re-enacted?

Already the twentieth century can count over half-a-million killed and wounded workers, FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM ONLY. Read and carefully ponder over the figures in the following table:—

NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS TO WORKERS IN VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

| Year. | Killed. | Injured. | Total Number of Accidents. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1900 ... | 4,753 | 104,303 | 109,056 |
| 1901 ... | 4,622 | 107,286 | 111,908 |
| 1902 ... | 4,515 | 112,197 | 116,712 |
| 1903 ... | 4,151 | 115,569 | 119,720 |
| *1904 ... | *4,100 | *110,000 | *114,100 |
| *1905 ... | *4,100 | *110,000 | *114,100 |
| Totals ... | 26,241 | 659,355 | 685,596 |

What ghastly facts do these figures prove? Twenty-six thousand workers killed by capitalism. Six hundred thousand workers injured by capitalism. And these since January 1, 1900, to December 31, 1905. Incredible, yet true! Who will try to paint in roseate colours our glorious prosperity in the face of these figures of death? Capitalism assumes the form of a hideous vampire sucking the life's blood of the people. What heathen god, what Juggernaut, ever had so many sacrifices made to it as has this kind Christian god, Mammon?

* The figures marked with an asterisk are conjectured. As will be seen they are put a good deal below those of the two preceding years. Everything on the other hand points to the last two years being the most prolific in accidents, a considerable number of mining and other disasters having occurred.

Think what these figures mean? In the majority of cases the person injured has been the bread-winner of a family. Perhaps he has been "recompensed" by compensation, which is always wholly inadequate, perhaps he has received nothing. The family can, in the majority of cases, struggle on for two or three weeks. Then it has to go down into the depths of poverty, misery, degradation, and despair. It is impossible to gauge how much suffering, mental, moral, and physical, is caused by the vampirism of capitalism.

And, mark you, this is not all! This only concerns accidents. It does not include those who are poisoned—as the majority of the pottery workers are lead-poisoned—or those who die from illnesses brought on by their work. As Sherard says in his "White Slaves of England," "The certainty of a shortened life, the possibility of a sudden and terrible death, and constant risks of painful accidents are well known to all the chemical workers in the alkali factories, and are accepted by them with an indifference which might seem callous were it not so apparently heroic." And this indifference applies not only to the alkali workers, but to a good many other industries. The prevalence of such diseases as bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia, consumption, amongst the proletariat is undoubtedly due to the conditions under which they work. For instance, Professor Oliver tells that "every now and then a girl of from 18 to 23 years of age, on working in a lead factory for two or three weeks, shows symptoms of acute lead-poisoning—namely, colic, constipation, vomiting, headache, pains in the limbs, and incomplete blindness." There are numbers of people thus poisoned, but having been discharged a little time previously, and in all probability having died in the workhouse, or some similar institution, have not had their deaths put down to the right cause.

Then people say, "You Socialists are so bitter," and ask us why we try to stir up "class hatred." It

makes us bitter when we think of our class so brutally, so callously massacred for the sake of greed. It made me bitter when I heard of the death of my comrade and friend Paul, whom I saw only the other day pursuing our Socialist propaganda with such surprising energy. It should make everyone bitter when they think of the many men, women and children, of the many industrious and useful citizens done to death for the gain of the parasitical horde who live upon labour.

T. QUELCH.

# SCIENCE AND SOCIALISM.

When one has learned to admire the lucidity of expression, the cogency of reasoning, and depth of philosophic thought which characterise the writings of Professor Huxley, it is with some amount of timidity that one ventures to differ from him on the scientific basis of any suggested remedy for the social ills which are begotten of capitalism. Nevertheless, the lamentable contradictions in which that most gifted of logicians entangled himself in his attacks on the basic principles of Socialism, are sufficient to demonstrate the untenability of the individualistic position. It is in his essay of 1890, on "The Natural Inequality of Man," that we find these objections most capably expressed, just as in his Romanes Lecture of 1893, on "Evolution and Ethics," we find him unconsciously answering his own objections.

In the first-named of these publications he deals with the political speculations set forth in Rousseau's "Discours sur l'origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes," and in the latter's famous essay, "Du Contrat Social," which were published respectively in 1754 and 1762. It was in his introduction to the former of these works that Rousseau drew a sharp line of demarcation between the natural or physical inequalities of man—such as differences in age, health,

bodily strength, intellectual capacities, etc.—and the moral or social inequalities, based upon the absurd conventions of a corrupt society. In reply to this assertion, Professor Huxley suggests that these two inequalities are intimately connected, and in such a manner that political inequalities are essentially the consequence of natural inequalities. The truth of this assertion cannot be denied, nor has it any bearing on the question at issue. For, as Professor Huxley himself has shown in the Romanes Lecture, to which reference has already been made, the formation by man, as the inevitable outcome of organic necessity, of human society, witnessed a departure from the cosmic struggle for existence and survival of those best adapted to survive in a certain environment, to the fitting to survive of the ethically best. Here are the Professor's own words :—

"The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. *But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilisation* (the italics are mine—G. A. A.). Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best."

In a footnote to this passage Professor Huxley observes :—

"Of course, strictly speaking, social life, and the ethical process in virtue of which it advances towards perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution, just as the gregarious habit of innumerable plants and animals, which has been of immense advantage to them, is so."

Hence we have it, on the Professor's own showing, that the social bond into which mankind has entered was the inevitable outcome of the cosmic process which it must inevitably replace by the ethical process. So that the Socialism which he condemns on so-called

"scientific grounds" proves to be founded on an intelligent anticipation of the future social State and correct reading of the lesson evolution would teach us. For, on ethical grounds, Professor Huxley's inane quibble over the natural rights of the just and the unborn falls to the ground; and society has to treat of ethical, not physical, rights. We now pass to the consideration of the further objection of the representatives of the individualistic school, that the masses are so ignorant of the principles of political pilotage, so unacquainted with the facts of political diplomacy, that it would be as dangerous to trust them with the guidance of the ship of State upon the great ocean of politics as to allow the voices of the cook and the loblolly boys to count for as much as those of the officers upon the questions of steering, or reefing topsails, or settling a ship's course in the case of an ordinary vessel.*

The essence of truth contained in this objection makes its consideration all the more needful, particularly since it seems to be possessed of a great amount of scientific weight. Let us, therefore, proceed to analyse its assertions. These are that, owing to man's natural inequality, the great bulk of the lower classes are incapable of guiding the ship of State, and that to allow them to have any voice in the matter is as mischievous as to allow the crew of a vessel to have the same voice in the matter of the ship's guidance as the officers. But the analogy is bad. The officers of an ordinary vessel are placed in charge on account of their experience and their efficiency; and it is open for any of the crew to qualify for an officer's post. But the officers of the ship of State have hitherto been placed in charge, not so much on account of their own efficiency as by right of their forefathers being able, by force, fraud, and purchase, to deprive their contemporaries' forefathers of their properties and rights. And

* Professor Huxley, "On the Natural Inequality of Man," 1890.

so fair and just is our present semi-individualistic régime that a John Burns can only obtain a seat in the Cabinet by selling his class, and a Will Thorne become a member of the House by displaying extraordinary abilities whilst not enjoying those advantages of education that are enjoyed by the members of the present, but fast-decaying, dominant class.

Nor is it possible for any of the common people, speaking generally, to qualify for a responsible post, however suitable they may be for any such position on account of their natura superiority over their fellows, unless there be a universal franchise irrespective of the artificial distinctions of sex and property. Nor, if natural efficiency is to be the only qualification for the right to vote, can the line of demarcation be drawn, as it is at present, between the rich, the aristocrats, and the capitalists, on the one hand, and the poor and propertyless on the other; for the political "loblolly boys" are to be found scattered throughout both classes. Were the masses, therefore, to press the argument of man's natural inequality to its logical conclusion, we fancy that the capitalist class would be less willing to prate about it, since the system which they are so anxious to preserve is one which is based not upon the natural, but an artificial, inequality of man.*

GUY A. ALDRED.

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* Much of the latter part of the argument of the present essay has been reproduced from a monograph the present writer contributed to the columns of "Justice" not long since on "Socialism and the Natural Inequality of Man."

## THE EXTIRPATION OF THE SMALL MASTER-MAN.

"The fate of the petty industry is sealed, and its decay is irresistible. But this shows itself but slowly in the reduction of small undertakings, although very rapidly in their ruin. Some of the petty owners become entirely dependent on the large capital, and turn into mere home workers, wage-slaves, who, instead of working in a factory, work for the employer at home. Others, especially small dealers and small publicans, remain independent, but find their only customers among the working class, so that their existence is entirely bound up with the fortunes of the workers. These sections draw more and more closely to the fighting proletariat."

Thus Kautsky in "The Social Revolution"; and it has always been contended by Social-Democrats that economic progress inevitably tends to the elimination of the small manufacturer and retailer; and that what is taking place in America (a country in an advanced stage of capitalism) must, sooner or later, follow here.

In the course of conversation with some small manufacturing master-men in the scientific instrument and jewellery trades in Clerkenwell, the following information was elicited:—

One man, a scientific instrument maker in a small way, stated that the system of business known as the approval system was gradually exterminating his class. The method pursued is as follows: The maker calls on the large retailers of optical or scientific instruments, asking for work to do; if the firm decide to patronise him, he gets an order for so many articles, generally on six or nine months' appro. agreement. This means that he has to provide the material, manufacture the articles, and wait for payment until the retailer has sold them. If not sold at the end of the period they are usually returned to the maker. People often wonder, he said, how it is that such large and expensive stocks of instruments are on show in these shops, but the explanation is simple. A considerable portion of the goods in most of the shops have not been paid for, they are merely on approval, thus entailing no loss to the retailers, who do not pay for them until they have found a purchaser—their part in the transaction being simply to take their profits.

This, to some, may not seem of much moment, but to the man of small capital it is very serious. It often occurs when sales are slow in his particular line that his capital is tied up in goods on approval—goods which he practically dare not ask his customers to return to him before the term agreed upon has expired. He, perhaps, cannot obtain other work to do; even if he did obtain it he would be handicapped in turning it out owing to lack of capital—his creditors get importunate, his rent becomes overdue, and the end comes. He is driven into a corner—without capital, still the owner of commodities which he can go and gaze upon in the window of some retailer, but on which he cannot realise—and passes through the sufferings of Tantalus until the broker's man steps in and gives the industrial world another proletarian, broken, may be, in spirit and health.

The jewellery trade is furnishing more and more examples of this kind. The same appro. system

holds here, and in many of the largest West End shops a considerable portion of their stock of gold and silver trinkets are not paid for.

Instances were also quoted of the meanness with which the retailers treated the small masters, they having to make frequent journeys to collect insignificant sums of money, entailing waste of valuable time to these exploited exploiters. The system is in operation in several other trades, producing similar results.

The information relating to bankruptcies show conclusively that concerns with small capital are doomed, the majority of bankruptcies being amongst traders with capital under £1,000.

These small facts are indeed significant, and point out that we are well in the wake of America. The sooner the end comes the better for all concerned.

E. W. MARSH.

# THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The new Parliament might very well be divided under the following four heads :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Liberals ... ... ... ... ... | 399 |
| L.R.C. ... ... ... ... ... | 29 |
| Tory ... ... ... ... ... | 157 |
| Nationalists ... ... ... ... | 84 |
| | 669 |

The result is not yet known for the Shetlands.

Such Labour men as Mr. T. Burt, Mr. R. Bell, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. J. Wilson (Durham), Mr. W. C. Steadman, and all other Liberal-Labour men, save those belonging to the L.R.C., are included with the Liberals.

## THE LABOUR VOTE.

The following is a list of Labour candidates, the results of the poll in their various constituencies, etc. :—

*Brown (Ayrshire, N.) : Labour, 2,684 ; C., 5,603 ; L., 4,587.
*Bell, R. (Derby, 2) : L.R.C. and Liberal, 10,361 ; L., 10,239, C., 6,421 ; C., 6,409.
*Bowerman, C. W. (Deptford) : L.R.C., 6,236 ; C., 4,977; L., 726.
Burgess, J. (Camlachie, Glasgow) : L.R.C., 2,568 ; C., 3,119 ; L., 2,871.
*Barnes, G. N. (Glasgow, Blackfriars) : L.R.C. and I.L.P., 3,284; C., 2,974 ; L., 2,058.
*Brace, W. (Glamorgan, S.) : Miners, 10,514 ; C., 6,096.

Belt, G. (Hammersmith): Ind. Socialist, 885; C., 5,111; L., 4,562.
*Broadhurst, H. (Leicester): Liberal, 14,745. (See Macdonald.)
*Burt, T. (Morpeth): Liberal, 5,518; C., 1,919.
Curran, Pete (Jarrow): L.R.C., 5,093; L., 8,047.
Conley, J. (Liverpool, Kirkdale): L.R.C., 3,157; C., 3,749.
*Clynes, J. R. (Manchester, N.E.): L.R.C., I.L.P. and Gas-workers, 5,386; C., 2,954.
Coit, Dr. S. (Wakefield): L.R.C., 2,068; C., 2,285; L., 1,247.
*Crooks, W. (Woolwich): L.R.C., 9,026; C., 6,914.
*Duncan, C. (Barrow-in-Furness): L.R.C., 5,167; C., 3,395.
*Edwards, Clement (Denbigh District): Liberal, 2,533; C., 1,960.
*Edwards, E. (Hanley): Ind. Labour, 9,183; C., 4,287.
Fox, A. (Leeds, S.): L.R.C., 4,030; L., 6,620; C., 2,126.
*Fenwick, C. (Northumberland, Wansbeck): Miners and Liberal, 10,386; C., 3,210.
Glasier, Bruce (Birmingham, Bordesley): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 3,976; C., 7,763.
Gilmour, T. (Falkirk Burghs): L.R.C., 1,763; L., 5,158.
Gribble, J. (Northampton): S.D.F., 2,361. (See Williams.)
*Glover, T. (St. Helens): L.R.C., 6,088; C., 4,647.
Hartley, E. R. (Bradford, E.): S.D.F., 3,090; L., 6,185; C., 4,277.
Hyndman, H. M. (Burnley): S.D.F., 4,932; L., 5,288; C., 4,964.
*Henderson, A. (Durham, Barnard Castle): L.R.C., 5,540; C., 3,888.
Hill, J. (Govan): Ind. Labour, 4,212; C., 5,224; L., 5,096.
Holden, S. M. (Accrington): Ind. Labour, 619. (See Irving.)
*Hodge, J. (Gorton, Lancashire): L.R.C., 8,566; C., 4,341.
*Hudson, W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2): L.R.C., 18,869; L., 18,423; C., 11,942; C., 11,223.
Hobson, S. J. (Rochdale): S.D.F. and I.L.P., 2,506; L., 5,912; C., 4,449.
Hardie, J. Keir (Merthyr Tydvil, 2): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 10,187; L., 13,971; L., 7,776.
Irving, D. (Accrington): S.D.F., 4,852; L., 7,209; Ind. Labour, 619.
*Jowett, Alderman (Bradford, W.): I.L.P. and L.R.C., 4,957; C., 4,147; L., 3,580.
*Jenkins, Alderman J. (Chatham): L.R.C., 6,692; C., 4,020.
Jones, J. (Camborne): S.D.F., 109; L., 4,614; C., 2,384.
*Johnson, J. (Gateshead): L.R.C., 9,651; C., 5,126.
*Johnson, W. (Warwickshire, Nuneaton): Miners, 7,677; C., 5,849.
Kennedy, T. (Aberdeen): S.D.F., 1,934; L., 4,848; C., 931.
*Kelly, G. D. (Manchester, S.W.): L.R.C., 4,101; C., 2,875.
Lansbury, G. (Middlesbrough): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 1,484; Lib.-Lab., 9,271; C., 6,864.
*Maddison, F. (Burnley): L., 5,288; C., 4,964; Soc., 4,932.

Mitchell, I. (Darlington): L.R.C., 4,087; C., 4,575.
Macpherson, J. (Gravesend): L.R.C., 873; C., 3,102; L., 1,413.
*MacDonald, J. R. (Leicester): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 14,685; Lib.-Lab., 14,745; C., 7,504.
*Macpherson, J. T. (Preston): L.R.C., 10,181; L., 8,538; C., 7,303; C., 6,856.
Naoroji, D. (North Lambeth): Indian, 733; L., 2,162; C., 1,904; C., 108.
*O'Grady, J. (Leeds, E.): L.R.C., 4,299; C., 2,208.
Proctor, T. (Grimsby): L.R.C., 2,248; C., 6,349; L., 4,040.
*Parker, J. (Halifax): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 8,937; C., 9,354; L., 5,041.
Quelch, H. (Southampton): S.D.F., 2,146; L., 7,032; L., 6,255; C., 5,754; C., 5,535.
Richardson, John (Aston Manor): Liberal, 2,431; C., 7,134.
*Rowlands, J. (Dartford, Kent): Liberal, 9,532; C., 6,728.
Robertson, J. (Lanarkshire, N.E.): Liberal, 4,658; L., 6,436; C., 4,838.
*Roberts, G. H. (Norwich, 2): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 11,059; L., 10,972; C., 7,460.
Rose, F. (Stockton): L.R.C., 2,710; C., 5,330; L., 3,675.
*Richardson (Nottingham, S.): Liberal, 6,314; C., 5,514.
*Richards, T. F. (Wolverhampton, W.): L.R.C., 6,767; C., 5,588.
*Snowden, P. (Blackburn): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 10,282; C., 10,291; C., 8,932; L., 8,892.
Smillie, —. (Belfast, W.): L.R.C., 4,122; N., 4,138; L., 153.
Stranks, S. (Croydon): L.R.C., 4,112; C., 8,248; L., 7,241.
Steadman, W. C. (Finsbury, Central): L., 3,493; C., 2,799.
Sexton, J. (Liverpool, West Toxteth): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 2,592; C., 3,373.
*Seddon, J. K. (Lancashire, Newton): L.R.C., 6,434; C., 5,893.
Sullivan, J. (Lanarkshire, N.W.): Ind. Labour, 3,291; C., 5,588; L., 4,913.
Sanders, W. (Portsmouth, 2): L.R.C., 8,172; L., 10,500; L., 10,236; C., 7,970; C. 7,752; Naval, 1,859.
*Shackleton, D. J. (Clitheroe): L.R.C., 12,035; L., 3,828.
Smillie, —. (Belfast, W.): L.R.C., 4,122; N., 4,138; L., 153. 2,594.
*Summerbell, T. (Sunderland, 2): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 13,430; L., 13,620; C., 7,879; C., 7,244.
Smith, Thorley (Wigan): Ind.-Labour, 2,205; C., 3,573; L., 1,900.
Stewart, J. H. (York, 2): L.R.C., 4,573; L., 6,413; C., 6,108; C., 6,094.
Turner, B. (Dewsbury): L.R.C., 2,629; L., 6,764; C., 2,959.
*Taylor, J. W. (Durham, Chester-le-Street): Ind.-Labour, 8,085; C., 4,895.
Tebb, Rev. A. B. (Durham, Chester-le-Street): Lib.-Lab., 4,606; C., 4,895.

Tillett, B. (Eccles, Lancashire): L.R.C., 3,985; L., 5,841; C., 5,246.
*Thorne, W. (West Ham, S.): S.D.F. and L.R.C., 10,210; C., 4,973.
Walker, W. (Belfast, N.): L.R.C., 4,616; C., 4,907.
*Wilkie, A. (Dundee, 2): L.R.C., 6,833; L., 9,276; L., 6,122; C., 3,865; C., 3,183.
*Williams, J. (Glamorgan, Gower): Ind. Labour, 4,841; L., 4,522; C., 1,939.
Williams, T. R. (Huddersfield): L.R.C., 5,813; L., 6,302; C., 4,391.
*Walsh, S. (Lancashire, Ince): L.R.C., 8,046; C., 3,410.
*Wilson, J. H. (Middlesbrough): Liberal, 9,271; C., 6,864; L.R.C., 1,484.
Winstone, J. (Monmouth District): Ind. Labour, 1,678; L., 4,551; C., 3,939.
Williams, J. E. (Northampton, 2): S.D.F., 2,537; L., 4,472; L., 4,236; C., 4,061; C., 3,987; S.D.F., 2,361.
*Ward, J. (Stoke-on-Trent): Liberal, 7,660; C., 4,288.
*Wardle, G. J. (Stockport, 2): L.R.C. and I.L.P., 7,219; L., 6,544; C., 4,591; C., 4,058.
Wadsworth, J. (Hallamshire, Yorks): Liberal, 8,375; C., 6,807.

Those marked with a star are the successful candidates. L. denotes Liberal. C. denotes Conservative.

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## PERCENTAGE OF SOCIALIST VOTES.

West Ham, 71 3/7 per cent.
Aberdeen, a little over 25 per cent.
East Bradford, 22 2/9 per cent.
Burnley, just under 33⅓ per cent.
Accrington, a little over 36 per cent.
Northampton, a little over 24½ per cent.
Rochdale, a little over 20 per cent.
Southampton, about 15½ per cent.
Average percentage of the above—31 per cent.

Of the seven independent Labour candidates who were opposed to both Liberal and Tory two were successful.

Of the 18 L.R.C. candidates who fought constituencies contested by both Liberal and Tory, three only were successful. Of the 18 L.R.C. candidates who were opposed only by the Tory, 13 were successful. Of the two L.R.C. candidates who were opposed by the Liberal, one was successful. Of the ten L.R.C. candidates who fought two-member constituencies with only one Liberal and two Tory candidates running, nine were successful; Stewart, who contested York, being the one not elected.

Altogether, including Thorne, the L.R.C. have 29 members in the House of Commons.

# FRANCE.

A lecture delivered at South Place, Finsbury, by Mr. P. Descours on November 22, 1903.

It would be impossible in the brief time at my disposal to deal fully and adequately with all the points mentioned in the suggestions for the lecture which have been drawn up by the committee. To do this at all satisfactorily would require a series of lectures, and indeed volumes might be written. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the more important points, and to those which are perhaps not usually found in ordinary works and essays on France.

The present condition of France can hardly be understood, unless we first glance back briefly at the past. It was the fond boast of some of the men of the Revolution that they had abolished everything in the past; but that is easier said than done. The mass of the people like to follow in their father's footsteps, and everything was far from being abolished at the Revolution. The original territory of the Kings of France was the small part round Paris known as l'Ile de France. Other parts of what we now call France were under local rulers, such as the Duke of Brittany, the Comte of Provence, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Normandy, &c., and it was only very slowly and gradually that all these noblemen lost their powers. But gradually the King of France was the supreme ruler. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were a series of very able Ministers, Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert. The kings in the eighteenth century were by no means able, and the great philosophic movement of the time, known as that of the Encyclopædists, was rousing opposition. Towards the end of the century, when Louis XVI. declined to support the reforming Minister, Turgot, the Revolution was inevitable. It is not necessary here to relate the events of that time, but I may be allowed to state that too much attention has at times been paid to its destructive effects, and it has been

forgotten that side by side with this there went on a great deal of constructive work, many of the reforms, for instance, which have been ascribed to Napoleon being really the work of men of the Revolution. The influence of Napoleon was entirely bad; he embodied in him all that the Revolution had tried to suppress. His insane ambition, his love of glory, his disregard for human life caused untold misery, and the mischief caused by his measures lasted long after his overthrow in 1814-1815. He fostered that foolish love of militarism which has been such a curse to France and the world; it was imperialism with all its attendant evils. There was a reaction when the Bourbons returned in 1815. The rule of Louis XVIII. was not so bad, but his brother, Charles X., was a reactionary, and there was a rising in 1830. However, power was seized by the junior branch of the Royal Family, and Louis Philippe was King of the French from 1830 to 1848; he was essentially a middle-class king. Royalty no longer claimed to rule by divine right, the King was never crowned, and the middle classes were supreme. In 1848 he was dethroned, and for three years there was a nominal Republic of which Napoleon, the reputed nephew of Napoleon I., was President. Seeing that he stood no chance of being re-elected, he, in 1851, executed a coup d'état, and a year after proclaimed himself Emperor. At first he was a despot; men were imprisoned, tried by court-martial, and either transported or exiled. In 1870 he declared war against Prussia, and it is well-known how the French armies were defeated and Napoleon himself taken prisoner. After the defeat at Sedan on September 4, a provisional Government was formed of which the moving spirit was Léon Gambetta, a young Republican deputy. The struggle was continued for several months, but after the capitulation of Paris, in February, 1871, peace was made by which France had to give over to Germany Alsace, part of Loraine, and to pay an indemnity of £200,000,000. An Assembly had been chosen which was very reactionary, but they appointed a provisional Government, of which M. Thiers was the head. Paris, afraid of a monarchical restoration, broke out into rebellion, and there was a civil war between the Commune and the Central Government. The Commune was defeated after a severe struggle in May, 1871, and a most terrible repression ensued by the party of law and order. Men, women, and children taken prisoners were shot, and thousands of Communards were transported to New Caledonia, an island in the South Pacific.

Meanwhile, most of the deputies would have liked to have established a monarchy, but fortunately, they could not agree on their king. There were two pretenders, the Count of Chambord, a grandson of Charles X., representing the elder branch of the Bourbons, and the Count of Paris, a grandson of Louis Philippe. The Count of Chambord had no children, and he was not anxious to be succeeded by his cousin the Count of Paris. He refused to make any conces-

sions; for instance, he refused to accept the tricolour flag, and insisted on having the white flag, and he practically made himself impossible.

Meanwhile, M. Thiers, having received an adverse vote of the Chamber, had resigned on May 24, 1873, and had been succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, a somewhat stupid soldier of decided Conservative politics, but an honest man.

The Assembly, at last, had to consent to frame a Constitution, and on February 25, 1875, voted one. By this instrument France was declared a Republic; there were to be two Chambers. The Chamber of Deputies is to be elected by universal manhood suffrage, there being one deputy for each arrondissement (a subdivision of the department), but if there are more than 100,000 persons then there is to be one deputy for every 100,000. A deputy must be, at least, 25 years old, and no soldier or sailor in active service is eligible. Each deputy receives a salary of £360 per annum, and is elected for four years. All money bills must originate in the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber elects a president, three vice-presidents, and six secretaries, these form what is called the "Bureau." It is usual for the different groups to be represented on the "Bureau" in proportion to their numbers. The voting is sometimes secret and sometimes open. The Chamber generally sits from two till six in the afternoon, the President is in evening dress and rings a bell to keep order; voting is by card, and a division only takes a few minutes. We often hear of disorderly sittings, but the foreign correspondents often exaggerate this, and many sittings are as dull as possible. The Chamber at the opening of the Session in January is divided into a certain number of "bureaux," and these elect committees to deal with proposed Bills, but certain important committees, such as the Budget, Labour, and Army committees, are elected by the whole House. The Budget Committee is a very important one, as the whole of the estimates are submitted to it by the Ministers; it is subdivided into several sub-committees which carefully go through the various items, and its functions are more analagous to that of the Treasury in this country. A Bill which has passed the first and second reading is not necessarily dropped because the Chamber adjourns, and does not do so until the Chamber is dissolved. If a member wishes to resign, his resignation has first to be accepted by the Chamber. No member of either Chamber can be prosecuted criminally without the consent of the Chamber, unless he has been arrested at the time of the alleged crime.

The Senate consists of 300 members, of which a third retire every three years. A Senator must be at least 40 years old; he is elected for the department for nine years by a special electorate composed of the deputies of the department, the members of the departmental and local councils, and delegates from each commune. At first there were 75 life Senators, but no more are elected now and only a few remain.

The Senate can reject a money Bill and is the high court in cases of treason, or of the impeachment of the President, or any of his Ministers. Its members are paid the same salary as the Deputies, and they elect the same officers, but while the President has the power of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies with the consent of the Senate, he can never dissolve the latter body.

The President of the Republic is elected by both houses sitting as a congress, which must assemble at Versailles; he is elected for seven years and may be re-elected. When a Bill is passed by both Houses he can ask the Houses to reconsider their decision. He appoints, too, all officers, civil and military, but every one of his acts must be countersigned by one of his Ministers. He can only declare war with the consent of both Houses. When the two Houses meet at Versailles the President of the Senate presides. The President receives a salary of £48,000 per annum. He cannot address the Chambers except by sending a message to be read by one of his Ministers. He can ask the Chambers to amend the Constitution, or they can each pass a resolution stating that such revision is expedient. In that case the two Houses meet at Versailles, this has actually taken place several times. It has sometimes been argued that the President should have more power, and some have thought that the Constitution should resemble that of the United States. Doubtless President Loubet is more of a figure-head than President Roosevelt, but it was wise, I think, to entrust the election to both Houses. In times of agitation, such, for instance, as when the late General Boulanger was active, it would be very unwise to have so much agitation in the country. The President, by asking the Senate to be allowed to dissolve the Chamber, has at his hand a powerful means of putting a stop to a deadlock; but this has only been done once, in 1877, when Marshal MacMahon dissolved the Chamber; and as that was done in the hopes of overturning the Republic, it has almost become a Republican tradition to allow the Chamber to sit for its full time. This is a pity, as several times a dissolution, which I do not think the Senate would have refused, would have afforded a way out of real difficulties. Messages have also only been addressed to the Chambers when the President has been elected, or, in the cases of the resignations of Presidents Grévy and Casimir-Perier. It seems a pity that the Presidents should not have made more use of this way of expressing their opinions instead of making, as they have done, more or less colourless speeches on important occasions such as centenaries, inaugurations of exhibitions, etc.

The Ministers are chosen theoretically by the President, but in practice he entrusts one Minister with the task of forming a Cabinet; there are eleven Ministers, receiving a salary of £2,400 per annum, and also having an official residence; each receives the same salary, and there is only one Under-Secretary of State.

The Ministers may have seats in either House or may have no seat, as, for instance, the present Minister of War, General André,* or the former Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux. If a Minister is a Senator he can speak in the Chamber or the Senate, and also if he has no seat in either House. At times there is a great deal of amusement expressed at the short-lived French Ministries, and there have been a great number since 1870—no less than 40 Ministries—but there is a good deal of misconception on this point: The Ministries have always since 1877 been taken from the Republican Party, so it might be said that for over 25 years one party has been in power, and that is certainly a record of power. Then, too, it must be remembered that a Minister will often remain in power though the Ministry changes; M. Delcassé, for instance, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs,† has held the office which he still holds since October, 1898, and in three Cabinets, and General André, the Minister for War, has held the same office in the last two Ministries. There are many parties in France, and as the same parties are often called by different names they appear to be still more numerous. For instance, there are Republicans, Monarchists, and Imperialists, and at times we heard of the Extreme Left, the Left, the Left Centre, the Right Centre, the Right, and the Extreme Right. The Left would include all the Republicans, while the Right would be Royalists and Imperialists, but some of the latter would claim to be Republicans. This section calls itself the "Ralliés," those who have accepted the Republic, but their republicanism is only skin deep. Doubtless there are many Moderates among the Republicans, and these, strangely enough, call themselves Progressives. At present most of the Republicans have agreed to sink their differences, and to form the republican "bloc,"‡ ready to resist the assaults of the Moderates and the Right. There is a Socialist Group which generally votes with the "bloc," though some of the Extreme members will vote now and again with the Right.

The present Ministry—that of M. Combes§—is a composite Ministry, some of the members, as for instance Messieurs Delcassé and Rouvier, being men of quite Moderate opinions, but it is mainly following a Radical programme. The same thing was true of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry, which even contained a Socialist, M. Millerand, among its members.

It has often been lamented that there was not a more able

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* General André is no longer Minister of War, that post being now filled by a deputy, M. Etienne.—P. D.

† M. Delcassé is no longer Minister for Foreign Affairs.—P. D.

‡ The "bloc" has now practically been dissolved.—P. D.

§ M. Combes is no longer Prime Minister.—P. D.

opposition in France. It is impossible for the opposition to ever be in office, for their first measure would be to overthrow the Republic. I do not see how this can be remedied, except by time. The Pretenders are getting less and less dangerous, and the time will come when they will be no longer serious, when, like the Jacobites in this country, they will not count in politics. For the present, however, the struggle for power must be between the different sections of Republicans, but the opposition naturally is always ready to join its forces to overthrow the existing Ministry. The number of avowed Royalists and Imperialists is diminishing, and will, I think, do so more in the future. It might be thought that owing to the divisions of Republicans, Royalists and Imperialists would stand a good chance of getting in at elections, but unless a candidate obtains a clear majority of the given votes, a second ballot is necessary. This is a most valuable measure, as it enables parties to see how strong they are, and it is found in practice that at the second ballot the Republicans will combine to keep the Royalist out.

Every Frenchman who is 21 years of age is allowed to vote, provided that he is not serving in the army or the navy. The electoral lists are made up on March 31, and the elector must have lived at least six months before that date in the district. There is only one list, whether for the election of deputies, members of the council general, or the commune. If a man has been convicted of certain crimes he may be deprived of his right of voting. When a man has a vote he is given an electoral card and this must be produced when he records his vote; this system makes personation much more difficult. No man can have more than one vote, if for instance, an elector has a country house as well as rooms in Paris, he can only vote in one place, but he has the right of choosing the locality in which he shall be inscribed on the register. There is a society which is conducting an agitation for women's rights, but up to the present time it has met with no success. Frenchwomen take, as a rule, no interest in these matters, and appear as far as one can judge to be quite satisfied with things as they are.

In every department of France there is an official appointed by the President of the Republic on the suggestion of the Minister of the Interior who is called the Prefect. He represents the Executive Government, and is the delegate of the different Ministers who instruct him, and he has to see that the laws are carried out. He has the right of calling on the local military authorities to supply troops if there is the fear of a riot through a strike or any disturbance. In all public functions he represents the Government, and often presides at public dinners; in fact, it is jokingly said, that after a man has been Prefect for a short time his digestion is irretrievably ruined.

In each department there is a local body called the Council General.

This is elected by universal suffrage, each canton electing one member; they are elected for six years, and half of them retire every three years. These bodies only meet twice a year in August and shortly after Easter, but in case of need the President of the Republic can, by a decree, specially call a council together. In case of a deadlock they can be dissolved, but then the case must be reported to the Chambers. The Prefect may assist at the meetings, he cannot vote, but he may address the meeting. The Council elects its president, two vice-presidents, and secretaries. The primary object of the Council is to vote the departmental budget relating to the upkeep of local roads, lunatic asylums, grants in aid for schools, etc. Money can also be voted to private institutions such as hospitals, orphanages, musical societies, etc., but in these cases the Government has the right of not sanctioning and cancelling the vote. There is no appeal from this decision to any court of law; the only way to call attention to the matter would be to raise the question in one of the two Chambers. The way the money is raised is peculiar; there are in France taxes on house property and on land, these are fixed by the Chambers, but in addition to this the department votes an additional sum to be added to those taxes. Suppose that the duty on house property was 20 centimes for every franc, then the department could add another 5 centimes to that. The taxpayer pays the whole tax to the tax collector of the Central Government, who pays over the supplementary tax to the local authority. The Council can also raise a loan, but if it does so it must repay it by means of a sinking fund in 15 years; if it wishes to raise a loan for a longer period a special law is necessary. In practice, except in the important districts such as Lyons, Marseilles, etc., the money is generally borrowed from a bank. The Council can pass resolutions in favour of a particular policy, and this is often done; for example, recently in France there has been a great deal of excitement about the policy of M. Combes in expelling religious orders. Some few Councils have passed resolutions condemning this measure, while most of these bodies have approved of the measure. The Council General every year elects a committee called the departmental committee, which meets at least once a month; it is a kind of finance committee watching over the expenditure, and its sanction is necessary before any urgent measure requiring money can be undertaken.

Each department is divided into a certain number of arrondissements, at the head of each of which there is a sub-prefect, except the arrondissement in which the chief town is situated where the Prefect acts. There is a local council, elected, as is the council general, by universal suffrage, for six years, one-half of the members retiring every three years. The body meets in August and looks after the local affairs of the arrondissement. It is generally agreed on all hands that the sub-prefects are quite useless; they are strictly

subordinate to the Prefect. These divisions may have been of some use in the old days, when means of communication were difficult, and it was difficult for the Prefect to get to all parts of his district; in the present day, however, they are quite superfluous. The name laughingly given to a sub-prefect shows this—they are known as post offices, their function simply being to transmit documents to the Prefect. No government, however, likes to suppress them, as it would mean giving up a certain amount of patronage, and in local districts they are popular. The same remarks apply to the local councils of the arrondissement, but generally a man is member both of his local council and also of the Council General.

(*To be continued*).

# THE REVIEWS.

## VICTORY AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.
## A LIBERAL VIEW.

Mr. H. W. Massingham writes in the "Contemporary Review," under the above heading. Speaking of the new Labour Party, he says:—

But the phenomenon of the politics of 1906 is, beyond all doubt, the apparition of Labour organised as a distinct party. . . . . There is nothing new in the main lines of the new departure, whose model is consciously based on Irish Nationalism. The new members will resemble the Nationalists in the fact that they will be sustained from a central fund, resting on popular subscriptions, and that they subscribe to a pledge of independence of the regular political parties. and will be somewhat sternly withdrawn from the easy social comradeship of Parliamentary life. The representatives of the Labour Representation Committee will also, like Mr. Redmond's followers, enter the House of Commons mainly as a party of protest, the symbol of a discontent deeper, more obstinate, less curable than the average political grievance. In this sense they are revolutionary. But their method and practice are remote from violence. About half are trade unionists, the rest are progressive Socialists. They reject Marx's law of wages, which binds its subjects to unappeasable war against the middle classes. They believe in progress. They would not apply cast-iron Socialism to the agricultural problem, and they accept most Liberal ideas of political doctrine. . . . . Their general aim could not be better expressed than in a letter addressed by Lord Randolph Churchill to Mr. Arnold White during the County Council elections of 1892:—

"The Labour community is carrying on at the present day a very significant and instructive struggle. It has emanci-

pated itself very largely from the mere mechanism of party politics; it realises that it now possesses political power to such an extent as to make it independent of either party in the State; and the struggle which it is now carrying on is less against capital, less one of wages or division of profits, but rather one for the practical utilisation in its own interest of the great political power which it has acquired. The Labour interest is now seeking to do itself what the landed interest and the manufacturing capitalist interest did for themselves when each in turn commanded the disposition of State policy. Our land laws were framed by the landed interest for the advantage of the landed interest, and foreign policy was directed by that interest to the same end. . . . . Personally (Lord Randolph added) I can discern no cause for alarm in this prospect, and I believe that on this point you and I are in perfect agreement."

What will be the Parliamentary status of the new Party? Like the Irishmen, it will have no immediate mechanical power of turning out the Government. It has no reason to practise wrecking tactics. Such a plan is condemned by the capital example of M. Jaurès, the most illustrious modern exponent of the doctrine of opportunist Socialism. Our own Labour Party has come into Parliament with the Liberal revival, and by virtue of tacit arrangements with Liberal voters or Liberal candidates. . . . . In a word, Liberalism, here as elsewhere, must direct; Labour and social Radicalism will largely inspire.

The moral force of the Labour Party, like that of the Irish Party, is, therefore, sure to be great. It is bound to act as the social conscience of Liberalism. Mr. Asquith says truly that the Liberal Party is now master in its own house. But it is not independent either of its electoral pledges, or of the growth within its ranks of a body of students of social problems closely in sympathy with Labour. While, therefore, the Liberal Party cannot be a Socialist Party, it is well fitted to survey the "condition of England" question—the immense depression of rural life, the desertion of fields, the congestion of the slums, the abuse of child-labour in every great city in England, the miseries of the old workpeople, the low standard of health and housing which defaces the industrial centres, the duties of a Government to its servants, of private capital to Labour. In the field of social reform lies its chance of making history. . . . .

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For the rest, I proceed, in this brief sketch, to summarise the points on which progressive opinion has been rapidly forming during the long reign of reactionary Toryism which has definitely come to an end.

Education :—

(*a*) Restoration of the right of public control over essentially public schools.

(*b*) Abolition of religious tests for their teachers.

(*c*) Respect for the wishes of parents in regard to special religious instruction.

(*d*) A vigorous effort to promote the physical efficiency of the children, and to connect elementary and higher education.

(*e*) More liberal grants to necessitous school districts.

Temperance :—

(*a*) Proper taxation of licences.

(*b*) A time-limit to compensation and a fairer division of it between brewer and publican.

(*c*) A free hand to local authorities for experiments in option or control.

Land :—

(*a*) Power to County Councils to acquire land compulsorily for small holdings, as well as for allotments, with a supervising power by the Board of Agriculture.

(*b*) The separation of site from building values, and the taxation of the former for local purposes.

(*c*) The fair rating of vacant land in the neighbourhood of towns.

(*d*) Compensation to the dispossessed farmer for improvements which have added to the value of the land.

(*e*) The promotion of scientific agriculture, of co-operation in the sale and distribution of produce, and of experimental work, as a province of the Board of Agriculture, now one of the most important of our public offices.

(*f*) A large scheme for the provision of rural cottages.

(*g*) Special rating of land held for mere amusement.

Labour :—

(*a*) Restoration of the effective right of combination and of peaceful persuasion during strikes.

(*b*) The eight hour day for miners.

(*c*) A vigorous administration of the Factory Acts, with special regard to overtime, unhealthy trades, the treatment of women workers and the safeguarding of motherhood of the nation.

(*d*) The Government to be in the first flight of employers.

Poor Law :—

(*a*) Discrimination between loafers and the temporarily unemployed, with the removal of electoral disabilities from the latter class.

(*b*) The removal of "pauper" children from pauper schools.

(*c*) Separate and neighbourly treatment of the aged poor.

Unemployment :—

(*a*) National scheme of afforestation on economic lines.

(*b*) Grants to localities enabling them to deal with specially severe distress.

(*c*) Transference of powers of Guardians to Town Councils.

London :—

(*a*) A Port Bill, with an improvement of the waterway.

(*b*) A further equalisation of rates.

(*c*) Fair play for the County Council and its housing schemes.

The Colonies :—

Establishment of an Imperial Consultative Council, with special reference to schemes of defence and emigration, trade interests and industrial law.

Trade :—

(*a*) Anti-Commission Bill.

(*b*) Strengthening and re-organisation of Consular service.

(*c*) Relief of railway rates.

## A LOAFERS' REFORMATORY.

Miss Edith Sellers has an article in the "Fortnightly Review" on the above. She says :—

Some twenty years ago the Lower Austrian Landtag proclaimed war to the death against the whole loafer tribe. They were to be worried and harassed in all possible ways, it was decreed; no rest was to be given to them, no place on which to lay their heads. . . . . It was, therefore, decided, thanks, in a great measure, to the exertions of Dr. Schöffel, one of the five members of the Landtag Executive, to build a Zwangsarbeitshaus, or Reformatory for Loafers.

According to the official report on the subject, this Zwangsarbeitshaus was established not so much as a place of punishment, as a place where the "Arbeitsscheun" should be "kept at work, made to understand the value of work, and have a love of work aroused in them." That in this it has succeeded it would be rash, indeed, to say; but at any rate, it has certainly been the means of bringing about a remarkable change in Lower Austria. Before its existence the whole province was the happy hunting ground of tramps, itinerant musicians, bear-leaders, comb-sellers, and the rest of the set whose natural inclination is to live at the cost of their fellows. Charity was demanded almost as a right, and in lonely districts threats were resorted to—even violence by no means unfrequently—if whining failed to extort alms. At the present time there is less chance of meeting an able-bodied beggar in Lower Austria, outside Vienna, at any rate, than in Middlesex.

This reformatory for loafers is at Komenburg. . . . It is a huge

place; in the main building alone there is space enough for 1,000 prisoners, or Zwänglinge, i.e., the coerced ones, as the inmates are called. From its appearance it might easily be mistaken for a fortress, for it is completely cut off from the rest of the world by high walls; and at the entrance guards with loaded guns are stationed; should anyone attempt to escape he carries his life in his hand. The most rigid military discipline is maintained; hard labour with scant rations is the order of the day; and he who will not work has small chance of eating. The only advantage the inmates have over prisoners in the ordinary jails, is that the length of their stay in the Zwangsarbeitshaus is determined, not by the sentence of any judge, but by their own conduct. The harder they work, and the better they behave, the sooner they regain their liberty. In no circumstances, however, may they be detained longer than three years. While they are there every care is taken to treat each one of them, so far as possible, according to his merits; but then it rests with them to prove that they have merits. The official assumption is that every man who enters a Zwangsarbeitshaus is worthless, although, of course, not irredeemably worthless; and it is interesting to note that, on this point, the opinion of the populace is in perfect agreement with that of the authorities. Among the working classes in Austria, a visit to a relief station, casual ward, or even a workhouse, is held to entail no disgrace whatever; but a sojourn in a Zwangsarbeitshaus is looked upon as a most ignominious experience.

The Komenburg Zwangsarbeitshaus is reserved exclusively for males who are able-bodied, in full possession of their mental faculties, and above 18 years of age. In order to be sent there, a man must be convicted in open court of an offence against the Vagrancy Law, which came into force in 1885—i.e., of wandering about without visible means of support; of begging or in any way appealing for charity; of sending children out to beg; or of refusing, while destitute and out of employment, to undertake work offered under conditions approved of by the local authorities. Although any able-bodied person found guilty under this law may be sent to a Zwangsarbeitshaus, whether he be sent there or not rests with the judge, who, in deciding the point is guided by the man's previous record. In no circumstances would this sentence be passed on anyone who could prove that he had been honestly trying to earn his own living and had failed through no fault of his own.

At five in the morning the great bell rings, and by six all the inmates must be washed, dressed, have made their beds, eaten their breakfasts—bread and soup—and be ready for the day's task. They work from six o'clock until eleven, when they have dinner. At this meal the food served, although of the plainest kind, is good in quality, sufficient—in the opinion of experts—in quantity, and thoroughly well cooked. From half-past eleven until half-past twelve is the recreation hour, which the men who work indoors

must pass walking about the great courtyard. Those who have anything to smoke may smoke at this time, and they may all talk as much as they like to members of their own class, always providing they abstain from reminiscences of their former evil doings. From half-past twelve to six in winter—in summer seven—is work again; then comes an hour's recreation and the evening meal. Work goes on, too, in winter from seven to eight.

## THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA: ITS AIMS AND ITS LEADERS.

J. Almar and Jayare have an article on the above in the current issue of the "Fortnightly Review." After dealing with the Russian Liberals, they go on to say:—

Next in power comes the Russian Social-Democratic Party, led by Plechanoff, Axelrod, and Vera Zasulitsh. Their influence is mostly felt among the working classes in towns and in factories. Their official organ is called "Iskra" (the Spark). Plechanoff is a sociologist and philosopher. He has been educated at the university, and but for his political opinions and connection with this particular party his gifts would have procured him a high position in Russia. Axelrod is also a university man, and possesses the brilliant pen and other gifts essential to a political leader. Vera Zasulitsh—the sister of the General of that name, who commanded the Russians at the Yalu river—has attempted to kill the present General Trepoff's father, who is Governor of St. Petersburg and was at one time Prefect of Police there. She has been connected with the terrorist and Social-Democratic parties. The latter is now split up, and one of its branches exists in Geneva, under Bonez Broyevitch. Their official organ is called "En Avant" (Vpierod). The Plechanoff party are more scholarly and less bellicose in their methods than their Geneva contemporaries. Both these sections have adopted Marxian ideas, and between their different publications they manage to influence an enormous number of working-men, particularly in the towns, where their local committees are in direct communication with the headquarters at Paris and Geneva.

In London the Plechanoff Party is represented by Mr. Aladin, a university man, and late professor of a university in Russia, with great influence and many adherents in the Russian colony in the East End. He acts as intermediary betwen his party and the other parties of Russian Poland. The Social-Democratic Party does not favour freedom for Poland, or sympathise with the aims

of any of the numerous heterogeneous nations in Russia. They desire Republican, or at any rate, Constitutional, Government, with manhood suffrage, liberty of conscience, freedom of the press, old age pensions for workmen, minimum rate of wages, State control of the railways, tramways, and factories, and national land distribution among the peasants.*

After this party come the Revolutionary Socialists. They are Blanquist—meaning "for action." Their followers are to be found principally among the students of the different Russian schools and universities, and among the enlightened classes generally. In the country they have agents who work for them among the peasants. In their ranks are several students who have been expelled from the schools for political offences, and who are the principal and most influential workers for the cause. Their leader is Buztzeff, who was imprisoned in London some years ago for advocating the removal of a certain exalted official in Russia. He is a clever man, an indefatigable and sanguine worker and writer, and now lives on the Continent. He may be called the historian of the revolutionary movement, and with his friend Rubanowitch, he publishes a paper called "Revolutionary Russia" (Revolutionaya Rossia). Catherine Breshkovsky, born in 1844, a daughter of a nobleman and landowner, being a member of the Nihilist Party, in 1874 was condemned to prison and sent to Siberia, where, only in 1896, she was pardoned and able to return to Russia. She joined the Social Revolutionist Party in 1900, and was one of its principal workers and leaders. Owing to her influence in 1901 the fighing association was organised. She was obliged to leave Russia, and during the past years she has worked in the United States and the Continent. Their committees in Russia also publish many pamphlets, and occasional works. "Revolutionary Russia" has no definite place of publication, but it is generally issued in Paris. They have the same ideals as the Social-Democratic Party.

The fourth party is the Jewish Bund—an association of Jews in Poland and Russia. At first it was composed mainly of Russians, but since it came under the sway of the Polish Socialistic Party, it has become more national in character. It seeks for equal rights for Jews in Russia and Poland, and its aims are identical with those of the Revolutionary Socialists. There is always a large and flourishing branch of the Bund in any part of Russia where the Jews are to be found. They publish pamphlets in Yiddish, German and Russian. Among them "Arbeiter Stimme," "Der Bund," "Poslednya Yzvestya" (Last News), and in

* Evidently the writer of this article knows very little of Socialism and the aims of the Socialist Party. The Social-Democratic Party *does* favour freedom for both Poland and Finland—and Russia too, for that matter. The Social-Democratic Party does not aim at the distribution of the land amongst the peasants, but for land nationalisation.

London the "New Times." In the metropolis alone they have over 1,000 adherents. Owing to their desire to keep out of the way of the Russian detectives, the name of the principal leader and headquarters of the Bund is only revealed to certain of its members, but so great is their influence that without their aid a revolution in Russia would be impossible.

The most advanced thinkers of the Russian Socialist Revolutionary Party of the Jewish Bund form the so-called Boyeroy Soyouz Sichbiog League. These Terrorists cast lots to elect those who shall carry out the death sentences on condemned officials or people of rank. It is from their members that the assassins of Bogolepoff, Sipiaguin, Plehve, and the Grand Duke Sergius were drawn, and the next victims are to be Trepoff, Bulygine, and Pobiedonostseff. Where and by whom the warrant is issued is unknown and to what extent the London Committee participate in the affair must also remain a secret.

. . . . . .

After them come the Polish Socialists, who, with the Jewish Bund, have stirred up the present riots in Poland, in which 500,000 workmen out of 10,000,000 inhabitants in the nine governments round Warsaw are involved. Their influence over the town workmen is very great. They are headed by an able revolutionary demagogue, Daszynski, a member of the Austrian Parliament, and by Pilonski. They publish several papers, including a daily, called "Napvzod" (Forward).

. . . . . .

The January strike was excited in Poland at the request of the Russian Revolutionary fanatics by the Polish Socialist Party, while the last was fomented by the Jewish Bund, helped by the Social-Democratic Party of Poland and Lithuania.

This body is mainly directed by Rosa Luxemburg, a German revolutionist, and is entirely guided by German Socialists. When the Bund made a series of demonstrations against the Government in Lodz, they forced a number of Polish workmen to join them.

## THE ISLANDS OF DOOM.—THE SLAVE TRADE OF TO-DAY.

They stand in the Gulf of Guinea—those two islands of San Thomé and Principe where the slaves die—about 150 miles from the nearest coast at the Gaboon River in French Congo. San Thomé lies just above the equator, Principe some 80 miles north

and a little east of San Thomé, and 120 miles south-west of Fernando Po. San Thomé is about eight times as large as Principe, and the population, which may now be reckoned considerably over 40,000, is also about eight times as large. . . . . The official returns of 1900 put the population of San Thomé at 37,776, including 19,211 slaves, with an import of 4,572 slaves in 1901. And the population of Principe was given as 4,327, including 3,175 slaves. . . . . On one of the largest and best managed plantations of San Thomé the superintendent admits a children's death rate of 25 per cent. every year. Our latest consular reports do not give a complete return of the death-rate of San Thomé, but on Principe 867 slaves died during 1901 (491 males and 376 females), which gives a total death-rate of 20.67 per cent. per annum. In other words, you may calculate that among the slaves on Principe one in every five will be dead by the end of the year. London's death-rate in 1903 was 15.7 per 1,000, against Principe's 20.67 per 100. Liverpool had the highest death-rate of English cities. It was 20.5 per 1,000, but almost exactly one-tenth of the death-rate among the slaves in Principe. The total death-rate for England and Wales in 1902 was 16.2 per 1,000.—Henry W. Nevinson in February "Harper's Magazine."

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## THE WORLD OF LABOUR.

The silver jubilee convention of the American Federation of Labour was held in Pittsburg during the past month, and, while from the standpoint of attendance of delegates and visitors it was a success, still when a retrospective view is taken of the affair it is difficult to mention a single act of the session that stands out above the mediocre routine of former gatherings. The officers' reports were fairly satisfactory—that is, if we can be satisfied when the Federation holds its own and is practically at a standstill just at a period when it has been subjected to considerable attack from the employers' associations and so-called citizens' alliances.

There were upward of 350 delegates present, representing 85 of the 116 affiliated international unions, as well as 23 State and 73 city central organisations. Some of the information contained in the exhaustive reports submitted is quite interesting, not only to union men and women directly, but also to people generally who are not connected with organised Labour, and who have no time or opportunity to wade through the long columns of figures and words that are produced by the officials, or who only obtain a one-sided view of trade unions, as, for example, during periods of strikes.

Stripped of superfluous verbiage, 60 national unions—a few more than one-half of the total number—paid out in sick and death, travelling, tool insurance, and out-of-work benefits over $1,500,000 during the past year. For instance, the carpenters expended $191,000 in death benefits, the cigar-makers $151,752, moulders $58,000, and printers $39,000. The disease that swelled the

mortality list most was tuberculosis—the great white plague for which modern capitalism is largely responsible.

The cigarmakers paid their travelling members $58,000, considerably more than an average of one dollar per capita, while the sum of $30,000 was expended as unemployed benefits. The amalgamated carpenters, with a trifle less than 5,000 members (distinguished from the brotherhood carpenters, who have 144,000 members), expended $18,500 in unemployed benefits, $3,500 for lost tools, and $8,250 sick benefits. The hatters paid $10,000 to members out of work, the machinists paid $50,000 to their sick, and the boot and shoe workers a fraction less than $80,000 for the same purpose. Those among the moulders who were ill received a total of $176,000 in round numbers, while the barbers drew $37,000 from a similar fund.

The tendency toward centralisation in this industrial movement is as clearly reflected as in the world of capital. Of the unions reporting it is noteworthy that 2,359 charters were surrendered, while only 2,106 charters were issued, a net loss of 253. Yet the net gain in membership exceeded 38,000. Many of the charters that were surrendered were given up because local unions were merged.

Coming down to strike statistics, it is interesting to note that over $2,500,000 was expended in waging contests upon the industrial field, in a total of 1,157 strikes. The number of persons involved is given as 107,268, the number of benefited 63,350, and 53,028 were worsted. Thirty-two national organisations reported gaining higher wages, with or without strikes, and 13 secured reductions in hours of labour.

The unions that increased wages were: Asbestos workers, blacksmiths, blast furnace workers, broom makers, carpenters, carriage and wagon workers, commercial telegraphers, coopers, electrical workers, elevator constructors, stationary firemen, foundry employees, glass bottle blowers, glass workers, granite cutters, hatters, hod carriers, hotel and restaurant employees, lathers, leather workers (both national unions), paper box workers, printing pressmen, quarrymen, street railway employees, theatrical stage employees, tailors, tip printers, tobacco workers and wire weavers. The unions that reduced hours of labour were: Blacksmiths, boilermakers, carriage workers, cement workers, clerks, electrical workers, stationary firemen, leather workers, metal polishers and brass workers, paper makers, quarrymen, cotton mule spinners and tobacco workers.

Beyond these reports showing the activity of some of the affiliated international unions there is little if anything to record that will make the Pittsburg convention live in history, or that tended in even the most remote degree to lend encouragement to the progressive element in the labour world. It is noticeable that President

Gompers' reports become longer each year in proportion as they contain less of real merit. He consumed practically all of the time during the afternoon of the first day in inflicting his ponderous platitudes and generalisations upon the delegates who would listen, sandwiched in with the usual regrets, apologies, attacks, etc. In fact, Gompers persists in always monopolising a greater part of the time the first three days, and thereafter insists on taking the centre of the stage at the slightest provocation. There is nothing in the world that pleases President Gompers more than to be ceremonious to the limit, and to pose before a gaping and admiring audience; he would have made quite a success as an actor if he were not so short and as slow as a seven years' itch. During the first five days of the Convention, when Gompers wasn't talking, adjournments were taken. The sessions became farcical; everybody complained of the tameness of the Convention. "Start something! Why don't you Socialists start something?" was the cry of the delegates on every hand. "Start something yourselves," the Socialists replied.

Finally, along about Monday of the second week the good, old jurisdiction wrangle began; the painters succeeded in tearing loose a portion of the car workers; then came the struggle of the steamfitters for a charter, although for several years they had been told to get into the plumbers' union, and they were tentatively successful. But when it came to granting the stogiemakers a charter, the consistency of the brethren was rudely fractured, for they turned down the request and told the stogiemakers to hike into the cigarmakers' organisation. The bitterest fights took place between the longshoremen and seamen, followed by the usual attack of the engineers, firemen, teamsters, and coopers upon the brewery workers. It is becoming quite clear that the latter are singled out for dismemberment, and it was disgusting to observe the manner in which the craft unions, the so-called autonomists, combined against the brewers and crammed a compulsory arbitration scheme down their throats (although they professed to be opposed to compulsory arbitration themselves), and then forced the whole jurisdiction squabble into city central bodies, where some lovely family quarrels will doubtless be had during the coming year. It looks as though the longshoremen will be up against the same fight in the near future that the brewers are, and then perhaps the reactionists, led by Gompers, will camp on the trail of the miners. If the autonomists are consistent, which, however, is not always the case, that will be the logical outcome. The discouraging feature about it is that the industrialists could control the conventions and the federation if they pulled together, but up to the present the big organisations have been unable to work in harmony. Some of them reach out and attempt to absorb those whom they consider rivals, and then prate beautifully about a "craft autonomy." For example, the carpenters

swear they will swallow the amalgamated woodworkers, and yet oppose the industrialism of the brewers. Practically the only thing that was gained as the result of four days' jurisdiction fights was the adoption of a resolution to bring about a conference between the carpenters and wood-workers' representatives—no more and no less than what was accomplished at the New Orleans convention, three years ago. The chances are that nothing will come of any of the propositions adopted. All the unions involved in factional disputes will continue to waste a barrel of money and much time to show concentrated capitalism how not to unite in a compact, militant force that recognises that an injury to one is the concern of all.

But perhaps the most reactionary move made in this farcical convention was Gompers' high-handed ruling that two resolutions —one introduced by the hat and cap workers' national organisation and the other by the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) central body—which were couched in Socialistic terms and suggested independent political action, WERE OUT OF ORDER in A. F. of L. conventions. The resolutions were not of a partisan nature—in fact, the hat and cap workers proposed that a commission be appointed to investigate and report at the next convention plans to organise the workers to make a combined attack upon capitalism along practical lines. Yet Wm. Mahon, president of the street railway employees, whether in jest or in earnest, made the point that the resolutions were in conflict with a provision of the constitution, which prohibited the convention from taking partisan political action, and which section has really been obsolete for years, and Gompers promptly ruled in his favour and choked off further debate. More than that, while Delegate Lavin, of the Wilkesbarre central body, was discussing his resolution his time expired. A motion was made that Lavin's time be extended, a courtesy that is shown scores of times in every convention. Because there was an objection Gompers refused to put the motion, and Lavin was ruled off the floor. That is how the immaculate, fair-minded (?) Gompers performs. He has become completely intoxicated with his power, and unless one talks and writes as he dictates one receives little consideration. It has been remarked by some of his friends that Gompers is becoming very peevish and irritable; he is likely to lose his temper at the slightest provocation, and never misses an opportunity to display his annoyance if a Socialist or any other delegate who honestly differs from him criticises his views or acts.

It was the belief of many delegates that the Pittsburg convention marked the turning point in A. F. of L. history. Events during the coming year will demonstrate whether or not their predictions are correct.

MAX S. HAYES,
In the "International Socialist Review."

## PARADISE AT PILLIGA.

A Memory of the Red Sand Deserts of the North-West.

It is a weird place, the Pilliga Scrub, where Premier Carruthers proposes with back-handed benevolence to deposit General Booth's paupers. Imagine a flat stretch of waterless, red sand, covered with dense, gloomy forests of belah or pine. Conjure up in your mind mile after mile of the still, sombre, unpeopled scrub—wherein the luckless stranger or bewildered bushman wanders hopelessly, if lost, until he perishes of thirst and starvation. Dry, red, insistent sand that will grow nothing but stunted pine—a gehenna which has been shunned by all sane settlers for years. This is where Mr. Carruthers proposes to place the paupers of London!

Writer remembers driving across from Coonamble to Pilliga in the early summer of 1899. A lonesome, blithered rut of loose desert constituted the road after leaving Weetaliba, where the "good" country seemed to end suddenly on McAllery's run. A lonesome, waterless track, infested with flies and blasted with heat. No cool breeze to vary the everlasting, still, oven-like atmosphere. Appetite was a memory left somewhere about Wellington in the healthy wheat land. The Barcoo "spews" made eating nauseating. Life is not worth much when one feels inclined to vomit every mouthful swallowed.

Yet this is the country Mr. Carruthers is giving General Booth's people—in order that they may be happy, prosperous and comfortable, and help to populate Australia quickly, so that the envious Japanese may not come and seize the Pilliga Scrub by force of arms.

After driving slowly, with knocked-up horses, through the long, endless cut in the belah for two dust-clouded never-to-be-forgotten days, we struck, south of Pilliga somewhere, a selector's holding. God knows, I have seen heroes or lunatics—one hardly knows which to call them—tackling some Titanic contracts in the Australian Bush, but that job seemed the toughest in my experience. It was Saturday afternoon, and we camped in close proximity to the hut. The selector had excavated a small dam, and this was probably his chief source of revenue. As there was no other known water on either hand along that track, and presumably none nearer than the Namoi going north, the casual traveller cheerfully paid the selector ninepence a bucket for a stale, muddied fluid out of his dam. What the selector's family proposed doing when the dam went dry I don't know. Most probably they would migrate to Pilliga to wait till it rained—after a year or so. This is the country Mr. Carruthers has offered to General Booth for purposes of colonisation.

The selector didn't seem to be doing very well with sheep.

He had about 50 head. He said the dingoes were very bad. They hunted the wallabies in the scrub in rainy weather, but when it was dry they came out and killed the sheep. It had been mostly dry since he took up his lease there. Looking out on the blithered waste one could find no difficulty in believing what the poor fellow said. He had been compelled, like others, to seek employment elsewhere, only came home Saturday evenings, and had to ride forty miles. We had seen him coming through the dusk, along the narrow cut in the belah. We had seen the preparations at the "house" for his home-coming, the sweeping with a pine-branch broom of the open hearth and the earthern floors, the tidying of the six younger children, and all the poor, pathetic effort of a lean, hopeless woman, and a lean, prematurely-aged eldest girl to brighten the face of impossible desolation. We had seen the tall, sombre horseman, with shoulders stooped as if from the burden of Atlas, come riding home slowly in a cloud of red dust and flies. And as the sun, looking like the malicious eye of a fiend, burned down and out behind the scrub, we saw him leaning reflectively over the irregular fence of a small enclosure located about forty yards or less from the hut. His three dead children lay there. And at the head of the wobbling fence, apparently erected by the mother and the eldest girl to keep the youngsters and domestic animals from obliterating all trace of an atrophied grief, a sad, brown, straggling rose bush, flowerless and almost leafless, waged an uneven battle with the climate for another month or so of existence.

And this is the paradise that the little attorney Carruthers offers to the decayed costers of Whitechapel and the consumptive factory hands of the East End.

Paradise at Pilliga! Oh——!

Sydney "Worker," December 5, 1905.

## THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"In all great cities there exists a great number of children who live in small, crowded rooms, in old, and frequently insanitary, tenements, whose fathers are mainly unskilled and casual labourers. . . . . There is, without doubt, an amount of actual suffering and of inefficiency which is unnecessary and preventable; grave physical defects, largely the result of under-feeding and improper feeding. . . . .

"The children in the poorest districts present a miserably underfed appearance, and are altogether handicapped in the educa-

tional race. There are certain external evidences of poverty-grading and of home neglect—viz., clothing, cleanliness, physical appearance. Dr. Templeman divides the clothing in three classes—that which was sewn up, that which was pinned on, and that which was fastened with buttons or strings. Then again, there is an immense difference between the children in the matter of cleanliness, both of clothing and of the person. The L.C.C. Report has two striking tables dealing with clothing and cleanliness.

"CLOTHING.—The table shows five classes, beginning with the worst. The reference is to boys from one school. 'The object of the inquiry was to discover the causes of variation in the physical condition of children within the limits of this single school.' Special attention should be paid to the note at the foot of the table.

"Taking clothing as the best indication, from external evidence, of poverty-grading, the boys were given marks from one to five, according as conditions passed from the very worst to the very best.

| | No. | P.c. |
|---|---|---|
| "1. The clothing of the scantiest possible, e.g., one ragged coat buttoned up and practically nothing found beneath it, and boots either absent or represented by a mass of rags tied upon the feet ... ... ... | 30 ... | 7.4 |
| "2. Clothing insufficient to retain animal heat, and needing urgent remedy; boots leaking ... ... ... ... ... ... | 141 ... | 34.8 |
| "3. Clothing poor, but passable; an old and perhaps ragged suit, with some attempt at underclothing, usually of flannelette ... | 187 ... | 45.9 |
| "4. Well-clad, stuft suit, good boots, with a flannel under-garment or a guernsey; poor but sufficient ... ... ... ... ... | 48 ... | 11.8 |
| "5. Very well clad ... ... ... | 1 ... | — |

"The 30 boys of the first class showed considerable failure to reach the average weight for their age of the school; the average shortage per boy being as much as .7 kilogram. The effect upon weight was more striking than upon height, as the average failure in height was one centimetre.

"The 141 boys of the second class worked out at exactly the average. The well-clad boys of the fourth and fifth class (49) showed an average excess per age-weight of .54 kilogram and age-height of 41.8 centimetres."

The difference between children is very marked in the matter

of cleanliness. The younger children are often the dirtiest, indicating the want of parental care, and due in some cases to the employment of mothers in mills and factories. The following table refers to the first school quoted above. The note is again of special importance:—

"CLEANLINESS.—Want of cleanliness may be next taken as evidence of home neglect. The marking, again, was from one to five, as from the very worst to the very best:—

| | No. | P.c. |
|---|---|---|
| "1. Very dirty and verminous ... ... | 45 ... | 11.0 |
| "2. Clothes and body dirty, but not verminous ... ... ... ... ... | 141 ... | 34.7 |
| "3. Passably clean for boys ... ... | 172 ... | 42.5 |
| "4. Clean, *above the average* for boys ... | 48 ... | 12.0 |
| "5. Unexceptionable ... ... ... | — ... | — |

"Here, again, the very lowest class fell distinctly short of the average age-weight for each boy. The 45 verminous boys averaged less by .55 kilos and 1.1 centimetres than the average weight and height for each age of the school. The second class worked out to exactly normal, while the 48 clean boys were considerably above the average height—to as much as 1.7 centimetres."

The report goes on to say, "The above results tend to show, perhaps, no more than the effects of poverty, although the excessive shortage of weight in the worst-clad class suggests the insufficiency of clothing is a definite factor in producing malnutrition, the insufficient food-energy being first taxed to keep up the animal heat."

The report before us deals only with some of the important medical aspects of the physical deterioration resulting from malnutrition, insufficient clothing and insanitary conditions of life. But it is well known that heart and lung troubles are much more prevalent in the case of children in the poorest schools. In Dundee, in a poor school district, 30 boys showed evidence of valvular defect, while 63 cases of lung affections were found. Dr. Emily Thompson drew attention to the fact that "the condition of the hearts of the children (girls) examined is markedly unsatisfactory." And went on to say in a later paragraph that "the proportion of children suffering from affections of the lungs was very large in the poorer schools." The L.C.C. report is a very important document, dealing as it does largely with the attempts made by the Council's Officers to deal with infectious diseases, defects of hearing and vision, as well as troublesome children's complaints resulting largely from the want of cleanliness."—The "Schoolmaster."

## MARXISM.

The Marxist doctrine has identified itself with the most important social movement of our time, and has determined its import and its general direction, whilst modern sociology has kept apart from contemporary history. Modern sociology explains to us neither the social life of our age nor that of past ages. It soars above reality, above that same social reality which it pretends to explain. But a science that explains nothing is no science.

Our sociologists take refuge, for the most part, in the clouds of abstraction. They formulate abstract laws which, even in those cases where they are correct, carry us no further. One can truly say that the more correct their "general laws" are the more they are sterile, and the less they explain the facts of real life. The epoch of the triumph of general sociology is that of its decadence.

Take, for example, Gabriel Tarde's "law of imitation." Let us admit that this "law," which sees in social life repetitions, reproductions, and, in short, an infinite processus of imitation, is more or less correct. But does it explain to us, in the slightest degree, the nature of either ancient, feudal, or capitalist society? No. Does this quasi-universal law give us the least idea of the causes of the political, social, and religious revolutions which have taken place in these societies? Does this law, which declares that imitation is a universal fact, and consequently *common to all states of society*, enable us to comprehend the *specific* character of the complex social life of our time, which interests the most? One can say the same of Spencer's theory of the "biological organism," of Fouillée's theory of the "contractual organism," and of many other sociological theories. Neither Spencer, Fouillée, Tarde, nor Wundt foresaw the Socialist movement, its historic rôle, its evolution and its victories.

On the contrary, Karl Marx not only foresaw that movement, but he traced its route in advance. He defined the economic and social factors which necessitated its rôle and its victory. Disdaining abstract generalities, he sought to understand the concrete processus of social evolution. The law of the concentration of capital and the proletarisation of the middle-class, to cite only one of the Marxist theses, explains to us more about the nature of contemporary society than all the treatises of abstract sociology put together. If "to see is to foresee," those who have foreseen the most have necessarily understood the most. Marx was one of these; his doctrine is scientifically superior to the other sociological doctrines which have abstracted themselves from that reality which they are called upon to explain. Marx's doctrine, from the practical point of view, is the greatest organising force of modern times. Saint Simon and Auguste Comte, the founders of positivist sociology, concentrated all their genius in their endeavour to find a social

doctrine capable of convincing the greatest number of intellectuals, a doctrine which would put an end to "intellectual anarchy" and turn modern society to a noble ideal. That was their desire, that was the final aim of all their efforts. But, where they failed, *Marx has succeeded.* Millions of Socialists, in all civilised countries, have formed powerful organisations, having for their theoretical and practical basis the Marxist doctrine. Marxism has put an end to the doctrinal anarchy of the Socialist parties. It has given them a driving force which leads them from victory to victory; and, moreover, all resolute partisans of progress are obliged to follow the lead of the Socialist Party, which is thus placed in the forefront of social progress. It appears more and more evident that the fate of humanity depends henceforth on that of Socialism.

The progress of Marxism, which has brought about the intellectual unity of the élite of international Socialism, recalls that of Christianity. Hardly half a century has passed away since the Marxist doctrine was first promulgated in the midst of universal indifference. Once known, Marxism has met with a formidable resistance, but it has overcome all obstacles and attracted attention. At present, there does not exist a doctrine more commonly debated in scientific circles and more propagated among the people than Marxism. The motto "Workers of all Countries, Unite!" has taken the place—and beneficially so—of the gospel command, "Love one Another." Jesus is vanquished or surpassed by Marx.

The rapidity with which Marxism has been propagated confirms the law, formulated by Marx himself, that society evolves with *an ever-increasing velocity.*

The progress of Marxism is the more significant because neither Marx nor Engels have ever resorted to artificial means, borrowed from past régimes, of propagating their ideas. Marx never pretended, unlike Auguste Comte, to found a new "religion of humanity." He did not imitate Saint Simon in imagining that an unknown voice had revealed to him, in a dream, a plan of human regeneration. He never surrounded himself with mystery, as did the many founders of Socialist sects of the Utopian period, in order to appeal to the imagination. He repudiated all idea of *revelation,* scientific or otherwise. He laughed at the false prophets of a sudden and immediate social cataclysm. He despised reformist panaceas, and proved their insufficiency by the analysis of the economic bases of capitalist society. Marx detested the solemn style necessary to every prophet and founder of a cult. He had a complete contempt for the phraseology of eternal ideas. He used irony and sarcasm, weapons which lead people to criticism rather than to a blind faith. This doctrine, which has organised and disciplined so many men, merits something better than superficial and hasty "refutations." It will not die out, in spite of the

disdainful air with which our "great" sociologists, sleeping in their scientific, or rather unscientific, deadhouse, regard the "Marxist exaggerations," and in spite of an obstinate and stupid conspiracy of silence. A sociologist of to-day, who has not thoroughly investigated Marxism, ought to be placed in a museum of antiquities. If a philosopher of to-day cannot afford to ignore Kant, still less should a sociologist be permitted to ignore Marx.

CHARLES RAPPAPORT in "La Philosophie de l'Histoire."
(Translated by H. Kirby.)

## "POVERTY," THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

The following extracts from comrade Robert Hunter's useful little book should provide excellent material for proving the miserable fallacy of Protection as a remedy for Labour's ills.

"There are probably in fairly prosperous years no less than 10,000,000 persons in poverty; that is to say, underfed, underclothed, and poorly housed. Of these about 4,000,000 persons are public paupers. Over 2,000,000 working men are unemployed from four to six months in the year. About 500,000 male immigrants arrive yearly and seek work in the very districts where unemployment is greatest. Nearly half of the families in the country are propertyless. Over 1,700,000 little children are forced to become wage-earners when they should still be in school. About 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work, and about 2,000,000 are employed in factories, mills, etc. Probably *no less* than 1,000,000 workers are injured or killed each year while doing their work, and about 10,000,000 of the persons now living will, if the present ratio is kept up, die of the preventable disease, tuberculosis."

Regarding the number of accidents, in the Appendices, Appendix A., Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Insurance Company, is quoted as saying: "As nearly as we can judge from such facts as we have before us, the fatal accident rate in the U.S. as a whole is between 80 to 85 to every 100,000 of population. . . . . The percentage of fatal accidents varies from 2.1 in factory labour to 40.2 per cent. in accidents from boiler explosions. . . . . We have it that 1,664,000 persons are annually killed or more or less seriously injured in the U.S."

"The figures of unemployment, although very imperfect, show that the evil is widespread, even in times of prosperity. The census of 1890 shows that 3,523,730, or 15.1 per cent. of all

* "Poverty," by Robert Hunter. Macmillan.

the workers over ten years of age, engaged in gainful occupations, were unemployed a part of the time during the year. These figures are, however, criticised by the census of 1900 as incomplete. In the last census the number found to be unemployed at some time during the year was 6,468,964, or 22.3 per cent. of all the workers over ten years of age engaged in gainful occupations. Thirty-nine per cent. of the male workers unemployed, or 2,069,546 persons, were idle from four to six months of the year."

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

| Class. | Families. | Per Cent. | Average Wealth. | Aggregate Wealth. | Per Cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rich ... | 125,000 | 1.0 | $263,040 | $32,880,000,000 | 54.8 |
| Middle ... | 1,362,500 | 10.9 | 14,180 | 19,320,000,000 | 32.2 |
| Poor ... | 4,762,500 | 38.1 | 1,639 | 7,800,000,000 | 13.0 |
| Very Poor. | 6,250,000 | 50.0 | — | — | — |
| Total... | 12,500,000 | 100.0 | $4,800 | $60,000,000,000 | 100.0 |

Especially Note.—Poor and very poor combined, although constituting 88.1 per cent. of the population, own only $7,800,000,000, while the rich and middle classes, although constituting only 11.9 per cent. of the population, own $52,200,000,000.

## DANGER OF EXCESSIVE WATER DRINKING.

In a recent number of the "Blätter für Volksgesundheitspflege" of Berlin, Dr. K. Beerwald enters the lists in opposition to excessive, or what many people might call moderate, water drinking. Dr. Beerwald says that "there are few more positive feelings than that of thirst. While we may go for weeks without food, in a few days without drink men become desperate. This fact is easily comprehended when we consider that 63 per cent. of the body is water, and that we give out each day a large amount of fluid through the lungs, skin, and excretions. However, we need to drink relatively very little fluid, as our food is to a large extent water, even dry bread being 40 per cent. water, while juicy fruit contains 80 per cent.

"On the hunt, mountain tour, or walk, those people have the

most endurance who do not stop at every inn, who do not drink from every spring. And it is rather an indication of bodily weakness if these exercises produce excessive perspiration and extreme thirst. These two things are simultaneous, the one causes the other; the one who perspires a great deal drinks a great deal, and again, because he has drunk he perspires. Thus the body becomes a distilling apparatus, but it should be borne in mind that the work performed has a great deal to do with the causation of weakness and exhaustion. Excessive water drinking not only produces temporary disturbance, it also creates direct organic disorders; and in these cases the vascular system is over-charged, and the heart and kidneys overworked. Proof of such a condition is frequently seen in cases of slight injury. A man who suffers frequently from thirst bleeds easily, and we may well consider that excessive thirst is a sign that the amount of fluid in the body is not kept within bounds, and that this condition must be remedied by opposing the feeling of thirst.

"We do not mean, however," continues Dr. Beerwald, "that on hot days it is not natural to have a more positive feeling of thirst than at other times. When the high temperature takes from the body its fluids we must supply their loss. But even in this case Nature has supplied us with abundant fruits, and these should be the first things with which to seek to satisfy our thirst. If, however, one must drink, the best thing is water or, better still, water and lemon juice, or occasionally a glass of milk. We should never drink beer or alcoholic drinks, which only exhaust and tire. It is certainly not a blessing for the fatherland that beer has grown to be the national drink of the Germans."—"Public Opinion" (New York).

## THE HAMMER.

"Prudence," said Mme. Migoulin to the unfortunate creature who was employed as a "general," "the curtain in the drawing-room is unhooked. Take a stool from the kitchen and hook it up, be quick about it! It might fall down, and if I did not look after these things nobody else would, I am quite sure."

Prudence Savargnat looked at the window after hearing her mistress speak. But she shook her head after looking up and seeing the curtain which half hung forward.

"I will see to it," she muttered, but she looked as if she were in no hurry to do the work.

"What!" called out Mme. Migoulin, "you will see to it! You will do it when I tell you."

"But it is very high. I do not want to fall out of the window."

"If you are careful you will not fall," said Mme. Migoulin, an old little woman with a scolding voice and a disagreeable face. "And I would sooner you fall out of the window than I."

After this speech, which plainly showed that Madame had no very strong altruistic feelings, Prudence said nothing but sighed and proceeded to do what she had been ordered to do.

Mme. Migoulin ruled her servant despotically. M. and Mme. Migoulin were a couple without children who had been small shopkeepers, and after having a small stuffy shop for 40 years, had retired from business. Now they lived on a small income which they had saved, and occupied a small flat in the Rue de Province on the fourth floor, looking on the courtyard. They were mistrustful and miserly, and they had got Prudence Savargnat, the youngest child of a numerous family from Auvergne, as their servant. The poor girl had been ill-treated at home, and knew no change now. She had been with her mistress for five years, and they had been years of slavery. Mme. Migoulin was always scolding and complaining, and made the girl work like a nigger. Prudence

did all the work—she cooked, cleaned and washed. For all this work she had had the first two years 12s. a month, then 16s., and now she was getting £1, but would never get any more. She slept in a dark, damp room. She had to go with Mme. Migoulin when she went marketing, but her mistress would not let her make friends with the other servants. She was 22 years of age, but she looked as if she were 40.

When Prudence had hooked up the curtain to which Mme. Migoulin had attracted her attention so that the sun should not eat up the carpet, she noticed that one of the nails on which it should have hung had fallen down. She found another nail, got a hammer, and was going to knock it in. In order to get the nail into the proper place she had to stand on tip-toe. She suddenly found that the stool seemed to rock, and was afraid she would fall down. A cold sweat came out on her brow. She already thought she would fall down into the courtyard, but she tumbled on the floor of the room. At the same moment, however, she let go the hammer, and it fell into the courtyard, there being a great noise as of broken china, and deep cries and curses.

This noise made Mme. Migoulin come in, accompanied by her husband, a wizened, little, old man, with a head like a bird, a worthy mate for his honourable and worthy wife. She saw that the servant was rising up with blood on her terrified face.

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"I fell backwards," said the servant, "while I was trying to put the curtain straight."

"But what is all this noise about? What is broken?"

"I do not know; my hammer fell into the yard."

"You unlucky wretch," called out M. Migoulin. "You must have broken something belonging to M. Strauthmann. Quick! Shut the window, so that it will be impossible to see where the hammer came from."

Migoulin had not made a mistake. Scarcely had he spoken, when a violent ring was heard, and M. Strauthmann rushed into the room as soon as the door was opened. He came from Alsace, and sold curios. His rooms were just underneath those of Migoulin, and he had a balcony on which were some fine vases. The hammer, which had fallen from the hands of Prudence, had come down like a shell, and had shattered to atoms a handsome Japanese vase.

"You could not find such another vase," shrieked out M. Strauthmann, "you must pay me for it."

At first Migoulin tried to tell a lie. But the porter and other people in the house had seen everything, and were prepared to come forward as witnesses.

"After all," said M. Migoulin, "it is not I, but my servant."

"You are responsible. Your servant has no money. You must pay me."

"Never."

A warm altercation sprang up between the two, the Migoulins strenuously denying their liability, M. Strauthmann as vehemently asserting his demand for payment.

"We had better go to the Police Commissary," said Strauthmann.

"Let us go," said Migoulin.

The Police Commissary said that it was not a matter for him to settle, but for a court of law to decide. Yet he did not fail to inform M. Migoulin that masters were responsible in money matters for the acts of their servants accomplished in the performance of their domestic duties. This caused Migoulin to feel very angry, especially when M. Strauthmann solemnly declared that the vase was worth £100, though, for the sake of avoiding litigation, he was willing to take only £80.

"£80!" said Migoulin to his wife when he got home, "he asks £80 or he threatens to bring an action against me."

"£80!" she said, looking miserable and growing pale with anger and fear. Yet an idea occurred to them both at the same time. Perhaps the parents of Prudence might have saved money, and could pay the amount.

"Where is the girl?" asked Migoulin.

"In her room."

"Call her down."

Mme. Migoulin fetched the girl from her dark room, to which she had fled as soon as Strauthmann had appeared, and brought her, trembling with fear, into the room.

"My child," her master said to her, "you have broken a vase worth £80; you must pay £80 or go to prison."

When she heard the word prison Prudence began to howl, to pull her hair, and to abandon herself to the promptings of despair. When she was asked whether her parents could pay the money she said, "No, they were penniless, she used to send them, from her wages, four shillings a month, and sometimes eight shillings."

"Well, then," said Migoulin, severely, "you must go to prison."

Prudence began again to howl and weep, threw herself on the ground at the feet of the dreadful old man and his wife.

"Do not let me go to prison," she cried, "and I will be your servant all my life without receiving any wages."

Husband and wife exchanged a rapid glance, there was a pause, then Migoulin said,

"Well, then, I will pay for you."

"Ah! sir."

"Isidore, you are mad," said Mme. Migoulin.

"No, Amélie, I am quite sane. I will pay for you, Prudence, but you will sign a paper acknowledging that you owe me £80; we will keep back your wages till you have paid it all."

"Ah! M. Migoulin, how good you are."

The poor wretch would have agreed to anything in order not to go to prison. Migoulin dictated the following to her: "I, the undersigned, hereby acknowledge that I owe M. Migoulin the sum of £80, and I authorise him to retain my wages till the debt is paid." When the paper had been dated and signed, Migoulin took it, put it in a drawer, and said, "I will consult a lawyer."

After doing so and after some negotiations, M. Migoulin, a few days afterwards paid M. Strauthmann the sum of £20 in full settlement of his claim, but he said nothing about this to his servant.

She went on being their servant for three years without receiving a single penny from them. By that time they ought to have paid her £16. Then she fell ill and became so weak that she was unable to do her work. So her master determined that she should go into the hospital till she was cured. When she was there they took another servant, but they told her that she must come back when she was better or else she would have to go to prison as she had not paid the debt. They had fully determined to charge Prudence with the wages paid to the temporary servant, but this plan miscarried.

Mme. Migoulin went twice a week to the hospital to inquire after her servant's health, who, to their misfortune, was a very long time in getting well. One Sunday she came back looking very much upset.

"What is the matter?" asked M. Migoulin.

"The matter," she called out, angrily. "I have heard a pretty piece of news."

"What?"

"Prudence is dead."

"Really."

"Yes, she is dead."

They were silent, both felt they had been done; then M. Migoulin gave utterance to their secret thoughts when he said in a bitter tone:

"And she still was more than £44 in our debt. It will be a lesson for us not to be too kind to such people."

LOUIS DE GRAMONT.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Capital's Gains.**—Our trade and commerce, or rather the trade and commerce of our masters, continues to boom. Imports for February reached £47,528,000, a rise of £4,683,000, while exports reached £28,781,000, a rise of £3,512,000. This makes, for the two completed months of the present year, a gain in imports of £10,761,000 and in exports a gain of £11,577,000. Thus our foreign trade continues to grow, and the prosperity of the propertied classes increases by leaps and bounds; 1904 was a record year for exports and imports, last year beat the record of 1904, and the present year bids fair to beat the record of 1905. Of course, these returns of exports and imports are only one of the evidences of the increasing gains of capital, and not the most striking or significant. On every hand the enormous increase of wealth is

manifested in the most ostentatious fashion. Lavish display, vulgar extravagance, sybaritic luxury, with wilful and vicious waste, are the chief characteristics of the present dominant class. And still they cannot waste wealth fast enough to satisfy the clamours of the unemployed for the opportunity to produce more wealth, and, no matter how extravagant the owners of wealth may be, their gains exceed their waste, and they are unable to regulate their consumption in proportion to the supply.

**Labour's Losses.**—In spite of this booming trade; record-breaking exports and imports; increased wealth and wealth production, and a reduction in the numbers of the unemployed, the falling tendency of wages, manifest throughout 1901-2-3 and 4, continued through last year. In 1901, the total changes in wages showed a net reduction of £77,343 per week; in 1902 the net reduction was £72,701 per week; in 1903, £38,395; in 1904, £39,117, and last year £8,000 per week. The total loss in wages last year, therefore, as compared with the year 1900, was £235,556 per week, or £12,248,912 for the whole twelve months. Even if wages remained stationary and nobody was unemployed, Labour's share of the wealth which Labour alone produces would diminish in proportion as the total product increased. But here we see not only a proportionate but an actual decrease in the return to Labour amounting to some millions per annum; and this must develop as the productivity of Labour increases. As Labour becomes more productive—as the amount of wealth produced by a given expenditure of labour grows, the greater, obviously, becomes the aggregate of wealth. But—quite apart from the fact that the increased aggregate of wealth tends to displace labour—the very increase of productivity of labour tends, in itself, to produce the same

result. The capitalist clearly has no interest in adopting labour-saving machinery and other devices for economising labour and increasing its efficiency unless he is going to effect a corresponding saving in his wages' bill. And thus the increased efficiency and productivity of Labour which goes to swell the gains of the capitalist class serves also to increase the losses of Labour.

**Old Age Pensions.**—One of the questions to which the new Labour Party in the House of Commons early directed its attention was that of old age pensions, upon which Mr. G. N. Barnes made an admirable speech. On this point the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the number of persons above 65 years of age enumerated in the Census of 1901 was 2,018,716, and to provide them with a pension of 5s. a week would, therefore, require over £26,225,000. Of course, the object of Mr. Featherstone Asquith is to show that there is not enough money available to provide old age pensions, and for that reason he exaggerates the amount that would be required. We are entirely in favour of a system making provision for all who are prevented by old age, sickness, or accident from providing for themselves, but there is no doubt that a very large proportion of the 2,018,716 persons over 65 would be found to be fairly well provided for. Seeing that indoor paupers number about a quarter of a million, and the total number of paupers is under a million, it is but fair to assume that not more than one-half of the people over 65 are so poor as to be in need of a pension. We do not boggle at the 26 millions of money. It is a nice round sum, which the nation could well afford for the purpose of providing 10s. a week to every person over 65 in need of it; which is precisely what we proposed, and our estimation of the cost, 15 years ago.

**The Justification of the Labour Party.**—It must be universally admitted that the new Labour Party has, at any rate, justified its existence. Hitherto, we have had to complain of the "Labour" representatives elected to the House of Commons that they have served as a solemn warning to the constituencies of the futility of Labour Representation. They have been so tame and quiescent, and have so readily adapted themselves to Parliamentary conventions, that those who elected them must have been discouraged and other bodies of electors have certainly not been stimulated to follow the experiment. But the new men have certainly shown themselves to be alive. They have been well to the front in the interest of Labour on every conceivable occasion, and have done something to instil life and vigour into the older Parliamentary hands. Although they do not hold the "balance of power," the Government has been forced to recognise their influence, and they have compelled concessions which certainly would not have been granted but for their intervention. This was notably the case in the debate on Chinese Labour in South Africa, and in the appointment of a committee to enquire into the conditions of labour of Post Office employees.

**Free Meals for School Children.**—That the Bill for the provision of meals for school children should have been accepted so readily by the House of Commons ought to occasion no surprise when it is borne in mind that the facts of the evil have been so thoroughly proved as they have been on this question. The report of the Education Committee of the L.C.C., presented on July 11, 1905, arrives at the conclusion: "(1) That children do come to school underfed; (2) that others, and probably a larger number, are ill-fed; (3) that looking at the matter from an

educational standpoint, it is impossible to secure the best results in the case of either underfed or ill-fed children." As to the number affected, "Dr. Kerr estimated that 10 per cent. of the children are suffering from debility or backwardness, say 80,000; Mr. Libby was of opinion that 12 per cent. to 18 per cent. required to be fed, say 100,000; Sir John Gorst held that one-third are insufficiently or improperly fed say 260,000; and Dr. Macnamara said 20 per cent. (160,000) were improperly fed and 10 per cent. (80,000) insufficiently fed," whilst Dr. Eichholz, one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, in his evidence before the Interdepartmental Committee on Physical Deterioration, and which is incorporated in the report, gave it as 122,000, or 16 per cent. of the elementary school population of London. A remarkable testimony as to the results of good food is given by the Executive Officer of the Council in his evidence dealing with mentally and physically defective children. He says: "It is found that the good food in the schools for the physically defective has had a marvellous effect upon many of the children; they frequently improve so rapidly as to admit of their being drafted off to the ordinary schools. If any argument in favour of feeding children were needed, a better one could not be put forward than the improvement effected by the good dinners at the schools for the physically defective."

**The Value of an Independent Party.**—Reasonable as the provision of free meals for necessitous school children may appear to anyone who has given any serious consideration to the subject, it is not at all likely that the Government would have taken any step in the matter of its own initiative. Whatever may be done in that direction, therefore, in the immediate future will undoubtedly be due to the presence and pressure of an

independent Labour Party in the House of Commons. After the issue of the Report of the Committee on Physical Deterioration, and the Guildhall Conference of last year, we had some reason to hope that the late Government would have done something to put a stop to the starvation of the children in our schools. The half promise given previously by Sir. W. Anson, that the Government would be guided in the matter by the Report of the Committee, certainly gave some ground for that hope. The Government, however, were too busily engaged with internal squabbles over the fiscal foolery to adopt, in this connection, the favourite policy of dishing the Whigs. As the Tories had failed to do anything beyond issuing the Local Government Board Order on the subject, there was no particular reason for the present Government to take any action, especially as they were under no pledge to do so. We owe it, therefore, to the Labour Party that the Government has practically undertaken to see the Free Meals Bill through. It will be interesting to see how that undertaking is kept. In any case we win. If the Government adhere to their pledge and the Bill becomes law, that is a distinct gain. If, on the other hand, the Government fail in this matter, the effect will be to considerably stiffen the Labour Party in the House of Commons, and to immensely increase its strength in the country.

**The Economics of Free Maintenance.**—Although we have every reason to hope that at last something will be done to put a stop to the scandal of torturing little children with schooling while they are famishing for want of food, we are still a long way from realising that complete free State Maintenance which we demand as the right of every child. We do not believe that it will be possible to stop at providing a daily free meal for necessitous children—with the

attendant prosecution of neglectful parents. But many of those who favour this measure do so with reluctance, as a sort of necessary evil, and others regard it as merely a temporary stop-gap measure, rather than as a step towards something much more comprehensive and revolutionary. It is argued, for instance, that if all workmen were fairly well employed at standard rates of wages there would be no need to make any provision for the children, as their parents would then be able to properly maintain them. In other words, the provision of free meals for the children is only a form of charity in aid of wages. That is not our view at all. The best paid section of the working-class could not do as well by their children as they could be done by under a proper communal system of maintenance, training and education, as shadowed forth in Mr. John Richardson's book, "How it Can be Done"; and although it is confidently assumed that free maintenance for the children would reduce wages in proportion as the family cost of subsistence of the worker was thereby reduced, it is forgotten that by being relieved of the pressure due to the crying needs of the children the workers would be better able to fight for a higher standard of living.

**The S.D.F. and the Labour Party.**—While we cannot but rejoice in the successes of the Labour Party, and congratulate its members on the good work done, the recent L.R.C. Conference has afforded no further reason for any change of attitude on the part of the S.D.F. towards that body. We have made it abundantly clear that our attitude is not one of hostility or even of indifference towards the Labour Party. On the contrary, throughout the elections we have shown a readiness to co-operate wherever possible which, in the same circumstances, could scarcely have been

exceeded if the S D.F. had been an affiliated organisation. The active co-operation of our friend and comrade Will Thorne in the work of the Parliamentary Group of the Party is also further earnest of our goodwill. But we do not see that any change in the circumstances has taken place which would justify the S.D.F., as a body, in throwing in its lot with a non-Socialist combination. There is no doubt that the question in all its bearings will be discussed at the Bradford Conference. There is also no doubt that the feeling on both sides is very much more friendly than hitherto. We rejoice in that fact, and hope and believe that the friendly feeling will continue and increase. At the same time, to commit the organisation, by affiliation, to the support of men some of whom are avowedly not Socialists, and in whose selection the body would have no voice whatever, is a step which should not be taken hastily or without due deliberation. To decide to support these men, while remaining free to withhold that support if occasion should arise, is a totally different thing from being pledged to such support in any and every circumstance. We want unity, certainly; but it should be Socialist unity, first of all.

## ECONOMIC DETERMINISM AND THE NATURAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES.

Will you afford me a little space in which to refute an assertion of Bax? Not that I wish to substitute myself for Rothstein, who needs no one to answer for him, nor do I desire to discuss the value "in itself" of the Marxist method; I avoid the scholastic discussions beloved of Bax's metaphysical mind.

Bax claims to demonstrate the imperfection of the method in affirming that the natural and mathematical sciences are not attached by any connection to the economic conditions, or if such connections exist they are of insignificant importance. This is a rather bold assertion!

Bax says, with perfect justice, "that man attained to natural knowledge essentially through observation of fact (supplemented later on by experiment), and reasoning from fact." But are not the every-day experiences and observations made constantly by men in procuring the means of existence a thousand times more numerous and varied than those made by savants in their petty scientific laboratories? Are those observations which are made in the gigantic economic laboratory not susceptible of forcing man to reason and to seek out general laws?

"The doctrine of Natural Selection" which Bax

has cited in support of his thesis is on the contrary an excellent example of the superiority of the method that he condemns. In effect, Darwin gathered in the economic world the observations and the experiences which he needed to complete the observations which he and the naturalists had made in the natural world, and to conceive his doctrine. Let Bax open the "Origin of Species" and he will read that Darwin says that the first suggestion of his theory was afforded him by Malthus's "Law of Population," which placed to the account of Divine Providence the miseries of the workers engendered by capitalist production, just as Aristotle made nature responsible for slavery. It was by starting from the social struggles of man that Darwin conceived the idea of the natural struggles of animals. But industrial and commercial competition, which, on the one hand, deteriorated the producer by poverty and excessive toil, and, on the other, transformed the capitalist into a social parasite, could not furnish him with the idea of progressive evolution; that was suggested to him by economic phenomena of another order. He saw and admired the farmers and breeders around him, who experimented upon the various animals, long before the naturalists had dreamt of doing so, and who, by "artificial selection," perfected horses and other animals in order to increase their exchange value. Darwin is, perhaps, the naturalist who has devoted the most attention to the variations of domestic animals. He was led to think that Nature did unconsciously what the farmers did intentionally for the sake of profit. It may, therefore, be advanced that the doctrine of natural selection could only have been produced in an epoch of ferocious commercial competition, and in a country in which methodical and intelligent breeding was carried on.* It is necessary to add that the

* All plants and animals cultivated and bred for the market have for centuries been transformed by persistent experimentation; it is only since the last forty years that naturalists, who had con-

works of constructing the railways, and of mining coal, which have given birth to a new science, geology, by drawing from the bowels of the earth the remains of extinct plants and animals, have incontestably prepared the scientific mind for the idea of the progressive evolution of the organic world.

"The history of mathematics is a crucial refutation of the one-sided Marxian view," says Bax. Let us see. He is obliged to recognise "that geometry had its origin in land measurement may be perfectly true. But it is the correctness of the formulation of the space-relations involved in it that is the crucial point for the science as such. The practical necessities which led men's attention to these relations is the mere superficial and proximate cause." Quite too metaphysical is this disdain for the "practical necessities" which have caused men to count and to calculate, and which have furnished the axioms of mathematics. It is not because the mathematical sciences make abstraction of the properties of things and consider only a few of them—number in arithmetic and algebra, the point and the line in geometry—it is not because in the abstract sciences observation and experimentation are consequently useless and are replaced by speculation, that one ought, as philosopher of "the thing in itself," to declare that they owe nothing to experience. They are groups of speculative theorems rigorously deduced from a small number of axioms of an incontestable and incontested truth; the axioms, then, are of capital importance. If they are not found mathematical sciences cannot

fined themselves to observation, are attempting some few timid experiments. If, like Darwin, they had begun by making themselves acquainted with the experiments on plants and animals made by cultivators and breeders of all countries, and if they had studied their method of work, they would be surprised by their numberless experiments, quite as interesting as that of De Vries on the Œnotheries, of which they had retained only the practical results, without drawing the theoretical consequences, as the Dutch botanist had done from his one experiment.

exist, and if they are erroneous the rigorous speculative deductions are false. But the axioms —(two and two make four; a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another; from a given point we can only draw one line parallel to another straight line, etc.—this third and important axiom bears the name of the *postulatum* of Euclid)—are undemonstrable. Leibnitz has vainly endeavoured to demonstrate that 2 and 2 make 4. They have been given to us not by reasoning but by experience, and, I would add, by economic experience.

It is probable that animals have bequeathed us many axioms. For example, ducks in going to the water follow a straight line as being the shortest way; pigeons know that 1 and 1 make 2, since they do not sit until they have laid two eggs, etc. Economic experience has given a value to the axioms inherited from the animals and has caused others to be discovered of equal importance, as, for instance, the *postulatum* of Euclid.

We know that numeration is very limited among savages, that many of them can only count up to 20 and that the first figures have, in their language, the names of the fingers because they count by naming and touching the fingers one after the other. The savage must extend his numeration in proportion as the number of animals and other objects he may possess increases. When they are too numerous to be counted on the fingers, he makes use of pebbles, as is shown by the word "calculate," which comes from the Latin *calculus*, signifying pebble; in order to obtain an account of their augmentation, he is obliged to invent addition, the beginning of arithmetic, and algebra, the operations of which are only additions transformed, complicated by unknown and imaginary quantities, and simplified; and in order to state any decrease in their numbers he must invent subtraction, which is only the addition of that which remains to that which has disappeared —the unknown quantity to be found. The Romans

performed these two operations with pebbles, as is evidenced by the expressions *calculum ponere*, to place the pebble, and *calculum subducere*, to withdraw the pebble, which indicated that they added and subtracted, by adding or taking away pebbles. As exchanges multiplied it became necessary to calculate the number of objects to be given in order to obtain some other; in order for anyone to estimate his wealth in animals and other objects, he had to invent multiplication, which is only a long addition simplified. The traders of the maritime cities of Asia Minor and of Greece made multiplications long before Pythagoras had erected the table which bore his name, and which, perhaps, they had invented. When they had to share out the gains of a commercial expedition according to the number of participants they discovered division, which is a complicated operation of multiplications and subtractions. Many centuries after economic necessity had compelled men to find the four rules of arithmetic, the mathematicians made their theoretical demonstration.

If the possession of flocks and herds and other objects developed numeration, and brought forth the invention of the rules of arithmetic, the manufacture of baskets and of receptacles for liquids engendered the idea of capacity; and the production of precious liquids, such as wine and oil, taught the measurement of the capacity of vessels.

The savage, while he lived by fishing, the chase, and on the wild fruits of the earth, did not dream of measuring the land; but when he became a cultivator and had to divide the arable land among the different families, he had to learn to measure it. The Greek philosopher attributed to the Egyptians the invention of geometry, because after each inundation of the Nile it was necessary to redistribute the fields, the bounds of which had been swept away by the overflowing river. The men of all countries had no need to go to the school of the Egyptians; the agrarian divisions

they made every year were the masters that taught them the first elements of geometry.

The savage cultivators, not knowing how to measure surfaces, solved the problem of equal division of land, by dividing the field to be shared out—generally a level ground more or less *plane*—by long and narrow bands, which, having the same length and the same breadth, were equal; these bands were quadrilaterals, the sides of which were parallels, as the straight furrows which bounded them were of an equal distance from each other. The obtaining of these straight furrows had such an importance that in many languages the word "straight" has come to signify that which is just.* The equal length of the furrows was obtained by passing over each an equal number of times a staff which served as measure. This measuring staff had in their eyes so august a character that in the Egyptian hieroglyphics it signified Justice and Truth; while among the Russian peasants the staves used for measuring in the division of land are called sacred measures. Haxthausen, who, about 1846, assisted at one of these divisions in Russia, declared that the measurements are made as accurately by the illiterate peasants as they would be by scientific land-surveyors. This primitive land measurement, which may still be seen in India, gives birth, says Paul Tannery, the erudite historian of the *Science Hellene*, to "a collection of processes, but loosely related, serving for the solution of the usual problems of life, and the demonstration of which, when it was made, found its support on propositions regarded as evident, but which were rigorously proved very much later." One of these propositions is the famous *postulatum* of Euclid, on which rests geometry. This "empirical" geometry, long before the creation of scientific geometry, enabled the Egyptians, the Greeks, and, in fact, all peoples, to

* The French word "droit" is the equivalent of both "right" and "straight."—TRANS.

construct monuments which, by their grandeur, their solidity, and their harmonious proportions awaken the wonder and admiration of modern engineers.

The primitive cultivators divided level lands which they regarded as *plane*. The geometry of Euclid starts from the hypothesis that space is absolutely *plane*. Consequently, two straight lines at equal distance from each other are parallel and can never meet, as well in the level lands of the primitive cultivators as in Euclidian space.

But the idea of *curved space* was introduced in science towards the middle of the nineteenth century. Lowachevsky, Rieman, Helmholtz, Sophus Lee, and other mathematicians, rejecting the *postulatum* of Euclid, created what has been called the non-Euclidian geometry, of which the rigorously deduced theorems are, however, in complete contradiction to the theorems of the Euclidian geometry taught for two thousand years as the absolute truth. The illustrious mathematician Gauss, who, at the end of the eighteenth century, already foresaw the possibility of a non-Euclidian geometry, dared only to speak of it in private letters, which have been published recently, for fear of arousing "the clamours of the Bœotians." The solutions of the new geometry, which overthrow all accepted ideas, are, according to the mathematicians, more simple from the purely mathematical point of view, than the solutions of the old geometry; which, however, retains its practical utility because surveyors, engineers and architects, operating on surfaces of small extent, neglect, like the primitive cultivators, all their unimportant curves. The creators of the new geometry, on the contrary, take account of every curvature in space, however slight it may be; and they also think there will be as many non-Euclidian geometries as there are places on the terrestrial globe.

From whence came this idea of the curve of space?

The savage cultivators regarded the level lands they divided among themselves as *plane*. When men con-

ceived an idea of the earth, they imagined it to be flat, like a disc, said Archelaus. But their voyages having shown to the traders of the Mediterranean cities that different places of the earth were lighted one after the other by the sun, they represented the earth as a hollow half-sphere, the border of which was lighted before the bottom. But as a result of astronomical observations, the Greeks, towards the fifth century B.C. regarded the earth as a solid sphere. But the idea of the sphericity of the earth remained barren practically and theoretically. It led to no practical result until the fifteenth century, when Columbus, misled by an error of calculation of Ptolemy, discovered America instead of the maritime route which he sought for commerce with the Indies and which the Venetians monopolised. It was necessary still to wait some centuries before the sphericity of the earth, demonstrated every day by merchant ships, determined the mathematicians to deduce from it the theoretical consequences. The geometricians, after having taken account of the observations collected by sailors, merchants, travellers and savants, conceived the earth as a sphere flattened at the two poles, and enveloped in an atmosphere corresponding to its solid form. All the plans constructed on the earth or in space would, therefore be necessarily curved; all the lines traced on these plans would, perforce, be curved; the line which describes the flight of a cannon ball, whatever may be its initial velocity, is a curved line. The curvature of these plans and these lines must vary as the place at which they are traced is more or less distant from the Equator. The *postulatum* of Euclid, on which geometry rests, and which cannot be demonstrated by reasoning, is then false experimentally. The non-Euclidian geometries, which appeared to be erroneous, opposed to reason, because they contradicted the truths to which men had been accustomed for thousands of years, are then a superior approximation to the truth. Absolutely plane space, which the necessities of

agrarian divisions and of architectural constructions had introduced into the heads of the mathematicians, began to be elbowed out by the idea of curved space only after commercial voyages and expeditions on land and sea had popularised the idea of the sphericity of the earth and of its atmospheric envelope.

Bax, therefore, cannot say that "the history of mathematics is a crucial refutation" of the Marxist method.

I may remark, in conclusion, that Marx did not present economic determinism as a doctrine, but as a tool for historical research, valuable only according to the ability of him who uses it. In his hands it has given us the theory of the class struggle, which explains the political history of human society. If after an essay with economic determinism Bax finds it defective, it is because, like all metaphysicians, he has been unskilful in applying it, and, like the bad workman, he ascribes his own want of skill to the tools.

PAUL LAFARGUE.

## "THE EXPLOITATION OF THE SPHINX."

The Egyptian Courts will soon be engaged in trying a somewhat remarkable case, in which the executors of the late Khedive are seeking to recover from the Egyptian Government certain property alleged to have been wrongfully seized and detained to meet principal and interest due on foreign loans.

The action really takes its rise from the financial speculations which the Khedive, Ismail Pacha, embarked on, beginning in 1862, and continuing up till 1879. Mr. Seymour Keay, in a pamphlet, first published in 1882, admirably summarised the Blue Books on the subject. A recent reprint for private circulation of this outspoken pamphlet, under the title of "Spoiling the Egyptians: A Tale of Shame," has tempted us to recall to our readers the discreditable intrigues which preceded the occupation of Egypt by British troops.

Mr. Keay's story is a painful one, and were it not for the fact that he has obtained his material entirely from Blue Books, would be quite incredible. In 1862, Ismail Pacha, the then Khedive, discovered that his expenses had reached a considerably higher figure than his income, with the natural result that he had to resort to borrowing. In 1862 and 1864 British speculators, with the approval of the British Government, raised two loans amounting to £10,000,000. In the

next four years, further loans, reaching the sum of £15,000,000, were negotiated, making a total of £25,000,000 lent in six years. Though these loans were purely personal, the Egyptian State was the security to which the financiers looked. The Turkish Government, however, stepped in, and lodged an emphatic protest against any further sums being advanced, which protest the British Government took no notice of. Other loans were then made of the nominal figure of £39,000,000, but only a little over £25,000,000 was actually received. This incident affords an instructive example of the profits attaching to commercial "Imperialism." A coterie of financiers advanced £25,000,000, but the Egyptian people were debited with £39,000,000. On that little "deal" someone netted a clear profit of £14,000,000. Mr. Keay thus comments: "By such corrupt proceedings a debt of £72,000,000 was fastened on the Egyptian State. The terms arranged were so usurious that the entire proceeds of loans, aggregating upwards of £68,000,000, only amounted to £45,000,000, of which, moreover, about £10,000,000 went to pay the private debts of a former Viceroy. The minimum rate of interest charged on the revenues of the country in respect of these loans was 12½ per cent. to 13 per cent., and the maximum was 26½ per cent." As a result, bankruptcy became imminent. The Khedive found it impossible to pay these enormous rates of interest, and matters reached an impasse. Then Messrs. Goschen and Joubert appeared on the scene. With the latter gentleman we have no concern, but with Mr. Goschen's (now Viscount Goschen) conduct we regret we must deal at length, as he is one of those chiefly responsible for the difficulties that ensued. Mr. Goschen went to Egypt in October, 1876, on behalf of a number of holders of Egyptian stock. He had been the agent (as a member of the firm of Frühling and Goschen) for the floating of the first two loans, and Lord Derby requested the English Consul-General to impress on

the Khedive's mind the fact that Mr. Goschen had been a member of the Cabinet, and was "a person of great repute and position." Mr. Goschen soon showed the strength of his hand. Sadyk Pacha, the Egyptian Minister of Finance, disagreed with some proposals of Mr. Goschen to meet the existing crisis. (These proposals are too complicated to quote here, but Sadyk Pacha's resistance was quite justified, as they were of the most iniquitous description.) This temerity was effectively dealt with, and the unfortunate Minister was arrested on the ground that he was "*conspiring against the Viceroy, whom he accused of plundering the country in concert with Europeans.*" He was sentenced to exile for life down the White Nile—which punishment the English Consul described "as equivalent to death, as few prisoners ever return from the White Nile." This Consul, in his despatch, cynically remarked: "The chances of the success of Messrs. Goschen and Joubert's mission have palpably improved with the fall of that Minister" (Sadyk Pacha). Under the perpetual pressure of Mr. Goschen, with the valuable assistance of the British Consul-General, the various coupons were punctually paid, by dint of the most terrible oppression, and a vigorous use of the korbach and bastinado. In 1877, the European invasion commenced in real earnest, and a number of Europeans arrived to take up positions in the Egyptian Service, the aggregate of their salaries reaching £33,500.

Things proceeded from bad to worse, and, in 1878, the Khedive was compelled to sell up the whole of his estates for the benefit of the European bondholders. Not content with this sacrifice, the officers of the Court of Reform "made a persistent attempt to seize the furniture in the Khedive's palace for a debt due to a European firm." The European invasion continued apace. In 1879 there were 744 Europeans in the employ of the Government of Egypt, but, in 1882, this number had been increased to 1,325, with a remuneration of £373,000 a year. One instance must

be given of the extortion practised by the bondholders. For the six months ending June 30, 1878, the sums collected on account of coupons totalled £2,620,000, leaving only £1,309,000 to meet the needs of all departments of the Government of Egypt! In the meantime, the various European Commissions (consisting principally of Englishmen) had obtained a complete control over all departments of the government. It was next suggested that a land survey would afford an excellent excuse for introducing another army of European officials. Mr. Keay puts the position in these cogent words: "It must be here prominently noticed that, among all Eastern races . . . . a great variety of different customs and tenures have grown up connected with the land, all of which, however ill-defined, have the force of absolute rights. We may imagine, then, the feelings of those people, when a corps of aliens appears and spreads itself abroad over the country, placing in every village its representative, whose express duty is to dispute and confiscate those rights." Following on this attack on the liberties of the people, 2,500 native officers of the Egyptian army were placed on half-pay, without receiving the heavy arrears due to them. Why? Because another coupon had fallen due.

We read in these pages a grim account of the perpetration of crime after crime, at the direct instigation of so-called honourable men. It is a terrible story of a nation's downfall, of its life-blood being slowly sucked away by an association of vampirical financiers and unscrupulous politicians, who stand convicted of the most brutal callousness in disregarding the sufferings of the wretched peasantry or fellaheen, and who were actuated only by motives of sordid greed and unequalled rapacity.* This pamphlet con-

* Viscount Goschen figures with peculiar discredit throughout this history. Except that the pit of infamy is a bottomless one, we do not doubt that a study of his actions in Egypt would enlighten the world as to the depths it is possible to descend to.

stitutes, in fact, a remarkable exposure of the real tendency of modern "Imperialism," both in its economic bearing, and its political results.

In Part II. Mr. Keay relates, in striking language, the melancholy history of the attitude of constitutional England towards the Egyptian Parliament. There is not space here to properly analyse the unfair dealings in relation to the Moukabala Law. By this law a landholder was allowed to redeem for ever one-half of his rent by paying six years' rent at once, or in certain instalments. This arrangement remained in force for a certain period, until its economic unsoundness became apparent to its sponsors. From 1872 onwards, poor cultivators, by strenuous efforts, paid the various moneys which, if any elementary idea of honour or justice had existed in the minds of the European administrators, should have led to the wiping out of one-half of their rent. On finding, however, that the Law of Moukabala was reducing the assets of the State very rapidly, the European administrators promptly induced the Khedive to repeal it, *without providing any compensation for the very large sums already paid under it.* In this way the Egyptian fellaheen were robbed of £17,000,000. A more scandalous and criminal piece of looting the present writer has never come across in the pages of history.

The finances were in this precarious position when the Egyptian Parliament was convened in 1882. England and France immediately took steps to render any action that the Parliament might suggest nugatory, by proceeding to recommend that the Egyptian Budget should not be submitted to the Egyptian Parliament for discussion or sanction. It should be mentioned that the Egyptian Parliament never wished to discuss that portion of the Budget which allotted one-half of the revenues of Egypt to the payment of the debt and interest thereon. But the Egyptian Parliament emphatically intimated that, in the interests of the people whose representatives they were, the second

portion of the Budget should be submitted to its vote. This equitable and moderate request was bitterly resisted by the European Comptrollers on the ground that the Egyptian Parliament would, probably, endeavour to reduce, in an effort at retrenchment, the bloated salaries of the Europeans. Such unheard-of insolence could not be tolerated, and the English Government intimated that it could not regard with equanimity any consideration of its own Budget by the Egyptian Parliament. Amazing!

Every effort was made to suppress the native press, which had become very outspoken in its reflections on the philanthropic Europeans who were robbing Egypt of its liberty and wealth. One Arab newspaper pointed out that "the influence of foreigners, which is spread over Egypt, is insupportable for an animal, much more so for a man." The French Vice-Consul locked a boy up for calling him names in the street. "A little child called after him, and the child's father, on the complaint of the Vice-Consul, was imprisoned for twenty-four hours." "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." It is quite impossible to do justice to the various ingenious schemes that were launched to simplify the swallowing-up of Egypt. At last the inevitable happened. The worm turned, and the Egyptian people rose in arms against their foreign oppressors. After a hopeless but gallant fight, they were compelled to surrender to the superior naval and military forces opposed to them. Egypt could not hope to stand (especially after the application of the European leeches, and the consequent blood-letting that it had undergone) against the might of the British Empire; Alexandria was bombarded and fell. Great Britain, notwithstanding the polite fiction of Turkish suzerainty, has obtained the reward of its superior force, and Egypt will soon be classified as an English dependency. It cannot be too often repeated that England attacked Egypt because the Egyptian Parliament wished to retain control over its own

Budget. This strikes us as a very singular casus belli for the mother of Parliamentary government to put forward.

It is only fair to add that the English Parliament and Government were entirely misled by the English diplomatic and financial representatives in Egypt. On the British Consul-General and British Comptroller there lies a heavy responsibility for the awful carnage that followed the outbreak of war.

One is driven to the conclusion that England finally consented to deprive the Egyptian people of their freedom and independence owing to the specious misrepresentations of certain English diplomatists and financiers, who were wishful of gratifying their own silly vanity and monetary schemes at the expense of a weak and poverty-stricken nation. Every instinct of humanity, every element of justice, every principle of honour, were cast to the winds by those Englishmen on whom the Foreign Office and the British Parliament relied for an accurate statement of the real position in Egypt. These men appear to have been utterly incapable of appreciating that the policy which England, acting on their wicked calumnies, had adopted was entirely contrary to the true well-being of Egypt; they betrayed the interests of the constituents whose servants they were; they ruined the country from which they were drawing magnificent emoluments; and we hope that their names will be handed down to posterity with execration as being the authors of the disasters which overtook Egypt. Lastly, they were guilty of the blackest treachery in that, by placing the claims of the foreign bondholders before the welfare of the people whom they were supposed to protect against the cruelties of the tax-gatherer, they strangled, in their inception, any schemes that might have tended to relieve the tremendous strain on the miserable peasantry, who were rotting in hunger and misery. They handed the Egyptian people over, bound hand and foot, to the unappeasable voracity of the European

speculator, who compelled the unfortunate fellah to dance to the rhythm of the korbach and the swish of the bastinado. Thus are Empires created! One merely requires the sensitiveness of a Nero, the generosity of a Shylock, the patriotism of a Beit, the ethics of a Chamberlain, the morals of a Catiline, the patronage of the Duke of Westminster, and the approval of the "Daily Telegraph" to become a successful Empire-maker.

C. H. NORMAN.

## THE SOCIALIST CONSCIOUSNESS.

The above was the title of an article by Professor E. Ferri which appeared last summer (1905) in the Italian party organ, the "Avanti," the vexed question of reformist versus revolutionary tactics having called it forth. The commencement having had reference exclusively to the state of the party in Italy, I have ventured to abridge the gist of it, translating the actual words of the Italian leader only for the latter portion.

It is significant that the most economically-developed city of Italy—Milan—should be the headquarters of reformism, and that the Milanese capitalists should exhibit much the same characteristics as our own, being (relatively to the rest of Italy) enormously rich, and thus (also relatively to the rest of the country) liberal and philanthropic.

The "Critica Sociale," of Milan, the reformist organ, edited by Professor Turati, had taken the opportunity, or, rather, perhaps, had been forced into, expressing itself definitely, a thing reformism is never partial to doing, on the publication of a pamphlet on Socialist doctrines by G. Podrecca, of which they thus signified their approval—it "treated jokingly and lightly the subject of the famous '*fabrication of the Socialist consciousness*, a theory so dear to meta-

physicians and rhetoricians, and so contrary to the fundamental concept of scientific Socialism, which makes this consciousness arise from life and not vice versa." By which it is seen objections to the formation of the Socialist consciousness have a family likeness all the world over (an appropriate simile this, *domestication* of the revolutionary theory being the chief aim), whether they take the form, as in England, of protests against the immorality of the class war, or more theoretically, as in this case, against the possibility of forming the Socialist consciousness. The aim, conscious or unconscious, is the same, to water down and delay the extinction of class privilege, the emoluments from which they, of course, in the interest of less enlightened humanity, are still hoping to enjoy.

On so-called practical grounds they assert that the Socialist consciousness must arise from life and not vice versa. And it is thus that the ambiguousness of their position becomes clear. Certainly scientific Socialism sets out from the fact that consciousness arises from life primarily and not vice versa from ideas, but it does not for this reason deny thought in its proper sequence. What, in fact, distinguishes the human as differentiated from the animal consciousness but the higher capacity for regarding life as a series of forming concepts, connecting facts one with another, according to the individual training and capacity, as more or less of a whole? And as the necessity for education implies the acknowledgment of the necessity for the formation of some kind of a mental standpoint or consciousness, however rudimentary and simple, what can be meant by this statement of the reformists—that the Socialist consciousness must arise from life alone?

Stating it thus, by tearing it from its proper context, entails denying any validity and continuity to human social experience, and would thus imply that each individual, as well as each society, would have to remake the whole for themselves. It is in such

attempts to fix principles singly, in denying to them their place in the series and natural process, that mere dogma is made, and the efficacy of the dialectic method to which they profess to adhere is denied. Professor Ferri gives a good illustration of the necessity for aiding towards the formation of the Socialist consciousness in the difference between trade unions composed entirely of conscious Socialists and those composed of workers whose sole aim is advance of salary, as revealing *in practical life* profound differences in energy and potentiality of action, as well in that solidarity so essential to the successful conducting of strikes as to methodical action in administration of affairs generally. To continue in his own words, "The old psychology up to Comte, declared that 'Man acts as he *thinks*.' Spencer made a step further in saying, 'Man acts, *not* as he thinks primarily, but as he *feels*.' And the truth of this has been confirmed by criminal psychology: the born criminal often *thinks* as we do—that to kill, etc., is wrong—but he does not *feel* repugnance to such acts, and thus, when the occasion presents itself, accomplishes them. But still this is not the whole truth; Marx went on to say that sentiments and ideas are governed in their turn by *economic conditions*, or, as others put it, by needs in general which determine in every man his sentiments and ideas. By which, naturally, is not necessarily meant his economic conditions as individual, but of the society, or class of the society, in which he lives. And the following is the summing up which I gave at my Conference in Paris (1901) on social and economic evolution—'Man acts more as he feels than as he thinks, but he feels and thinks according to the conditions of existence under which he has been born, and lives, and acts.'

"Therefore, in co-ordinating this doctrine to the height of the economic determinism, it must be concluded that the conditions of existence determine and form in each man his consciousness (sentiments and

ideas), and thus his manner of acting, upon the which, however, the state of consciousness has its own influence (reacts), together with, and sometimes against, the conditions of existence in which the man has formed.

"Thus the importance of forming the Socialist consciousness by propaganda as well as in every other way cannot be over-estimated.

"What is the Socialist consciousness, and how is it formed and educated? A vast problem, which I have treated (or shall treat) more fully in the second edition of my 'Socialism and Positive Science,' but on which I will here say a few brief words.

"The human consciousness, in general, is inseparably intellectual, moral, and volitional. That is to say, that in the complexus of psycho-nervous activities and attitudes which constitue the human consciousness, the part which regards the *ideas*, that which regards the *sentiments*, and that which reflects the *will*, inseparable one from another—although differently developed in the different individuals—are the whole which constitutes the personality of each of us.

"Therefore, the intellectual portion of the social consciouness can be formed and educated by words, that is by propaganda, reading, and instruction. It is a question of placing and co-ordinating of ideas in the brain of the workers. The ideas can also arise in them from the experience of life (as is the case with some of the proletariat, who, with little instruction, are still clever propagandists), but more often these ideas do not germinate in their minds, atrophied as they are by the misery and ignorance in which, for centuries, the masters have held them, precisely because they (the masters) know that there will thus not only be no formation of the Socialist consciousness, but not even of human dignity and value.

"The Socialist consciousness is composed, in part, of ideas. To think, for example, that it is 'The rich who maintain the poor' is to have the contrary intellectual consciousness, not only to the truth of facts,

but to the possibility of being Socialists. Yet, how many workers do think precisely this, aided by the priests (of every denomination), and deluded by the superficial appearance of things. If, instead, you put into the head of a worker that it is 'The poor who, by their labour, maintain the rich, who do not work,' you verbally or by writing contribute towards the formation of the Socialist consciousness in its intellectual portion. And this is what is declared by the Marxian doctrine of the theory of surplus-value—that is, the labour unpaid by the capitalist to the wage-earners, by which is explained how the capitalist, who does not labour or produce, becomes rich, while the wage-earner, who does both, remains poor. And the same can be said for all the fundamental ideas which constitute the Socialist doctrine; which, precisely because they respond to the conditions of existence of the workers, are easily enough understood by them, not by themselves, as a general rule, but when the propagandists of Socialism come to explain the social mechanism of their misery, and thus, I repeat, is formed a Socialist consciousness, in its intellectual part. It is precisely for this reason that the bourgeoisie wish to retain religious instruction in the schools (in Italy in the hands of the priests), precisely because they know the importance, often ineffaceable, of the intellectual portion of the human consciousness, especially in the rising generation now in the process of growth.

"And yet there are Socialists who think it practical to dilute the importance of evangelical and elementary propaganda in the formation of the Socialist consciousness.

"The moral and volitional portion of the human consciousness in general, and of the Socialist consciousness in particular, cannot be formed by oral propaganda alone; it has in this field a minimum of influence. Because on the mode of feeling (moral consciousness) and on the mode of writing, and thus of acting (will, or volitional consciousness), the organic

and psychical dispositions of the individual—which are in great part hereditary—and the conditions of existence, or of the ambient, have a major and stronger influence.

"Thus is the formation of the moral and volitional portion of the Socialist consciousness more by example than by morals. For instance, it is certain that in the propaganda against alcohol the example of the propagandists is of most value, as being abstemious or temperate; and, moreover, the example of their children growing up healthy and robust and drinking only water—as is the case with my own. To the formation and education of the Socialist sentiments (which are the sense of solidarity, of fraternal tolerance, of reciprocal benevolence, of intolerance towards every iniquity or predominance, of emancipation from servility of every kind, etc.), in these certainly words count for very little.

"Although, for example, for the emancipation from certain prejudices (which have at the same time an intellectual and moral value), such as duelling,* charity, the fear of speaking unpalatable truths, etc. Against these, oral and written instruction may have a weighty influence.

"But it is certain that for forming, strengthening, and educating the sentiments which constitute a Socialist consciousness, the conditions of existence weigh far more. For example, the sense of class solidarity develops and becomes more firmly rooted during a strike than by means of hundreds of conferences, although at the same time the conferences are useful, as when putting into the head an idea—as, for example, a simile such as that a hundred rings detached from one another are useless, whereas united in a chain they form a powerful instrument, and so on.

"It is for these reasons that I have been and am an enthusiastic propagandist of co-operative societies . . . . but in the Socialist spirit—that is to say, en-

* Might not the tormenting of defenceless animals, so called sport, often sheer brutality, stand as the equivalent of this in England?—TRANSLATOR.

lightened by the utility of collectivity (a social treasury, propaganda expenses, instruction, etc.), and not given up to the small-tradesman ideal of dividends to each associate.

"It is in Belgium that I have seen how the Socialist co-operations form and educate the Socialist consciousness (also and above all on its moral side) with inestimable benefit to the lives of the individuals, their families, and the entire life of the party. And it was for this reason that I proposed for Milan, as a psychological and practical remedy, the foundation of a Casa dei Socialisti ('People's Home') on the Belgian lines, both for the purposes of detaching our comrades from odious and fratricidal polemics, and placing them in a surrounding of work which develops the sentiments of solidarity and benevolence, to the exclusion of the opposite ones of malevolence or rancour.

"And thus I say of the volitional portion of the Socialist consciousness that it consists in that special energising and discipline, and enlightenment of the human will, which is proper to all fighting for an ideal, and by which they, as distinct from mere impulsiveness, will be disposed to fulfil daily their modest, but necessary and fruitful duty of propagandists or organisers, and will thus be prepared not to flinch from sacrifices, more or less great and painful, when exceptional difficulties in the life of the party may have to be confronted.

"Therefore, when I insist upon the necessity for forming the Socialist consciousness, it is to this whole of facts and experiences which I refer. And it is an equivocation to think, or lead others to think, that for us the constituting of the Socialist consciousness consists in the repetition of a few formulas of doctrines more or less Marxian.

"But our belief is that without Socialist consciousness in those who compose it there is not, and cannot be a Socialist Party. There can always be a collection of

discontented and rebellious persons on both sides, of new comers, of mere utilitarians and opportunists who crowd into the clubs and confederations when the wind blows favourably, for purposes of personal advantage, such as secretaryships, etc.; but these so-called Socialists quickly disappear at the first sign of difficulties, because lacking the psychological and social adhesion of a Socialist consciousness.

"I can at once distinguish, in any province of Italy, and not by means of age only, the Socialists of the old guard, the consciousness of whom has been formed upon clear and precise ideas upon the social phenomena, according to the Marxian doctrine, and permeated with sentiments of benevolence and altruism, in spite of diversities of opinion upon compromise and non-compromise, and permeated with volitional energy, in calling a spade a spade at the cost of encountering the defamatory boycott of the bourgeois or feudal representatives.

"But these Socialists of the old guard are now surrounded and almost dispersed amongst the crowd composed of semi-conscious, or wholly unconscious, Socialists, who, even when not mere utilitarians or egotists, are like somnambulists, and have no backbone in their activity, precisely because the Socialist consciousness has not been formed in them.

"Only in some localities the clubs of young Socialists (*circoli giovaniti Socialisti*)—at which some scornfully smile—have taken up the work of propaganda among the young in order to keep alive the flame, and illuminate the faith in the Socialist ideal, which can neither depend wholly upon the impulse of sentiment nor upon the energy of the will alone, but must be guided by the light of ideas. Neither is it maintained—as was said at Imola—that we would condemn the Socialist Party to the sad task of teaching the A B C of Socialism.

"We believe that the Socialist Party ought, besides this, to descend to practical and daily action in com-

munal administration, proletarian organisation, Parliamentary life, and so on. But we believe that all this agitation and labour would be in vain if not enlightened by the constitution of the Socialist consciousness.

"In the same way as it is necessary to teach the alphabet each year in the schools for the reason that new generations of scholars succeed each other yearly, so in the Socialist Party it is necessary, together with the practical action, to continue the elementary propaganda of Socialist thought in order to constitute the Socialist consciousness.

"Otherwise, as I have seen in some parts of Italy, while the Socialists of 30, 40, 50 years of age *know* what Socialism is (in its elementary and fundamental ideas), and have Socialist sentiments, the youths of 15, 20, 25, do not possess this consciousness, because for six or seven years that section of the party has neglected to make Socialist propaganda, and the papers and reviews of the party are occupied almost wholly with political details, from the Triple Alliance upwards and downwards, and while not saying that the party should not confront these questions, I do say that it should not do so to the exclusion of the explanation of the doctrines of Socialism, or what ought to be the sentiments of reciprocal benevolence between the fighters for this ideal."

F. DALLAS ASKEW.

## FRANCE.

(Continued from last month).

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There are in France 32,121 communes; this is the smallest unit corresponding to our parish, but the name is applied to every district in France, whether a city of over a million inhabitants or one of 100 inhabitants. The smallest commune, that of Mortlau, in the Department of the Haute Marne, has only twelve inhabitants; the size also varies, thus the Commune of Plessex-Balisson (Côtes du Nord) contains 20 acres, while that of Arles has 254,540 acres. Each commune has a mayor, elected by the members of the municipal council, and he has assistants known as *adjoints*, who act as his deputies and have only the powers which he has specially delegated to them. The mayor is entrusted with the publication of laws and regulations, he is the local registrar of births, marriages, and deaths. (In France all marriages must first be celebrated by the mayor, and the parties can then go before a minister of any religious denomination if they think fit to do so.) The mayor organises the local police, except in Paris and Lyons, and issues regulations for fairs, markets, etc. But his acts are liable to be controlled by the Prefect, and he can be suspended or dismissed by the central authority. In case of dismissal he cannot be re-elected for a year.

The municipal council is elected by universal suffrage for four years, and all the members retire together, their number varies from ten to thirty-six members according to the population of the commune, but in Paris there are eighty councillors. The council can be dissolved by the President of the Republic, but in that case a new election must take place in two months' time. It is the educational and poor law authority for the commune, its funds are raised by voting an additional tax on the direct taxes voted by the Chambers, and also by means of an octroi or local customs duty placed on various articles entering the commune. In recent years this tax has become very unpopular, and

by a recent law, it is in the power of communes to raise the money required by direct taxation, but this has rarely been done, for it has been found that, while people will almost cheerfully pay taxation by paying more for commodities, they have an almost insuperable objection to paying direct taxation. It is, of course, not necessary to point out that the octroi is a very bad tax, as, indeed, all indirect taxation necessarily is, but human beings, unfortunately, are not always reasonable, otherwise things would be very much better than they are. The law states that the functions of mayor and of municipal councillor should be unpaid, but in many towns it has now become the practice for the mayor to be paid, only the amount voted is not called a salary, but is described as an allowance for expenses.

In Paris there is no mayor and many of his functions are fulfilled either by the Prefect of the Seine or the Prefect of Police, and neither in that town nor in that of Lyons are the police under the control of the municipal council.

Politics largely enter into the election of the members of all these bodies, departmental, local and municipal councils; it must not, however, be forgotten in justification of this that all these bodies have political functions to discharge in the election of members of the Senate.

Every Frenchman must serve in the army from 20 to 45. Previously to 1870, the term of military service was seven years, but men drew lots,* and those who were not called formed the reserve. After the war of 1870 this was abolished, and it was decided that everybody should serve for five years in the active service, ten years in the reserve, and ten years in the territorial army. When in the reserve the men are called out twice to undergo short periods of military duty. These five years in the active army were reduced in 1889 to three years. But certain men were allowed to do only one year's military service; at first anyone who paid £60 was allowed this privilege, but in 1889 this was restricted to the only son of a widow, to schoolmasters, to students for the priesthood, to medical students, students of law, arts, &c. At the present time a Bill has passed the Senate and is now before the Chamber by which the period of military service is reduced to two years, no exceptions being allowed, and by which also the periods of service afterwards are reduced.† An attempt was made to insert a provision by which men wishing to become officers should first serve for two years in the army as private soldiers, but it was not carried. There are schools for training officers: one for artillery and engineers in Paris, one for officers of the cavalry and infantry and special schools for training army doctors, &c.

There is, I think, no doubt that the military spirit is not so

* This is what is called conscription on the Continent.

† The Bill has now become law.—P. D.

strong in France as it once was. Of course, the reactionary newspapers talk a great deal about military glory, but the very fact that there is so much talk shows that the "chauvinisme" (the French for jingoism) is declining. It is realised, I think, what war means, the country had a taste of that in 1870. There is no desire even for a war with Germany, the people on the German frontier are not friendly to Germans, but in the rest of France the feeling has grown very much less bitter. Probably no public man, unless he were a Socialist deputy,* would have the courage to confess this, but, on the other hand, we do not hear jingo speeches, the cry of "la revanche" has almost ceased to be uttered, and the League of Patriots, which was clamouring for war, has ceased to have any practical importance. A successful war is feared, because in that event the general in command would be very likely to overthrow the Republic and make himself dictator. There is also great objection to serve out of France. There is no roster for foreign service. The French colonies, except Algeria, are garrisoned by special troops—by the Marine Infantry, which mainly consists of men who have engaged for a fresh term of service with the colours, and by the Foreign Legion, which is composed of foreigners who have enlisted, who may be and are "first-class fighting men," but who are mainly composed of men who have thought it advisable for urgent private reasons to leave their native country. When some years ago the French wished to send soldiers to Madagascar, a special regiment of 4,000 men was formed by casting lots in the other regiments and by volunteers. Many of the men fell victims to the deadly climate, and that has not contributed to make colonial expeditions popular.

The French soldier is not so well dressed as his English comrade and he receives a very small pay of twopence a day.

The Navy is recruited in the same way, but generally by volunteers, as boys employed on merchant ships join from their ships. There is no difficulty in obtaining sufficient men. It should be noted that while in the army a certain proportion of officers are Republicans, they are nearly all reactionaries in the navy. This is due to their generally coming from Brittany, which is still very Clerical; the same is true concerning the men, and this is brought out in a strange way, as it is still the custom for the men of war to go into mourning on Good Friday!

Since 1870 very great efforts have been made to improve the educational system in France; while in 1870 the money spent on education was only 39 million of francs, it is now 222 millions of francs, or, in other words, more than 15 times as much. Education has been improved in all respects, both the teaching in the universities and in secondary education. I have not space enough however, to dwell on these points, and shall confine myself to

* Jaurès has said this several times in the Chamber.—P. D.

describing what has been done for the improvement of primary instruction, i.e., corresponding to our school boards.

If was in 1833 that a law was passed ordering all communes to have a primary school for boys, but for many years the law practically remained a dead letter. It was a matter of home rule, and it can easily be understood that under those circumstances the immense majority of communes were not at all anxious to have schools, because these cost money, and peasants are not anxious to spend any if they can possibly help it. Then, too, when schools were established they were often very badly built and the teachers were frequently incompetent. Besides, in order to save expense, the schools in the villages were generally carried on by members of religious orders, and naturally the education was very theological in tone. It was not till 1867 that a law was passed directing that all communes having 500 or more inhabitants should at least have one school for girls, but almost all these schools were taught by nuns. In most of these schools the pupils had to pay and education was not compulsory.

It was not till 1882 that M. Jules Ferry passed a Bill by which education was made free, secular and compulsory, and communes were no longer to be allowed to entrust primary education to religious bodies. Schools since then have been built, a large number of training colleges have been established, and the result has been a very great increase in the number of the pupils attending the schools. It has cost a great deal of money, and of course there has been some grumbling, but it has been money well spent. Since 1882 no less than 25,000 primary schools have been either built or rebuilt. The teachers are Civil servants, they are not the servants of the commune. They are appointed by the State and can only be removed by the State; they receive pensions after a certain number of years' service. The priest has nothing to say in the management of the school; he can teach the children his dogmas outside the school, but the teaching given in the school is secular only.

The Republic has done much, too, for the education of girls. High schools have been established, and all degrees are open to women at the universities. Many practise medicine, and by a recent Act they can also become advocates, and a few are practising at the Bar.

The Clericals have opened schools, but they receive no grant from the State. By a law passed this year the religious orders are not allowed to teach in schools nor to keep schools. The Republican party thought this was necessary as a means of defence, and some even think that there should be a State monopoly of education, but I do not think there is much chance of a measure of that kind being carried.

It should be stated that only primary education is free, but there

are numerous scholarships which form, so to speak, a ladder from the elementary school to the University.

Previous to 1789 there was only one religion—the Catholic religion, which was supreme. Henry IV. in 1598 had granted, by the Edict of Nantes, complete religious toleration to Protestants, but this Edict was revoked in 1685 by Louis XIV., and he proscribed the reformed worship throughout the whole kingdom except in Alsace. This led to the voluntary expatriation of thousands of Frenchmen in Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, England and Ireland, and deprived France of many good citizens. There were slight modifications of this iniquitous system under Louis XVI., but it remained the law right up to the Revolution of 1789.

The Revolution changed all that: the lands belonging to the Church were sold, tithes were abolished, and at first a kind of State Catholic Church was established; but this was abolished in 1793, and from that time to 1801 there was no established Church in France. In 1801 Napoleon negotiated a treaty in Paris with Cardinal Consalve, representing Pope Pius VII. This provides for the appointment of archbishops, bishops, and priests. The archbishop and bishops are to be chosen by the Government, and are then to receive their spiritual powers from the Pope; the priests are to be appointed by the archbishops and bishops. A salary of £600 is assigned to the archbishops, and one of £400 to bishops, and of £60 and £40 to priests. In addition to these salaries, the local bodies may vote subsidies to archbishops, bishops and priests, in the two former cases the Council General being the body, and in the latter the Municipal Council, and residences are also to be provided by the local bodies. At the same time that the Concordat was signed, the Government issued certain articles regulating the position of the clergy. By these articles, for instance, the bishops are not allowed to leave their sees, nor are they allowed to receive letters, or write to the Pope without the consent of the Government.

The Pope has, however, always contended that these articles were not binding on him, as he knew nothing of them; but this has been proved not to be the case, as a despatch of Cardinal Consalve has recently been published showing that he knew of these articles. The sum voted for the Catholic Church is 40,910,923 francs (£1,636,767). Recently there has arisen a conflict between the Pope and the Ministry because the Pope wrote to the bishops asking them to come to Rome to explain their conduct. The Minister, M. Combes, contended that the Pope should have complained to him, and that he by his action was infringing the provisions of the Concordat. To this the Pope replied that the charges against the bishops were charges against their morals, and that of that he was the sole judge. One of the bishops gave way, and went to Rome, and the Pope then threatened to excommunicate the other bishop. M. Combes replied by recalling the French

Charge d'Affaires from the Vatican, and requesting the Nuncio to leave Paris. I think it must be admitted that the Pope was right, that it was monstrous to suppose that M. Combes, a Freethinker, should be the judge of the orthodoxy or unorthodoxy of the bishops, and that his proposal to consider them as simply Civil servants was not a reasonable demand. All this, however, only proves the absurdity of a State Church; if the State pays the clergy it will claim a voice in their appointment or dismissal, and the real remedy is disestablishment and disendowment. We should be thankful to Pius X. for so clearly seeing this; whether from a temporal point of view he is wiser than his predecessor remains to be seen. There is no doubt that disendowment will be a severe blow to the Catholic Church. In the large towns the Church will not suffer, but it will in the country districts. The peasant may not mind being married at church, having his children christened, and his wife will see that he is buried with the rites of the Church; for these ceremonies he or she will be willing to pay fees, but he will object to a regular contribution, say, every week or every month. Already some of the bishops are saying that it will be difficult to carry on religious worship in the villages, especially as the priests will have to pay rent for the churches and for their houses. To that the reply is obvious; if the peasants do not feel sufficient interest in their religion to pay for it, then it is not right to expect other people to pay for it. I think that the movement in favour of disestablishment is growing, and that the measure will soon be passed. When it has it will have an important bearing on the question in other countries belonging to the Latin race.*

Since 1801 the Protestant Church has received an endowment. The amount voted last year was 1,557,100 francs (£62,284), and since 1808 the Jews have also been paid. The amount voted last year was 163,530 francs (£6,541).

Of course, disestablishment and disendowment would apply to these religions too, but it would not affect them, as their members are fairly well-to-do, and are more used to collections than the Catholics. In addition to the Catholic Church, there were a large number of Orders of monks and nuns, most of which belonged to Orders that had not been authorised by the Government. It was, I think, satisfactorily proved that some of these Orders were engaged in a conspiracy against the Republic. By a law passed in 1901, all religious establishments had to be authorised by the State. Some—the Jesuits, for instance—did not apply for authorisation, but others did; but the Chamber, acting on the advice of the Government, refused to grant authorisation. The members of

* By a law passed in December, 1905, the Churches—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—were disestablished and disendowed. Pensions were granted to the clergy, and they are to be allowed to have the use of the churches free of charge.—P. D.

the Orders were expelled from their convents, and their property ordered to be sold. The law provides that after pensions have been granted to old and infirm members, and the creditors satisfied, that the money shall go to the State. But there will be, I fear, very little money left, for there are innumerable law suits, mortgages being shown, and in some cases the buildings belonging to private individuals. It would have been better if the State had simply confiscated all the property, but this was thought too violent a measure. Since then, this year, religious bodies have been forbidden to teach. The reactionary parties contended that this measure would not be supported by the electors, but this is apparently not the case, since at every election since that time the Government has increased its majority, and this would show that France does not like Clericalism. Frenchmen know too well what it has meant in the past to put their necks back under the yoke. It was pointed out, too, by the reactionaries, and with more justice, that it was wrong for the Government to turn out monks while they paid priests. There I think they were right; but recent events tend to show that that reproach will no longer hold good for long. It is said, also, that M. Combes is the agent of the Freemasons in wishing to unchristianise France. (I should explain that in France Freemasons are looked upon as sceptics, which seems strange to our notions of them as a convivial middle-class body.) This is not correct. Nations cannot be made non-Christian by Act of Parliament, but it is true that Frenchmen are generally sceptics, though, unfortunately, the women are generally Catholic. France is only in this respect similar to the other nations of the West, in which a supernatural religion is gradually passing away, to be succeeded by a human religion, which, however, will at all times be ready to acknowledge the good done in the past by the old religions.

I have thus briefly touched on some points of interest in France, but I find that my space is exhausted, though there are many other points of interest to which I should have liked to refer.

I must, however, in conclusion, draw attention to the happier condition of things as compared with what was the case a few years ago. France and England are both Colonial powers, they have possessions which adjoin each other in Asia, in Africa, and in North America. As was natural, difficulties had arisen, and some of them were of long standing. It is only necessary to refer to the difficulties concerning the Newfoundland fisheries, which go back for nearly a hundred years, to the case of Siam, Egypt, the West Coast of Africa and the New Hebrides in the South Pacific. In any of these parts an imprudent word or an imprudent act of some official might have produced untold misery and thrown back the progress of peaceful measures for generations. We all know how strained the relations between the two countries became in 1898 owing to the expedition of Captain Marchand in Fashoda.

It was, therefore, with great joy that all friends of progress hailed the improvement of relations between the two countries which has taken place within recent years, the treaty of arbitration between the two nations of 1903, the convention of 1904, the visit of King Edward to Paris and the return visit of President Loubet to London in 1903. We all remember the cordial reception accorded to the President and we may well hope that the future relations will still be improved. Even in the darkest times of reaction in the eighteenth century there have been friends of France in England. "The greatest of our monarchs, Elizabeth and Cromwell, were proud to be the friends and allies of France. The enmity of the two nations has ever been disastrous to the progress of the world. It is our hope that we have now entered on an era of peace and lasting goodwill in which the two peoples —laying aside all unworthy jealousies—may devote themselves as fellow-labourers to the maintenance of free institutions, the repression of militarism, the spread of enlightenment, the re-organisation of industry, and the fraternity of nations." *

PAUL DESCOURS.

* Address of London Positivist Society to President Loubet, July, 1903.

# THE REVIEWS.

## PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

The " Fortnightly Review " has an article by Lady Warwick under the above heading, from which we quote the following :—

The evil of miltarism has at least one compensation in the fact that even the most confirmed " statesman " and most permanent of officials begin to perceive the impossibility of keeping up an army without a supply of—soldiers. One day there may arise a new kind of statesman who will regard a healthy nation as a thing good in itself even though no food for cannon be needed. Meanwhile we may be thankful for almost any motive which leads our rulers and governors to consider the nation's children not merely as an appanage of their parents, but as the seed-plot of the race.

We have been groping our way to this view. The Poor Laws have long given the child, in theory at any rate, the right to shelter and sustenance on its own account. Latterly this theory has been more freely applied, and under the Act of 1899 Guardians have become in loco parentis even to children whose parents were supporting them, but were considered unfit to have control of their lives. The Industrial Schools Acts, Youthful Offenders Act, Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts, have all gone to modify the pernicious idea that you are to punish bad parents by making their children suffer. Reluctantly we have granted recognition to the claims of children as human beings. Thus we have already snatched from the fetish of " Parental Responsibility " some portion of the human sacrifice offered to it. When shall we begin to doubt if the interests of the race are being served by the annual massacre of innocents yet thought necessary? One looks wistfully for a general recognition of the fact that it is exactly the poorly fed, ill clad, and therefore imperfectly educated children of to-day who become the ignorant, stupid, slovenly parents of to-morrow. It is amazing to hear public men admit the facts which lead to this

conclusion, yet stare the conclusion in the face and pass it by. In the Parliamentary debate on Free Meals on March 27, 1905, Sir William Anson, replying to Messrs. Keir Hardie and William Crooks, admitted that in the Day Industrial Schools, where the children had three meals a day, he found them "bright and intelligent and being developed physically and mentally in a satisfactory way." So potent a factor was the regular and wholesome supply of food that although they lived at home he found that "their condition was thoroughly satisfactory." Yet he could not admit this as an argument in favour of seeing that *all* children are well fed! Mr. Wilson Bruce followed other witnesses before the Scottish Commission in pointing out the startling superiority of industrial school children, and added that if we fed and clothed the elementary school children as suitably we should "make a new race of them." The Commissioners note this contrast between the ill-nourished children of respectable parents and the well-developed children of those who have "altogether failed in their duty," and describe it as "both marked and painful."

What fine moral have we here? Be a bad parent, or confess yourself unable to control your own children, and they will be attached to an industrial school, given three meals a day, "largely at the expense of the ratepayers," and become "bright and intelligent boys, developed physically and mentally in a satisfactory way." This is by way of encouraging a sense of "parental responsibility"! It is an attitude of mind not only devoid of logical basis but pitifully parochial. Yet on no subject is it more necessary for us to "think Imperially."

Mr. F. H. Bentham, Chairman of the Bradford Board of Guardians, which has done its best to defeat the intention of the Local Government Board Order on the feeding of children, wrote bitterly in the "Municipal Journal" (September 8, 1905) that the Order is "not the result of any demand made by the people generally, nor by parents in particular. It is the outcome of an agitation made on their behalf by the leaders of Socialist opinion."

If this were true, then so much the greater tribute to the Socialists. On that showing they would be the only persons alive to the practical interests of the race. Fortunately, it is but half true, for although the Socialists have led the agitation, there is at the back of it not only the solid support of the trade unions and of such gatherings as the Guildhall Conference, but also a rapidly-growing body of general public opinion, as evidenced by the resolution adopted by a number of Town and Borough Councils. The striking evidence gathered by the Royal Commission on Physical Training in Scotland and the Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration cannot be ignored. Physiologists, general practitioners, medical officers of health, inspectors of schools, teachers, were agreed as to the deplorable prevalence of underfeeding. The Special School Board Committee of 1895 reported that the

London School Dinners Association alone gave 122,605 meals per week to Board School children, of which 110,000 were given free. Yet some districts appear to have been scarcely touched. Dr. Eichholz, inspector of schools, found that in one school in a very bad district "90 per cent. of the children are unable, by reason of their physical condition, to attend to their work in a proper way, while 33 per cent., during six months of the year, from October to March, require feeding." He estimated the number of actually underfed children in London schools as approximately 122,000, or 16 per cent. of the elementary school population. This does not cover the number of children *improperly* fed. Mr. W. H. Libby said that a feeding agency in Lambeth coped with from 12 to 15 per cent. of the school children, and in the poorest districts 25 to 30 per cent. Dr. W. L. MacKenzie, Medical Officer to the Local Government Board for Scotland, said that in the slums of Edinburgh a large proportion of children were half-starved. Dr. Kelly, Catholic Bishop of Ross, said that in the South of Ireland children commonly came to school underfed. All the evidence went to confirm the statement of Dr. Macnamara in the House of Commons (March 27, 1905) that after 30 years' experience of schools, first as a teacher and later as a School Board member, he could say that 20 per cent. of the children had not in any way benefited in the general improvement of conditions, and were in "an entirely hopeless condition—a condition never more hopeless." This, he added, covered something like one million children in the British Isles.

One of the strangest objections to State intervention is from the people who claim that you would thereby prevent the parents sacrificing themselves for their children! Mr. Sharples, the President of the National Union of Teachers, in opposing the official resolution at the Guildhall Conference, brought forward as evidence against the existence of general underfeeding that "he had known many cases where the man had gone short in order that the children should be fed." He did not explain what happened when the underfeeding of the man had impaired his powers as a wage-earner and he has become one of the unemployed. Mr. Sharples would then no doubt rank him as one of the "thriftless scoundrels" for whose punishment he clamoured as apparently something more important than the feeding of the children. Why this eager thirst for "punishment"? A desire for reformation would come with better grace, at any rate, from the President of the Teachers' Union. Indeed, with the official head of such a profession the interests of the children might well come before any other consideration at all. It would be a pardonable weakness.

The class which spends nothing on furniture or books, makes no attempt to save, cares nothing for "appearances," pays nothing to a trade union or benefit society, and takes coals and blankets from every possible source, is just the class which will

most readily plead and demonstrate poverty when there are forms to be filled in. It is the curse of the greater part of our voluntary charity, and in a considerable measure of our Poor Law system, that they tend to demoralise the less deserving, whilst withholding help from those to whom it is most valuable as a temporary aid. Those who are most glib in their phrases as to "parental responsibility" are invariably the greatest enemies of the spirit from which such a sense of responsibility springs. Those who would force young children to do class work on empty stomachs rather than run the risk of "pauperising" their parents are at the same time vaunting the extent to which the "charity" of private patrons has rendered it unnecessary for men to claim the assistance of the nation which they have served by their labour! It is supposed to pauperise a disabled or unemployed man if his children are fed from the common stock of wealth which he has helped to create, but not so if they are fed by the proceeds of the liquor trade or company promotion or slum rents or coal sold at artificial prices during the months of bitterest cold. A man's spirit of independence is supposed to be shaken if his children receive help from the community, but somehow quite preserved if they only have it from individuals, whom possibly he hates or despises for the methods by which they have grown rich.

We do not hear anything about well-to-do people's children being pauperised by being fed and clothed at Christ's Hospital School out of endowments stolen from the poor. Indeed, what school has turned out finer men than this? Nor is it suggested that parents are pauperised by their children receiving maintenance scholarships, which in some cases mean not only being fed but clothed from public or semi-public funds. Such scholarships, being given in order that studies may be pursued, are no discredit, but an honour. "This person," we say, "is too valuable to be let slip. We must not throw away the results of his previous education." Are not *all* our children too valuable to be allowed to miss the full benefits of education by reason of physical weakness and exhaustion?

One constantly hears complaints as to the difficulty of getting conscientious clerks and workmen. They are "so inert." Their minds are "more occupied with sport than with their duties." They are "so anxious to escape from their work." One can't get "domestic servants." The girls "prefer factory life, meals of tea and bread and butter, the excitement of crowded streets and music-halls." Usually such complaints end up bitterly with the question: "What good has all this School Board education done them?" The product of the elementary school is compared unfavourably with a former generation, which had neither of the three R's, but more sturdiness and alertness of mind.

There is some justification for these complaints. Half-fed boys and girls stand a better chance of development if they are alto-

gether free from class work. Mr. Legge told the Scottish Royal Commission that under-fed children were positively injured by even light exercises. Dr. Dukes said that bare subsistence diet became starvation diet when mental and bodily work were added. Other witnesses condemned the attempt to teach ill-nourished children as positive cruelty. If the choice with such children is to lie between school, on the one hand, or, on the other, idling and play in parks, waste grounds, or even the streets, then obviously it is the latter choice which gives them the best chance in life, and in this is the justification of the gentlemen who add to their advertisements for coachman or gardener the ironic phrase: "No scholar need apply," or "One who can neither read nor write preferred." But why should the matter be left to a choice of evils which indicates that we are less concerned about the breeding of our children than about that of our horses, cattle, or pigs?

Want of knowledge, want of skill, and want of means, is the trinity of deadly evils that poisons the life of at least 25 to 30 per cent. of our children. The particular curse of poverty is that everyone is able to take advantage of it. Just as the rent, per cubic foot, of a slum garret is twice that of a Park Lane palace, so the poor man's shilling brings him, alike in quantity and quality of food, a return pitifully inferior to that secured by the shilling of the well-to-do. "Whoso hath not, from him shall be taken." The value of organisation, large buying, and skilful preparation is shown in Paris, where in 1904 eight million good meals were supplied to school children at a cost of 2¼d. per meal. Speaking in the House of Commons, June 1, 1905, Sir John Gorst recalled the striking fact that before the London School Board Committee commenced to organise the relief of their children, as much as £40 per head was being spent on wasteful and imperfect attempts to feed children by voluntary charity. Now £5 would both feed and clothe a child.

Against the demand for the adequate feeding of our children there is only one argument which is not based on abstract theories or false sentiment, and that is the question of expense. But this argument, if accepted, leads to the entire abandonment of our schools, for money spent on feeding alone, giving us thereby a race of healthy barbarians, would be bringing a better national return than money spent on teaching alone, from which we may expect a race of spectacled and anæmic degenerates. If the one expenditure is unjustified, the other is yet more unjustified, and had better be abandoned, leaving our children to the freedom of the lanes, streets, and parks.

On the question of the early age at which children begin work, Lady Warwick says:

It is fitting that those who invoke the sacred name of "the family" in their campaign against the feeding of hungry children, should be the first to abandon that position when one touches

what has ever been the greatest enemy of home life, namely, child labour. That same parent, whom it was so necessary to punish at the expense of his children, is now to be protected equally at the expense of his children. Having buttressed "family life" on the sure and sound foundation of ill-nourished childhood, we are now asked to rear an edifice of commercial supremacy on cheap, immature labour. Not a pen of gold nor a voice of silver seems able to bring home to some minds the fact that our deadliest competitors are not those who rely on immature and untrained labour, but those who best equip their workers for a place in the nation's workshops. If cheap and immature labour were a source of successful competition, we might at once bow our heads before the rivalry of Russia, Italy, Spain, and Turkey. As a fact, it is America, Germany, and industrial Switzerland against whom we are measured, and it is in these three countries that the elementary school age is highest, most vigorously enforced, and technical and secondary education most available at the end of the elementary course. In the canton of Zurich, and in eight American States, the compulsory school-age has already been raised to 16 years. Whatever may be said as to comparative standards of living, a matter largely of rent and prices, there can be no question as to the increased productivity and efficiency resulting from the longer school-term.

In the interests of national physique, then, there are some forms of work—notably work in mills, factories, and mines—which should be commenced at a later age than now. In the interests of the development of mind and character, education should be continued beyond the age now common. The two reforms run on all fours. That they would be expensive is evident; but we are an extraordinarily rich nation, and have ample funds for such purposes. If present sources of taxation are not adequate, new sources can readily be found, if not by our present class of governors, then by those who must replace them. Moreover, these are reforms which will add to the national riches, the source of which is in the efficiency and productivity of the people. These are reforms which ultimately must pay for themselves in meal or malt.

Putting the matter into practical shape, I suggest that the age of compulsory elementary school attendance should be raised to 16 years, subject to certain exemptions based, not as now merely upon ability to pass a given standard, but mainly upon the destination of the scholar when leaving. For instance, exemption would be granted to a child going to naval training, because here a continuation of its education is assured.

The conditions of exemption might be as follows:—

(*a*) At not less than 14 years, where a child was entering upon a certain course in science, art, or technology, including cookery, etc., at recognised classes under inspection by the

Board of Education. The minimum attendance might be (say) two afternoons of three hours, or three evenings of two hours, with such home work as would secure systematic private study. The general rule would be day classes, but exemption for evening classes could be granted where occupation of a non-injurious character was proved. Apprentices would come under this rule, thus systematising and improving the present variety of methods under which, by a wise compulsion on the part of some employers, apprentices are either made to attend evening classes, or are given so many afternoons per week to attend day classes, or are kept for a term in the shops, then sent for a session to a technical school, then another term in the shops, and so on alternately. The details of the courses would vary according to the rules of the Board of Education, and a failure to sustain the courses would be reported to the local authority, exemption being withdrawn, and the scholar returned to the elementary schools.

(*b*) At not less than twelve years, where a child was entering a secondary school. Here also failure to sustain the course would be reported. There would have to be a considerable extension of scholarships, giving free teaching and books, with a contribution to maintenance in the last year, or two years, dependent upon a certain standard of proficiency.

(*c*) At not less than twelve years, where a child was entering upon naval training, practical agricultural work, or some other career considered beneficial. Such exemption would carry with it compulsion to attend classes on scientific agriculture or such other courses as were deemed necessary by the Board of Education.

## THE ADVENT OF SOCIALISM.

Under the above heading, the "Fortnightly" also publishes an article by E. Hume, in which the writer gives a fairly accurate survey of the development of the modern political Socialist movement in Europe. As compared with those of other countries, he says:—

"The artisans of this country have suffered the disadvantages, if they have enjoyed the advantages, which attach to pioneering. While the proletariats on the Continent were taking tentative steps towards parliamentary agitation, they were organising themselves in co-operative societies and trade unions, which, while

they forwarded sectional interests, retarded, and will long continue to retard, the advance of their class in the direction of political solidarity. Throughout the rest of Europe the movement took from the outset a decided Socialistic trend, and the people's parties, when they came, were and called themselves Socialistic parties."

After reviewing briefly "the steps which have brought the British proletariat into line with the artisan classes of other nations," and the formation of the Labour Representation Committee, the author predicts that the movement must become definitely Socialist. He says: "That the Social-Democratic Federation, with its unadulterated Marxism, should have joined the coalition at all is more significant than its subsequent defection through fear that it might compromise the purity of its principles"; and, further:

"It seems unnecessary to labour the point that the new party is predestined to be Socialistic. Mr. Keir Hardie, who has been the John the Baptist of our modern saviours of Society, points out that 23 out of the 29 Labour Representation Committee members are 'avowed Socialists.' An aggregation need not be merely the sum of its units, but Mr. Hardie, Mr. J. R. MacDonald, Mr. Crooks, Mr. George N. Barnes, Mr. Philip Snowden, and, in fact, practically all the breath and brains of the thing are Socialistic. Besides, if not Socialistic, what is it to be? The levelling of our Society has reached a point at which, to use De Tocqueville's phrase, property is the one remaining privilege, and the Labour Party can only find a permanent pretext for individual existence in schemes for the acquisition of the possessions of the few and their division among the many. It may for a time attempt to compromise between the two wings of its supporters—on the one hand the 'inconsequential opportunists,' who prefer the bird in the hand of shorter hours or longer wages to the two in the bush of a millennium for their descendants in the fifteenth generation, and will demur to contributing to a Parliamentary agitation that is likely to prove sterile for a long time when once it has taken on a clearly collectivist character; on the other, the incurable 'idealogues,' to whom Socialism is a religion, a Christianity without a God, and who look upon the narrow trade union policy that has so largely prevailed in the past as but one manifestation of the vicious selfishness which retards the building of their New Jerusalem. The former will be more easy to convert than the latter, and that is only one reason why their immediate support can be more easily dispensed with.

"A comprehensive policy, based on a specious ideal, will appeal not only to the hordes of unfederated and unorganised labourers, but to the enormous body of overworked, underpaid clerks, whose lot, on the average, is infinitely harder than that of the skilled mechanic. Both these classes are sedulously cultivated

by the German Socialists, and it is estimated that nearly a third of the famous three million votes came from bourgeois electors. That this section of the population is far more infected with collectivist doctrine than it was ten years ago can be inferred from many symptoms. With the decay of traditional theories of religion and politics, the thought of the world tends to run into the two divergent channels of humanitarian Socialism and Promethean individualism; and the former, running in the same direction as the old stream, is the more likely of the two to be filled. The tone of the extreme Radical newspapers, the presence of a smattering of acknowledged Socialists among the Radical members of Parliament, and the extension of the sphere of municipal work, all lead to the same conclusion, and are, perhaps, of greater import than the resolution passed by the Labour Representation Committee last year in favour of the nationalisation of all land and capital.

"By the definite adoption of Socialistic principles, the Representation Committee would, therefore, enormously expand the area from which it might draw adherents. At the same time, it would greatly improve its chances of producing leaders of eminent talent, who are at present its most serious need. Men of remarkable character and intellect frequently arise among the wage-earners, but they soon soar above their early environment and reinforce the higher classes of society. The leaders of Labour are usually only the best of those who remain. Whatever their natural gifts, the conditions of their employment, whether in the workshop or in the union office, prevent them from acquiring the broad grasp of political problems which is essential for the direction of a large and powerful party. Personality has been the predominant influence in the building up of the German Socialist Party, and it has nearly all come from outside the ranks of the wage-earners. Bebel himself was a pronounced individualist while he remained a journeyman turner, and only became a Socialist after he was master of his own shop. Liebknecht was a journalist. Singer, the chief organiser of the party, was formerly a merchant and partner in a firm of ladies' tailors. Kautsky, the literary champion of pure Marxism, was educated at Prague University, and has been author and journalist all his life. Bernstein, the literary champion of the 'Revisionists,' the section of compromise, was in a bank before he devoted himself exclusively to literature. Von Vollmar, as his name signifies, belongs by birth to the nobility, Göhre has held a cure of souls in the Lutheran Church, and so on. The same tendency has been seen in this country. From the first the inspiration of the Labour movement came from outside. At the present moment its prominent figures are either men like Mr. John Burns and Mr. Keir Hardie, who have emancipated themselves comparatively early in life, but have preferred a career of agitation or politics to one of moneymaking,

or men like Mr. Hyndman, who was born in affluence and enjoyed a university education, Mr. J. R. Macdonald, who, though of humble origin, has never engaged in a manual occupation, and Mr. Snowden, who began his career in the Civil Service. And in proportion to its numbers the latter category is more fertile in talent than the former.

"On the other hand, if the Socialists finally gain possession of the ship, they will have much rough weather before them and many reefs to steer clear of. 'Le Liberalisme, voila l'ennemi.'" That is the gospel according to St. Marx. It was not the private ownership of land but the development of capitalism from which the Jew founder of the new faith deduced the inevitability of a collectivist reconstruction of Society. When the grub Labour is fully transformed into the butterfly Socialism it must treat what the Germans call 'Manchesterthum' as its foe, and expect reprisals. And it cannot very well avoid a rupture in its own body. The immediate importance of the Representation Committee detachment will largely depend on contingent support from the 14 miners and the 16 Liberal-Labour members, and while only two or three of these are Socialists, many belong to the 'old gang,' and are either hopelessly attached to official Liberalism or irremovably set in the ruts of the old-fashioned trade union propaganda. Moreover, they will not lack countenance from their constituents in their refusal to be assimilated by the Committee. 'Ten years ago,' say Mr. and Mrs. Webb in the excellent history they published in 1902, 'all observers were agreed that the trade unions of Great Britain would furnish an impenetrable barrier against Socialistic projects.' No doubt there has been a change, but it can hardly have amounted to a complete reversal. Already the knives are bickering in their sheaths. Mr. Bernard Shaw places benedictory hands on the heads of Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Burns, and then must hold them at arm's length to prevent one bludgeoning the other. And yet the President of the Local Government Board was one of the pioneers of the Social-Democratic Federation. The organ of the Independent Labour Party, which is, on the whole, a moderately worded paper, after having denounced the Liberals, reserves its most vigorous expletives for certain of the trade union champions."

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. G. P. Gooch, M.P., has an article in the March issue of the "Contemporary Review" on "The Unemployed." He says:—

"Of direct methods of assistance the first is obviously to extract whatever benefit we can from the Unemployed Workmen Bill of 1905, and to restore that Bill to something like the shape it originally possessed. The distress of the last two years has

had at least one good result in forcing us to experiment, and the country is greatly indebted to the little group of men who in 1903 recalled the Mansion House Committee to life and created a system of rescue for those among the regular workers who had the most to lose. Heads of families with settled homes were selected in London and drafted to Hadleigh and Osea Island, returning to town at intervals to seek work, their families receiving in the meanwhile 14s. a week. Continuous employment is a tonic as well as a test. Their physique improved, and their work rapidly gained in quality, while the life offered no inducement to stay away from home when trade revived. The experiment marks an epoch in the treatment of the unemployed problem, and the conviction has ever since steadily grown that it is as essential for the community as for the individual that the efficiency of the man who was wanted yesterday and will be wanted again to-morrow should be maintained during the recurrent and apparently inevitable periods of seasonal or cyclical depression.

It was along these lines that the London Committee, created by Mr. Long in the autumn of 1904, has proceeded, and the Report of the Executive Committee (King and Son, 1s.), published at the close of last year, is a signal testimony to the soundness of the method. Though there were loud complaints that the sum of £52,000 contributed in response to the Lord Mayor's appeal was being too slowly or too partially distributed, it is impossible to study this ably written and illuminating volume without feeling that a task of consummate difficulty was carried out with remarkable sympathy and judgment, and that real progress was made in laying down rules of guidance for dealing with the unemployed. The governing principles of the entire undertaking were the treatment of each individual as a separate problem—the attempt, wherever possible, to look beyond the immediate period of relief, and the grading of effort and sacrifice in such a way that the conditions of employment should in every case be less attractive than those to which the worker was accustomed. It was also considered better for the men's self-respect to pay standard wages for a shorter number of hours than low rates for a normal working-day. Considering the difficulties and the demand for quick returns, the results were, on the whole, satisfactory. The response of body and mind to good food and continuous employment was immediate, and the standard of work improved.

## THE RABBI OF BACHARACH.*

(A Fragment.)

At the foot of the Rheingaus the banks of the Rhine lose their charming character; the mountains and the rocks, with their fantastic ruins of castles, appear to be more haughty, and a wilder and more serious splendour prevails. It is here that is situated, like an awe-inspiring legend of olden times, the gloomy and ancient town of Bacharach. The walls, with their toothless battlements and their windowless turrets, were not always so mute and so decayed, though the wind now whistles through their crevices, and the sparrows build their nests therein. The poor, hateful streets of clay houses which one can see through the broken gates, did not always present such a sad stillness, is only broken at intervals by crying children, scolding women, and lowing kine. These walls were once proud and strong, and in these narrow streets there reigned a fresh, free life, full of might and pride, of pleasure and pain, much love and much hatred. Bacharach was formerly one of those *municipia* founded by the Romans when they held the banks of the Rhine. The inhabitants kept a pretty free constitution, like the other Rhine towns, though the town went through stormy times when it was first under the suzerainty of the Hohenstaufen, and then under that of the Wittelsbacher. This constitution was based on an alliance of two distinct classes—that of the oldest inhabitants or the patricians, and that of the guilds, which were subdivided into several kinds of trades. Each of these two classes tried to obtain supreme power so that if they did act unitedly by a close defensive and offensive alliance against the rapacious nobility of the surrounding districts, yet at home they were constantly divided, owing to their having contrary interests. There were few social relations between them, but much mistrust, and often even deeds of violence. The ruling lord

* This fragment of a story was first published in 1840.—J. B.

lived in the Castle of Sareck, built on a high hill; and, like his falcon, he would swoop down on the town when he was called, and often when he was not called. The clergy ruled in darkness, owing to the general obscurantism. The small Jewish community there formed quite an isolated caste, having hardly any rights of citizenship. They had come there in Roman times, and the community increased largely in the eleventh century, owing to the great persecution of the Jews.

The great persecution of the Jews began with the Crusades,* and reached its highest point towards the middle of the 14th century, at the end of the great plague,† which, like every other public calamity, was attributed to the Jews. It was said that they had incurred the wrath of God, and that with the help of lepers they had poisoned the wells. The angry mob, and especially the hordes of Flagellants—half naked men and women, who wandered along the banks of the Rhine and through Southern Germany flogging themselves as a penance, while chanting a crazy hymn to the Virgin—murdered many thousand Jews. If they did not murder them, they tortured them or baptised them by force. It was also said that the Jews mutilated the sacramental wafers with knives till blood flowed from them, and that they murdered Christian children in order to use their blood in Jewish ceremonies of the Passover.‡ This led to many Jews being massacred in cold blood.

The Jews, who were already greatly hated on account of their religion, their riches, and because many Christians were their debtors, were completely at the mercy of their enemies on these festivals, who could easily ruin them. All that was necessary was to spread the rumour of one of these child murders, or perhaps to introduce secretly the mangled body of a child into the house of a Jew who had been condemned by a kind of secret Vehmgericht.§ At night the house of the Jew was attacked when he and his family were at their prayers. Open murder, plunder and baptism raged; great miracles happened through the dead child, which the Church often even canonised.‖ Such a saint was St. Werner¶ and it was to honour his memory that the magnificent abbey of Oberwesel was founded, and its ruins still can be seen on the banks of the Rhine. It still charms us by the magnificence of its Gothic style, by its long, pointed windows, by the pillars which proudly rise towards the sky, and by its delicate tracery. Especially is its beauty noticed on a serene, warm day in summer, and more particularly if we are ignorant of its origin. To honour the memory of

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* The first Crusade was in 1096–99. † The Black Death, 1348–50. ‡ This is still believed in remote districts of Germany. § See "Anne of Geierstein," by Scott. ‖ There are several such saints in the "Catholic Calendar." Dr. Jessopp has published the official documents relating to William of Norwich. ¶ St. Werner is commemorated on April 19.—J. B.

this saint three more large churches were built, and innumerable Jews were massacred or injured. This happened in the year 1287; one of the churches in his honour was built at Bacharach, and at that time the Jews there suffered much woe and anguish. Fortunately they had been comparatively happy for the previous two centuries, though they had often been threatened, and had experienced much hatred.

The more, however, they were persecuted at home, the closer became their union among themselves, the more intense was their family life, and deeper piety and the fear of God increased in the hearts of the Jews of Bacharach. The Rabbi of that town was truly a godfearing man; his name was Abraham, he was still a young man, but his learning was famous far and near. He was born in that town, and his father, who had been also a Rabbi, had impressed on his son, as his last wishes, that he should succeed him in that post, and that he should never leave Bacharach unless his life was in danger. This order, and a cupboard full of old rare books, was all the paternal inheritance, for his father had always been poor, and a student of the Scriptures. Yet Rabbi Abraham was a very rich man; he had married the only daughter of his paternal uncle—a jeweller—and at his death he had inherited his great riches. Some old men in the community used to talk about this, saying that the Rabbi had married his wife because she had money. But all the women agreed in protesting against this accusation. They used to tell how the Rabbi, before he went to Spain, was already in love with Sarah, with the beautiful Sarah (for that is what she was called), and how Sarah had had to wait seven years till the Rabbi came back from Spain, how he had married her against the will of her father, and even against her own. For any Jew can compel a Jewish maiden to become his lawful wife if he can manage to put a ring on her finger while saying these words: "I take thee for my wife according to the law of Moses and of Israel." When people talked about the Rabbi's trip to Spain they smiled in a peculiar way, because there were vague rumours that Rabbi Abraham had, indeed, at Toledo followed with zeal the study of the law, but that he had also conformed to Christian customs, and had adopted the opinions of Freethinkers like the Spanish Jews of the time, who were wonderfully clever. But in their innermost souls the gossips hardly believed these rumours. For the life of the Rabbi since his return from Spain had been wonderfully pure, pious, and serious; he carried out with extraordinary minuteness all the rules of his religion—he fasted every Monday and Thursday, he only ate meat and drank wine on the Sabbath and on festivals, his days were passed in prayer and study; by day he explained the divine law to the disciples who had gathered round him owing to his fame, and at night he contemplated the stars of heaven or the eyes of the beautiful Sarah. His marriage was childless, yet he did not live a solitary life. The large room of his house, which was

next to the synagogue, was often filled by members of the community. People came in and out without ceremony, some prayed, others came for news, and councils were held in times of danger. Children played there on the Sabbath morning while the weekly prayers were being said in the synagogue. There the faithful gathered for marriage feasts and for funerals, there they quarrelled and made it up, those who were cold found a fire to warm themselves, and the hungry could sit down at an open table. There were also many relations of the Rabbi—brothers and sisters with their wives and children, as well as uncles and aunts. All these looked up to the Rabbi as the head of the family, came to his house at all times of the day, and on high days and holidays they all met at his table. These family dinners in the house of the Rabbi took place more especially on the yearly feast of the Passover—an old, wonderful festival which the Jews still celebrate all through the world on the 14th day of the month of Nizan, in order to commemorate eternally their escape from Egyptian captivity. This is what takes place.

As soon as it is dark, the mistress of the house kindles the lights, puts the cloth on the table, and in the middle of it places three of those flat loaves made of unleavened bread; she covers them with a napkin, and places thereon six small dishes, which contain the following: an egg, lettuce, horse radish, the bone of a lamb, and a brown mixture made of dry raisins, cinnamon and nuts. The father of the household sits at the head of the table, surrounded by all his relations and by his household, and reads to them passages from a strange book called the "Hagada," which is a strange mixture of ancient legends, marvellous histories on the sojourn in Egypt, of curious tales, controversies, prayers and hymns for the feast. A big supper follows this solemnity, and during the reading, at certain fixed times, the hearers taste the symbolic dishes, and in accordance with the same ritual small pieces of unleavened bread are eaten, and four cups of red wine are drunk. This ceremony, celebrated in the evening, is tinged with a melancholy serenity, and with a joyful gravity, it is so mysterious and fairy-like; and the traditional way in which the head of the family chants the "Hagada" is so penetrating and yet so homely that it seems to lull you in a maternal way, and yet suddenly wakes you up. So that Jews who have forsaken the faith of their fathers, and have tasted the pleasures and the honours of a strange world, yet feel moved in their innermost heart when these ancient and well-known sounds of the Passover by chance strike their ears.

One day Rabbi Abraham sat in the large room of his house surrounded by his relations, by his pupils, and by his other guests, and began to celebrate the evening festival of the Passover. In the room everything shone more brilliantly than before; on the table was placed a silken table-cover embroidered with many colours, and its golden tassels hung over and almost touched the ground, the little plates glimmered with the symbolic food, the

large cups full of wine shone, and they were adorned with simple designs taken from the sacred Scriptures. The men sat down clothed in black cloaks and wore flat black hats with white bands, the women wore shining dresses made of Lombard silk, and their heads and necks were adorned with golden jewels and with pearls. The silver lamp, consecrated for use on the Sabbath day, radiated its bright light on the contented and devotional faces of the old and the young. The Rabbi sat on velvet cushions and his seat was higher than the others; he rested his back against the chair as custom demands, and he read or rather intoned the "Hagada." The strange company said the words in unison with him or returned the responses in accordance with the ritual. He also wore his black, ceremonial costume, his noble, rather sombre countenance seemed gentler than usual, his lips smiled under his brown beard as if he had to relate many gracious incidents, and in his looks could be vaguely discerned happy remembrances and happy forecasts. The beautiful Sarah sat next to him on a velvet seat as high as his own, and as the mistress of the house she wore none of her jewels, but a piece of white linen was gracefully wound round her waist and her pious face. This face was peacefully beautiful, for the beauty of Jewesses is generally particularly touching; the consciousness that they have of the deep misery of their race, of the bitter ignominy and of all the dangers in the midst of which their parents and friends live, gives to their gracious expression an air of suffering tenderness and of affectionate and attentive fear which exercises a singular charm. Thus sat to-day the beautiful Sarah near her husband, into whose eyes she was continually gazing. From time to time she would also look at the "Hagada" which lay open before her. It was a fine parchment manuscript bound in velvet and gold, which had belonged to her grandfather, and on which were still marks of old wine stains half effaced by years. It contained many illustrations which she had looked at with pleasure on the evening after the Passover ever since she had been a child; they all depicted all kinds of stories taken from the Bible. Abraham, breaking with a hammer the stone idol of his father, how the angels came to him from Heaven, Moses killing Mizri, Pharaoh sitting on a magnificent throne, and the frogs not leaving him any peace when he was dining, the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea with great care, then gazing open-mouthed before Mount Sinai with their sheep, their cows, and their oxen, then pious King David playing the harp, and finally Jerusalem with its towers and the pinnacle of its temple shining in the rays of the sun.

The second cup was already empty; the faces looked more and more happy, and the voices sounded more cheerful, then the Rabbi took one of the unleavened loaves, raised it, and bowing to the company read the following words from the "Hagada": "Behold the food which our fathers have eaten in Egypt! Come all ye that are

hungry and partake thereof! Come all ye that are weary and take part in our paschal joy! This year we celebrate the festival here, but next year we shall gather in the land of Israel! This year we are still slaves, but next year we shall be free men!"

The door of the room then opened, and there came in two tall, pale men, clothed with very wide cloaks, and one said, "Peace be with you; we are travelling co-religionists, and wish to celebrate the Passover with you." And the Rabbi answered at once joyfully, "Peace be with you; sit down near me." Then the two strangers sat down to the table, and the Rabbi went on with his reading. Often when the others were still repeating his words he addressed caressing words to his wife, and in accordance with the old joke which says that on this day the head of the house is a king, he would say to her, "Rejoice, my queen!" But she answered, smiling sadly, "But we have not got the prince." She meant to say the son of the house, he who, as it is written in the "Hagada," must ask his father, using sacramental words, what is the meaning of the festival. The Rabbi said nothing, but only pointed with his finger to the very page of the open book where an illustration showed with much grace the three angels coming to Abraham to tell him that his wife Sarah would bear him a son, while she, with feminine curiosity, was standing behind the door of the tent to see what was going on. This quiet look brought a deep red to the cheeks of the beautiful Sarah; she cast her eyes down, and then she raised them, glancing affectionately at her husband, who went on with his chanting, describing the wonderful story how the five Rabbis—Jesua, Elieser, Asaria, Akiba, and Tarphen—sat all night at Bona Beak, resting against their chairs and talking about the exodus from Egypt, and the freeing of the children of Egypt, till their pupils came to tell them that it was broad daylight, and that the long morning prayer was being read in the synagogue. While the beautiful Sarah listened with devotion, and kept her eyes constantly fixed on her husband, she noticed how suddenly his face seemed full of terror, his cheeks and lips became ashy pale and his eyes lost all expression, but almost at the same moment a look of peace and joy came over his countenance, his lips and cheeks regained their colour, his eyes again sparkled, and even a kind of strange mad joy seemed to possess him. The beautiful Sarah was horror-struck as she had never been terrified before in all her life, and a kind of secret fear froze the blood in her veins, less on account of the signs of mute terror which she had seen for a second on the face of her husband than because of the joy which he now showed, and which seemed occasionally to be very extravagant. The Rabbi shifted his cap from one side of his head to the other, pulled his beard and curled it in an extraordinary fashion, chanted the "Hagada" like a sheet ballad, and when he came to the plagues of Egypt, where after putting one finger in the full cup, the celebrant throws to the

ground one of the drops, the Rabbi then cast drops of red wine over the maidens present, and there were, at first, great complaints over spoiled lace collars and soon joyful peals of laughter. More and more frightened was the beautiful Sarah by this hysterical and inexhaustible laughter of her husband, and her heart felt oppressed by unspeakable anxiety while she looked at the company, at the men and women sitting languidly on their seats, some nibbling the thin cakes of the Passover or drinking their wine, others talking together or singing loudly, but all looking extremely happy.

Then it was time to go to supper. All rose to wash their hands, and beautiful Sarah went to fetch the large silver basin ornamented with rich figures in gold work, which she presented to each of the guests while water was being poured on their hands. When she came to the Rabbi in order that he might perform this rite, he looked at her in an expressive manner and went out by the door. She followed him, when quickly he seized her hand, hastened away through the dark streets of Bacharach, went rapidly through the gate on to the road which runs along the Rhine and leads to Bingen.

It was one of those spring nights which are mild and full of starlight, but which fill the soul with strange fears. The flowers gave forth a corpse-like smell, the birds twittered in a jeering and anxious tone, the moon cast secret yellow rays on the dark, murmuring stream, the lofty masses of rock of the river seemed like giants shaking their heads in a threatening manner, the watcher in the tower of the castle of Strahleck sounded his horn in a melancholy manner, while the little bell of the church of St. Werner rang as if sounding a funeral knell. Sarah still held in her right hand the silver basin, the Rabbi still held her left hand, and she felt that her husband's fingers were icy cold and that his arm trembled, but she followed him in silence, either because she was accustomed at all times to obey him blindly without asking any questions, or because her anxiety had taken away from her all power of speech.

Below the castle of Sonneck, opposite Lorch, not far from the little village of Niederrheinbach there is a plateau of rocks which overlooks the Rhine. Rabbi Abraham, with his wife, climbed on to this, looked round on all sides and then turned his eyes towards the stars. Trembling, and in deadly terror, the beautiful Sarah stood beside him and looked at his white face, which the moon lighted up in a ghastly fashion, and on which could be seen sorrow, fear, piety and rage.

But suddenly the Rabbi seized the silver basin from her hand and threw it violently in the Rhine; then she could no longer bear the dreadful anxiety, and she cried out, "Merciful God!" and threw herself at the feet of her husband, begging him to solve at last this dark riddle. The Rabbi, unable to speak, moved his

lips several times fruitlessly, and at last called out, "Seest thou the angel of Death? There he is, hovering over Bacharach! But we have escaped from his sword. Praised be the Lord!" And in a voice still trembling with terror, he told her that while he was joyfully chanting the "Hagada," he had looked by chance under the table and there had seen at his feet the bloody corpse of a child. "Then I noticed," he continued, "that the two guests who had come late did not belong to the children of Israel, but that they were some of the impious ones who had resolved to bring that corpse secretly into our house so as to accuse us of child murder, and to excite the people to plunder and murder us. I dare not show that I had detected this wicked scheme; I should only have hastened our death, and craft alone saved us. The Lord be praised! Be not cast down, dear Sarah, for our friends and relations will be saved. They were only yearning for my life; I have escaped from them, and they will be satisfied with my gold and silver. Come with me, beautiful Sarah, to other countries; we will leave misfortune behind us, and in order that ill-luck might not pursue us, I have made an offering of my last possession, the silver basin. The God of our fathers will not desert us. Come down; thou art tired. Below we shall find silent William in his boat; he will take us down the Rhine."

Motionless, and as if with broken limbs, the beautiful Sarah sank back into the arms of the Rabbi, and slowly he carried her down to the river bank. Here stood the silent William—who had been dumb from his birth, and who was a very beautiful young man. He was a fisherman who supported his old foster-mother—a neighbour of the Rabbi—and his boat was moored. It seemed, however, as if he had expected the arrival of the Rabbi, his closed lips expressed the most tender anguish, and he cast a long sad glance from his blue eyes on the beautiful Sarah and carefully carried her into his boat.

The look of the silent youth seemed to recall Sarah from her fainting fit; she felt at once that everything which her husband had said was not a hateful dream, and streams of bitter tears coursed down her cheeks which were as white as her dress. She sat, now, in the stern of the boat like a weeping marble statue, near her sat her husband, and he and silent William vigorously plied the oars.

Whether it was the monotonous noise of the oars, the motion of the boat, or the balmy breeze from the hills on the banks of the Rhine, it is evident that even the most afflicted person feels a strange alleviation of his grief when, in a fine spring night he is carried along rapidly in a little boat on the dear clear Rhine. Truely, the old kind-hearted Father Rhine cannot bear that his children should weep, he soothes their grief and dries their tears by rocking them in his faithful arms, and tells them his most beautiful legends and promises them his most precious treasures, perhaps, even the old lost gold of the Niebelungs. So the tears

of Sarah fell more and more softly, her more violent grief was carried away by the murmuring waves, the night lost its dark terror, and the homely hills greeted her with their tenderest farewell. But above all her dearest hill, the Kedrich, spoke most tenderly to her; it was illuminated by the moon's rays, and it seemed as if a maiden stood thereon with outstretched arms, full of grief, as if a swarm of nimble elves were climbing over the rocks, and as if a rider was coming at full gallop up the mountain. It seemed to Sarah, in her reverie, that she was again a little girl and sat once more on the knees of her old aunt at Lorch, who told her beautiful stories of the bold knight who freed the poor maiden that had been captured by the dwarfs, and other wonderful true stories, especially of the marvellous Wisperthal, where the birds understand human speech, of the land of gingerbread where obedient children go, of enchanted princesses, singing trees, glass castles, golden bridges, and laughing elves. But in the midst of all these fine stories, which seemed to be alive and dance in the sunshine, Sarah heard the voice of her father angrily scolding her poor aunt because she was putting so much nonsense in the child's head! Then it seemed to her that she was being seated on a little stool in front of her father's arm-chair, who stroked her long hair with his white hand and smiled with satisfaction as he rocked himself to and fro in his ample Sabbath dressing-gown of blue silk. . . . Yes, it must have been the Sabbath, for the damask table-cloth embroidered with flowers was spread on the table, all the furniture in the room shone so that you could see yourself in it, the white-bearded servant of the synagogue sat by her father's side eating raisins and speaking Hebrew. Then little Abraham would come in with a mighty big book, and would modestly ask his uncle permission to explain a chapter of the Scriptures, so that his uncle might see that in the past week he had learned much and deserved great praise and many cakes. . . . . Then the little boy would lay the book on the broad arms of the arm-chair, and would explain the story of Jacob and Rachel—how Jacob lifted up his voice and wept when he first saw his little cousin Rachel; how he had spoken to her in a friendly way at the well; how he had to serve faithfully seven years for Rachel, and how quickly they passed away and how he married Rachel and loved her more and more. . . . . Suddenly Sarah remembered that her father once joyfully exclaimed, "Willst thou not also marry thy little cousin Sarah?" and thereupon young Abraham earnestly answered, "That will I, and wait seven years for her." These pictures passed thus through the soul of the besutiful woman; she saw how she and her little cousin, who was now so tall and had become her husband, had played together under the tabernacle,* and took pleasure in looking at the carpets, flowers, mirrors, and golden apples; how little Abraham spoke

* The ornamented hut made of green branches and foliage in which the Jews take their meals during the feast of Tabernacles.—J. B.

more and more tenderly to her, till he became taller and more scolding, and how at last he was quite tall and scolded still more, and at last, on a Sabbath evening, she sat alone at home in her room, while the moon was shining brightly through the window, when suddenly the door flew open, and her cousin Abraham hastily came in. He was dressed in a travelling costume, and was as white as death; he seized her hand, placed a golden ring upon her finger, and said, joyfully, "I take thee now as my wife, according to the law of Moses and of Israel. But now," he said tremblingly, "now must I set out for Spain. Farewell, seven years must thou wait for me!" And he went forth, and Sarah weeping told all to her father. . . . . He was angry and exclaimed, "Cut off thy hair, for thou art a married women!" and he said he would go after Abraham so as to obtain from him letters of divorce, but the young man was already beyond the mountains. The father came silently home again, and while Sarah was helping him to take off his riding boots, she said, to console him, that Abraham would return in seven years. The father cursed her, saying, "For seven years you shall go and beg!" and he soon died.

Thus the old stories go through the mind of Sarah like so many Chinese shadows, the images mix themselves strangely, and amidst them she sees half known half unknown bearded faces, and large flowers with strange broad leaves. It seemed, also, that the Rhine murmured the melodies of the "Hagada," and that all the pictures to which these melodies refer, came out of the stream, they were life-like and were strange unearthly figures; the patriarch Abraham was constantly breaking the idols which seemed at once to come together again. Mizri was vainly struggling against the infuriated Moses, Mount Sinai thundered and lightened, King Pharaoh was swimming in the Red Sea, holding with his teeth his golden, ornamental crown, behind him swam frogs with human faces, and the waves bubbled and rolled, and the black hand of a giant rose therefrom with a threatening gesture.

That was the "Mouse Tower" of Bishop Hatto, and the skift was going through the whirpool of Bingen. Half awakened from her dream by the shock, Sarah cast her looks towards the hills on the shore, at the top of which shone the lights of the castle, whilst at the foot were seen the fogs of the night whitened by the rays of the moon. Suddenly she seemed to see her friends, her parents (a terrible vision) float down the Rhine with corpse-like faces and long white shrouds. . . . A black veil seemed to fall over her eyes, a frozen torrent filled her soul, and she heard, as in a dream, the evening prayer which the Rabbi recited in a slow voice in a tone full of grief as at the bedside of one dying, and she muttered these words: "Ten thousand on his right, ten thousand on his left, to protect the king from the perils of the night."

But suddenly, terror and darkness fled, the black curtain of heaven was raised; on the heights appeared the holy city, Jerusa-

lem, with its towers and its gates; the temple was there, the golden, dazzling, beautiful temple, and on the threshold Sarah saw her old father, clothed in his yellow Sabbath robe, with an air of triumph and pleasure in his eyes. By the windows she sees her friends and relations who greet her from afar. Pious King David kneels in the sanctuary, clothed in his purple mantle and with his shining crown, his song is attuned melodiously to his harp, and Sarah fell asleep with a beautiful smile.

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When she awoke she was nearly blinded by the rays of the sun. The towers of a large town rose in the air, and silent William was guiding the skiff through a maze of ships, bright with colour. The lazy crews saw him pass; and many men were unloading cargo into small boats, which carried it to the shore. There was much noise on all sides, and the custom-house officers were busy going from ship to ship.

"Yes, beautiful Sarah," said the Rabbi laughingly to his wife, "that is the rich and free city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and we are on that stream. Those laughing houses, surrounded by green hills, belong to Sachsenhausen, where lame Gumpertz went to fetch myrrh for the feast of tabernacles. Here you see the bridge over the Main, with its 13 arches, on which thousands of foot passengers, horses and carts pass. In the midst is the little house where lives the baptised Jew (it was our little Aunt Taubchen who told us this) who pays six farthings on account of the Jewish community to whoever brings him a dead rat, because the Jewish community has to hand over every year 5,000 rats' tails to the Municipal Council."

This war that the Frankfort Jews had to wage against rats made Sarah burst out laughing. The bright sunlight, and the new and varied world which rose before her had banished from her soul all the dark and horrible impressions of the previous night. When her husband and William carried her ashore, she felt quite happy. As to William, he looked at her with a strange expression, half joyous, half anxious, and after casting a significant look at the Rabbi, he jumped into his skiff and soon disappeared.*

H. Heine.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

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* The story was never finished, and the fate of the Rabbi and his beautiful wife is unknown.—J. B.

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Continuity and Cowardice.**—Continuity and cowardice have been the chief characteristics of the policy of the Government so far. The continuity we expected. Only those who took the scathing denunciation by the Liberal leaders of the doings of their predecessors as anything but electioneering thunder will be disappointed. But we frankly confess we scarcely anticipated such a display of cowardice and such a readiness to surrender. "These, gentlemen, are our inviolable principles, but if you don't like them we will change them," is what the Government, Artemus Ward-like, appear to be saying all the time. If there was one thing about which the Liberal Party appeared to be agreed it was that Chinese labour in South Africa was slavery, although they were careful—

in consideration of the policy of continuity—not to pledge themselves to its abolition. Now, however, it is discovered that it is not slavery at all, and that those who so described it were guilty of lying and owe an apology to the authors and advocates of the Chinese Labour Ordinance. It might have been supposed, however, that after all their furious condemnation of the Colonial policy of the late Government they would have stood to their guns, having once dared to interfere with the brutal and provocative tactics of the Natal Government. But, no sooner did that Government threaten to resign if the pastime of shooting Kaffirs was interfered with, than the Home Government hastily surrendered.

**The Trades Disputes Bill.**—Not less humiliating to them, if more gratifying to us, was their surrender to the Labour Party over the Trades Disputes Bill. It might have been supposed that, when the Government Bill was introduced, those responsible for it had considered the alternative proposals of the Labour Party's Bill, and had good and solid grounds for not incorporating them in the Government Bill. The Trades Union Bill is not something which was sprung suddenly upon the Government, something which they had no opportunity to consider. A similar measure was read a second time in the House of Commons last year, when every Liberal in the House voted for it. Therefore, when the Government failed to incorporate the provisions of the Trades Union Bill in their own, it would seem that they would be prepared to show that they had good reasons for their course of action and would have stood by it. Nevertheless, two days after they have introduced their own Bill, they practically abandon it in favour of the very proposals which they had rejected. This was a glorious victory for the Labour Party, of course, whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Bill—

and we are no by means sanguine about that ; but it is scarcely serious politics, and suggests that the Government is not really in earnest about doing anything. That is certainly the view we have taken from the beginning, and it is justified by this surrender, and by the further fact that we have now reached the Easter Recess, and nobody yet knows what are the Government Amendments to the Unemployed Workmen Act.

**Colonial Preference.**—However gratifying may be the surrender of the Government to the Labour Party over the Trades Disputes Bill, the capitulation to the truculent Natal Government in the matter of the summary execution of Kaffirs was not only humiliating but is likely to have disastrous consequences. The subsequent activity of hostile natives under Bambata may have no connection whatever with the unjustifiable slaughter of the alleged murderers, and may easily be quelled by the Colonial forces. On the other hand, it is not likely that such an event can have failed to produce a profound impression among the natives, an impression which may have quite other results than that ready submission which is assumed to be the object aimed at by these savage sentences against the Kaffirs. We know how the sanguinary and mischievous native wars of the past have been provoked by similar acts of injustice and wanton aggression. We have no sympathy whatever with the imperial idea, nor with that of colonial preference. But so long as there is any pretence of an Empire it is the duty of the Imperial Government to hold the balance even between the colonials and the native races, and to see that the latter are not treated unjustly, and that colonial preference is not carried to the extent of permitting a Colonial Government, in the name of self-government, to perpetrate outrages upon the coloured subjects of

the Crown; outrages which are not only against our sense of humanity, and the common law of the Empire, but which would evoke a strong protest if perpetrated by any foreign Government.

**Under the British Flag.**—We are for Home Rule all round, as well in the colonies as at home, but the high and mighty tone adopted by the Natal Government in asserting their right to the cold-blooded massacre of Kaffirs at will is preposterous. If the unity of the Empire is anything but the emptiest phrase, it is surely in such cases as this that the Imperial authority should assert itself. A colony cannot be allowed power without responsibility; nor can it be allowed to thrust a responsibility upon the Imperial Government without conceding to the latter power of intervention. If at the first sign of danger the Imperial Government is to be appealed to, and Imperial troops are to be supplied, as in the present instance, to prevent or suppress a native rising, the Imperial Government, and the people here in England who are called upon to pay, must have something to say about the provocative policy adopted by the colonial authorities before a revolt, and the bloody reprisals in which they are too ready to indulge after their provocation has been successful. It is all very well for the colonials to complain about dictation from England; but for many years now we have allowed upstart colonials to dictate the policy of the Empire and to drag us through a perfect slough of blood and rapine in pursuit of their own mean and mercenary ends. There are certain laws of common humanity which rise superior to any colonial authority, and for that reason we strongly protest against the theory that the Chinese Labour Ordinance which has been so generally condemned in this country is a matter to be left to the

discretion of the Transvaal Government. But, just as strongly as we protest against the institution of a new system of slavery under the British flag, so we also protest against the right of any colony to perpetrate wholesale murder and massacre under its protection. If the colonies are to be free to abuse, torture, and massacre the natives at their own sweet will, they must be plainly told that they will have to dispense with Imperial aid or protection.

**A Policy of Plunder.**—Natal has been a great sinner in the past in embroiling us with the natives. It is said in connection with the present difficulty that the Natalians like to have Imperial troops quartered among them. That is easily understood, and was said to be the case in connection with the Zulu War of some thirty years ago, which was largely due to the provocative policy of the Natal Government. It suits the ruling class of that colony to have a little war with the natives on hand. It enables them, not only to exploit the natives, but also to enrich themselves at the expense of the British taxpayer. The persecution of the natives, and consequent native revolt, means petty annexations of native territory, and the subjection of a certain number of the people to capitalist servitude. There is no doubt that the poll-tax, which was the immediate cause of the present trouble, was imposed with the object of forcing the Kaffirs to work for the capitalists. But this persecution and revolt gives occasion for a demand for Imperial troops to be sent to quell the rising, and with the Imperial troops comes British gold and increased demand for all kinds of provisions and stores. Thus this policy of provocation and persecution serves the ruling class in Natal in two ways; it helps them to get cheap labour, on the one hand, and gives them

improved markets and enhanced prices on the other. It is not strange that they are glad to have Imperial troops quartered in their midst, but it is time they were told that they can no longer count upon this support in their policy of plunder and aggression.

**A Makeshift Measure.**—No member of the Labour Party is satisfied with the new Workmen's Compensation Bill, and it appears to us that this dissatisfaction is well founded. An amendment of the law as it at present stands was bound to be essayed, whichever party was in power. The principle of compensation, newly incorporated in legislation in 1897, has been generally recognised as a sound and beneficial one, and the defects and shortcomings of the existing Acts have been abundantly demonstrated. It was quite clear that the provisions by which certain bodies of workpeople were excluded from the operations of the Act were unjust and unreasonable, and in any amendment of the Acts would have to be considerably modified, if not swept away altogether. Mr. Gladstone has preferred the more timid course in this regard, as in others in his Bill, and has failed to get rid of all absurd differentiation by making the measure include all workers. The stated reason for excluding workshops where less than five men are employed, unless power is used, is so obviously untenable that it is reasonable to hope that this exemption will be removed when the Bill is further considered. That small employers may not ensure, and that therefore if compensation were provided by the Bill for their employees it would prove illusory, is not an argument for exempting them from the operations of the measure, but for a State guarantee of compensation. Nothing short of such a State guarantee, with the compulsory insurance of employers, as well as their criminal liability for criminal negligence, will be satisfactory.

**Birds of a Feather.**—It was quite in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that the House of Lords should have formally expressed its approbation of Milner and his mischievous and disastrous career in South Africa. They and their class live and thrive by the plunder and exploitation of the people here at home, and naturally their sympathies are entirely with one who, in the interest of landlord and capitalist plunder and exploitation, has carried out a policy of widespread devastation, has utterly shattered and destroyed two thriving, if primitive, communities, at a cost to this country of many thousands of lives and two hundred and fifty millions of treasure, and to South Africa of such ruin, waste, and racial antagonism as will take many generations to repair. But he did in South Africa that which he was sent to do—to further the interests of the cosmopolitan gang of thieves who had laid their predatory hands on the rich mines of the Rand. They wished to be made complete masters, without any of the restrictions imposed upon them by the "corrupt Boer oligarchy," and it was Milner's mission to provoke a quarrel in order to ensure the destruction of that oligarchy. He has succeeded too well in this mission, and he and the members of the House of Lords are all birds of a feather—birds of prey. No crime against humanity would be too infamous to meet with their approbation, and therefore the vote of congratulation they have accorded to Lord Milner is a much more emphatic condemnation of him and his policy than would have been the adoption by the House of Commons of the half-hearted vote of censure proposed by Mr. Byles.

**The Happy and Prosperous Present.**—We hear so much about the "Hungry Forties" that there is a very widespread assumption that hunger and

want disappeared with the close of the first half of the last century, and that we are now living in an era of prosperity and universal happiness. What is most curious about this idea is that it appears to be readily accepted by those whose experience completely disproves its truth. In the recent contest at Basingstoke, for instance, an aged labourer supporting the Free Trade candidate, is reported to have warned his hearers against any return to the Protection of the "Hungry Forties" when labourers had to eat swedes instead of beef. Just as if agricultural labourers lived on beef in the gorgeous glorious plenty of the present! In this controversy it has been repeatedly asserted in the truthful columns of the puritanical "Daily News," that the average wages in England are 42s. a week, as compared with 24s. in Germany. And this statement has been greedily swallowed by men who never had the half of 42s. a week in their lives. How prosperous our labourers are, and how nearly their wages approximate to 42s., is shown in the action taken at Sleaford against a farmer for the illegal dismissal of four labourers. The farmer has been committed for trial, and we are not called upon to comment upon the merits of the case in any way. No doubt there are many cases in which men are victimised for political reasons. That may or may not be the case in the present instance; but what we are concerned with is the statement of the men that in the employment in which they were engaged, and from which it was so great a hardship to be dismissed, they were to be paid 2s. 3d. a day in winter and 2s. 6d. a day in summer—13s. 6d. a week in winter and 15s. in summer; and then we talk about the "Hungry Forties," and thank heaven that wages in this country average 42s. a week!

## THE "SYNTHETIC" CRITICISM OF MARX.

I little thought, when charging Bax with ignorance and misconception of the doctrine which he attempts to criticise, that I was committing a lèse majesté. Such, however, turns out to be the case. Hyndman calls it "a piece of literary presumption" on my part to have attacked one who is of "quite exceptional learning," and is "one of the most acute intellects of his time," whilst Bax himself, with becoming generosity, tries "not to be too hard upon me," and sends me back to school there "to take my time" and prepare my examination paper on Gnosticism. I feel quite humbled; only I wonder, is it a discussion or something else? I will leave Bax, at this stage, alone; but to Hyndman I will point out that surely he cannot expect everyone to take the same estimate of Bax's qualifications as he does—at least, so far as the subject of the present controversy is concerned; that even if Bax had been all what Hyndman believes him to be, there is no reason why he should not be attacked just as, for instance, Spencer—an acute mind, too, with some learning—was once attacked by Hyndman, or Engels is still being attacked both by him and by Bax; and that it is altogether bad taste and bad education "to put anyone"—I am using Hyndman's own words—"on a pedestal of infallibility" and stigmatise a frank

attempt to criticise him as a "piece of literary presumption." Surely we can stand a bit of plain speaking, can we not?

But I shall better leave this unsavoury subject. Bax may be a god, and I may be an insignificant beetle; and yet I make bold to assert, in as plain English as a foreigner can command, that he does not know the subject he is discussing.

First comes in his disclaimer of the authorship of what he "elsewhere" calls the Synthetic Philosophy. As, however, he, with a curious inconsistency, challenges me to "give him the name of a *single* bourgeois writer who has stated the matter as he has" —he being "probably as extensively acquainted with the Marxist literature as I am," and yet not knowing any such writer—I will satisfy his curiosity and quote a certain German philosopher whose name, at least, is not unknown to Bax, though his writings evidently are. This is Paul Barth, who, in 1890, had written an article on the "Philosophy of Hegel and the Hegelians till Marx and Hartman," to which already Engels had replied, and who, in 1897, elaborated it in a book called the "Philosophy of History." In the latter he says: "It goes without saying that the economic, like all other institutions, *assist* men . . . . in forming their ideas; it also, however, goes without saying that they do not *alone* form the contents of these ideas, as Marx and Engels taught."*

"The endeavour to bring the ideologies into close relationship with the economic structure shows its dangers as soon as an attempt is made to represent in this manner, say, the history of mathematics as the product of economics. Of course, the other ideologies are not so entirely independent and not so wholly following the consecutiveness of esoteric tradition as mathematics, but they, too, possess within them a strong logic of their own, in virtue of which they grow

* P. Barth, "Die Philosophie der Geschichte," p. 325.

and develop far beyond the suggestions of the immediate surroundings."*

"With all their skill the Marxists are unable to explain one thing, viz., why do the adepts of the various sects remain true to their faith when the latter no longer serves their economic interests (by which, it is said, they are guided), but, on the contrary, becomes actually mischievous? Why did the Hussites emigrate, that is, go for a life of misery, instead of changing their faith? Why did, in the Netherlands, so many allow themselves to be massacred instead of, as Henry IV., gaining by a mass not Paris, but life itself? With a little thought the Marxists would, in the face of such questions, soon find out that there are other forces besides economic interests."†

Bax has been rather overhasty in issuing his challenge. Here is a bourgeois writer who states word for word what Bax has been saying on the inadequacy of economic interpretation, on the spontaneity and inner logic of mathematics and other sciences, and on the historical rôle of religious beliefs. Is he so well acquainted with the Marxist literature? Perhaps, however, he would like some more evidence of his "extensive" acquaintance with that literature. I have quoted a German; let me now quote an Englishman and an American, so as to be truly international.

Mr. Kirkup, in his "History of Socialism," says:—‡

"It is a grave exaggeration to maintain that all social institutions, *including philosophy and religion*, are to be explained by reference to the economic factors. History is a record of the activity of the human mind in very many directions. Men have had various interests, which have had a *substantive*, and so far, an *independent* value, though they must also be regarded as an organic whole. It is absolutely impossible to account for all by reference to any one" (the italics are mine).

* Barth, l.c., p. 327. † Barth, l.c., p. 158. ‡ p. 158.

And Mr. Seligman, in his "Economic Interpretation of History," says:—*

"Few writers would trace the different manifestations of language or even of art primarily to economic conditions; still fewer would maintain that the various forms of pure science have more than a remote connection with social conditions in general. . . . . The facts of mentality must be reckoned with."

I know what Bax will say on being confronted with these extracts from bourgeois writers: "So much the better for them." This is a very easy way to get out of an awkward situation; but in the present case it will hardly do. Anyone can see that what Bax regards as *conclusions*, reached by him in the course of his reflections on the subject of Marx's theory, is in reality but the *fag-end* of his pre-Socialist way of thinking. Every rising class thinks materialistically; it is the scientific form of thought and consequently revolutionary. On the other hand, a possessing class, which has to defend its position, invariably falls back upon "idealism" as a cloak for its naked brutality. The struggle between the two classes assumes, therefore, a curiously perverted form: the aggressors, who are inspired by the highest ethical ideals, give a materialistic basis for their action, while the possessors, who are moved by the sheer materialist interests of their class, entrench themselves behind "ethical ideals" and idealist thought. So it was in the case of the struggle between the rising bourgeoisie and the decaying aristocracy; so it is now in the case of the struggle between the rising proletariat and the decaying bourgeoisie. No doubt, "the measure of truth," to use Bax's expression, contained in the doctrine of Marx, is too apparent even to the unwilling bourgeois mind, and the bourgeois thinker is quite prepared to recognise it; but to go further would be suicidal, and so a saving clause is introduced which gives the

* p. 147.

parties the power to "contract out." True, they say, there *is* an economic factor in history, and Marx has earned our undying gratitude for pointing it out (though, of course, he was not the first!); but to deny that there are other, to wit, ideal factors beside, is one-sidedness, crudity, dogmatics. "Our objections to the materialist conception of history," says, together with Bax, Professor L. Stein, the author of a ponderous book on the "Social Question,"* "refers only to its overgrowths and pretensions, but by no means to its essential element of truth. If the theory is taken in its sober and sensible aspects, one must, indeed, be filled with prejudice not to recognise the permanent service rendered by Marx. The philosophical error of Marx lies not so much in the theory itself, as in the exclusiveness attributed to it. The Marxists commit the mistake of onesidedness when they in their dogmatic zeal regard the economic (!) conditions of production as the sole and ultimate motive-source of all social phenomena." Likewise Professor Seligman†: "The theory (the materialist conception of history) is no longer tenable as to the universal explanation of all human life (!). No monistic interpretation of humanity (!) is possible. But in the narrower sense of economic interpretation of history—in the sense, namely, that the economic factor has been of the utmost importance in history, and that the historical factor must be reckoned with in economics (?!)—the theory has been, and still is, of considerable significance." Lastly Bax's dear ally, Professor Masaryk, the great Socialist-killer, in his volume on the "Philosophical and Sociological Bases of Marxism"‡: "The entire discussion really turns upon the question of the *degree* of economic materialism, of the value which is to be attached to the economic conditions as factors in the civilised life of to-day. In this respect, I think,

* "Die Soziale Frage," etc., p. 401. † l.c., p. 159.

‡ "Die philosophischen und Soziologischen Grundlagen des Marxismus," p. 129.

there can be no two questions as to the services rendered by Marxism to the scientific interpretation of history by the emphasis or even over-emphasis which it puts on the economic forces and conditions."

How delightfully Baxian all this is, and how extensive must be Bax's knowledge of the Marxist and anti-Marxist literature for him not to know that he is merely repeating the humdrum bourgeois criticisms! However, in one point he is decidedly original. The bourgeois critics, while insisting on the psychological, ethical, intellectual, and other "ideal" factors in history, naturally place their scene of action more particularly at the present time. "For the primitive state of the races," says, for instance, our good philosopher, L. Stein,* "the proposition formulated by Marx and Engels may be quite true. It is, however, questionable whether in our times, since the modern State arose, the economic factor can still be regarded as the strongest, most decisive driving force of our civilisation, whether with the growing intelligence of mankind the spiritual motives may not come more and more to the front, till they not only equal the economic motives in importance, but in some cases even surpass them." And more apodictically, Herr Barth†: "One may safely assert that the further history proceeds, the less important become the given economic conditions for the tendencies of a nation and its time." As we say, this relegation of the economic factor to the past periods of history, and the corresponding transposition of the "ideal" factors to the present stage is only too natural. It is done with a view to combat the class-war "shibboleths" of the Social-Democracy, and to prove to the revolutionary proletariat that, inasmuch as the bourgeoisie—at least in her "progressive" sections—is guided, not by its class-position, but by moral ideals, etc., its true policy ought to consist in a working alliance with the "Liberal democracy."

* l.c., p. 177. † l.c., p. 353.

Bernstein himself, as soon as he found out that Social-Democracy ought to become a "democratic party of reforms," made the discovery that "modern society is much richer than all former societies in ideology, independent of economics."* But here comes Bax and puts the whole thing topsy-turvy. As a Socialist, he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the economic factor is of some importance at the present day; on the other hand, he has still the fag-end of the bourgeois mode of thinking, sticking in his head, and believes in the "idealist" factor. How shall he dispose of it? Why, nothing could be easier! Shift it to former ages and have done with it! Never mind the ridiculousness of the procedure. Never mind the absurdity of shifting the centre of gravity of the ideal factor to a time when man was a plaything in the hands of Nature, and robbing it of its importance at a period when there are so many intellectual and ethical movements, and the control over Nature seems so complete! It is, anyhow, *original*, as no bourgeois thinker ever tumbled upon it. Only why, if such be the case, feel offended if a friendly critic calls it a "happy complement" of the Bernstein process? Bernstein puts the economic factor back to primitive times, and sees at the present stage the preponderance of ideologies. With Bax it is the precise reverse. Do they not form, then, together a "complete, full and orbicular" synthetic philosophy? If that is not a happy complement, I don't know what is.

Here, however, a couple of points may be noted which, though minor, are nevertheless very characteristic. I charged Bax with eclecticism. The reader may now see whether I was right or wrong; but Bax himself takes strong exception to it. Eclecticism, he says, means "a piecing-together, a patchwork, not an organic unity"; but he has always insisted that "history is an organic unity, only in tracing the

* "Voraussetzungen," etc., p. 10.

causation of events we have . . . . to take account of a double causal series." This, for an author of a history of philosophy, is delightful. Bax, evidently, is not aware that the term "eclecticism" refers to the *mode of thinking*, while what he asserts to be an organic unity, is the *subject matter* of thought. Nobody ever charged *history* with being eclectic, it is only *historians* —like our good friend Bax—who are sometimes charged with eclecticism. Likewise his remarks on monism. He, of course, is a monist; everyone who recognises independent matter and an independent mind, is presumably a monist, like Bax. Only there are "two sorts of monism: an arid, fallacious, *abstract* monism, and fruitful and productive *concrete* monism," and Bax is all for the latter sort. It is like our excellent friends of a certain type who are, *of course*, Socialists, but not of the arid, fallacious, abstract sort of Socialism. They are of the fruitful and productive concrete type of Socialists, whom we, somehow, call by another name, just as we call "monists" of the type of Bax differently.

The same innocent confusion of thought is exhibited by my worthy opponent in yet another place. In my first article I said: "Historical materialism is a method of inquiry, not a ready solution for historical riddles." To these perfectly simple and intelligible words Bax appends a passage in which he contrives to pervert their meaning in quite an artistic fashion. I will explain to him what I meant. I meant to say that historical materialism is not an "Open, sesame," which reveals the secrets of phenomena by the merest touch; it only shows the correct way to go about when carrying out a piece of historical research. This, so far from being a short cut to the heart of an historical problem, "saving a lot of mental exertion," as Bax thinks, is a very laborious and a very thorny road, requiring a lot of study, circumspection and skill. That is why, for instance, Marx would not attempt, when speaking in a *footnote* of the influence of the economic

factor on religion, to furnish those "proofs" for which Bax is now so pathetically asking. That is also why Engels, when requested by Bax to tackle the problem of gnosticism, would not, like a certain famous Rabbi, satisfy his curiosity in a few words while turning on his heel, but sent him about his business with a phrase, which Bax, no doubt, has perverted, but of which the meaning is perfectly intelligible. And that is why—adding my own insignificant case—I, having something more important to do than to write an essay for examination by Bax, must respectfully decline to "take my time" and tackle the "Gnostic business or Manichaeism."

That Bax does not understand what a "method of historical inquiry" is, is not surprising, seeing that he himself has none, and puts in, as I pointed out in my first article, "psychological spontaneity," that is, two words which explain just nothing, whenever he is unable to discover the "social origin of things." True, he now points out that by this term he really means the independence of the psychological series from any external one, but this new version scarcely improves matters. He, himself, admits, in reply to my contention, that "the impulse to observe, or to reflect, in special departments might have been given, or even the results might have been suggested by current conditions of life," only to him this point appears as "unimportant" and "trivial." What a curious blindness! If the impulse to observation and to reflection, as well as even the results, are prompted by the conditions of life, what becomes of the famous independence of the psychological series? Is it not clear that it stands in close causal relationship with the economic series? Bax, so far from noticing the damaging nature of the admission he has made, thereupon shifts his ground and asserts—taking the case of geometry—that "it is the correctness of the formulation of the space-relations that is the crucial point for the science as such." As if anybody has ever denied that mind

must be able to arrive at the truth in geometrical as in other sciences in order that science may be possible at all! As well might he say, when discussing the history of dietetics, that it is the correct working of the stomach which constitutes the crucial point for that science! No, my worthy opponent, it is not the laws of correct reasoning which we are discussing, any more than we would discuss the laws of proper digestion, when considering the history of dietetics. What we are considering are the problems which the human mind sets before itself, and the *conditions* under which it may arrive at the truth, and if these are suggested, as you yourself admit, by the conditions of life, then we have the whole of what constitutes the history of science explained on the method of historical materialism.

But Bax evidently has some very peculiar views as to what is history, in spite of his having written a number of historical works. He calls, for instance, quite seriously, the fact that the doctrine of natural selection was suggested to Darwin and Wallace by the economic conditions of the time, *trivial*, since "observation and experiment on the phenomena of natural history themselves would have been quite sufficient in a mind such as Darwin's to have led to the same results!" This piece of philosophy of history is delicious. Bax evidently is not aware of the fact that there were great minds before Darwin, and yet the law of natural selection has not been discovered by them. "Ex monti partituritur mus," he flings at me with a deadly irony. His philosophy is as bad as his Latin.

Here, however, the case of metaphysics is again trotted out, and some fun is made of Lafargue, who has said something somewhere (my opponent never gives exact quotations from exact sources, but relates of something said by somebody, *he thinks*). I shall not go over the same ground again, as I carefully abstain from doing throughout the present article. I will only quote the opinions of some authors, who may be taken

to know something of philosophy, but who at the same time cannot be charged with belonging to the "dogmatic" school of neo-Marxians. The first is the late Professor Anton Menger, who concludes his preface to the "New Theory of Ethics," published in 1905, with the following words: "There will come a day when the whole philosophical system of Socialism will be unfolded before our eyes, and then it will be seen that our modern philosophy, based apparently on objective experience, and even on à priori knowledge, is really developing under the strongest influence of the deep antagonisms of our time." But Menger was a Socialist; so I will now quote—the good old Frederick Denison Maurice, a thinker who, I need scarcely tell an English reader, was anything but a materialist: "I don't think," he says in a letter to a correspondent in 1848,* "metaphysics have been separated by any real and consistent thinker from politics, or that he has applied one method to the one and a different method to the other. . . . . In the men who have exercised most influence upon England of a psychological or metaphysical kind—Hobbes and Locke—the connection between their so-called abstract theories and their doctrines of government and political society, is most direct and obvious. The Leviathan is the explanation and embodiment of the treatises on Liberty and Necessity. The essay on Government is the proper key to the essay on the Human Understanding. . . . . Aristotle avowedly makes everything subordinate to his polity; his ethics and metaphysics are only the porch to that temple. . . . . I should be strongly inclined, then, to recommend you to study the works on 'politics' which have been written by the most eminent metaphysicians in different periods, and to view their more abstract speculations chiefly as illustrating them."

Compare with this Bax's solemn declaration that

* F. Maurice, "The Life of F. D. Maurice," vol. I., p. 465.

" here, in the domain of pure philosophy, the development is mainly, if not entirely, a purely intellectual one following its own causal series and not influenced —appreciably at any rate—by anything outside itself " ! If I were not afraid to call down upon my unlucky head the reproach of " literary presumptuousness," I would, too, be strongly inclined to recommend Bax to study afresh the history of philosophy—perhaps he would then see what another " acute intellect," and a neo-Kantian into the bargain, saw, namely, that " there is no philosophy which develops out of itself . . . . but only philosophising men, who, together with their teachings, are children of their time " ! Thus speaks F. Lange,* the author of the classical " History of Materialism," to whom, I guess, even Bax himself owes not a little of his " quite exceptional learning."

However, I shall never finish if I were to follow Bax step by step. Truth is one and the errors are many, and the time and space at my disposal will not suffice if I were to take upon myself to correct all the fallacies with which Bax's latest " criticism " abounds. A couple of points, however, must be further noted. First, Bax taunts me with denying the historical part played by great personalities. If he had read the passage on which he bases his criticism, he would have seen that the question was not under discussion at all. I merely pointed out that consciousness and will, be they of an ordinary mortal or of a Napoleon, are in themselves but *individual* faculties, and as *such* belong to the domain of biography, not of history. A man may have a strong, a weak, a good, a bad will ; he may have a consciousness clear or dim, filled with great thoughts or chimeras—all this has, per se, but a biographical, not an historical interest. It is only when these individual wills and consciousnesses coalesce into a *social* will and consciousness that they collectively

* " Die Geschichte des Materialismus," vol. I., p. 42.

acquire an historical value; but then, as I pointed out, the economic factor will determine their form. Thus, the question of great personalities did not come in at all, and Bax has simply shifted the argument. If, however, I were to follow him in his systemless wandering, I would say that I fully recognise the historical rôle of great personalities, only I am afraid, not in the sense of "intellectual and psychological spontaneity," in which presumably Bax takes it. The hero of history is not a "spontaneous generation," but just as much a child of his time as any other mortal, born of a woman; and it is precisely owing to his superior intellectual and psychical gifts that he is able to perceive and to feel "the body and the pressure of the time," as Shakespeare called it, clearer and quicker than any other man and lead the people in working out its tendencies. This, so far from being a limitation of the validity of Marx's teaching, is just in complete accord with it, for the adaptation of the various forms of social life to the continuous transformation of the economic basis is not a synchronous process, but one which is going on "more or less" rapidly, so that some of the human agents engaged in it are always in advance of all others, and the hero of history is in advance of all. A great personality, therefore, is both the product and the maker of his time—the latter, however, in a strictly determinist sense.

This virtually disposes of the second point raised by Bax. Having been driven to drop the charge that we, Marxists, imagine history to be an automatic process without the assistance of any conscious human agency, he now proceeds to saddle us with the idea that the social consciousness is playing but a passive rôle! Whoever told him that, I don't know; but he is so sure of having driven me into a corner that he warns me, with greater courage than I care here to qualify, not to perform "again" the usual Marxist wriggle. The word "again" speaks volumes for Bax's conscientiousness as a polemist; and the warning itself

is characteristic of the spirit in which he meets his opponents. But apart from that, may I tell him that he is simply fighting with windmills? It is tolerably true that the forms of social consciousness *ex*press but what the economic conditions *im*press upon them (I say "tolerably," because the power of tradition, as already pointed out by Marx, must be added to it), but to argue from this that they are simply "passive reflectors" is sheer arbitrariness. Let Bax consider what I have said just now about the rôle of historical personages as well as what I said in my first article on page 660, and he will see that with us the forms of social consciousness are not merely passive reflectors, but—to carry the figure of speech further—also active radiators. The only difference between us two is that he regards the "rays" emitted by social consciousness as spontaneously generated from its inner arbitrary self, while I, and together with me all Marxists, regard them as generated by "the body and the pressure of the time." Thus, in the present transformation of Liberal England into an Imperialist one, the consciousness of the capitalist class, as well as of some of its "heroes," like Chamberlain, plays an active part; but, while Bax regards it as a spontaneously generated agency—one that might have arisen 500 years ago as easily as 500 years hence—we Marxists regard it, in our dogmatic limitation, as the product of the present economic conditions of England.

One reason why Bax is unable to grasp our position is hinted at by himself when he emphatically declares that "even the content which it (social consciousness) receives from without is not necessarily economic." Who says it *is?* Not *we*. It is our "critics" who invariably imagine that we fill human consciousness with thoughts of money, profits, wages, etc., and leave no room for thoughts on love, God, science, art, and other "human" subjects. This is why, by the way, they constantly put into our mouth the term "economic motive," instead of economic conditions, and then

prove to their own satisfaction that the Marxists—the *epigoni*, as Bax, in common with our bourgeois enemies, dubs us—are idiots, inasmuch as they do not perceive that the idea of a future life is not an economic interest! May I assure my distressed opponent that we allow man to think of everything he likes—of all things in heaven above and on earth below. Only, we are afraid, the very choice of the subjects, and still more so the *way*, in which he thinks about them, are determined by something else than his "spontaneous" self.

Taking all in all, however, the whole strife between us, between the Marxists and their opponents, is, in reality, the old strife over again between the materialists and the idealists. What was with Plato "reminiscence," and with Descartes the innate ideas and with Kant the à priori forms of thought is now with Bax and his bourgeois colleagues "intellectual spontaneity," the "independence of the psychological series," and so on. "Nihil est in intellectu quod prius not fuerit in sensu" (Nothing is in the mind which was not previously in the senses), say we figuratively with Locke. "Nisi intellectus ipse" (Except mind itself), add they the insidous Leibnitzian rider. It is the wretched dualism, the handmaid of theology and reaction, over again, and its combination with Socialist opinions is a curious sight.

One more word, and I shall be done. Bax says that we, "extreme" Marxists, discredit and injure the movement. Alas, we have already heard this many times before from the lips of our bourgeois well-wishers. "It is unfortunately true," laments, for instance, Professor Seligman,* "that many 'historical materialists' by the very exaggeration and vehemence of their statements, have brought discredit on a doctrine which, in a sublimated form (!), contains so large an element of truth, and which has done so much for the progress of

* l.c., p. 45.

science." Strange to say, however, we do not feel it—we get "red cheeks" and our movement grows. In this case, however, the fun is doubly funny, since Bax quotes as witness—whom would you think?—none other than Jaurès, the one who has done more to disorganise Socialism in France than any other man alive, and has ended by capitulating to the very same wicked Marxists, who are so injurious to the movement! What a splendid witness!

TH. ROTHSTEIN.

## MILITARISM = COWARDICE.

Apart from the inspiring success of the Labour Party at the polls, the most satisfactory feature of the crushing defeat sustained by the Tory Party is that it signifies the temporary, if not the permanent blotting out of the Conscription Party. In this connection, we note with particular satisfaction the magnificent and well-earned victory of Mr. John M. Robertson at Tyneside, where he obtained the overwhelming majority of 4,611—a triumph of Peace and Honour.

Perhaps it may be worth while to examine closely some of the arguments which are so strenuously put forward in justification of militarism and war. The substantial apologia for militarism and war has always been that the stress of war and the hardships of military training bring out the best characteristics of man. Such contention runs thus: If the "art" of war were abolished by the pressure of public opinion, and the world disarmed, humanity would lose, through desuetude, the fine qualities of bravery, courage, and nobility, with their handmaidens, humility, tenderness, etc. In other words, war, it is said, is an asset of immeasurable value in the creation of character. Mr. Ruskin's essay on war in "Crown of Wild Olive" may be safely accepted as the ablest exposition of this fallacy, though, in other works, Mr. Ruskin has put the terrible effects of militarism with unanswerable force and logic.

The argument, however, is traceable to a lamentable confusion of cause and effect. As a matter of fact, war, as such, has never produced noble men, nor assisted in the development of character in its more pleasing aspects. War, certainly, by reason of its hideous trappings, affords many opportunities for chivalrous, high-minded men to relieve it of some of its horror by the performance of those acts which flow naturally from gentle temperaments. Though it may seem brutally candid to say so, this is entirely to be regretted, because the militarist immediately invokes such acts in aid of his theory that war can be productive of advantage to mankind. Mr. Ruskin fell into this error, which is vital to a consideration of the evils of militarism. The true meaning of gallantry in time of war, surely, is that knightly deeds are purely accidental *qua* War ; they spring from an innate nobility of mind, and only that, apart entirely from the locus, whether it be the battlefield, or the counting-house, or the prison. Nobility of character forms part of our birthright. War never originates nobility of character, nobility of feeling, nobility of act, though it may reveal them ; but so may breaking stones. The instinct to act nobly, as occasion demands, must be inherent in the heart. If a man is not blessed with it at his birth, neither war nor anything else will repair the omission. To adapt a horticultural example, a plant may grow or may not grow, but the genesis of any growth whatsoever lies in the seed. The profession of war, indeed, unlike the majority of occupations, has placed a direct bar on the growth of righteousness and courage. War is a relic of a barbaric age, seized hold of in more civilised times by the propertied classes, and perpetuated for the advancement of their selfish ends. As the plutocracy has cleverly erected that bitter mockery of "the sacredness of property," so it has gulled the democracy, by means of a succession of high-falutin', ungrammatical expressions (which convey nothing to a logical mind, but sound well to their stupid utterers), into protecting,

by the surrender of its dearest possession, viz., life, the very property of which it has been meanly robbed. Perhaps there is nothing more devilish in the history of the exploitation of the proletariat, than the fiendish ingenuity with which it has been defrauded into parting with its life for the benefit of those who have already stolen from it everything that makes life worth living. True, it may be pleasanter to die on the battlefield than to die of starvation or overwork in some filthy slum; so that the soldier-proletariat may, after all, be wise in its choice. We do not profess to be able to pronounce a definite opinion on such a nice point of the etiquette of dying.

Also, it should be borne in mind that, war being so utterly vile, the brave exploits of heroic men in war-time receive a much enhanced value, in consequence of the wickedness generally prevalent on the battlefield. Take a simple test. A man may jump into a river to save a fellow-creature's life, though he is unable to swim. If he is lucky enough to preserve his own life and save the other person's life, and he is fortunate, he may be praised, or obtain a reward, but more often than not, he will receive neither praise nor reward. If that same individual saved a life on the field of battle, it may be with less danger to himself, he would be decorated and honoured in various ways. Yet, in reality, there should be no differentiation, as his services to the community were equal in both cases.

It would be far better for mankind if the war *silhouette* were adjudged bad character-art completely; for it is an undoubted fact that the self-sacrifice and prowess exhibited in time of war is pleaded as a justification for the continuation of war, although the plea is sophistical in the extreme. Mr. Ruskin was obsessed by the lofty ideals of Sir Herbert Edwardes, a gallant hero—by-the-bye, we are not aware of any statue having been erected to *him*—as is shown by his delightful appreciation of Sir Herbert Edwardes ("A Knight's Faith"). His profound mistake was to imagine that

Sir Herbert Edwardes' qualities could only be brought into play through the medium of the field of battle. On the contrary, Sir Herbert Edwardes' noble traits, emphatically, would have been seen to their full credit in other walks of life. Therefore, it is sheer blasphemy to assume that war is the chief training school for courage and chivalry.

Let us now come to our main thesis, namely, that militarism, instead of ridding the world of the rank weed cowardice, has actually caused it to fructify and multiply, so choking the sweet flower of chivalry. As we write, we have before us a cutting from the "Daily News" of June 28, 1905. It is headed "An Echo of the Boxer Troubles." A German Deputy (Herr Kunert) apparently, was standing his trial for libelling the German army. The libel ran as follows: "Our soldiers devastated the land and plundered and ravished women. A number of former members of the East Asiatic Brigade testified to pillage, the desecration of graves and temples, and the outraging of women by German soldiers, and mention was made of a case where a man kicked a wounded Chinaman in the face until his spur broke off his boot. Herr Kunert was sentenced to three month's imprisonment on the ground that the statements complained off were a reflection on the whole German army, while outrages such as had been mentioned *were bound to occur in warfare.*" (The italics are ours.) In whom is the nobility of character evinced here? In Herr Kunert, the one true man of them all, and he was sentenced to imprisonment! Let us pause a moment to search out the cowards—and the militarists, as they are one and the same. The officers composing the court-martial* were base cowards. Look at the facts: Herr Kunert's allegations were not disproved, but "the statements complained of were a reflection on the whole German army, while outrages such as had been

* Or Court of Honour; "Honour"—what insolence.

mentioned were bound to occur in warfare." If they had been truly righteous men, they would rather have died than have been party to such a verdict. Do not let us forget the admission that when engaging in war we are "*bound*" to desecrate temples—(Lord Kitchener would probably agree there!)—to outrage women, and kick wounded men. Is it not gallant? Faugh!

But we have not finished yet with our cowards. What are we to think of the German people, who subject themselves to these rogues and bullies? Here we have an instance of the fearful outcome of the Bismarckian militarism on an, unquestionably, great nation; the whole nation has been reduced to a state of abject terror by an iron militarism.

Among the numerous shameful incidents connected with Viscount Curzon's filibustering raid on Lhassa, we find one which suits our purpose admirably. Mr. Candler has described it in his "Unveiling of Lhassa," page 215: "A group of four (Tibetans) were running up a cliff. . . . . One was hit, and his comrade stayed behind to carry him. The two unimpeded Tibetans made their escape, but the rescuer could only shamble along with difficulty. He and his *wounded* (our italics) comrade were both shot down." A story like this gives rise to an intense desire to sweep the army institution lock, stock and barrel into the waters of the sea, so drowning our shame. One would have hoped that a man risking his life in saving a comrade might have secured immunity from the relentless bullet. We always thought that the shooting of a wounded man was contrary to that travesty of justice known as the "Law of Nations," but we are informed that an effort to induce the late Government to court-martial the officers and men responsible for this shooting episode, failed absolutely.

The cremation of Tsushima Straits offers another proof, if more were needed, of the soundness of our attack on militarism in its relation to courage—we appeal from the cowardice of brutality to the courage

of gentleness. Russia sent out her battleships, manned with thousands of men, Japan doing likewise. They met and fought. Hundreds were slain. How do the supporters of war adduce this as evidence of national courage? To us it is an everlasting disgrace that civilisation should permit and applaud such things. It would be impossible for a truly righteous and virtuous people to approve this slaughter. What would be said of the moral condition of a man whose employer ordered him to kill a fellow-employee, because he had spilt some ink, let us say, and who carried out his employer's behest without a murmur? Would not he be indicted, and rightly, too, for manslaughter, if not murder? Nevertheless, when the Mikado ordered his thousands of employees to war with the Czar's thousands, with the resultant carnage, the world looked on, clapping its hands. Where lies the distinction, except in the numerical difference? We were asked during the recent war to admire these two peoples for their self-surrender, manhood, courage, and the whole catalogue of virtues. Well, the writer cannot.

Let us examine one other example of the remarkable effects of war on moral calibre—the battle of Manila Bay. It remains a moot point whether the "superior" poltroons from the ethical standpoint were the Americans, who, out of range of the Spanish guns, poured a hail of shot and shell into mere skeleton ships, many of them being wooden hulks; or the Spaniards, who went down in their hundreds before the merciless onslaught of hell unloosed. One cannot emphasise too strongly the fact that there is no genuine courage in floating about in a leaky vessel under a heavy and effective bombardment, rather dying than striking the flag; it is merely a malignant form of patriotic insanity. The chronicler has painted a lurid word-picture of this "battle." "The scenes in the hospitals at Manila were horrible. Some of the men were fearfully burned; some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or

splinters. . . . . The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. . . . . *The battle was thus a military execution rather than a real contest.*" ("The Downfall of Spain," page 152, H. W. Wilson.) Mr. Wilson goes on to say that the American losses were eleven men slightly wounded by splinters and the recoil of the guns. "The Spaniards stood up to be slaughtered in a manner which won the admiration of their enemy." "The captain of the Boston said to the chief of Admiral Montojo's staff, 'There was never before braver fighting under such unequal conditions.'" So much for the modern idea of bravery and courage.

It is impossible to dispute that this account of the Battle of Manila Bay presents to us a notable picture of the evils caused by adhesion to the code of discipline, the corner-stone of militarism. We have forced upon our notice this proposition: that the necessities of discipline and the disciplinarians are such as to compel high-minded men to assist in acts which would be stigmatised, if committed by private individuals in revenge for personal wrongs, or by a State against its rebellious subjects (say, Turkey and Armenia), as horrible and revolting barbarities. In this particular instance, we declare boldly that the power of discipline transformed ordinary men into cruel executioners of their fellow-creatures. Can one imagine any state of mind in which thousands of *truly* courageous men would encompass the massacre of their brethren without stirring a finger to avert the slaughter? It is inconceivable. Suppose a man strolling along the high road met two men fighting, the one armed with a stick, the other with a sword; knowing these conditions to be unfair, he passed on, consoling himself with the reflection that it was the second man's good luck that he had a sword opposed to a stick—would anyone dare to recommend that passer-by for his valour and knightly conduct? Yet the Battle of Manila Bay is only an amplification of this event on the high road, except that the passer-by,—an obvious

coward—when multiplied by thousands, turns into a hero—at least, so we are assured by the militarists. So far from this being so, the converse is the case, and at the Battle of Manila Bay the courageous individual American sailor was changed, by operation of the militarist code, into a cowardly multitude of sailors, manning steel ships and long-range guns with which they battered the Spaniards' wooden hulks.

We hope to have demonstrated that the suggestion that militarism and war will conduce to righteousness and courage in man is preposterous, and devoid of any foundation. It may be remarked that, in olden times, the indictment against war was weakened by the circumstance that the warrior had to rely on himself, and did not seek the aid of the Dum-dum and the Maxim. We do not doubt that Hannibal, if he were to return to this planet, after studying an authentic description of modern battle, would be one of the foremost advocates of disarmament. It is a subtle working of a base egotism that leads a man to start out, without rhyme or reason, to shoot, or otherwise slay, other men, whom he has never seen. Such a man commits a grave crime against his country, his family, and (most important of all) himself. Here lies the essence of selfishness, though prettily cloaked under the alluring noun-sophisms of "patriotism," "love for one's country," and the whole "masked" vocabulary of imperialism.

The present conception by modern States of their duties towards their subjects is radically and wickedly wrong. Preservation of its citizens' lives should be a State's first care, not their destruction, which would seem to be the aim of the majority of States in this twentieth century of the Christian era.

It may be thought that our pessimism is not justifiable, and that a time of peace is rapidly approaching. Unfortunately, our pessimism is more excusable than the optimism of the believers in the coming millenium. Even Socialism has failed, seemingly, to grasp the

danger. Mr. Robert Blatchford, by his uninformed and inflammatory articles on the possibility of war between Germany and England in the "Clarion" some little time back, has laid himself open to the charge of being a victim of the most transparent absurdities of the militarists. Nor does he stand alone. In refusing to condemn the Transvaal War,* the Fabian Society, with Mr. G. B. Shaw at its head, convicted itself of a hesitation which could only mean that the claptrap of "Imperialism" and its enticing glamour had impressed some members of that eminent body to such an extent that they forgot that the economics of "Imperialism" and Socialism are unalterably in conflict.†

Lastly, we put the test of our national heroes, Cromwell, Marlborough and Nelson, in the past, and to-day Lord Roberts, and Kitchener of Khartoum. Each one of these men has been guilty of outrages which beggar language. Still, they have remained the idols of our national pride, and Englishmen are taught at school to revere them, nay, even to copy their examples. The selection of these five men indicates that the populace is incapable of judging the virtues that a hero should possess; and, so long as you have militarism dominant, the judgment of the mob must be faulty. Divorce militarism, and you lose your mob, every man becoming a rational thinker. Then, and only then, shall we do justice to our genuine heroes.

Militarism is responsible for the present awful con-

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* The Fabian Society's influence in contemporary politics has been weakened because the Fabians have abandoned the strongest bulwark of Socialism, namely, its moral and ethical justification. The Fabian Society's attitude towards the Boer War, in 1900, was despicable from whatever standpoint it may be regarded.

† The ardent flirtation of Socialists with militarism has resulted in Messrs. Snowden, Shackleton and William Crooks voting against an amendment to reduce the army by 10,000 men. It is sad to see these men forming a quintet with Lord Roberts and Mr. Le Quex for the purpose of "booming" militarism.

dition of the submerged "Third"; it has sucked all the nobility of feeling from the upper classes, so that an effete aristocracy looks unmoved on the pitiable sight of "13 millions on the verge of hunger." Revolting callousness! Some of those millions (take what comfort you can from it!) have crossed into "another place"—let us hope a real House of *chivalrous* Lords—and have forgotten their agonies in death's cold embrace. England, we are told, is in her golden age, a land "flowing with milk and honey," albeit others' milk and honey. Hunger and death have their answer ready, which we, in our gaiety, might heed: 39 deaths from starvation in London, June, 1904, to June, 1905.

Why not try to be upright in thought and action? Let us practise the courage of the protector of the oppressed, not the courage of the Maxim gun, and the Dum-dum. But recollect this. The present feeble dabbling with conferences and arbitration treaties does little good, and wastes countless precious hours, weeks and years. The Nelson column in Trafalgar Square represents, perhaps, the most frightful commentary (a stone memoir of a scoundrel) on the utter futility of our pretences for disarmament. Not until we reach such a state of mind that the knightliest men of the Commonwealth will take hatchets, and joyfully assist the stonemason to strike down that monument of our degraded taste, will our *professions* of peace be likely to transform into *practice* of peace. When that time comes (and come it will) all will lend a hand gladly. How to reach that state of mind, may be asked? One way has occurred to us: that the worthiest men of the country should unite together and offer themselves to the service of the State, as willing to sit in rhadamanthine courts of honour. These courts of honour should judge complaints made by tenantry against their landlords, or by employees against their employers. On conviction a certain number of times, landlords and employers should be deprived of their titular distinctions, and their rank reduced. If any employer or

landlord could not be punished in this way, through lack of dignities, then it should be ordained that he should be fined six months' rental or gross profits, and should not be rewarded by the king until his crime had been condoned by improvement in conduct. If employers and landlords knew that they would be thus prejudiced by their wrongful acts, the cruel sweating of the labouring classes (the sinews of the world) and bestial extortion from wretched tenantry would automatically cease.

C. H. NORMAN.

## WILHELM WEITLING'S LIFE AND AGITATION.

Wilhelm Weitling was born as an illegitimate child in 1808, in the city of Magdeburg, Germany. His childhood and the early years of his youth were passed in dire misery. Squalor and need were his first companions. Entering the tailoring trade, to which he was apprenticed, we find him (1828—35) in Germany at large, travelling through various cities. In 1830 he arrived at Leipzig, and participated there in the then very strong Saxonian libertarian movement, for whose glorification he composed some humorous verses. Later he went to Vienna, and there experienced an unique love-affair. He was, when a young man, extremely handsome; and, while earning his livelihood in the capacity of a milliner—lack of employment in his own trade forcing him into this work—he came socially into contact with a beautiful girl, to whom attention was also paid by a prince of the Hapsburg dynasty. His friendship soon developed into a more intimate relation, and the arrogant prince suddenly detected why all his kindness to the young lady met with apparently no success—we can easily conceive his exasperation at the discovery of the mean rank of his rival. The threatening vengeance of the prince forced Weitling to retreat, and to leave Vienna. Besides this little incident, we have little knowledge of Weitling's farther life until he became an agitator and author of Communism. In October, 1835, he rode to Paris, stopped there until April, 1836, and then returned to Germany; in September, 1837, he again went to Paris, remaining there till May, 1841.

Socialism had at that time a very fertile soil in France. Whereever one went he could not help listening to long discussions on the views of Fourier, or St. Simon. Cabet, too, had begun to agitate for Communism; and in the many secret circles and societies then in existence Babœufism was in the front rank of thought. This enormous Socialistic propaganda, which found its best expressions in innumerable pamphlets and periodicals, could not pass

by unnoticed by so alert a mind as Weitling possessed; more especially as he had already given attention to public questions in his Fatherland. It was only natural, therefore, that he should join a group of revolutionists, whose aim it was to combine the Republican-libertarian movement of Germany with the ideas of French Socialism. Weitling became a member of the "Society of the Just" (Gesellschaft der Gerechten). This club, mainly composed of Germans, entertained close relations to the French Communists; it also had connections with the Babœufistic "Society of the Seasons." By order of the "Society of the Just" several propaganda pamphlets were published; among others there appeared in 1838 the first work of Weitling, entitled "Mankind as it is and as it should be" (Die Menschheit wie sie ist und wie sie sein sollte). The publication of this work was paid for by the German Socialists at Paris, and the edition amounted to 2,000 copies. The type was set, printed, and the booklet bound by the comrades themselves, who had to print it secretly, and undergo many individual sacrifices to accomplish their object. In 1840 a Hungarian comrade translated the work into his native language, and a second German edition saw the light of day in 1845 at Berne, Switzerland. But Weitling was not only active in writing —he was equally quick in action. Proof of this was his opening of a restaurant in Paris for tailors, which was founded upon communistic principles, and proved a blessing to his co-workers. It is probable that the success of this enterprise gave rise to his later experiments in Switzerland.

In September, 1841, there appeared in Geneva the first number of a monthly which bore the title: "The call of help by the German youth" (Der Hülferuf der deutschen Jugend); it was mainly written by Weitling. In this number he developed with great ability his communistic opinions and waged war against another movement, the so-called "Young Germans" (Jungdeutschen), who were more or less antagonistic to Communism, and with their atheistic-anarchistic views, forerunners of modern Anarchism, and whose leaders, above all Wilhelm Marr, were very much influenced by the Frenchman Proudhon. Nevertheless, even Marr, whose animosity to Weitling is therefore easily discernible, speaks in high praise of the integrity of Weitling's character. The latter —in whom we can recognise the first German apostle and theoretical thinker of Communism—propagated the fraternity of all working-men and public agitation as a necessary prelude in the labours for the emancipation of humanity. His motto can shortly be summed up thus: "Against the interests of a few, in so far as these interests are antagonistic to the interests of all; and for the interests of all without excluding anyone." In the publication of this periodical, Weitling was assisted a great deal by the Parisian "Society of the Just" and the Communists of London.

In his paper Weitling made propaganda for his above-men-

tioned pet idea, i.e., the founding of co-operative and communistic restaurants ; and to a certain extent he was successful. The ideas permeated the working-men's club at Geneva ; in Lausanne, Locle, Chaux-de-Fonds, Morges, Vevey, wherever groups of working-men congregated, there communistic restaurants also sprung up. But their financial success remained far behind the expectations of this optimistic worker for the cause.

It is necessary for us to investigate why Weitling laid such great stress upon the foundation of such co-operative enterprises. It will be found, however, that he was far from losing sight of his ultimate aim. On the contrary, to him all these enterprises were only so many means to an end; were destined to aid the educational faculty of the labourers, and develop in them, if slowly, those necessary conceptions of freedom which are imperative for any clear action and realisation of ideals. In one of his pamphlets, commenting on the value of clubs in their relation to Communism and Co-operation, he says :—

" This club-life is a true preliminary school for the citizen in the State. Whatever history and practical life at large can offer us, we cannot fail to find it, in smaller proportions, and to have an opportunity to familiarise ourselves with it we must attempt to become acquainted with the boldest ideas and to practise them in our groups. These latter are in this respect a real school of example for government, and at which many a great statesman could well afford to learn. What governments were unable to achieve in spite of their laws and punishments, their infamous penalties ; where priests failed with their religious teachings ; where oftentimes parents or humanitarian societies were unsuccessful ; and at what the coarse multitude laughed and scorned, considering it impossible—working-men, with their small means, have realised it in the midst of their clubs. If the toiling masses are, in spite of all impediments, able to organise their labour and the equal distribution of the fruits of labour much better than the privileged can ever do it, then it is proven that, if they were only let alone, they could also organise their works upon the same scale, and prepare for society a most enchanting future. I vouch with my head for the assertion that if they were entrusted with the organisation of a whole country they would establish order without a police-force, without judges or prisons, only by means of the freewill of humanity and through the beauty of this new order which will be more pleasing to all than the life now prevailing."

While busily engaged with organisation work for the " Society of the Just," and the propaganda within the society, Weitling devoted himself very diligently to literary labours. In the year 1841 there appeared since September four numbers of the above-mentioned monthly, which was first published at Geneva, afterwards in Berne. In the January of 1842, Weitling went to Vevey,

and issued there a new monthly under the promising title of "The New Generation" (Die neue Generation). In December of the same year his principal work, in which his theoretical views are systematically and clearly developed, appeared; its name being: "The Guarantees of Harmony and Liberty" (Garantien der Harmonie und Freiheit). This period, so rich in splendid work and efforts, had nevertheless also some very dark phases for Weitling. His practical Communism did not meet with the success he had hoped for, and he found himself opposed by many of his friends; in this mental condition of despair, exasperation, and even moroseness, accompanied by a fervid revolutionary determination, he hit upon a most extreme plan for advancing his objects and ideals: namely, that of organising the revolutionary element of Germany into a regular band of property despoilers, and in this way to organise against private property, as he styled it, "a guerilla war." Of course he found still greater opposition to this desperate plan, which he happily soon dropped altogether.

Already, in Lausanne, before removing to Zürich, Weitling was engaged on a really splendid work, which was published in the latter city under the name of "The Gospel of a Poor Sinner" (Das Evangelium eines armen Sünders). In May, 1843, he announced the impending publication of this work, inviting subscriptions for it by giving the following short synopsis of the contents: "In this work I shall prove with more than a hundred Bible quotations that the boldest demands of our most libertarian ideas are wholly in unison with the spirit of Christ's teachings." This work, while borrowing very much from St. Simon, more from Lamennais—by whose "Words of a Believer" (Paroles d'un Croyant, 1834) it was positively inspired—is to a certain extent an anticipation of even our modern Leo Tolstoi, and in its destructive, critical part even exceeds the latter. Well may it be said that in point of artistic beauty, the sweetness of its naivety and in its keenness it can be called Weitling's finest production, though his "Guarantees" are more valuable if we desire to fathom his philosophy and his ardent aspirations.

But this work was too much for the reactionary party in Germany. Think of it: the legends and beautiful myths of the Bible to become fuel for revolutionary purposes! The ire of the German Government sufficed for them to stir the little Republic into a crusade against the Communists. As a matter of fact, however, the so-called "Jungdeutsche" were more responsible than the former, who served as scapegoat. It would lead us into too many details were all the different interesting developments of this persecution revealed. In short, an investigation against the Communists began, and when the prosecution learned that Weitling intended to remove to the Canton Aargau on June 9, he was arrested during the night on June 8, while returning homewards from a club-meeting, and the "investigation" proceeded with in-

creased vigour. The result of this was that Weitling became indicted for blasphemy—imagine, O ye Christians, Weitling being indicted for blasphemy because he maintained that Christ wanted happiness and prosperity for all—for attacks upon the holy privileges of property; and last, but not least, for having formed a secret society whose purpose was the propaganda of communistic tenets. Weitling remained true to his principles; he defended them with great enthusiasm and courage; and was condemned to six months' imprisonment, to be followed—this was the worst!—with a life-long banishment from "free" Switzerland.

The time which Weitling spent in prison belongs to the annals of the martyrdom of men; it must have been a hell on earth for him. The treatment he received was of the most infamous kind, and it is ascertained that he was several times subjected to "disciplinary punishment," which spells in everyday language "torture of man by man." Divers letters show sufficiently how depressingly gloomy his state of mind must have been; so much so that some of his words led his friends to believe that his spirit had been crushed through the barbarity of the prison rules. He decided after his liberation to go to America with Andreas Dietsch. This brushmaker, an excellent Communist, is the same who founded in America the communistic colony of New Helvetia, which resulted in a failure. Dietsch therefore communicated with the Government, with the view of obtaining permission for Weitling to leave for America. But it was of no avail; the Government persisted in its brutal decision to extradite Weitling, and deliver him up to the German police, for even then the servility of republicanism had already commenced. On May 24, 1844, Weitling was transported to Schoffhausen. He fought violently against his extradition, and yelled, when brought into the street: "Help, help, my people! They want to extradite Weitling!" The policemen dragged him back again, but it was only after he was chained and gagged, and with the use of violence that they could transport their victim. Fortunately, however, after this he had little to suffer, because on being found too weak for military service he was released and was allowed to travel to Hamburg. While staying there he published in 1844 his "Poetry from the Prison" (Kerkerpoesien), which in some parts shows great artistic talent, especially demonstrating the linguistic capacity of Weitling.

Soon after his release from prison there unfortunately arose a feeling of antagonism between him and several of his friends; it developed when Weitling entered upon a few agitation trips, which were not altogether successful. As is usually the case, success reaps admiration and fame, the contrary reaps dissension and quarrels. Still, it cannot be overlooked that Weitling was also partially to blame for this state of affairs. However, he ultimately went to America, but only in order to return to Germany, just after the events of March, 1848. His revolutionary spirit,

undaunted and untiring, did not allow him to remain in safety while revolution was imminent at any moment as he believed. Meanwhile his presence in the United States had not been without accompanying agitational work. There he had organised a fraternity similar to the "Society of the Just," called the "Covenant of Emancipation" (Bund der Befreiung), which adopted in its entirety the Communism of Weitling. The New York section of this fraternity authorised Weitling to work in Germany in the interests of the society. In 1847 he had published a "Letter to the Country Men" (Brief an die Landsleute). In 1848—in the red year, which unfortunately brought so little—there appeared his pamphlet: "A Cry of Misery to the Men of Toil and Care" (Ein Nothruf an die Männer der Arbeit und der Sorge). The pamphlet was distributed mainly by himself while travelling through Germany, something that was in his time not so easy as it is to-day. He met with very little success in Berlin; his weekly, "Der Urwähler," ceased publication after the fifth week for lack of subscribers. During the second Democratic Congress which took place at Berlin from October 26 to 30, Weitling participated as a representative of the New York German Club in its proceedings, but the influence of the Communists upon the same was very little felt. In November, 1848, he was ordered out of Berlin by the police. He went from there to Hamburg, where he proceeded incessantly with his agitation. Soon after we find him organising there, the Altona Sections of the "Covenant of Emancipation" distributing the third edition of his "Guarantees," which had been very much enlarged. Two new chapters were added to the book: "The Propaganda of the Covenant of Emancipation" (Die Propaganda des Befreiungsbundes) and "Necessary Measures in the next Social Revolution" (Nothwendige Massnahmen in der nachsten sozialen Revolution). The latter chapter is a condensed and thorough illustration of the theoretical views which Weitling entertained. The rigidity and force of his measures which were to meet the demands of the movement after the people were victorious are simply amazing; so is his foresight, which shows that he thoroughly understood that the coming revolution has, above all, to solve the economic questions by giving back to the people the products of its own creation, the means of production, distribution, and exchange. At the same time, it must be added that this last-named chapter is in a somewhat striking contrast to the other portions of the book, and has lost much of the old character and philosophy of his former writings, and altogether the influence of the "Communist Manifesto," which had shortly before appeared, is unmistakeable, especially in its demand for a dictatorship of the proletariat; though there are yet sufficient traces of individual genius. Though differing from Weitling, no man recognised more, or praised higher, the capacities and importance of Weitling than Karl Marx.

In August, 1849, Weitling, constantly struggling against the

spying-system of the police, had to yield, and was compelled to flee from Germany or be subject to arrest at any moment. For a short while he lived in London, but soon went again to America. In New York he founded the "General Workingmen's League" (Allgemeiner Arbeiterbund), whose main object was the starting and supporting of a Communist settlement in Iowa, called "Communia," which object realised itself, but with the usual disastrous result. Weitling, in all his schemes, was never financially fortunate, as is best seen in the case of his exchange bank enterprises. Of course it should never be forgotten that he greatly lacked the financial support which was needed for projects like his. In 1851-1854 Weitling published the "Republic of the Workingmen" (Republik der Arbeiter), and his tactical method, the utilisation of the gospel for socialistic and communistic arguments, remained the same; which, of course, led him very often into somewhat grotesque positions, as for instance when he published a Christmas song with the following refrain: "I am a Communist and a good Christian to boot." Quarrels similar to those which broke out in Cabet's "Icaria" soon arose in the colony "Communia," between Weitling and some of the members; and it eventually centred around several litigations about the title-right to the land. Self-evidently this meant the downfall of the colony, and the "General Workingmen's League" ceased its existence, and with it the "Republic" also expired.

With this universal collapse the climax of Weitling's propaganda had been reached. Henceforth he almost entirely retired from the stage of public life. The bitter struggle for a livelihood did not spare this truly great man. His battles against the cares for bread are heartrending. Only after experiencing all the vicissitudes of sorrow and material need he succeeded in gaining the position of a clerk in the Immigration Bureau of New York, at that time located at Castle Garden, from where it has long since been removed. New workingmen associations were soon started afresh, because the class war of Labour against tyranny is unceasing; but Weitling no more actively participated in their work. His life became that of a hermit; in his seclusion he upheld friendly relations with only a few old staunch Communists. But the activity of his mind knew no rest, and he took up mechanical problems; he was successful, it is asserted, in inventing a button-hole-machine, of which he was of course tricked out of the benefits by a capitalist. Later, he studied the science of astronomy, and here, too, he claimed to have made discoveries. Regarding these two assertions, there is in existence a letter written by Weitling himself to an old Social-Democratic comrade, Schilling by name, who died at Leipzig in 1877, wherein the writer corroborates them and records some excellent critical remarks on the money-Republicanism of the United States of America. When the first germs of the agitation of the "International Workingmen's Association" began to take root in America, Weitling did not abandon his retire-

ment, but in private conversation he expressed himself in favour and full accord with the objects of the movement; and when, on January 22, 1871, the different national New York sections of the old "International" had a large fraternity-celebration, Weitling was present. It was the last opportunity he had to be among his comrades, for three days later his demise took place. A large family was left by him. His widow possessed many of his manuscripts; but when her whereabouts became unknown it was plain that Weitling's posthumous literary bequest to our time was lost for ever.

To our English comrades this sketch of one who is even at present very little remembered, and who was the historically first theoretical exponent of Communism in Germany, may prove, I hope, entertaining. Weitling was undoubtedly a strong personality, with all the qualifications of an agitator and teacher of the people. Of these capacities he made best use according to his understanding, and, surely, very seldom has the gem of genius shone more brightly than in the case of this humble journeyman tailor and Socialist.

In our next issue we shall give some selections from his works.

FERD. GUBLASS.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE FRENCH NATIONAL WORKSHOPS OF 1848.

The attitude of members of the present Government, notably Mr. John Morley, towards the demand of the unemployed for the "right to work," and their gross misrepresentation of the experiment of '48, gives occasion for the following. Liberal statesmen, like their predecessors, assert that the so-called "National Workshops" of Paris were a failure, and use this as an argument against any attempt at the State organisation of labour. Even if their representation of the facts were true, it would not be conclusive evidence of the impossibility of the national organisation of the labour of the unemployed, but this historical retrospect shows that they have misrepresented the whole of the facts, and have thus destroyed their own case.

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## THE FRENCH NATIONAL WORKSHOPS OF 1848.

A Historical Retrospect, by FERDINAND LASSALLE.

(Reprint from "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.")

The lie is a European power!

Hardly had my "Letter to the Leipzig Working-Men's Committee" appeared, when the learned Mr. Faucher declared, in a meeting at Leipzig, that I was merely dishing up again the French National Workshops of Louis Blanc, which were already condemned by their miserable fiasco in 1848.

The even more learned talmudist of the "Volkszeitung," in his yesterday's leader, in No. 95, delivers himself as follows:—

"After these ideas ('to establish in the name of the State and with State funds workshops which would guarantee employment, regulate wages, and satisfy the needs of the workman') had been widely disseminated from France during the forties, the Paris revolution of February, 1848, brought the opportunity to put them to

a practical test. Louis Blanc, a very able writer, who had up till then propagated these ideas as a means of political agitation, was, in consequence of the Revolution, made a member of the Provisional Government, and had in this capacity to attempt a realisation of his proposals. The attempt failed entirely, and the causes of the failure have been clearly discerned by science. The attempt failed so thoroughly, that in France the direct universal suffrage could be abolished, even under the Republican régime (!) though it had been adopted as the only means of safety for the majority of the propertyless classes. The attempt failed so thoroughly, that, though after the Coup d'Etat universal direct suffrage was re-established, the fantastic proposals of Louis Blanc remained a dead letter, and hitherto, neither in France nor elsewhere, no thinking person has dreamt of reviving them."

And what Mr. Faucher and the "Volkszeitung" said, I believe Mr. Wirth said also. I am not certain about it, because I have to read day by day so many attacks upon me, that the recollection of them all gets a trifle mixed, and I do not rightly know what to put to the account of one or of another. I am afraid I shall have to prepare a "herring's salad," in which I have to cut up all my learned opponents, and to make them suffer all for each, and each for all, leaving it to them to sort out what properly applies to one or the other, just as State Governments do when raising contributions from a number of communities.

But at any rate I have read variants of the same theme in at least a score of papers, and from north and south, from west and east, comes the cry: "But these are the national workshops of Louis Blanc of 1848! They have been finally judged and condemned in 1848!"

It would almost appear as if hardly anybody in Germany was correctly informed as to the true facts concerning the French National Workshops of 1848!

How diverting this sort of argumentation must be for those who know the true facts, who are aware (1) that the "National Workshops" were not set up by Louis Blanc, but by his enemies, the most vehement opponents of Socialism in the Provisional Government, the Minister for Public Works, Marie, and others who had the majority in the Provisional Government; (2) that they were expressly intended for use *against* Louis Blanc, so as to oppose to his following, the Socialist workmen, both during the elections and on other more decisive occasions, a paid working-class army devoted to the Government majority; (3) that in the National Workshops, precisely because there was no intention of competing with private industry, only unproductive work was done, that, in fact, they only served to dole out to the workmen, rendered unemployed, alms from public funds, disguised by a system of unproductive occupation, lest the men should succumb to the consequences of utterly idle loafing.

How diverting, I say, must it be for anyone, who knows the ascertained facts, to hear this victorious argumentation resounding thoughout Germany! How diverting, and yet depressing! For it shows, what in truth was unavoidable, that along with public opinion, public lying and calumny has become a power in Europe. In France, in 1848, during the time of the most bitter party struggles, newspapers have uttered this calumny against Louis Blanc, that the national workshops were organised by him and according to his principles! In vain did Louis Banc, speaking from the tribune of the national assembly, half kill himself in protesting against this calumny! He was not believed then.

Afterwards, the historical works of the enemies of Louis Blanc have been published, also the proceedings of the Parliamentary Commissions of Enquiry, dealing with the risings of 1848.

From the mouths of the bitterest enemies of Louis Blanc the truth has been brought to light. As far as France is concerned, that calumny is done with. But for Germany it continues, and serves as a basis for the most pathetic argumentations, put forward with the most impudent assurance.

Of course, my learned opponents have not the remotest idea that they are telling lies. They have read something about it at the time in French journals, or in German papers copying from them, and which of these learned gentlemen would have either inclination or leisure for reading up the historical works and minutes of evidence since published?

I have no occasion to identify myself with Louis Blanc. In my "letter of reply" I did not ask for an organisation of labour by the State. What I have advocated is a credit operation of the State, whereby it would be made possible for the working men to establish a voluntary association emanating from their own action.

Besides, I believe that between Louis Blanc's and my own view on political economy there is a considerable amount of divergence.

But against that calumny of a man whose name is well-known all over Europe, and against the use which is now being made of it in Germany, it is the duty, and, I believe, also to the interest of public journals and the proper time to make known now the historical truth about those events.

I shall prove my case by quotations from enemies of Louis Blanc, and as shortly as the limited space of public journals demands.

Monsieur François Arago, member of the Provisional Government (the only one of the witnesses to be quoted, who, though a political opponent of Louis Blanc, was a personal friend of his), Arago, the greatest savant of France, the friend of Humboldt, giving evidence on July 5, 1848, before the Commission of Enquiry, says ("Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête," I., 288): "C'est M. Marie qui s'est occupé de l'organisation des atéliers nationaux."

"It is M. Marie (known as a most bitter opponent of Louis Blanc and of the Socialist minority in the Provisional Government in general) who has occupied himself with the organisation of the National Workshops."

The director of the National Workshops appointed by M. Marie was M. Emile Thomas, a tool entirely devoted to M. Marie, and, as we shall hear now, decidedly hostile to Louis Blanc. This director of the National Workshops gives evidence on oath before the Commission of Enquiry, July 28, 1848 (Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête, I., 352, 358): "Jamais je n'ai parlé à M. Louis Blanc de ma vie; je ne le connais pas." Also: "Pendant que j'ai été aux atéliers, j'ai vu M. Marie tous les jours, souvent deux fois par jour; MM. Recurt, Buchez et Marrast presque tous les jours; j'ai vu une seule fois M. de Lamartine, jamais M. Ledru-Rollin, jamais M. Louis Blanc, jamais M. Flocon, jamais M. Albert." (I have never in my life spoken to M. Louis Blanc; I do not know him. Whilst I was at the workshops I have seen M. Marie every day, sometimes twice a day; Messrs. Recurt, Buchez and Marrast [all anti-Socialists] almost every day. I have seen M. de Lamartine once; never M. Louis Ledru-Rollin; never M. Louis Blanc; never M. Flocon; never M. Albert.) The last-mentioned three formed the Socialist minority of the Government; Ledru-Rollin stood between the two parties.

In his further evidence on June 28, 1848, this same director of the National Workshops, says (Rapport, etc., I. 353): J'ai toujours marché avec la Mairie de Paris contre l'influence de MM. Ledru-Rollin, Flocon et autres. J'étais en hostilité ouverte avec le Luxembourg. Je combattais ouvertement l'influence de M. Louis Blanc." (I have always worked along with the Mairie against the influence of Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, and the others. I was in open hostility with the Luxembourg (meaning Louis Blanc). I have fought openly against the influence of M. Louis Blanc.)

The decrees of February 27 and March 6, 1848, by which the National Workshops were organised, bear the signature of only one man, M. Marie.

This director of the National Workshops, M. Emile Thomas, has written a book, "The History of the National Workshops," in which he makes the following confession ("L'Histoire des Atéliers Nationaux," page 200): "M. Marie me fit mander à l'hôtel de ville. Aprés la séance du gouvernement, je m'y rendis et reçus la nouvelle qu'un crédit de cinq millions était ouvert aux atéliers nationaux et que le service des finances s'accomplerait des lors avec plus de facilité. M. Marie me prit ensuite à part et me demanda si je pouvais compter sur les ouvriers. Je le pense, repondis-je; cependant, le nombre s'en accroit tellement qu'il me devient bien difficile de posséder sur eux une action aussi directe que je le souhaiterais. Ne vous inquiétez pas du nombre, me dit le ministre. Si vous les tenez, il ne sera jamais trop grand; mais trouvez un

moyen de vous les attacher sincèrement. Ne ménagez pas l'argent, au bésoin même on vous accorderait des fonds secrets. Je ne pense pas en avoir bésoin ; ce serait peut-être ensuite une source de difficultés assez graves ; mais dans quel but autre que celui de la tranquillité publique me faites-vous ces recommendations ? Dans le but du salut public ! Croyez-vous parvenir à commander entièrement à vos hommes ? Le jour n'est peut-être pas loin où il faudrait les faire descendre dans la rue."

(M. Marie had me called to the Hotel de Ville. After the sitting of the Government, I went there, and received the news that a credit of five million francs had been voted for the National Workshops, and that the financial arrangements would now work with the greatest ease. M. Marie then took me aside and asked me very quietly whether I could count upon the workmen. "I think so," I replied ; "nevertheless, their number increases so much, that it becomes very difficult for me to exercise such a direct influence on them as I should like." "Don't worry about their number," said the Minister. "If you have a firm hold on them, their number will never be too great ; but you should find some means of attaching them sincerely to yourself. Don't spare the money ; if necessary, we might grant you secret funds." "I don't think I shall need them ; that might later on be a source of serious trouble. But for what other purpose than that of public tranquillity do you make these recommendations ?" "For the purpose of public safety. Do you think you will be able to rely entirely on your men ? The day may not be distant when it may be necessary to call them out into the streets.") Now let us listen to M. de Lamartine, an opponent of the Socialists, who, in his "Histoire de la Révolution de Février," part II., writes as follows about the National Workshops :—

"Some Socialists, then moderate and politicians, but since become extreme partisans, demanded in this respect the initiative of the Government. A great campaign at home, with tools instead of arms, like the campaigns of the Romans and Egyptians for cutting canals and for draining the Pontinian swamps, seemed to them the most appropriate remedy for a republic, which intended to maintain peace, and while protecting and lifting up the proletarian, would also safeguard property. A great Ministry of Public Works would have opened the era of a policy adequate to the situation. It was one of the greatest mistakes of the Government to have deferred too long the realisation of these ideas. While it waited, the National Workshops, swollen by misery and idleness, became, day-by-day, slacker, more fruitless and menacing to the public peace. At that moment they were not so. They were only an expedient adopted in the interests of public order, and a first attempt of public assistance (une ébauche d'assistance publique), called into existence the day after the Revolution by the necessity of feeding the people, and not keeping it in idleness, so as to avoid

the disorders which idleness brings about. M. Marie organised them with great insight, but without utility for productive work (mais sans utilité pour le travail productif). He divided them into brigades, gave them leaders, and inspired them with the ideas of discipline and order. During the four months he turned them from a body devoted to the Socialists and given to riots, into a Pretorian army, but an idle one, in the hands of the Government (une armée prétorienne, mais oisive, dans les mains du pouvoir). Commanded, directed and maintained by chiefs, who were privy to the secret thoughts of the anti-Socialist wing of the Government, these National Workshops formed, till the National Assembly arrived, a counterpoise to the schismatic workmen of the Luxembourg (Louis Blanc's following), and to the disorderly workmen of the clubs. They scandalised by their numbers and by the uselessness of their work (par leur masse et l'inutilité de leurs travaux) the eyes of Paris, but they saved it several times without its knowledge. Far from being in the pay of Louis Blanc, as has been said, they were inspired by the spirit of his opponents (Bien loin d'être la solde de Louis Blanc comme l'on a dit, ils étaient inspirés par l'esprit de ses adversaires)."

Do you wish to know exactly all the purposes that the National Workshops were intended to serve? Their director, M. Emile Thomas, is quite frank about the matter ("L'Histoire des Atéliers Nationaux," page 200):

"M. Marie told me that it had been the firm resolve of the Government to let this experiment, the Government Commission for the workmen, run its course (de laisser s'accomplir cette expérience, la commission de gouvernement pour les travailleurs), that in itself, it could only have beneficial results, by showing the workmen the utter hollowness and falsity of these unrealisable theories, and by making them feel their doleful consequences for themselves. Then, disillusioned in the future, their idolatry of Louis Blanc would disappear, and he would thus lose all his authority, all his power, and would cease for good and all to be a danger."

Such were the intentions which they had in view in the establishment of "Louis Blanc's National Workshops." And so that this purpose was more surely attained, and that this "experiment" should be more certainly accomplished, the workmen were employed on unproductive works only. The works which were carried out are specified in a letter of the director (M. Emile Thomas) to the Minister Marie:—

"Réparations des chemins de ronde et rues non pavées de Paris. Terrassements rues les rampes d'Iéna, la pelouse des Champs Elysées et l'abattoir Montmartre. Extraction de cailloux sur les communes de Clichy et de Gennevilliers. Création du chemin de halage de Neuilly." (Garnier-Pagès, "Histoire de la Révolution de 1848," VIII., 154.) Repairs of the military roads for patrols, and of the unpaved roads of Paris. Earthworks (level-

ling) on the Jena slopes, on the lawns in the Champs Elysées and the slaughter-house of Montmartre. Extracting stones in the communes of Clichy and Gennevilliers. Making the towing-path of Neuilly.)

As these works were only undertaken because they did not want to let the men whom it was intended to feed, loaf about altogether, they were put to work turn and turn about, two or three days per week ("Ils ne travaillaient qu'à tour de rôle deux ou trois jours par semaine." (Garnier-Pagès).

Thus, indeed, was it possible to attain the purpose of that intentional calumny. And this purpose was so well attained, that as we have seen, even to-day, 15 years later, everybody in Germany is quite positive that Louis Blanc had started National Workshops on Socialist principles, which had miserably failed!

We see calumny is a European power, aye even one of the great powers! This calumny, at the time, was by the newspapers carried all over Europe, was readily believed, repeated, and though Louis Blanc has refuted it hundreds of times, it still rules supreme in public opinion in Germany. Shall we draw an obvious moral from this?

This, then, is the historical truth about "Louis Blanc's National Workshops of 1848."

In conclusion, Lassalle repeats, with personal remarks, the extract from the "Volkszeitung" given at the commencement of the article, and winds up as follows:—

"So, I shall make my apologies to Mr. Julian Schmidt before long! Instead of taking him to task, I ought really to have turned my attention to individuals who work far greater havoc in the minds of the people."

F. LASSALLE.

Berlin, April 24, 1863.

## THE SLAVE TRADE OF TO-DAY.

### INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

"We have to recognise that there is a spirit abroad which belittles the agitation for the abolition of slavery; there are a number of people who maintain that slavery no longer exists, and that there is no need for this society and other kindred organisations." So said one of the speakers at the last annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, and the point of his remarks was to affirm from special acquaintance with the facts that the slave trade in its worst forms is not wholly killed, and that slavery exists to a large extent in different parts of the world. . . . .

"Another experienced witness has declared that the whole problem of the relation of the black and the white races is still before us, as urgent and as uncertain as ever.

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"Illustrations of what is meant are not far to seek. Several questions relating to the treatment of native races by the dominant white men have thrust themselves prominently upon public attention this year. Take, for example, the exposure of the organised system of forced labour and gross oppression of the natives which is known as Government in the Congo State, the shameful evils of which have now been admitted by the Sovereign himself; or look at the treatment of the Aborigines in Western Australia revealed by the report of Dr. Roth; the light thrown on the so-called contract labour for Portuguese West Africa, and the undisguised slave trade carried on from Central Africa to supply this demand; and last, but not least, the authorised importation for the Transvaal gold mines of Chinese indentured labour, which, as the Bishop of

Hereford has expressed it, is 'abhorrent to all our notions of freedom,' and 'represents a reversion to a lower type of legislation.'

"In each of these cases we see exhibited, in greater or less degree, the tendency to regard 'inferior' races, not as people to be uplifted, educated, and civilised in a true sense, but simply to be exploited for the benefit of those who are placed in position of their rulers, who have a right to demand their services.

"SLAVE TRADE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

"Valuable confirmation of the facts which have been stated by the society as to the existence of an organised slave trade in West Central Africa to supply labour for Angola and the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe, has been supplied by the striking articles on 'The Slave Trade of To-Day,' which have been appearing in 'Harper's Magazine' from the pen of Mr. H. W. Nevinson" (portions of these articles have been reprinted in the "Social-Democrat"), "who has returned this year from a journey in the country, as well as from other sources. The system of contracts under which the unfortunate natives are obtained is shown to be a mere farce, the people being bought by dealers in the interior in exchange for firearms, shipped to the islands, 'whence,' as Acting-Consul Brock states, 'they never return, and where there is a heavy mortality.' As regards Angola, Mr. Nevinson declares, that, as a rule, throughout the country the system of labour is founded on slavery.

"The main slave trade route from the interior, which Mr. Nevinson himself followed, is strewn with slave shackles and dead men's bones, and thousands of export slaves still come down it every year. The traffic, which received a shock from the native rebellion of 1902, is fast recovering, and though the labour regulations of January, 1903, aim at tempering the worst abuses, their most important provisions are said to be invariably evaded. Very similar is the account of his experiences of the slave trade given by Colonel Colin Harding, Acting Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia, in his recent book, 'In Remotest Barotseland.'

"CHINESE SLAVERY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

"The importation of Chinese coolies for the Rand mines has gone on during the year until the number of labourers employed has reached between 45,000 and 50,000 men. In view of the constant desertions occurring among the coolies, and the disturbances and outrages which led to general alarm in the neighbourhood of the mines, as well as of the very grave irregularities which had been reported in the treatment of the labourers, the society made an appeal to the late Government in October to make the fullest enquiry into these alleged evils and, at the least, to limit the im-

portation pending the decision of the Transvaal people upon the Chinese labour policy. Mr. Lyttelton, however, in his reply declared that the time had not arrived for the reconsideration of the question.

. . . .

"The Native Affairs Commission issued an important report on the natives of South Africa early in the year. Recommendations were made as to native locations and reserves, measures of compulsion to induce natives to work were deprecated as unjust and unsound, and a labour tax was rejected. As regards the old charge of idleness, the report said :—

"'The theory that the South African natives are hopelessly indolent may be dismissed as not being in accordance with the facts.'

"Among the natives recruited from British Central Africa for the Transvaal the mortality was terribly high, and the Colonial Secretary stated in Parliament in March that he had informed Lord Milner that if the high rate continued the experiment must cease.

### Slavery in the Congo State.

"The Commission appointed by the Congo State Government to inquire into the questions raised by Mr. Consul Casement's report completed their investigations by the middle of February. In consequence of the contention of the Government that the inquiry should be held in secret (which was afterwards reversed by the decision of the Commission itself), the representative of the British Government only arrived in time to be present at the closing sittings. The publication of the report of the Commission was held back until November.

"Meanwhile, reports from the Upper Congo showed that things were no better than before the Commission arrived.

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"The Official Report of the Commission, so long delayed, proved a very striking document, and considering that the Commission had a limited scope, and could only visit a small part of the huge territory of the Congo State, its frank admission of the great majority of abuses alleged, and its outspoken condemnation of the barbarous methods of the Concession Companies, and the gross evils which have resulted from the labour taxation system is the more important and significant. The Report began by granting the necessity of forced labour to induce the idle native to develop the country, and paid conventional compliments to the great work of civilisation accomplished by the State; but it declared that the labour tax ought only to absorb a small part of the individual activity, and that its limits should be carefully fixed by wise legis-

lation. Utterly different has been the practice of the officials, as the report proceeded to show by many examples of the continuous toil exacted from the natives for the bread tax and other forced supplies. The chief abuses occur in connection with rubber gathering, which has led to such evils as the detention of chiefs, the taking of women as hostages, the institution of savage sentries, fines and military expeditions, all of which are condemned in the report in the strongest terms. The worst wrongs have been committed in the territories of the Concession Companies. The report also called attention to serious abuses in the administration of justice, and touched on the land question, declaring that, although freedom of trade is formally recognised, there is no real trade among the natives.

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### The Natives of Western Australia.

"The report of Dr. Roth, the Commissioner appointed by the Government of Western Australia to inquire into the administration of the Aborigines Department, and the employment and treatment of aborigines, revealed facts of a startling and most deplorable character. The employment of natives was shown to be attended by grave evils, even when they work under contracts, which are very inadequately supervised; but far more often natives are practically forced to work without contracts or wages. The treatment of native prisoners, most of whom were arrested for cattle killing, was also proved to be very brutal. Arrests are made without authority, and trials are of a summary, and, indeed, of a farcical character. The system of indenturing children also leads to gross abuses, no education or wages being stipulated for in the indentures, while many unprotected native and half-caste women and children are left to themselves to drift into a life of vagabondage or gaol."

# THE REVIEWS.

## SOCIALISTS AND TORIES.

Mr. G. S. Street has an article in the April number of the 'Fortnightly Review" on "Socialists and Tories." He says:—

"Some years ago I was allowed to write in the 'National Observer,' of beloved memory, an article on 'Tory-Socialism.' In that article I designed to show that true Toryism and Socialism, rightly understood, are the same thing. How far it attracted any attention beyond that of my acquaintances, I know not; my recollection of their verdict is that I was the idle upholder of an empty thesis. The present condition of politics, however, induces me to exhibit my views once more, and I am partly given confidence in doing so by the reflection that, in another opinion, also at that time imputed to me for vanity—my disbelief in the wisdom of unconditionally free imports—I am better supported than I was. Events may develop a party on this question also.

. . . . "It is true now as then, that the rendering of various services to the community by those best fitted to render them, the most efficient sustenance of all workers for their various work, and the refusal of opportunities and enjoyments unaccompanied by duties, are principles common to philosophic Socialism and historic Toryism. Feudalism was Socialism in the rough. Industrial capitalism which, as I think, is a wedge driven into the rational development of society in Europe, is a system of some few centuries' importance, and not, as the average anti-Socialist seems to assume, an inspired institution without which society would fall to pieces. The squire and the parson were—in some respects are—figures not necessarily excrescent on a Socialist scheme. The Crown, in its best and widest significance, is quite compatible with it; that is a convenient provision for a function at present necessary to the State. It is true, also, that so

far the Socialist measures which have done most to alleviate capitalist evils have been carried by the Tory Party in the teeth of individualist Whig or Radical opposition. It is enough, however, to press these ideal and historical considerations only so far as to remind the Tory, as distinct from the mere Conservative, that even in its logical conclusions there need be nothing in Socialism to shock his Toryism; he has but to remember, on the one hand, that the Tory Party was not created to subserve the power of private capital, and he has but to neglect, on the other hand, the Socialist oratory of Hyde Park. I no longer propose to brand every unfortunate professed Liberal with Manchester Individualism, and its deplorable consequences for the working classes and the physical resources of England. And I no longer care, as pedantry once inclined one, to insist on logical and ideal antithesis between Socialism and Democracy. If any state approaching an ideal Socialism were ever reached, it is certain that the function of Government would not be entrusted to the average fool. I still regret, therefore, that Lord Randolph Churchill talked of Tory-Democracy and not of Tory Socialism

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. . . . "For many years now the influence—the supposed influence, I will say—of capitalism, working for its own ends, has been a blight on the Conservative Party, blasting its credit with the country as a whole. Brewers, landlords, mineowners—their figures have bulked very sinister in the eyes of wages-earning men. A party which is supposed to stand for vested interests in the first place is doomed. The great work of tariff reform has been hindered and thwarted by a feeling that it is undertaken 'to make the rich richer.' No one with the slightest knowledge of its greatest supporter, and, so far as practical politics are concerned, its originator believes this, but few can wonder that the suspicion exists. Some clear proof of unselfish devotion to the country as a whole is needful. Can the Conservative Party give that proof? Well, it contains a great many mere Conservatives to whom action with Socialists will be ever impossible. But it also contains Tories who have some conception of constructive statesmanship, who are not frightened by the word Socialist, and who, like Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill, hate the word Conservative. The ruin which the last-named statesman prophesied for his party, if capital should dominate it, has well-nigh overtaken it. It can rise from its fall. It has a great constructive policy in tariff reform for which the aid of Socialists and Labour members is only a question of time. It has not, in return for their aid, to launch on any wild and reckless schemes of sudden social revolution—schemes for which some of them may hope, but which no practical man among them dreams of proposing. But it must not boggle at fair and practicable adjustments of social

balances. When the State claims to work its children's brains it must in justice—as well as obvious sense, if it cares for its manhood—attend to their bodies. When its services have exhausted the labours of its citizens, it must provide, without taint of derogation and restraint, for their old age. To control wages and hours of labour is a sound Tory tradition. I would add, that in future the ablest Tory administrators must not be bullied out of their efforts to reform an admittedly bad system in Ireland by the threats of intolerant bigots. That many Tories see their way to combining with the intelligence of the working classes in constructive statesmanship I cannot doubt. If their party, as a whole, will not go with them, it were better for the country and themselves that they left it."

## THE NEW ARISTOCRACY OF MR. H. G. WELLS.

Mr. J. A. Hobson has an interesting article on the above in this month's "Contemporary Review." He says:—

Mr. H. G. Wells holds that the most important use of sociology consists in the making of utopias, i.e, the construction of ideal societies by legitimate advances on the actual societies of to-day, to see how they will work. By a couple of volumes, partly critical, partly prophetic, entitled 'Anticipations' and 'Mankind in the Making,' he has prepared the public mind for the fuller and bolder speculation of 'A Modern Utopia,' his own special contribution towards this task of social discovery.

The chief trouble, however, which confronts Mr. Wells is the reluctance of serious-minded people to take their fiction seriously, to recognise that such fiction as his may be the best, indeed, the only available instrument for certain sorts of speculative science. Though from the time of Plato onward much of the most important political thinking has been conducted by this method, and the weaving of utopias has played a notoriously influential part in the political philosophy of this country, it is not easy even for so masterful and variously stimulative a treatment as that of Mr. Wells to get more than a casual hurried reading from the thoughtful educated men and women to whom he addresses his picture.

This is a great pity, for Mr. Wells possesses one of the boldest, freest, best-informed and (to adopt his own favoured term) most "poetic" minds of our age, and I know no book, which would, in the hand of a capable master, serve so well as a text-book of

general politics among persons capable of free thinking and really solicitous to understand the large and tangled issues of modern progress.

This high conception binds me to no acceptance of Mr. Wells' valuations and interpretations, with some of which I profoundly disagree; it is the method and his courage and skill in pursuing it that entitle him to our consideration. Indeed, the large issue of political government, which I detach from his general scheme of society to discuss here, is one upon which I regard his views to be fundamentally unsound. But just here the service of the utopian method stands out conspicuous. During the last three-quarters of a century we have witnessed inside the ranks of what, for lack of a better term, I must call the "Party of Progress" a series of more or less emphatic repudiations of the theory of political democracy. Among the "intellectuals" of the Continent, Comtism was, perhaps, the first formal expression of this sentiment, a class-conscious culture of superior persons, distrusting the thick-skulled populace and demanding that the fine art of government shall be kept entirely in the hands of an élite of intellect and character. In England Carlyle and Ruskin, with certain leaders of the early Christian Socialist movement, were fanatical opponents of democracy, and sought to gain governmental power for order and progress by galvanising the landowning and employing classes into a moral aristocracy consecrating itself to the service of the commonwealth. Then came the more distinctly scientific revolt, a wholesale repudiation of what was deemed the false logic of democracy by men who seized new evolutionary doctrines and hastily applied them to politics, treating the latter as a mere extension of biology.

We have now another back-wash of thought and feeling, affecting many of the active younger members of progressive political parties. The charge these bring is, not that democracy is unjust or illogical, or subversive of authority or dangerous to property, but that it is unworkable, practically inefficient. Professed opportunists as they are, inefficiency is to them the one unpardonable sin. Everywhere where it is tried on a large scale the machinery of democracy seems to them a failure. Even admitting that in a few small States like Switzerland or Scandinavia popular Government has thriven, the future of the world, they are convinced, lies with great empire-States; and as the number and complexity of public services increase, the practical participation of the people, either directly or through any valid representative system, is no longer feasible; representative government either is reduced to nullity or superseded by some more convenient central authority, as is happening in Great Britain, or else the democratic machine becomes the tool of interests and is worked for them by "bosses." Nowhere have I found such great contempt for the capacity, the morals, and the power of the people as among certain

sections of the Radical political reformers of this country and America. This feeling, and the valuations on which it is based, perhaps stand more clearly in those who have set themselves most consciously to study the arts of government, from the avowed standpoint of a short-range opportunism. This anti-democratic judgment seems to have taken strongest root in some of the most prominent leaders of the Fabian Society in this country. It would, indeed, be fairly accurate to designate Fabianism as anti-democratic Socialism, a revolt inside the Socialist Party against popular power, corresponding to the revolts above named in the Liberal, humanist and scientific movements of progressive thinkers.

Now, I do not even know that Mr. Wells is a member of the Fabian Society, but he gives an admirably lucid expression of this anti-democracy, and something more. The weakness of the earlier revolts lay in the fact that their denial of popular government was not supported by any even specious alternative; the caste of learned prigs whom Comte set up, the re-moralised rent-takers and profit-mongers to whom Carlyle and Ruskin looked, the re-organisation of the Holy Church and the Guild system which attracted many of the Christian Socialists, are all tainted by the same futility of seeking to recall, from the vasty deep of some remote past, spirits to preside over the changeful destinies of a modern State. The moment these new aristocracies are taken from the dimness of their obscurantist home and set in the clear daylight of modern life, their ridiculous ineptitude is made evident. There is no plausible pretence that either Comte's or Carlyle's real aristocracy could either come into existence, get power, use it well, or keep it when they had got it.

Now, the same quick judgment cannot be pronounced upon the Fabian conception of a working aristocracy of honest "efficients" which Mr. Wells has developed with so much ingenuity, and upon whose possibilities the fate of his Utopia turns. Mr. Wells has adopted a term of Japanese chivalry, "Samurai," to denote the aristocracy that wields or controls every power of government in his Utopia; all public offices are to be held by members of this caste, and all the active duties of citizens, such as the appointment and control of officials, legislative or executive, are confined to them; these Samurai are not an oligarchy, but comprise a considerable minority of the population of the world-State that is depicted in the vision, forming, in fact, the entire body of those men and women capable of taking a useful part in the ordering of public affairs. They are no hereditary caste (though Mr. Wells admits they will tend to become one), like the governing class of Plato; anyone may become a Samurai if he attains a certain quite ordinary intellectual standard, and submits to a rather rigorous discipline of life which precludes him from certain occupations and pleasures, and lays upon him certain positive obligations. Since the State secures for all its free members a reasonable standard of

subsistence in return for work done, and a thorough education, the poverty, ignorance, or indifference of parents cannot preclude any youth from attaining the intellectual standard required. Equality of opportunity is thus secured. The critical test is one of moral character. In such a well-ordered society as is here delineated, where "eugenics" and other civic safeguards have weeded out the scum and dregs of such a population as our own, it may fairly be assumed that a sound body would be the rule rather than the exception, and that almost all the population would be capable of fulfilling the duties of citizenship, in the sense in which we understand them. But here Mr. Wells applies his moral sieve. Citizenship is to be in his State a serious vocation in which the members are genuine trustees of civilisation. From such a trust should be excluded not merely the corrupt, the vicious, the ignorant, the callous, the mischievous members of the population, but all those incapable of bringing a firm will, a penetrating and reliable judgment and a strong public spirit to their performance of public duty. Light-minded, frivolous, unstable pleasure-seeking, self-absorbed persons, however brilliant the qualities they may possess, however important the services they may sometimes render, are not fit to exercise the art of government.

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. . . . Regarded as an experiment in speculative politics Mr. Wells's aristocratic scheme of government is defective in three respects. His aristocracy cannot acquire the power with which it is accredited, could not retain it if they got it, and could not exercise it without degrading both themselves and the subject populace.

## HE, SHE, AND IT.

### I.

He was leaning against It.

He was an old scavenger, a kind of superannuated biped; It was an old apple-tree.

Who was she?

Never mind.

The dense, murky, smoky, suffocating fog that had darkened the sky, and poisoned the air, and saddened every human heart, was gone at last.

Good riddance. Men, women, and children, now breathed a little more freely in modern Babylon. The London autumn resumed its ordinary dismal look. Cabs, carriages and omnibuses, or rather, since you insist on precision of nomenclature, 'ansoms, fourwheelers, and busses, were again circulating in all directions as freely and unhamperedly as if they had been newspaper lies. The setting sun just peeped through the clouds once or twice, preparatory to bidding the world good-bye, and retiring for the night.

St. John's Wood, a part of London with trees and actors enough to justify the last and to belie the first portion of its name, was now quiet. The ragged torch-bearers who had been piloting timid pedestrians across the streets, thus earning a 'eap of coppers during the short but, for them, beneficent reign of King Fog, had now disappeared from the surface. Neatly and conventionally dressed, aproned and bonneted young "slavies" were walking, jug in hand, toward the "pubs" for the purpose of obtaining beer in one or the other of its many varieties, eliciting in passing a flattering remark or so from some swell on his way to his club, the theatre, or the music-hall. The neighbourhood being of the shabby-genteel (less genteel than shabby) persuasion, had settled down to feed the inner man, either at supper or at dinner, according to its "station in life." On the whole, then, everybody and everything out of doors was now at rest.

So, too, was the scavenger. For the first time since the lifting of the fog he had just once more swept away the lifeless yellow leaves which the wind had scattered all around him on the side-walk. While the darkness lasts a man literally cannot see his

duty; no, not even a p'liceman, let alone a mere legalised beggar in the shape of a street-cleaner, who, unlike the other, gets neither regular pay nor irregular sixpences from such "unfortunates" as may be fortunate enough to possess that popular coin of the realm.

The old scavenger was now resting, his back against the barren apple-tree, his emaciated, not very cleanly shaven, and self-assertedly-projecting chin on his right fist, while the left, which supported its fellow, was in its turn leaning on the old broomstick, an honest, time-worn implement of the road-sweeping industry, now an integral part of the old man's being.

Thus propped up and "backed" by the tree, he stood there gazing at the stones of the pavement, holding, one would have thought, communion with them.

For the brief space of one moment he dozed off.

II.

His whole past suddenly arose before his mental eye.

By Jingo, this is queer. Dashed if it ain't!

Here he is, young again, young and vigorous, and as good-looking a chap as any in the whole timber-yard.

Hark! What the deuce is this? What a bloomin' noise? Music, by Gosh!

"Say, gov'nor, where may them red-jackets be going to? To embark for the Crimear, eh! Well, I am damned!"

This? Why, Soho Square, of course. Any fool knows that. Feels nice to be out of that infernal timber yard. He is now on his way home. Washed and kempt, as bright as a new brass button—a regular dandy. But what makes him carry a broom across his shoulder? Queer, ain't it?

And now he is in Regent's Park, among lofty trees and fragrant flowers, beneath a clear summer's sky. Foggy? Well, it was foggy a while ago, but it seems to be July again.

There is Minnie, emerging from behind a cluster of foliage. The glass roof? Oh, yes, it is that funny old florist's hot-house. Kindest man out; never passes you by without giving a poor man a copper. Thank'ee, Sir, thanks!

Minnie has come to meet him. He knew she would come, and that is why he made himself look so spruce. Everybody is fond of Minnie. At the dressmaker's where she works they call her "Queen of Hearts." They say the yard superintendent cheats at cards. What a beast!

"Take me home, Jack?"

Should rather think so. He takes her hand. She blushes. Girls will blush anyhow; they are built that way.

Suddenly it has got very dark, and they are in Bethnal Green. What, already? They didn't ride, though; he is quite sure of that. Here they are, in front of her house, on the doorstep.

"Jack!"

"Yes, dear."

"Good-bye!"

She fumbles in her little bag, gets out her latch-key, opens the street door, looks around to make sure . . . . and kisses him, sobbing all the while.

"Oh, you silly, little goose!"

He notices some egg-shells. He sweeps them away; that's soon done. Somebody gives him a penny. Confound the man, now Minnie is gone!

Damn that policeman! He catches you by the scruff of the neck and drags you along.

"Say, old fellow, you are choking me!" He digs his iron knuckles into a bloke's neck. . . . .

That gaol is a dreary place, and no mistake about it. Serves him right, though. If she got into trouble through such a mean skunk as that lanky, milk-and-water clerk it was her own look-out. Still anybody would have knocked down a miserable, blooming wretch who fooled a girl like Minnie, and then threw her up like a squeezed-out orange. . . . .

Hang the little rascals! They will mess up the street with orange-peel and the like! He sweeps it away.

"Sorry, but you can't get your job again," says Plank, Timber, and Co., Limited. Don't want no gaol-birds, not they.

The work on the Underground is downright beastly. Tunnelling don't agree with him. Makes a chap drink, too; he does not booze, not exactly; but he drinks more than what is good for him.

My! How she is rigged out nowadays! And she grins all the time; every customer gets a smile with his gin-and-water. Fancy, Minnie a barmaid!

Is this Le'ster Square? Where, then, would the Underground be? It's all blooming well mixed up, by Gosh! It must be Le'ster Square, for there is the Alhambra, and . . . . well, Jack may be a trifle tipsy, but, dash it all, he can see all right. There is Minnie coming out of the Alhambra on the arm of a swell. He's got a Scotch plaid over his shoulder. They get into a hansom. . . . . Poor Minnie! Her eyebrows are so very black. He wonders if she paints.

"Look alive, my friend; give us a whisky, will yer?" Here in New York they call their barmen "bar-tenders," and everything is upside down. Seems an age since he crossed the water. Good pay; but, damn it all, they work the guts out of a chap.

"Hextra-a-a! Hextry spesho-o-ol!" That's the Frenchies and the Prooshians coming to blows. Well, it is none of his business. . . . .

Minnie is a . . . . . Confound her! Still, he would never have come back to England but for her. . . . . There, just look,

there is a well-dressed, half-drunken woman walking up Piccadilly, who . . . . He could almost swear it was Minnie. Drunk, eh? Well, he is a bit shaky himself.

Days seem ages in Guy's Hospital. The nurses are fine girls, only they don't sell liquor. What a beast to run his infernal bike into a bloke's ribs! Might have worked to this day. . . . .

"Eh, stop, will yer? Don't ye run away with my broom, don't! ye, blooming idiot! My broom, my broom, help!"

* * * *

He opened his eyes.

There is really no telling how much a fellow can dream in the short space of one second. Talk about electricity, it isn't in it.

The old scavenger looked down at the pavement stones. An impudent north-easterly wind tried to put the tree in a flutter. It shook derisively its branches, as much as to say: "Try again, old whirl-puff."

It was getting very dark. An actress came up the road. He knew her. At the corner where he acted the last chapter of his life she used to take the 'bus on her way to the Adelphi, invariably putting a penny into his hand. Actresses are always kind hearted, the kindest creatures out.

III.

I stop and look at him as he stands there, leaning against the tree. It seems to have a fellow-feeling for the old man. Just now they are both in the same plight.

The autumn had come for both man and tree. Whatever fruit the summer of their lives had ripened has gone into strangers' hands. Now they are both barren of everything; both looking forward to a long, cold, all-devastating winter, with the only difference that while the tree may live to see another spring, the scavenger's winter will have no springtide to follow in its wake.

Presently he shudders at some thought that has just flashed across his mind. Was it the north-easterly that has, perchance, tickled the terrible wound in his heart—the wound which time has been unable to heal?

Nobody knows. The street-lamp has, no doubt, seen a good deal of him. His friend, the apple-tree, may know a thing or two about him. As to the stones beneath him, he was certainly whispering to them all the time. But then, you see, a tree in the fall is too dead to tell any tales. The lamp, again, is like some learned men I knew; it lights everybody's path, and is at the same time a very poor observer. While the stones, low and down-trodden as they are, have, as in the case of the poor, long had their senses deadened.

And so it is all a mystery.

I wonder whether he is dead now—that is, whether he is done dying yet. He probably is by this time.

M. Winchevsky.

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**May-Day.**—The celebration of May-Day as an international Labour Festival, which has become so popular with the working class in Continental countries, has so far evoked very little enthusiasm and support here. So far as the provinces are concerned, no attempt whatever is made to celebrate the First of May in the great industrial centres in which the recent electoral results suggest a great advance in working class political organisation. This fact indicates a lack of international sentiment in the movement there, and seems to show that it is still largely imbued with those bourgeois ideas which have entitled us to be called a nation of shopkeepers. Instead of boldly determining to make their own holiday on the first day of May, our provincial comrades thriftily and soberly make the first Sunday in the month serve as a substitute. In London, however, the celebration of the First of May as

Labour's day grows with each year, and the demonstration in Hyde Park this year—quite apart from the foreign Anarchists who strove to achieve undue importance by unwarrantably attaching themselves to the organised celebration—was by far the largest that has ever been held on a week-day. It is hoped that next year there will be an organised movement on the part of a number of the trade unions of London to ensure a cessation of work by the whole of their members on that day.

**The Movement in France.**—The terrible doings which were anticipated in Paris in connection with May-Day celebrations came to nothing. The reactionists, of course, ascribe this to the presence in Paris of the troops brought in to overawe the crowd. We should be inclined to say, on the contrary, that such disorder as ensued was due to the provocative tactics of the Government. It was necessary, we suppose, to make a great show of doing something, hence the arrests and the cavalry charges in the streets. Our comrades of the French Socialist Party, however, were not so foolish as to play into the hands of those who wished to create disorder. Socialists have no interest whatever in civil disturbance, riot, or bloodshed. We are necessarily averse to violence, although we ought always to be prepared to meet force with force. We should not hesitate to adopt forcible measures whenever they could be shown to be means to achieve the overthrow of the capitalist system, but mere riot and disorder are, in themselves, useless and criminal. It would seem that the object of the Government was to injure the Socialists at the elections. If that was so, they have signally failed, for our party has scored notable victories, and the great display of military force on the First of May has been shown to have been unwarranted.

**The Clerical Enemy.**—The introduction of the Government Education Bill has roused all the elements of Clerical obscurantism to renewed fury. Mr. Birrell's Bill is certainly not one to evoke any enthusiasm on the part of Socialists, or educationalists generally. Indeed, it is scarcely an Education Bill at all, in the strict sense of the term. It might be better described as a measure to provide public control of the schools and public provision of the means for placating the rival sects who are fighting for the right to everlastingly damn the souls of the future generation. That is really what this so-called religious question, in connection with education, amounts to. It is not really a religious question at all, still less is it a question of education. To read the perfervid utterances of the champions of the various denominations, to listen to their wild and whirling words of denunciation and exhortation, it would be easy to believe them moved by a sincere regard for the welfare of the children. It is only when we look around, when we see the myriads of little ones growing up in the midst of cruel poverty, vice, and squalor, uncared for and untended, ground down into ignorance and suffering, without hope and without God in the world; predestined, their bodies to the capitalist hell on earth, and their souls to eternal perdition, if there is such a state—it is only when we see and reflect on these things that we understand that it is not solicitude for the children which moves these worthy divines and politicians to such furious eloquence and virulent invective, but merely the desire that their special road to damnation should be the one patronised by the State. Here, as ever, Clericalism is the enemy. The children might be saved from poverty and pollution, educated physically and mentally, and trained into good citizens, free and brave men and women. But Clericalism would not lift a little finger for that, it only seeks the right to proselytise, to terrorise, and to condemn.

**The Asquithian Budget.**—The first Featherstone Budget is precisely what we might have expected from its author. Practically all the reforms to which Liberal candidates pledged their party in the last election can only be carried out if money is provided by taxation, but Asquith sets all such considerations on one side. It should have been his duty to suggest means for increasing the national income so as to provide for expenditure on such matters as the provision of meals for school children, old age pensions, the organisation of the unemployed, and so on. Instead he devotes the surplus, which he owes mainly to his predecessor, to taking a penny off tea—which will, of course, be an immense boon to the working-class! —abolishing the coal tax, and to making some peddling reductions in Post Office rates. It is a budget worthy of the Whig-Imperialist trimmer and is characteristic of this most cowardly Government. It will be interesting now to see the excuses the Government will make for not carrying any social measures of reform. Asquith has taken care to provide them with an all-sufficing one—the plea of no money.

**A Foolish Farce.**—All that we have said as to the determination of the Government to continue in all essentials the policy of their predecessors has been fully demonstrated, and in nothing more strikingly than in their shilly-shallying over the question of Chinese labour in South Africa. All through the election and before, the employment of Chinese in the Rand mines was denounced as slavery, and many ardent supporters of the Liberal party assumed that one of the first things their party would do when returned to power would be to repeal the Cninese Labour Ordinance. We pointed out that the leaders had been very careful not to

pledge themselves to any such course, and that, seeing how completely men of both parties were identified with capitalist enterprise in South Africa, they dared not so pledge themselves. We had no illusions as to the intentions of the Liberals in this connection, and we are now seeing our anticipations completely fulfilled. We no longer hear of Chinese slavery in South Africa; to so describe the conditions under which the coolies are employed there was, we are now told, most unwarrantable. Nevertheless, to please its Radical supporters, the Government has promised to assist to repatriate any Chinaman who can satisfy the High Commissioner that there are peculiar circumstances which justify such assistance. In ordinary cases the coolies are reminded that "any labourer may at any time terminate the contract without assigning any reason on tendering to his employer the expenses incurred in introducing him into the Transvaal, together with a sum sufficient to defray the expenditure necessary in returning him. This is a provision," they are told, "of which you can all avail yourselves, and it cannot be said that you are detained here against your will." Was there ever a more foolish farce than this perpetrated?

**Still the Unemployed.**—And again with the unemployed the Government are adopting precisely the tactics which served their predecessors so well. Last year, by a promise of legislation in the King's Speech, the Balfourian Ministry were able to damp down agitation and keep the unemployed out of the streets all through the London Season. By a similar promise the present Government is obviously hoping to achieve the same result. Half the life of the present Session of Parliament has passed and no intimation has yet been given of the proposals intended by the Government to redeem their promise. They evidently

hope to drive the question off to the end of the Session and then do nothing, unless forced. But their great object will have been achieved, agitation will be staved off until Parliament has risen, and society will have enjoyed its season, and will have been saved the nuisance of the unemployed in the streets, and will probably be more convinced than ever that there really are no unemployed except the unemployable. That, of course, is assuming that the people allow themselves to be lulled into quiescence in the meantime. But of that there is some doubt. There are not wanting indications of disgusted disappointment at the inaction of this "promising" Government of all the virtues and all the talents, and that disappointment may translate itself into active demonstration before long.

**The S.D.F. Conference.**—The chief matter of interest at the Annual Conference of the S.D.F. was the question of the relation of the organisation to the new Labour Party—late L.R.C. For some reason or other there appeared to have grown up a feeling that the attitude of the S.D.F. towards that combination had changed, and that the vote of the Conference would go in favour of reaffiliation. The result, however, showed that those anticipations were groundless. All that could be said in favour of retracing our steps was urged with warmth and vigour by the advocates of that course, but it was rejected by 55 votes to 29. In order, however, to remove any possibility of doubt that this fairly represents the opinion of the general body, it was decided to take a ballot of the members on the question. There can, we think, be no doubt that the vote of the Conference not only represents the opinion of the majority of the members, but is really the only consistent and logical position that the S.D.F. could

adopt under present circumstances. Nothing has changed in the composition, policy, or objects of the Labour Party since the S.D.F. withdrew, and if the electoral success of the new party is the one reason for an alliance the same reason could be urged with still greater force in favour of an alliance with those Labourites who are adherents of the Liberal Party. Socialist principle and policy afford a basis for an independent working class party, but apart from that it is difficult to define any line of differentiation between a Labour Party and any other party.

## EMPIRE AND MURDER.

Many are the times when, while strolling through the gloomy streets of London Town, we are conscious of a mad anger against those responsible for the filthy squalor and saddening misery that we see and *feel* around us; yet, notwithstanding the ghastly horror of the London night, we English can claim one advantage over the teeming millions crushed under the Juggernaut car of Empire—the inviolability of our life. The life of a human being cannot be taken in this country for non-payment of taxes, or refusing to obey the laws, except when some wretch, driven insane by the terror of living, lays violent and fatal hands on a fellow human. In contemplating our own sorrows, we are prone to forget that some of our fellow-sufferers from capitalist rule languish under worse oppression than ourselves; in particular, we refer to those races who have escaped the curse of civilisation plus modernity by remaining secluded in their own territories, but whose lands and lives are liable to confiscation if they dare to resist acts of tyrannic injustice.

As it is directed to-day, the march of civilisation coincides with the degradation of human kind, rather than its ennoblement, for it carries in its train unspeakable injustices and monstrous iniquities. Civilisation merely conceals our barbarism; it does not root out, but rather encourages the growth of barbarism. In the

history of the world of Humanity, civilisation is what the Liberal Party is in the political history of England —a sham. Do not let us be misunderstood; we are speaking of modern civilisation, not the civilisation of previous centuries. Those who boast of "civilising" the native races to-day apply the term to hide the fact that they are imposing on those races a system of torture and assassination, worthy of the Spanish Inquisition or the Chinese Boxers; they are busily engaged in murdering, not men, but the souls of men; not a few heretics, but the souls of races. We are told that the aim of civilisation is to teach the ignorant the high ideals to which mankind should aspire—especially to impress on the heathen mind the magnificence of the spectacle of all men receiving even-handed justice—British justice! We admire the courage of those who contend that this is the chief justification for the civilisation process, and we accept the implied challenge, knowing only too well the strength of our case.

There are two colonies (Natal and West Australia) which impress us as striking and painful exemplifications of the utter hypocrisy of the plea that civilisation postulates the banishing of injustice. In Natal, at the moment of writing, there is being enacted a stern tragedy for which that accursèd doctrine "the survival of the fittest" may, perhaps, be largely responsible; a tragedy in which there are no stage tricks, no feeble actors playing with a strange unreality, in a puppet drama of sham life, but real players demanding attention from an unwilling and sated audience.

Our colonial system is supposed to be founded on the great political principle of "no taxation without representation"; but, curiously enough, the first people to repudiate this policy are the colonial States. For instance, the Natal natives pay £268,128 in taxes, but only 266 have been put on the register of voters. Moreover, as the Natalians were not satisfied with a

quarter of a million revenue derived from the natives, they sought to raise further sums by putting on a poll tax. Then, as the natives declined to pay this further tax, a body of police was depatched to enforce payment on the recalcitrants. This corps of police was met by a number of natives, and, according to Mr. Jellicoe*, what happened was this: "Sergeant Stephens reported that in the fog and dust he could not see anything except a native seizing the bridle of Inspector Hunt's horse, whereupon the inspector lifted a revolver and shot the native dead." Following on this, it appears a struggle took place, the result of which was that, unfortunately, Inspector Hunt and a policeman were assegaied. For committing this crime the two actual criminals were tried and shot; but twelve others were arrested as accessories before and after the fact. In due course they were brought to trial and sentenced to death. It must be noted that these men were not tried by the ordinary courts, but by a court-martial, an arbitrary tribunal, admitted to be, usually, a mere travesty of justice.

The Privy Council was appealed to on the ground that the court-martial had no jurisdiction to sentence prisoners for an offence which had been committed before the court-martial superseded the civil jurisdiction. The fight in which Inspector Hunt was killed occurred on February 8, 1906. The proclamation of the Governor of Natal, instituting martial law, contained these words, "I do hereby proclaim and make known that the colony of Natal is placed and shall be under martial law from the date hereof until this proclamation shall be revoked or amended." The proclamation was dated February 9th, so "the date hereof" was the 9th; thus the "cause or matter" in reference to which the natives were put to death arose at a time when civil law operated, and before the military tribunal could legally

* Address to the Privy Council.—"The Times," April 3.

act. It is laid down, distinctly, in Clode's "Military and Martial Law," that "a proclamation of martial law cannot have a retrospective operation." The Privy Council refused to grant leave to appeal from a decision of a court that, clearly, had no jurisdiction to take cognisance of this particular crime, on the ground that the sentence had been confirmed by the Minister of Justice for Natal, and, therefore, the appeal was "not an appeal from a court, but in substance from an act of the Executive." Apparently, if this reasoning of the learned lords be sound, when the Court of Criminal Appeal is established in this country, if the Home Secretary happens to confirm a sentence of the Court of First Instance before an appeal is lodged, then the superior Court will have no jurisdiction, the Home Secretary's act in confirming the sentence being "an act of the Executive." What an astounding proposition of law to be laid down by our highest Court when invited to intervene on a matter of life and death!

The reason for this inexplicable decision will be seen at once when the circumstances under which the Petition came before the Privy Council are examined. The news that the twelve natives were to be executed was received in London on Wednesday, March 28. On Thursday it was announced that the Colonial Secretary had stayed the carrying out of the extreme penalty until he received fuller information. On Friday, March 30, the further statement was circulated that Lord Elgin had withdrawn his veto, and had allowed the law to take its usual course, so that the sentences would be carried out on Monday morning. The Petition for leave to appeal was argued before the Privy Council on Monday morning, but the condemned men were shot shortly after 11 a.m. Therefore, any order that the Privy Council might have caused to issue would have arrived too late to stop the executions. In this state of facts, is it to be wondered at that the Privy Council evaded the main point, namely,

whether or not the court-martial had retrospective jurisdiction—as to which, we submit, there could have been only one decision—and dismissed the appeal on an entirely unsubstantial and irrelevant ground? Our imagination cannot conjure up a more painful predicament for our governing classes to extricate themselves from—either they must condemn the Natal Government, or they must refuse to administer justice. Needless to add, they chose the ignoble course, and the weak went to their grave, and the strong to their dinner. The scriptural doctrine of "an eye for an eye" was extended to "seven eyes for an eye." Fancy half-a-dozen of the most eminent judges in England solemnly assembling, as the highest judicial tribunal of the country, and listening to arguments of learned counsel on a question affecting the lives of a dozen British subjects, all the time well aware that they dared not arrive at an equitable decision, for fear that their so doing would cover the Natal Executive with everlasting shame for their indecent haste in ordaining that these twelve men should die!

The spectacle is so loathsome and disgusting that we turn from it with relief, only pointing out that the whole history of this incident throws a strong light on the lengths to which our governing classes are prepared to go in supporting one another. What matters Justice or Honour, so long as we have "continuity."

Another aspect of this affair is equally discouraging to a lover of his country—the remarkable outburst of anger from the Conservative members of Parliament and Press against Lord Elgin because he ventured to postpone an execution for 24 hours, a disgraceful exhibition which, by its violence, contributed more than anything else to the Colonial Secretary finally sanctioning this judicial murder. We remember reading an account of a staghunt in Somerset describing how, after the stag had been brought to bay, then mangled and worried by dogs,—we even brutalise "the friend of man," nothing is immune from our polluting touch,

—the huntresses dipped their kerchiefs in its warm blood, thus securing a trophy of the chase with which to adorn their boudoirs, or, more horrible still, their children's nurseries. We, for our own part, place such women on a much lower plane of *inhumanity* (far nearer the reptiles) than Lady Macbeth, Regan or Goneril; because they debase their womanhood* to obtain an hour of amusement. Judging from the "leaders" in the Conservative press, it seems probable that only considerations of time and distance prevented the Conservative editors dashing helter-skelter to the scene of the Natal executions, and dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of the sacrifices on the altar of civilisation, as a proof that they were "in at the death." Such are the ladies and gentlemen of England!

There remains Western Australia. We have no love for this sickening task of dwelling on the shortcomings of our countrymen; nevertheless, there are occasions when an enforced tolerance of bestial outrages is strained beyond endurance. During the last few years, charges of every sort and kind have been hurled against the West Australian Government for the abominable maltreatment of the aboriginal natives committed to its care. Protests of local humanitarians had no effect on official optimism. At last, the outcry and clamour became so loud that the West Australian Government, while denying everything, consented, in 1904, to accept the services of Dr. Roth, who undertook to investigate the working of the administration which controlled the destinies of the West Australian

* Surely the most precious jewel in the world, but how sadly misused. In attempting to paint the lily, or to increase their natural beauty, women do not hesitate to inflict the most awful tortures on helpless animals. It is a melancholy thought that our admiration for the charm of our wives, sisters, and women friends must be tempered with the vision of the orgy of blood which has contributed towards the unnecessary furnishing and embellishing of Nature's superbest work—Woman.

aborigine. Dr. Roth's report and the evidence of the witnesses, who submitted themselves for examination, were embodied in a White Paper of 121 pages, which was published in Australia last year. From the evidence we propose to select a few passages, abstaining from comment, as we are content to let them speak for themselves. Mr. Octavius Burt, Sheriff and Comptroller of Prisons, was asked: "Are neck-chains used in prisons?—Yes. Are these chains used continuously during the whole length of the sentence? —Yes. Kindly let me know what is your authority for the use of them?—There is no legal authority. I can only say it is one of those things so universally adopted that it is never questioned. Are neck-chains ever used for Europeans?—Not that I know of." Observe that the tribunal established by civilisation punishes the uncivilised man in an uncivilised way, while the civilised man is punished in a civilised way —a curious inconsistency which we leave others to reconcile, if they can. To resume: "You have no regulations as to the use of neck-chains?—No. Have you any regulations as to the weight and size?—There is nothing laid down. . . . . The weights of the chains in use are, Roebourne, from 2 lb. 12 oz. to 5 lb. 14 oz.; Broome, 2 lb. 2 oz.; Wyndham, 5¼ lb. with Yale lock and everything complete. Has the chain a collar and padlock?—The chain encircles the neck and is fastened with a small Yale lock." Then Mr. Woodroffe, branch manager, Adelaide Steamship Company: "When blacks are accused of a crime you do not think they have a fair trial?—I am satisfied in my own mind that they never have a fair trial. . . . . Are the female witnesses chained?—No. I have never seen them chained. I may state that I have seen old and feeble men brought in by the police driven in front of the horses. . . . . In the cases that you saw in Wyndham did the blacks ever get any justice?—During the years that I was in Wyndham I did not see one case of justice. . . . . I guarantee that if the depositions were

gone carefully into no man could be convicted on them. I have walked out of the Court disgusted at what is called British justice." Next we come to Constable John Wilson: "Will you swear that each prisoner thoroughly understands what he is charged with when you arrest him?—Not at the time. Do you arrest those in whose actual possession you find beef?—Yes." The principal charge against these Australian blacks appears to be that they have a mania for cattle-killing. "Do you ever arrest the gins (native women).—Yes. Do you accuse them of cattle-killing?—No. Do you arrest them as witnesses?—Yes. Have you any legal authority to arrest these women as unwilling witnesses?—No. How do you detain them?—They are chained by the ankles. Do you mean that their two legs are chained together?—No; I fasten the gin to a tree with a handcuff, and then fix the chain to one ankle with another handcuff. . . . . These women are practically asked to turn informers?—Yes." Then: "Do you allow your trackers, or the assisting stockmen, to have sexual intercourse with the gins whose relatives or friends you have arrested?—They may do it without my knowing it. Does such intercourse go on?—I suppose it does." Mr. Jeffery Scott, Gaoler, examined: "What do you consider the youngest ages of the prisoners you have at present?—Judging by appearances, between eleven and 13 years of age. What punishment have these children received?—Sentences from six months to two years with hard labour. What proportion of these aboriginal prisoners do you honestly believe know what they are in prison for?—Their idea was that they were here for road-making." The last gentleman we desire to quote is Mr. R. H. Wace, Resident Magistrate and District Medical Officer: "Have you any information to give this Commission on the effects of this pearling industry upon the coastal blacks?—It is most thoroughly demoralising to the blacks. In the laying-up season of this year, several pearling luggers laid up at Cygnet

Bay. Several cases of supplying liquor to the blacks were brought down here. In every case I asked why the defendants had given the liquor, and in every case I was informed that the reason was that they wanted one of the women. I think that liquor is seldom given to the aboriginals except for that specific purpose. It is the recognised payment. I have treated several cases this year of specific diseases amongst the pearling boats, and I know from my own knowledge that it is extremely prevalent among these crews and cannot but have an extremely bad effect amongst the blacks. It is readily communicable, and its worst point is that it is hereditary. It has a morally and physically deteriorating effect both on the one who contracts it and the one to whom it is communicated by descent. To my own knowledge, girls have been taken from a mission station in accordance with the tribal marriage customs—young girls of 14 or 15 years, who have only just arrived at maturity, and in perfect health—taken away and prostituted amongst the crews of the luggers, returning after some time suffering from specific disease. One of the main reasons of the dying out of the black race is that, through prostitution, the women become infertile. This, by the way, applies throughout that district. I know also that members of lugger crews go ashore with guns, ostensibly for self-protection against the blacks."

These passages may explain to some of our readers why we headed this article "Empire and Murder." Such are the foundations on which this great empire rests. No doubt, we shall be accused of the direst treachery for attempting to revive interest in the fate of the West Australian blacks; yet, in denouncing lecherous wickedness, we are confident that we are rendering the Empire more valuable service than those who would draw a discreet veil over these misdeeds. The disregarding of this canker eating at the body politic will not avert the oncoming disaster which non-punishment of lechery in all parts of the Empire

is hastening. We devoutly hope that the Labour Party will strive to obtain the appointment of an eminent Commission which may inquire into all matters affecting the welfare of the natives owing allegiance to the King-Emperor. There is sure to rise a chorus of lamentation and howls of virtuous indignation from our various Colonies. However, do not let us be deterred by these yappings, lest we are engulfed by the breaking of the storm clouds which are already gathering thick and fast in the distance.

C. H. NORMAN.

# THE ECONOMICS OF RAILWAY NATIONALISATION

## IN THE LIGHT OF PAST AND PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.

The question of the Nationalisation of British Railways has been discussed with more or less vigour for more than 50 years, at one time assuming an important position in current politics, and at another paling into comparative insignificance. During the last decade or so, however, the agitation in favour of such a course has permeated all sections of the community, and the broad, sociological basis from which Socialists have always considered the question is receiving support from those classes whose former disinterestedness has been dispelled by the operation of essentially economic causes. Of these we may mention sharper foreign competition, the decline in agricultural pursuits, the recurrence of industrial depression, and perhaps the most important of all, the tendency on the part of the railway companies towards monopoly control. We, as Socialists, base our opinion on the fact that, just as the roads of a country, from the very nature of things, are public property, so, also, are those important channels of transport and communication without the full benefits of which national development and progress are considerably retarded. Therefore, just as the coaching roads of old were freed from the menace of the toll-gate, the existence of

which we have become accustomed to view with feelings of amusement and disgust, so should the great highways of commerce be released from a far greater burden in the shape of the railway monopolist.

The present position of British railways has completely fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Acworth, who, writing in the "Engineering Magazine," of June, 1893, on behalf of the Railway Companies Association, stated that, "Each year the railway interest becomes a more closely organised unit for purposes of common action and joint defence. . . . . Another ten years of progress in the present direction . . . . will give us a railway system as free from the 'waste of competition' as the systems of France and Germany." He also recognised that a certain section of the community were alive to the direction in which the railway interest was drifting when he said: "The school of thought that is in the ascendant in this country at the present moment sees nothing objectionable in the prospect, but rather welcomes a state of things making more easy the transition to that Government ownership which it is becoming more and more common to regard as at once inevitable and desirable."

Our first business, then, is to trace the development of railway control from its inception to the present, and to consider by how far such development has brought us nearer the elimination of the "waste of competition," so much desired by those who control not only railways, but *every other industry*, and the ultimate transference to national control.

Railways were first laid in this country with the idea that they should serve as highways on which anyone could do his own haulage. Such an idea was, however, quickly dispelled, and the companies assumed the management of the traffic. The difficulty of hauling freight any great distance in consequence of the many short lengths of line and the unnecessary charges involved, soon resulted in the amalgamation of the smaller companies, thus securing

what we now call "through lines." The premier English railway—the London and North-Western—was formed out of 45 small companies. The "through" lines in turn experienced the same difficulty of competition, and little wonder when we consider how some of them cross and re-cross en route. The managers of the rival systems quickly set to work to obviate such waste, and the late Sir George Findlay, sometime General Manager of the North-Western, tells us how it has been mitigated. In his interesting treatise: "The Working and Management of an English Railway," he says, the companies agree* among themselves what the rates between competing points shall be by all routes. The competitive rates between most places in Great Britain are, in the main, governed by two conferences, the "English and Scottish Traffic Rates Conference," and the "Normanton Conference." The first of these consists "of representatives of all the companies, both English and Scottish . . . . these representatives meet once a month and deal with all questions arising in connection with the making of new rates, or the alteration of existing rates. . . . . The Normanton Conference, which was originally established to control the rate for a certain district of which Normanton . . . . was a convenient centre, has gradually so much extended its scope that it is now composed of representatives of nearly every company of any importance in England, and governs almost the whole of the competitive rates which are not dealt with by the English and Scotch Conference. The cross-channel rates between England and Ireland are controlled by an English and Irish Traffic Rates Conference, and besides these three there are some minor conferences, which have been established in connection with the traffic of particular districts."

He then goes on to show how losses arising from

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competition, are avoided in regard to the conveyance of traffic between two points served by two or more companies. The plan is known as the "Percentage Division of Traffic," and is an agreement by which "the receipts derived from the whole of the traffic carried by all routes shall be thrown into a common fund, and that each company shall be entitled to a certain percentage of the whole." We have considered, at some length, this step in the direction of more complete unification in order to show that, although there are several nominally competing systems, there exists a general plan of operation which renders railway control an almost complete monopoly.

There is yet one more step before competition can be eliminated altogether, and that is the control of the whole network of railways by one central body. At present we cannot conceive of such a condition under private ownership, but hope for the time when one authority will have control, and that the State, as representing the whole community. That the age of amalgamation is not yet over, even with the larger companies, is evidenced by the combination of the South-Eastern and Chatham systems some few years since, and the more recent announcement of the negotiations for the combination of two important Scotch companies—the Highland Railway and Great North of Scotland. The authorised capital of the two companies combined will reach nearly £15,000,000. The attention given to the proposed amalgamation in the Press is very interesting, and endorses one of the chief arguments for nationalisation. The "Daily News" (September 21, 1905): "If the amalgamation were effected, it would do away with a great amount of wasteful and needless competition between the two companies, especially in the fishing centres, where the results have not been profitable to either company."

The "Financial Times" (September 22): "From the point of view of the pre-ordinary stockholders of both companies, an amalgamation would be an advan-

tage, because it would in each instance practically double the surplus revenue available for their protection . . . . the advantages in the way of more economical working to both companies are so considerable that it ought not to be difficult to arrive at an understanding."

The "Joint Stock Journal" (September 22): "Regarded from the point of view of the proprietors, the fusion arranged upon equitable lines should be of advantage to both sides. . . . . As for the ordinary shareholders, they have before them the prospect of reduced working expenses, and the elimination of competition and duplication both making for better net results. And eventually, there is the possibility that the combine will be able to exercise such an influence as to compel the Caledonian Railway to make proposals for a further and greatly more important amalgamation." This contains two points of importance; one to the workers, who should reflect upon what "the prospect of reduced working expenses" may mean to them; the other, the probable future strengthening of the combination by the addition of the Caledonian Railway.

In tracing the evolution of railway control, the one salient feature that must have attracted attention is the continued effort towards unification and centralisation. But we must not forget that the process is a direct result of economic causes, and this should enthuse us to work with renewed vigour for the complete transference from private to public control lest the same causes should be used against the general welfare. That such a danger is already upon us will be seen from the following examples :—

*I.—Effect on Producers as a Whole.*

In a report issued a short time ago by the Standing Committee on Railway Matters of the Midland Chamber of Commerce, it was shown how the railway companies have extended the list of goods to be carried

at "owner's risk" in late years. According to the committee, "no satisfaction has been obtained from the companies, who are now combined for the purpose of resisting the claims of traders." Several examples illustrate the increasing disabilities experienced by manufacturers. Need we wonder why "such facts as these show how much a country suffers through its transport being controlled for profit by private monopolists"?

*II.—Railway Rates: Their Effects on British Traders.*

It has often been shown by manufacturers and others that the railways levy excessive freight charges as compared with foreign roads. These rates enter into the cost of production, and constitute a serious barrier to the disposal of British goods in the home and foreign markets. A few examples will suffice to show this. The cost of transporting coke per 100 miles in Great Britain is 7s. 6d. per ton; in Germany, 3s. 8d.; in Belgium, 2s. 10d.; while on the following goods the charges per ton are:—

| Goods. | From. | To. | Charge. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | | £ s. d. |
| Apples ... | Folkestone ... ... | London | 1 14 1 |
| | California ... ... | | 0 15 8 |
| British Meat ... | Liverpool ... ... | London | 2 0 0 |
| Foreign „ ... | | | 1 5 0 |
| Eggs ... ... | Galway ... ... | London | 4 14 0 |
| | Denmark ... ... | | 1 4 0 |
| | Russia .. ... ... | | 1 2 0 |
| | Normandy ... ... | | 0 16 8 |
| Plums, Pears, Apples ... | Queenborough (Kent) | London | 1 5 0 |
| | Flushing (Holland) ... | | 0 12 6 |
| Nails, Wire, Tubes ... | Birmingham ... ... | London | 0 10 9 |
| | Germany ... ... | | 0 4 9 |
| Spades ... | English | made | 1 1 9 |
| | German | made | 0 6 6 |

The above are but a few of thousands of discriminations, and yet some people are wont to boast about "freedom" of trade, while others equally deluded cry out, "Protect us from these wicked foreigners." Rather should they demand protection from the monopolists at home, and so secure greater freedom for the exchange of their goods. The quickest and most beneficial way to do this is for the people to return to Parliament only those men who will wage ceaseless war against the monopolist class. Until they recognise this duty to themselves, the "squeezing" process will continue.

This brings us to the second part of our subject—the Economics of Railway Nationalisation—and we shall endeavour to show how the community as a whole, as well as individual units, would gain by State ownership. The chief arguments in favour of nationalisation are:—

I.—*The abolition of waste and inefficiency* due to:—

(*a*) An unnecessary number of separate companies. There are at present over 50 companies, 250 boards of directors, and 3,000 directors with an average annual salary of about £500 each. A single board for the whole country would effect a great saving in expense, and a vast improvement in organisation.

(*b*) The expense and inconvenience of maintaining several stations in the larger centres of population would be avoided, while those districts which at present are not profitable, and are in some cases miles from a station, would be opened up.

(*c*) The waste from running nearly empty trains by rival routes would be substituted by a train service regulated to the wants of the community. One authority has estimated that railway consolidation would result in a saving of £200,000 per week.

II.—*The present high freight charges would be reduced*

thus affording manufacturers and farmers a fair chance of competing in the home and foreign markets.

III.—*The excessive hours for a disgracefully low wage* experienced by railway employees at present would cease. According to the latest official statistics the average wage of the 500,000 odd railway workers is about 25s. per week, while in the case of some 150,000 of them it is less than 20s. per week. In 1901 there were 208,132 cases of men who worked over twelve hours at one shift, and 8,087 whose duty exceeded 18 hours at a stretch.

IV.—Under *national ownership* the *profits* made by the people which are now appropriated by a comparatively small number would be *for the benefit of all.* According to the Board of Trade returns on the working of British railways for 1904, the profits exceeded £40,000,000. This sum was made chiefly by the 27 principal companies, and in the same period they paid in wages to 445,577 employees £29,000,000 only. So that, in round figures, about 400,000 shareholders divided £40,000,000, while 500,000 employees were expected to be content with £29,000,000.

V.—The *experience of European countries*, most of our colonies, and far away Japan, afford excellent reasons why Great Britain should fall into line and adopt the most important reform of State ownership.*

(*a*) The *Belgian State railways*, with a total length of 3,000 miles, issue five-day circular tickets entitling the holder to travel between all stations throughout the kingdom, at a cost of 9s. 6d. third class, while the second-class rate for a 15-day ticket is only 33s. Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, in his recently-published "Riches and Poverty," tells us how the Belgian workmen benefit by owning their own railways, thus :—

* The present writer emphasised the importance of this reform in the "Reynolds's" prize essay, "Socialism in Practice."

*Workmen's Tickets on Belgian State Railways.*

| Distance. Miles. | For one Journey daily to and fro, Six days' Ticket. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| 3 | 0 | 9¼ |
| 6 | 1 | 0 |
| 12 | 1 | 2½ |
| 24 | 1 | 7¼ |
| 31 | 1 | 9¾ |
| 62 | 2 | 6¼ |

"Thus the daily return fare for 31 miles is less than 3¾d!"

He goes on to say how the present tariff has been enjoyed since 1870, and how popular it is with the workers. In spite of such cheap fares, the railways yielded last year a profit of about £2,200,000, which went to the relief of taxation.

(*b*) The *Prussian State Railways* yield an annual profit sufficient to pay the interest on a National Debt of £350,000,000, and then place £10,000,000 to relieve taxation.

(*c*) The *unsatisfactory position of* the *Italian railways* cannot be ascribed to the failure of the principle of nationalisation, but to the wilful tactics of self-interested obstructionists.

(*d*) The *successful position* of the Australian, South African, and Indian State systems is further proof of the soundness of nationalisation.

(*e*) *Japan* has come to be renowned for the expediency with which she adopts all the best ideas from Western nations. This may account for the fact that, although she has only recently emerged from a most costly war, the House of Representatives has decided that the State shall assume control of the railways. The decision was contained in the Railway Nationalisation Bill which passed the Chamber without amendment on March 10, 1906, by 243 votes to 109, and which provided that compensation should be on the basis of 20 years' purchase of the average profits of the last three years. It is also expected that the Bill for the

purchase of the Seoul Fusan Railway will be passed. The estimated cost of purchase of the whole of the home railways is put at 500,000,000 yen (£50,000,000).

VI.—The *acquisition of the railways* would be an *important step in the direction of socialisation*, because it could abolish the middleman in many industries. Railways, being large consumers of coal, would direct attention towards the necessity of securing their own sources of supply. Most railways at present manufacture their own locomotives and other rolling stock. National railways would quicken the progress towards State ownership of the iron and steel industries. National railways would create an increased bulk of printing, and so cause the people to ask why this branch of industry was not already performed by the State, instead of being given out to contractors. An increased volume of printing would cause a demand for the manufacture of paper in Government mills. Again, the uniforms necessary for the national railway employees, added to other services as the Post Office, the army and the navy, would increase the demand for tailors in the Government clothing factories. Public ownership of the railways is the fundamental step necessary to give a great impetus to State control. That this is by no means a dream will be agreed when we observe that at present, "a railway company not only carries on its natural business of traffic, but builds its own engines, waggons, and carriages, does its own upholstery work, prints its own tickets, and after mangling its employees, provides them with artificial limbs of its own manufacture."*

In conclusion, the emancipation of the workers lies in the direction of seizing every opportunity that presents itself for the acquisition of public services, and thus prepare a better state of society, may be for themselves, and assuredly for the generations who come after them.

J. G. NEWLOVE.

* "Trusts and the State," H. W. Macrosty, p. 148.

## THE FRANCHISE IN GERMANY.

At the present moment a great agitation is taking place in Germany in favour of universal suffrage, and it may not, therefore, be out of place to devote a page or two to the consideration of the subject. It must first be remembered that the German Empire is a confederation, or more correctly speaking, a federated State, founded in 1871. This federation consists of Prussia and the smaller German States which, till then, were called the North German Confederation, and of the States which adhered to it in 1871, namely, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Hesse, and Baden, and of Alsace-Lorraine, which was conquered from France in that year.

There is, first, an Imperial Parliament having two Chambers, the Bundesrath and the Reichstag, which form the legislative assemblies. The first Chamber has, however, some functions of an executive character, for it is a kind of Council of State which has to prepare regulations necessary for carrying out laws, and it also has a voice in the appointment of high officials.

It is not elected. Its members are appointed by the Government of the Federal States. Prussia has 17 members, Bavaria 6, Saxony and Wurtemberg 4 each, Baden and Hesse 3 each, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Duchy of Brunswick 2 each, and each of the other States one each ; altogether there are 58 members. The

members representing a State must always vote together, and if some are absent yet those remaining can vote for those who are away; its proceedings are secret.

The Reichstag is elected by universal manhood suffrage by ballot (every elector of 25 having a vote), and there is one Deputy for every 100,000 inhabitants. That looks very nice on paper, but it must be remembered that the electoral divisions were settled in 1869 and 1871, and have never been altered since. There were in 1871 397 Deputies, because the population was then 39,000,000; but now that it is nearer 50,000,000 there is still the same number. This might not be an evil, but there has been no redistribution, and that has had some very startling results. In Germany, as in other countries, the population of the rural districts has diminished while that of the towns has increased. For example, Berlin, in 1869, had 600,000 inhabitants, and therefore had 6 members; now it has a population of nearly 2,000,000, but still only has its 6 members (of whom 5 are Socialists). It is hardly necessary to point out how this system heavily handicaps the Socialists.*

The system of the second ballot exists, but at the second ballot only the two candidates who at the first election received the highest number of votes, can stand.

The curious systems of franchise will be seen if we examine the system prevailing in each State, for we must not forget that in each State there is a local parliament or parliaments. In Prussia there are two Chambers. The Upper House (Herrenhaus) consists of some hereditary members and some appointed by the

* See a table, translated by the writer from "Vorwaerts," in "Social-Democrat" for October, 1903 showing that the Socialists polled 31 per cent. of total votes though they only returned 81 members out of 397, and that each Socialist member received, on an average, 49,000 votes, being a much higher average than the number given to deputies of other parties.—J. B.

King (i.e., the German Emperor) who have been elected by the nobility, the large landed proprietors, the universities, or the municipalities of certain towns having that privilege. There are no elected members. The Lower House (Haus der Abgeordneten) has 350 members elected by delegates chosen by universal suffrage but with unequal voting power. The system, which is somewhat complicated, is as follows: All Prussians over 24 years of age are primary electors. In each constituency these primary electors are divided into three groups. The citizens are classed according to the amount of direct taxes which they pay, and those who do not pay any direct taxation are supposed to pay three marks (3s.). Then the amount thus obtained, though partly a fictitious one, is added up and divided by three. The members paying a third of this form the first group, those paying the second third form the second group and all the rest, the great mass, are included in the third group. Each group elects separately a third of the electors who are to choose the members of Parliament and these electors then *meet together* and elect the Deputies.

It is not, therefore, a system of election by classes, since all the electors join in electing each Deputy. But it is a much worse system ; it is a kind of universal suffrage with plural votes, where the number of votes given to each elector depends on the taxes which he pays. The vote of a rich man is worth six or twelve times more than that of a member of the middle classes, and 60 or 150 times more than that of the poor. This jerrymandering has succeeded in making the Parliament very Conservative, and in order to still more emphasise this, all voting is not by ballot but is open voting. The Socialists have never yet succeeded in getting a member elected, though they have tried for many years. This system has been denounced, but Prince Bülow said recently that he would take care not to alter it, nor do I suppose he would unless the whole system was swept away by violence, as it suits

the governing classes very well. Of course there is no real Parliamentary government in Prussia, where the Ministers are merely officials responsible to the Emperor.

In Bavaria there are also two Houses. The Upper House consists of some members who sit by virtue of their office, some are hereditary members, and some are appointed for life by the King. There are no elected members.

The Lower House is elected by ballot by indirect election. Every male aged 20 votes for a candidate—there being one for every 500 inhabitants—and these candidates choose the members of Parliament. At the present moment there is a Bill being discussed which proposes that all the members should be elected by universal suffrage, and it has very good chances of being passed. The Bill was supported by the heir to the Throne, who spoke and voted in its favour.

In Saxony there is an Upper House consisting of the princes of the blood and eight other members who sit by virtue of their office, the mayors of six towns, 15 life members chosen by the King, and 17 members elected by the nobility and the landed proprietors.

There is also a Second Chamber, which was formerly elected by all citizens over 25 years of age paying direct taxes of at least 3 marks (3s.) a year in direct taxation. But this was found to be too favourable to the Socialists, for it must be remembered that all the Deputies of Saxony to the Reichstag, with one exception, are Socialists. The law was accordingly altered in 1896, and a system somewhat similar to that prevailing in Prussia was adopted. But it is even less liberal, for those citizens who pay less than 3 marks a year in direct taxation have no vote at all in the first election. The measure was, however, successful, for now there is not a single Socialist Deputy in the local Parliament for Saxony.

In Wurtemberg the Upper House consists of

royal princes, of members sitting in virtue of hereditary right, and of some members chosen for life by the King.

In the Second Chamber there are 13 members elected by the members of the lesser nobility, 9 chosen by the Catholic and Protestant Churches and also the Chancellor of the University. Then there are 71 members elected by universal suffrage and by ballot, the electors being all males over 25 years of age. There is a system of second ballots limited to the two candidates who obtained the most votes at the first ballot.

In Baden in the Chamber there are 64 members elected for four years, of whom half retire every two years. Every citizen of 25 can vote for a delegate, there being one for every 200 inhabitants; the voting is by ballot. These delegates then elect the Deputy by ballot.

The same system applies in the Grand Duchy of Hesse; all men over 21 years of age are electors, provided they are not domestic servants, and that they pay some sum in direct taxation. The Deputies are chosen for six years, half retiring every three years.

The small States have only one Chamber. In the Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg there are no Deputies representing the country districts, and the other members are the nobility and the mayors of towns. In the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, the Chamber is elected in the same way as in the Prussian local Parliament. It seems hardly necessary to go through the systems adopted in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchies of Anhalt, Brunswick, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, the Principalities of Lippe, Schaumburg-Lippe, Reuss (two branches), Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, and Waldeck and Pyrmont. All these States are very small, most of them nothing like so large as an average English county, and, of course,

the assemblies are not large, the maximum being about 50. They have very little to do and very little power. In nearly all there is class representation, different sections, as the nobility, etc., being represented, or rather over-represented; sometimes the other members are elected indirectly, sometimes directly, and generally by citizens paying direct taxation.

There remains to say something of the three Hanse towns—Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck, and of Alsace-Lorraine. The Hanse towns are nominally republics, but they are more like oligarchies. In Bremen the Senate is the executive body; it co-opts its members. The other Chamber contains 160 members, elected for six years. Members of the University elect 14 Deputies; merchants, bankers, etc., 42; manufacturers, 22; the other citizens 44 by double election; the inhabitants of Vegesack, 14; of Bremenhaven, 8; landed proprietors, 8; others in the country, 8.

At Hamburg, 80 members are elected by universal suffrage, with the ballot, each elector being 25 years of age; 40 members are elected by landed proprietors, and 40 represent officials and judges.

At Lubeck, however, matters are better managed, for the assembly of 120 members is chosen by ballot in a system of universal suffrage, there being ten constituencies, each having twelve members.

In the local assembly of Alsace-Lorraine the members are elected somewhat in the same way as in the French Senate, but they have very little power.

It will be seen that there is great diversity in the different electoral systems which prevail, but they all, however, agree in being so fixed as to prevent the opinions of the people being adequately expressed, and also in preventing the members of the central or local Parliaments really exercising any influence on the policy of the Government. Parliamentary government as understood in England and in France does not exist in Germany, and this realised will enable people

to see the grave dangers of a State which has for its head a ruler having the characteristics of the present sovereign. It will also be seen how difficult it is for the Socialists to effect any change, though they are strong in the Reichstag, and that the fear of universal suffrage being tampered with is not idle. The Socialists threaten that if this be done then they will proclaim a general strike, but I very much fear that it would not be successful. The military spirit is very strong in Germany, and I think that any attempt at an insurrection would be suppressed with great severity, and would be followed by a period of dismal reaction.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

## BETWEEN MEAN STREETS AND MANSIONS.

O, God, that there should be
This abject poverty
And utter ignorance;
Beings without a chance
Of self-development
In their environment.

That sodden drunkard's stare—
One sees the soul is there
Pining of discontent
In its poor tenement,
And struggling piteously
For heav'n-born liberty.

That woman, wan and old,
There, shiv'ring in the cold,
Her scanty strands of hair
Blanched by her mother-care.

O, God, that child! His eyes
Unnatural, worldly-wise,
His voice hoarse with the strain
Of shouting one refrain.

While hard by flaunt those gorgeous dames,
Ride past the millionaires whose names
Boom, boom, their proud philanthropy—
The tax of their own luxury.

Goes up the cry—O, Lord, how long
Ere tardy justice rights the wrong!
Within my heart—How long! How long!
Ere tribulation turns to song.

COLIN COLLETT.

## WEITLING'S SYSTEM OF HARMONY AND LIBERTY.

### II.

" My comrades encouraged me greatly to commence this work. They said : ' You entertain our opinions ; you know our wishes ; we give you the opportunity, therefore begin and work.' This was enough for me. They worked for me, I toiled for them ; had I not done it, why, a hundred others instead of myself could have been found. The present book is therefore not *my* work, but *our* work, because without the asistance of the others I could surely not have finished it." (Preface to the " Guarantees.")

These few extracts out of the whole work which may pass here as initiators into the spirit of Weitling's book, which we intend to fathom in the following pages, reveal sufficiently the modesty and simplicity of this thinker's character. And while, of course, much which he taught is obsolete at present there are at the same time so many interesting portions in the " Guarantees," dealt with in such a thorough revolutionary manner, that we can hardly fail to rejoice at many of his utterances. And in the present day, when the great hour of victory for the international proletariat draws near, it can only be a source of pleasure and satisfaction to study the theories of one who was, and practically remained all his life, an ardent, struggling proletarian.

Of course, it is so-called utopian Socialism which we read in Weitling's work. The constructive genius of scientific reasoning which moulds out of the very bricks of knowledge, which capitalistic society believes belong exclusively to it, a new society, the tactical and material strongholds in the great class war ; which proves that it is science itself that lends most willingly its ears to the ideals of Liberty, Fraternity and economic Equality—such was not the power nor the intellectual greatness of Weitling. But this " man of toil " had something else, that should not be underrated. His was that marvellous power of thought, which, as soon

as it dimly perceives a great, gigantic truth, is all by itself able to reason out with logic and common sense the differentiated details of this truth, which many a scientist does not find in spite of lengthy observation and the drilling of research and scrutiny. Weitling was great, and he attained the most beautiful summits of thought, philosophy and wisdom through the latter faculty, by means of his brilliant power of fancy, which knew no boundaries until it reached that end of all limits, i.e., where pure idealism blossoms forth into the stern facts of realism.

This we find already in the first part of the "Guarantees." It is devoted to a sharp investigation as to what the real evils of society are. His description of the primitive state of mankind contains the same glowing pictures of happiness and sufficiency which we are wont to read in Rousseau; even before that in the Bible. "To go out hunting, to eat and drink, to love and play, were amongst the pet vocations of man; the conceptions of toil and idleness, slavery and tyranny, property and theft were yet entirely unknown." "Mankind, in its childhood, lived free and independent because everyone could satisfy his needs according to his desires; if you wish that man should be again free and independent, then give to society such an organisation which makes it easy for all to attain the full satisfaction of their needs and the development of their capacities." And in order to prove how such order, such a society, is possible, he points out that "the total sum of capacities of each generation is always in full and entire harmony with the total sum of needs."

At the root of all the modern social evils he finds, above all, one—*private property*. Seldom has a man with greater consistency hated this institution than Weitling. Even the most natural instincts in man, as long as they stood in any relation to the great social problem at all, he condemned. Thus we find him thundering with his truly prophetic analogies against the terminology of "mine" and "thine": "Only a small part of the surface of the earth has ever felt the authority of man as expressed in the plough; and still millions cry for bread; would like to extend this human authority over the domain of Nature. . . . Who holds them back? Man himself, with his nonsensical talk about mine and thine." But while he repudiates any apparent advantage which ambiguous economists attribute to the institution of private property, Weitling's intentions are by no means what the vulgar apologist of bourgeois trickery lays at the doors of Socialism; he is far from desiring to "divide up," but wishes only the common ownership and common enjoyment of all the fruits of production and of Nature. No wonder that he denies the right of inheritance, rightly saying that this "right" is nothing else but the perpetuation of one huge, positive wrong. And Weitling shows in an instance of ten men who are placed upon an isolated island, how their conditions must prosper if they recognise Communism as the guiding principle in their economic arrange-

ments, that their condition, at first beautiful, happy and wholesome to all, must necessarily deteriorate under the domain of private property and its concomitant results.

The natural sequence of private property as the central point of social order must be *war*. Well would it be if our English empire-ridden people could read the great pictures of agony, barbarity and inhumanity which Weitling's master-hand draws, while speaking about the infamy of war! "If they could only see it," I am inclined to utter with the late William Morris, while perusing these splendid portions of Weitling's book; because they do not see nor know what war is—how ridiculous it is to associate this word with the noble term of valour—therefore it is that the English people can be driven by its ruling and exploiting caste from one into another horror of "patriotic butchery." How truly says Weitling: "War is always an evil; but not ever-lasting necessary! If we want it to-day, then we do so because we long to see the end of our misery; when our oppressors desire it, then, be sure, it is because they wish to increase their enjoyments and safeguard, strengthen, their prerogatives." It would be doing injustice to the memory and straightforward style of this revolutionist were we to pass over in silence how he classifies society, or mankind. For him there are four kinds of human beings in the world:—

(1) Men who work at a useful trade.
(2) Men who do useless work.
(3) Men who either do not work; or
(4) Who work against the true interests of mankind.

"In other words, I recognise honest people, monkeys, gluttons who do not work, and rascals," says Weitling, with emphasis and that thorough understanding which is one of the chief qualities of the revolting mind.

But he knows also very well what poisonous influence it is which perverts the good nature of man—and he does not spare our system of money which, as he rightly understands, with its monopolisation by governmental authority is one of the vilest means of swindling the unconscious multitude. "Why does the journalist lie; why does the merchant cheat; why does the lawyer defend a wrong case; why do masters and men, costumiers, traders and business-men quarrel and adulterate all kinds of provisions; why are there people who teach, write and deal contrary to their conviction and conscience?—On account of money!"

It appears trite to us to-day to listen to diatribes against the debauchery of the wealthy classes. And yet these first principles are most important and should be kept well in mind and be ready for use when the enemy Capitalism is attempting to weaken our faith. Because, after all, inequality, with its resultant slavery, is the fundamental idea of our entire struggle; the perception

of this injustice is really the inspiring force which moves us in our up-hill work against the arrogance of exploitation and luxury. Weitling conceived this truth more sagaciously than many other Socialists in the past did and at present do; the bitterness of his criticism and the harsh feeling of enmity it displays towards the oppressors are only too much needed to-day as well as yesterday, because they alone are sufficiently strong to characterise the situation of our social distress and injustice. Says he, cynically: "Why if this all is for them, then what, pray, remains for us? Surely we do not go away empty-handed! Certainly not, because there are always enough things which the rich do not want. There are, for instance, our dirty beds, with their coarse linen and straw-beds, our wooden beds with nests of vermin—they are all left for us! Our broken, befouled furniture; miserable pillars and moist walls; dirty and broken windows, with their views upon a bare, grey wall—they are left to us. With our feet without stockings, in shoes that know neither soles nor heels; the thin pants torn, the hat with a broken brim—these beautiful things are for us. . . . Everything that gets spoiled is destined for us; upon this we may safely rest assured. Because who else would eat it if not the poor, toiling people; who would cook it but those who take away our last money in order to live themselves in this perverted organisation of society?" (meaning by these last the small shop and restaurant keepers, etc., etc.)

The notion that Weitling, because he thus never loses sight of this most realistic spectacle of human misery and want, should have lost the wide scope and survey of the social questions which confront mankind, would be mistaken. No man was ever an Internationalist in a truer sense than Weitling. But for him, Fatherland, patriotism, and home, sweet home, were stock phrases, empty, devoid of any real meaning, and in the final analysis only so many resorts for the cunning propertied and ruling class. The toilers have no fatherland, because the latter forgets to care for them. "Oh, yes, a fatherland which nourishes all its limbs and gives nothing to the idler—such fatherland I like; for such a country it is well worth to fight against injustice. . . . But ours? Speak up, you patriotic gentlemen. Do we really have a fatherland? Hypocrites, you know too well that we have none; only you do not desire that we should see it. In fact we have a right to one, and this with the greatest justice. You who are the strangers, we ought to drive out of it, and our countrymen we should call in; it were necessary to take a large broom and sweep you away.

"Unfortunately you have not left any fatherland to us; only its name you have granted us, and you think for the name's sake that we should keep in security without blood and life for you that which you have stolen from our forefathers. You dare to ask us to defend your prey which we never did steal, and to which you have no right! This prey you call fatherland, and you ask that

we should gather around its banner, while our flag should be a Christian one, which counts as its adherents in fact neither high nor low, neither poor nor rich, neither master nor servant.

"We are to-day in our own fatherland, surrounded by enemies who are as bad and tyrannical as foreign ones. The slavery to which we are riveted is one of the scourge of the wealthy under which the poor have to bow, is the arbitrariness of the monetary system to which Labour must submit."

This uncompromising attitude of Weitling's Socialism is for us, who live under the stress of present affairs, very timely. In all his chapters we can find similar thoughts which could be written to-day. So, for instance, are his denunciations of the various trap-issues by which the politcal parties attempt to catch the support of the working-class absolutely up-to-date. When he says: "Free trade, protective tariffs, and so forth, by whatever name you may call your fake-issues—they are only new delusions which you hold out to the working-people as a bait, but which everyone who is enlightened by social ideas will know how to appreciate."

All this is very good and interesting, but it would surely not be an extraordinary proof of Weitling's ability and intellectual greatness. Many social reformers and bourgeois philanthropists have denounced the iniquities of our times in equally fiery terms as Weitling did; still their names are dead and forgotten, even while they are yet alive. Because, with them, only anger at the pitiable state into which mankind is plunged prevailed, and they found words of lamentation thereupon. With Weitling this negative side and activity was not all; nor was he so superficial in his denunciations of social wrongs to forget one main reactionary force which we here in England are very loath to get rid of. Going to the root of the causes of private property, he found himself incessantly confronted by a strange, mysterious power: the stronghold of religion, the Church.

Weitling was never an irreligious man; he made out of Christianity a religion for himself, suited the Gospel to his social plans. But as a pioneer of social equality he perceived, and did not forget, that religion was a terrible obstacle in the way towards the realisation of his ideals. Too honest to keep quiet at such an impediment, he denounced with all his strong power the pretences of a mercenary Church, showing that behind an apparent bigotry there lurks as a reality only the meanest hypocrisy, bent on preying over the ignorant multitude. Weitling hates the Church because he saw what greater thinkers than he had seen before, namely: that the Church was the "Cerberus" of the present order of oppression and exploitation; that it prevented the people seeing the truth as to its state of bondage; in short, that the Church was the tool in the hands of plutocracy and State.

Until here we have had occasion to see Weitling mainly in the position of a critical analyst of our society. In this first part of

his book the principal destructive germs which are wide awake within capitalistic society are shown to make order illusory, peace an unattainable end, and fraternity a social impossibility. Thus our society is permeated by the poison of anti-social sentiments, practice and custom. The question now is: Must it remain thus? And in his attempt to answer this perplexing problem we pass on to the second part of Weitling's book, in which we will become acquainted with Weitling, the constructive thinker, the man who not only knows how to demolish but who is ever ready to build, and in all his plans to use the most noble means of brotherhood and human solidarity.

Really there is nothing new under the sun, and the greatest apostles, when we once strip them of their originality, would become only mere men, whom we can appreciate, love, estimate, but never worship. The latter, worship, is always a sign of an insufficiently-developed individuality; because even those greatest to whom mankind will always owe its most precious thanks, they, too, could never have been without society. Thus there is no ground for worship; all efforts of men, or of a group of men, if crowned by success, are thus only because the principle of mutual aid is the assisting guide with whom we tread our path.

FERD. GUBLASS.

*(To be concluded.)*

## LUXEMBURG.

### THE SMALLEST STATE IN EUROPE.

Hidden away in a little-known corner of Europe, at the junction of the Moselle and the Sauer, lies a smiling, fertile stretch of land, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. Though somewhat Lilliputian in size and importance, it may not be uninteresting to throw a passing glance at it, its inhabitants and their customs. We see here in miniature the same vices and virtues, the same all-absorbing social problems of its bigger neighbours. Here is the same war of conflicting classes, the same tyranny of Capital over Labour, the same hatreds and party factions, petty indeed, but perhaps all the more intense because of their narrow scope and the personal character of all public actions.

The land has had a somewhat eventful history, and has been successively in the hands of the Spaniards, the Austrians, the French, and the Dutch, until recently it became an independent State under the House of Nassau. The fiery breath of the French Revolution did not leave the, at that time, country of Luxemburg unscathed, it being occupied and formally annexed by the first Republic under the name of the Woods Department. The taxes levied by their new masters, and the profanation and pillaging of all that was most sacred to them, their churches and their religion, incensed the ignorant peasants of the northern half of the country to such an extent that they rose up in insurrection, resolved to tumble the ungodly blasphemers neck and crop out of the land. As their arms consisted for the most part of flails and pitchforks, they were crushed without the least difficulty, and a reign of terror followed for the whole land. After Napoleon's fall Luxemburg was handed over to the Netherlands by the Congress of Vienna, but the town itself was declared to be a fortress of the German Confederation, and was occupied by a Prussian garrison. At the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830 in Belgium the emissaries of the revolutionary party swarmed over the land, inciting the population to

make common cause with them against the Royalists. They succeeded so well that only the capital remained faithful to the king, and in the Treaty of London, 1839, the greater half of the country was handed over to the newly-formed kingdom of Belgium. In consequence of this, and former losses, the present extent of the Grand Duchy is only one-quarter of its former size. In the second Treaty of London, 1867, Luxemburg was declared, at the dissolution of the German Confederation, to be an *independent neutral* State, and after razing the greater part of the fortifications the Prussian garrison was withdrawn. The ill-feeling caused by the excesses of the latter was well illustrated by the behaviour of the inhabitants at their departure. Armed with brooms, the worthy citizens, who have a naïve humour of their own, followed the departing troops to the city gates, and amid mingled execrations and jeers went through the pantomime of sweeping their streets clean from "Prussian filth." This hatred of the Prussians has endured to the present day, though in the last few years it has abated considerably, for reasons which will be clear later on. Until 1841 the laws and constitution of the Grand-Duchy were those of the predominant partner Holland, Dutch being the official language and compulsory in the schools. But in the aforesaid year Luxemburg received its own laws and constitution, and in the following year, with the permission of the king, it was included in the German Customs Union, an event of considerable importance for the prosperity of the country. Owing to its neutrality it luckily escaped the horrors of the butchery of 1870, though, at one time, it seemed almost impossible to avoid being drawn into this conflict of giants. It may be said, in passing, that this is one of the chief causes of the relative happiness and prosperity of the country. Free from that monstrous crushing burden of militarism, under which our modern States groan, and consequently free from the evils engendered by wars and rumours of war, the Luxemburger has developed into a good-natured, easy-going, pleasure-loving individual. The fierce unbridled passions let loose at the brazen trumpet call, that bids mankind slaughter their unoffending fellow-men, and convert smiling districts into deserted wildernesses, do not disturb his serenity, and while his mighty neighbours are crippling their industries, and draining their very life-blood through ruinous taxation to supply the sinews of war, he can sit quietly at home with his pipe and his glass of beer and laugh the whole world with its suicidal ambitions in the face. Luxemburg owes its immunity from attack to the same causes as Turkey, though let us hope it is better worthy of it. Not one of the Powers would hesitate to annex this tempting little morsel if it were possible, and an excuse for such an undertaking would not be found wanting. It never is in such cases. Our modern bandit communities have very elastic consciences, and whether they band themselves together under the name of the Concert of Europe

to *disinterestedly* bring the light of civilisation to the benighted Turks or Chinese, or they find themselves *reluctantly* compelled to defend themselves against the unrighteous attacks of Boers or Japanese, they always manage to be on the side of justice. The boundless jealousy and hatred that exist between the different Powers prevents one taking possession of what all cannot have, and so, in true dog-in-the-manger spirit, they take good care that *no one* shall have it. But this sort of security is at the best somewhat precarious, for the day can well come when even rival thieves come to an understanding, and when, for a compensation at the other end of the world, this peaceful little land may fall to the lot of one or the other and be involved in the eddying vortex of passions and hatreds that attend national greatness, particularly that variety which rests upon the edge of the sword, or, to be more up-to-date, the mouth of the cannon. Let us hope that this calamity will never overtake our friends by the bonny banks of the Moselle, and may they always have the good fortune to live their quiet life undisturbed and to continue the onward march of progress along more peaceful paths than their less fortunate fellow-men.

Let us look a little closer at this remarkable little country, the last survival of the old feudal divisions of Germany. The inhabitants belong mostly to the Teutonic branch of the human family. They are of a frank and open character, and, situated as they are between the two great German and French families, they join to the solidity of the former somewhat of the vivacity of the latter. The Luxemburger will not willingly forego his pleasure, though on the other hand he by no means lives for pleasure. He is, generally speaking, of a leisurely disposition, and the old proverb, "Time is money," does not find much response in him. The German, with his more scientific education, is his superior in trading matters, and German merchants and goods are rapidly invading the country. The Reichs Eisenbahn Company of Alsace-Lorraine have already got the leases of the principal railways in the land, excepting the Prince Henry line, which is a private undertaking with its headquarters in Brussels. The remaining railways are all small-gauge, running along the public roads, a system not in use in England, but adapted to this country on account of the cheapness of construction.

Agriculture and cattle-breeding form the chief occupation of the people, and in the district on the Moselle a kind of sour wine is grown that is not at all unpalatable. Forests cover a large area of the land, timber forming a not unimportant item of export. Iron ore is only found in a comparatively small region in the south, which is a continuation of the rich mining district round Longwy and Mont St. Martin in France, which, however, produces 95 per cent. of the pig-iron used in Germany. Here the olive complexion and dark eyes of a sunnier climate are to be met with in plenty, for this part of the

country is literally teeming with Italians, who are passably good citizens, except for their predilection for drawing their knives when disputes arise. In Differdange, close to the French frontier, is one of the most modern steel works in Europe, giving employment to several hundreds of workmen. Other thriving industries are tanning, the manufacture of gloves, and the fabrication of paper, tobacco, etc.

The land being mostly divided amongst the peasants in smal. holdings, the evils of a large propertied or landlord class are by no means so acute as in England—in fact, in many respects Luxemburg is one of the most democratic States in Europe, and as much through their position as through intermarriage, its people resemble more or less one large family. The sturdy independence of the peasantry has fostered a spirit of equality within their narrow boundaries which is hard to find in many other lands, where it is proclaimed with much magniloquent talk and trumpet-flourishes, but where it is to all intents and purposes non-existent. Not that we have here a modern Utopia. Far from it. The old aristocracy having practically died out, the difference in caste is not so sharply defined as elsewhere, but in the place of the aristocracy and the plutocracy of other countries, we find here another class, not a whit less detrimental to the onward march of the proletariat—viz., the hierarchy. The Luxemburger has always had the reputation of being extremely pious and ultra-orthodox, from the days when St. Willibrord first appeared in the country down to the present day. Throughout the troublous period of the Reformation, he did not waver for one instant in his adhesion to the Roman Catholic Church, and at the present moment, in a population of 244,000, there are only about 2,000 Protestants. Here we have one of the strongholds of the Church, the veritable paradise of the priest. Undisputed sovereign in his little village, his word is law, and few are they who are daring enough to act contrary to his wishes. In the northern hills, where whole villages are composed of miserable thatched dwellings that date back to the patriarchal age, one house stands out from amongst the others in regard to architecture and comfort; the house of the pastor, or, as he is usually spoken of, "the Herr," a title of which he is often the sole possessor. Proud is the family, one of whose members wears the tonsure; and many a fond mother willingly gives up her first-born for this object; indeed, the innocent, unwitting babe is often consecrated to the service of the Church while still in the cradle by its pious parents, who little think what a great crime they are committing in thus settling the future fate of their offspring without first consulting his natural abilities. The awestruck parishioners gaze up to the parish priest, with mingled respect and admiration, as a being of superior clay to themselves, and their greatest happiness and ambition is to bask in the sunny beams of his favour. The Church has known how to foster and keep this spirit alive

even in these days of universal scepticism, and, by means of the confessional, numberless religious processions, and the continual erection of new churches, to retain its hold over its credulous adherents. But the day of awakening is at hand, and no longer can the priesthood prevent the light of reason from penetrating the clouds of obscurity with which they have hitherto carefully enveloped the faithful, and on which the maintenance of their power is based. The separation of the Church and State in France has caused a great amount of excitement throughout the land, and already many speak openly of following the example of their Gallic neighbours. In 1904, Freethought openly raised its head in the capital, and now boasts of two societies (one in Esch) of about 50 members each.

The clergy naturally play an important part in the scheme of education, and the priest has the right to sit on the village school committee. As the teachers are not appointed by the Government direct, but elected by the latter body, the all-powerful village potentate has it in his power to prevent those persons of whom he disapproves from obtaining this important post. Should, however, the teacher chosen show himself to be too liberal in his views, or inclined to inculcate a few grains of modern thought into his pupils, he finds himself promptly dismissed, or at least removed to another locality, at whose instigation he knows only too well. In this way, alone, the Church causes incalculable injury to the community, in rearing up future generations of reactionary, conservative citizens, ready at all costs to stem the tide of progress, to enable their spiritual superiors to continue to trample them underfoot, and batten upon their hard-won earnings. It is the same thing in secondary education. There are three establishments answering to our public schools in the country, the principals of which are priests, the predominant feature of the programme being, of course, the Catholic religion and Latin. The courses are obsolete and out of all touch with modern requirements, being chiefly calculated to provide a preparatory training for Seminarists. Owing to its geographical position French and German are both fluently spoken in Luxemburg, the inhabitants having, however, their own particular patois, a kind of low German, in which social intercourse is carried on. But, whereas everyone can speak, at least, German in addition to patois, French is only at the command of the middle-classes, or, to be more correct, the population of the towns. French is, however, the official language, and is used in all legal proceedings, Parliamentary debates, etc. Both languages are taught in the schools, the courses in the higher classes being given indifferently in both. After having finished his secondary education, the young Luxemburger is in a position to attend a French or a German University with equal facility, a fact that gives him a great advantage over students of other nationalities. Thus, after having, as is usually the case, visited universities in both countries, he is more or less a world-citizen. For him the meaning of frontiers

between the different nations has disappeared (or should have), nor has he that burning patriotism which consists chiefly in hating all those whose only crime is that of being of another nationality. Racial feeling has no room to develop in Luxemburg. The land is too small. Technical education is unfortunately much neglected, and those desirous of following such a course of studies are under the necessity of going to Germany. There are two which are termed industrial schools, where English takes the place of Latin and Greek, and more time is devoted to mathematics and natural sciences, but they by no means fulfil the requirements of a modern, scientific, commercial education.

As in most Catholic countries festivals are numerous, and one falls into the habit of dividing the year into periods between the different fêtes. Each hamlet, however small and insignificant it may be, has its annual fair, or more correctly its wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of the village church. No business whatever is transacted during the three days that it lasts, and young and old, in all the glory of holiday clothes and finery, spend the fleeting hours in eating, drinking and dancing, till at last outraged nature steps in and puts a stop to their revelry, though usually not before the savings of many long months have been swallowed up to the last penny. In the capital itself, the fair lasts three weeks, beginning at the end of August. It was founded by John the Blind, King of Bohemia and Count of Luxemburg, who lost his life at Crecy. During this time all goods are allowed to come into the town without paying the usual octroi. But certainly the most interesting festival for the stranger is that of Fastnacht, the three days immediately preceding Ash Wednesday. The younger portion of the community, rigged out in fancy costumes of all imaginable patterns and colours, parade up and down the streets under a running fire of confetti. Of course the inevitable Englishman, with wide check trousers, sun hat, bushy side whiskers and enormous walking stick, is always to be seen, and never fails to excite merriment and applause, as does also the dainty little Japanese, a figure that sprang into popularity at the time of the war in Manchuria. The pretty and the grotesque go hand in hand, and present a highly-coloured, ever-changing picture of life and animation. The utmost liberty is allowed, one of the chief forms of amusement being to penetrate into a private house, drive the hausfrau out of her wits with all sorts of antics and capers, and then to whisk away to repeat the performance somewhere else. After sunset the fun continues with song and dance in the lighted cafés until the small hours of the morning, when the tired revellers creep home to bed to gather strength for a fresh bout. Such a complete abandonment of self to the pleasure of the moment is somewhat strange to the more sluggish English temperament, but before criticising too severely, it would be well to bear in mind that it is much more innocent from a moral and

much less ruinous from a financial point of view than our passionate love of the turf, an evil unknown there.

The town of Luxemburg itself is well worthy of notice, being extremely picturesque and interesting. It is situated on a sharp bend of the Alsette, a little river, at a point where it digs a deep gully in the rocks. The town is built on both sides of the stream, one part nestling in the narrow valley at the foot of the towering cliffs, on the top of which the upper part lies, the whole being connected by high bridges and winding roads or narrow staircases cut into the face of the almost perpendicular rocks. When the country dons its summer mantle the town offers a most pleasing spectacle to the eye. From the midst of heavy masses of green foliage peep out seamed and rugged rocks, studded with the dark openings of mysterious underground passages. On the summit a crumbling wall or a solitary watch-tower stands out sharply against the clear blue sky, and behind them the houses of the upper town. Deep down in the valley the turbulent, winding river rushes, now between charming public gardens, now between the houses and factories of the lower town, darting under crooked old bridges of the mediæval period, and between the double towers of the old gateway into the open country beyond. It is a city of surprises. Turn aside out of the modern-built streets and you are at once involved in a maze of winding little alleys, that go up and down in a most disconcerting manner. Everywhere you run against portions of the ancient walls jutting out between the houses that have grown up around them. There are many handsome buildings, but the greatest object of interest is undoubtedly the "New Bridge," a masterpiece of architecture, built at a dizzy height above the valley, and one of the largest stone bridges of one span in the world. A magnificent building, destined to serve as a sort of Pleasure Hall, is in course of construction under the auspices of the Town Council (a Socialist body), to the great disgust of the ecclesiastics, who wished the town to defray the expenses of erecting a new cathedral in place of the old one. All honour to the Town Councillors, who have introduced free distribution of food to school children in the capital. Let us hope the whole country will soon follow their example in the paths of Socialism.

HAROLD DE GACKOWSKI.

*(To be continued.)*

## LABOUR STATISTICS.

There appeared recently in the "Rapid Review" the following "Abstract of Labour Statistics for 1904." That does not sound very interesting. Actually, it is packed full of interest. It shows in good, blunt, official English just how the working classes live. Turn the pages and you lift the cover on 7,000,000 workers.

They start young. In the United Kingdom there are 226,021 boy and girl workers under the age of 14. The cotton factories employ nearly 34,000; the same number come and go, fetch and carry, as porters and messengers; 22,588 work as domestic servants; 715 in mines and quarries.

If the working-class father—like the upper class—is puzzled with the question what to do with his sons, this publication is a fine handbook for him. At first, if he is wise, he will look to it that his son *has* some sort of trade—will not let him drift into the ranks of "general labourers." These are the weaklings, the men bound first to drop into the ranks of the unemployed.

Last year at twelve London Labour Bureaux the average monthly number of applicants for work was 2,697. Eight hundred and sixty-nine of these were "general labourers"; 371 were "porters and messengers"; 307 "stablemen, horsemen, etc." Coming to where applicants were able to say they could do *something* —not anything, which is the equivalent of nothing—only 126 members of building trades sought work; furniture trades only 58; factory operatives only 34. In the same department we get a side-light on the great servant question. At six women's employment bureaux, 435 employers offered situations for servants each month (average); only 387 girls sought such work. Yet of "miscellaneous situations," there were 55 vacancies for 62 applicants; and of situations for "superintendents, forewomen, etc.," 17 vacancies for 48 applicants.

In every class of work—from bricklaying to the police-force—London pays highest, and has the most overcrowded market from

which to select. In the building trades, London pays bricklayers, carpenters, and the like, 10½d. per hour; summer hours of labour, exclusive of overtime, averaging 50 per week. In the provinces, the payment is from 8d. to 9½d., in a very few cases 10d.; the hours of work slightly longer. Shipbuilding and engineering run closely together. London pays 45s. a week; other centres from 36s. to 42s. Bootmakers earn in London 30s. a week; in the provinces from 26s. to 28s. All these figures are minimum wages.

The wages paid on board our merchant ships are much better than they look, since food is provided. Steam pays better than sail, able seamen on steamers earning ninety shillings a month, on sailing vessels sixty.

Agricultural labourers are paid least, but they have many opportunities of adding to their incomes, and they can live very cheaply. The Northern counties pay the ordinary farm-worker best. Durham gives him 22s. 2d. a week. Elsewhere he fares worse. Devonshire, 17s. 1d.; Cambridge, 16s. 1d.; Norfolk, 15s. 3d.

The twenty-seven railway companies of the United Kingdom employ 445,577 men—the average wage per head being 25s. per week.

Constables in the City of London earn from 27s. to 42s. 6d. a week; Metropolitan officers from 25s. 6d. to 35s. 6d. In most of the big Provincial cities the rate averages the same, but Penzance, for example, gets all it wants done for from 21s. to 27s.

On the whole, the wages of the working classes are represented as good. They save money. The Post Office Savings Bank figures for 1903 are quite remarkable. In that year there was:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Due to depositors ... ... ... ... | £146,135,025 |
| Paid ,, ... ... ... ... | 42,786,025 |
| Received from depositors ... ... ... | 44,316,084 |

Relating to colliers and their work, there are some illuminating details. Actually employed in our coal-mines are 847,553 workers. The yearly output has increased enormously:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1888 ... ... ... ... ... | 169,935,000 tons. |
| 1904 ... ... ... ... ... | 232,412,000 ,, |

It is reassuring to remember that the Royal Commission on coal recently showed that we have yet unmined sufficient coal for 400 years.

Every trade has its risks. In 1903 accidents causing death occurred in factories and workshops in 1,047 cases; at sea, 1,330 cases; in coal mines, 1,072 cases; on railways, 417 cases.

In 1904 there were 334 separate and distinct trade disputes—from those which lasted only two days and involved but two persons to those which extended over weeks and involved thousands. It was the year most free from strikes of any since 1893. In 1894,

for example, there were 929; in 1896, 926; in 1903, 387. The industry most affected was that of mining and quarrying; this gave 1904 disturbances to the total—nearly a third of the whole; least of all were disputes amongst dock and railway men, these amounting to but ten.

In all, 83,922 persons were affected, by far the lowest total for many years, since the strikes of 1893, 1894, and 1903 affected 634,301, 325,248, and 46,901 persons respectively.

How greatly these disputes may interfere with the commercial prosperity of the nation is shown by the fact that last year (small though the number of strikes was) the aggregate duration of disputes amounted to 1,416,265 working days. In 1893 no fewer than 30,467,765 working days were thus lost.

# THE REVIEWS.

## HEINRICH HEINE.

Mr. H. B. Samuel has a very interesting article in the "Fortnightly Review," upon that most interesting poet and philosopher, Heinrich Heine. He says:—

Heine, the fiftieth anniversary of whose death has recently taken place, seems superficially the most baffling, elusive, and inconsistent of all writers—the veritable Proteus of poetry. He has so many shapes that, at the first blush, it seems almost impossible to grasp finally and definitely the one genuine Heine. What is really this man, who is now a gamin and now an angel, whose face seems almost simultaneously to wear the sardonic grin of Mephistopheles and the wistful smile of Christ, this flaunting Bohemian who has written some of the tenderest love songs in literature, this cosmopolitan who cherished the deepest feelings for his fatherland, this incarnate paradox who almost at one and the same moment is swashbuckler and martyr, French and German, Hebrew and Greek, revolutionary and aristocrat, optimist and pessimist, idealist and mocker, believer and infidel?

Yet it is even because of this surface inconsistency, this psychological many-sidedness, that Heine is a great poet, and the one who, mirroring in his own mind the complexity that he saw without, is most truly representative of the varied phases of the nineteenth century. Heine looks at life from every conceivable aspect; he sees the gladness of life and rejoices therein, he sees the tears of life and weeps, he sees the tragedy of life and cannot control his sobs, he sees the farce of life and finds equal difficulty in controlling his laughter. "Ah, dear reader," says Heine, "if you want to complain that the poet is torn both ways, complain rather that the world is torn in two. The poet's heart is the core of the world, and in this present time it must of necessity be grievously rent.

The great world-rift clove right through my heart, and even thereby do I know that the great gods have given me of their grace and preference, and deemed me worthy of the poet's martyrdom."

Parallel with the revolution ran Romanticism, although, eventually, it merged in orthodoxy, or, to put it more accurately, in a mystical Catholicism. The cardinal characteristic of Romanticism was the revolt of the individual against the stereotyped prosaic life of the classical eighteenth century. This revolt manifested itself in the most untrammelled freedom of the ego, which either took to rioting in an elaborate self-analysis as did Hoffman and Jean Paul Richter, or else, simply leaving the ordinary life behind it, gave itself up to the cult of the bizarre, the mystic, the mediæval, and the exotic, and fell in love with the Infinite, or, to use the terminology of the school, the Blue Flower. Though, however, Heine was in his poetic youth largely influenced by the Romanticists (he was, in fact, dubbed by a Frenchman with tolerable reason, an "unfrocked Romantic"), the essence of his maturer outlook on life is far from being romantic. The life-outlook of the Romanticists consisted of a vague yearning for the ideal without any reference to this earthly life; the life-outlook of Heine, on the other hand, was made up largely of the most brutal contrast between the ideal and the real, between life as it was dreamed and life as it was.

Another current of thought which it is necessary to mention, though, of course, it exercised rather less influence on Heine than did Romanticism, was the æsthetic neo-Hellenic movement represented by Winckelmann, Lessing, and to a certain extent by Goethe.

Heine was born in Dusseldorf in December, 1797, and not, as is currently supposed, in 1799. . . . Heine was a Jew, possessing, in consequence, an hereditary tendency to gravitate to the extreme left wing both of thought and of politics, while the inborn Judenschmerz in his heart was aggravated by the anti-Semitic reaction which followed the benevolent tolerance of Napoleon.

The poet's father, Samson Heine, was an easy-going, æsthetic nonentity, in moderate circumstances, who does not appear to have exercised any serious influence on the child's development. This was accomplished by the mother, née von Geldern, a cultured and strong-minded woman, and a Voltairean by belief, who did her best to foster and stimulate her son's youthful intelligence. The favourite authors of the young Heine were Cervantes, Sterne and Swift. Of contemporaries, the two men who exercised any real influence were the Emperor Napoleon and Byron, "the kingly man," the aristocratic revolutionary. Napoleon, in particular, was the god of his boyish adoration. Heine received his early education at a Jesuit monastery. The first event of any moment in his life, however, is his calf-love for Josepha or Sefchen, the executioner's daughter, a weird, fantastic beauty of 15, with large, dark

eyes and blood-red hair. Josepha was the inspiration of the juvenile "Dream Pictures," incorporated subsequently in the "Book of Songs," and exhibiting a genuine power and an even more indisputable promise.

In 1816, Heine was sent to the office of Solomon Heine, his millionaire uncle, of Hamburg.

He seems to have been singularly destitute of the financial genius of his race. The real key, however, to the three years spent in Hamburg is supplied not by money, but by love. . . . .

In 1819, probably because Heine had given convincing proof of his business inefficiency, it was decided that he should go to Bonn to study law. He neglected his studies, and it was not long before he fell foul of the authorities, owing to his participation in the proceedings of the Burschenschaften, or student political unions.

In 1820 Heine left Bonn for Göttingen. At Göttingen his career was brief, but thrilling, and he was rusticated after a few months on account of a proposed duel with an impertinent junker.

Transferring his quarters to Berlin, he now spent by far the most enjoyable period of his university career. The intellectual atmosphere of Berlin was quicker and less pedantic than that of Göttingen, and he plunged into his studies with considerable energy.

In 1821 Heine published the first volume of his poems, containing the "Dream Pictures," some miscellaneous juvenile poems, and the "Lyrisches Intermezzo" which was inspired by the banker's in the same way that the "Dream Pictures" had been inspired by the executioner's daughter.

In 1826 Heine published the "Heimkehr," the "Nordsee Cyklus," and the airy and sparkling "Harzeise," and the first part of the "Reisebilder."

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Psychologically the most interesting part of the "Reisebilder" is the fervent Napoleonic worship which, combined with his love of liberty and revolt against reaction, largely contributed to mould his life. The general tone, moreover, of political, sexual, and religious freedom that characterises the latter part of "Reisebilder" rendered Heine not a little obnoxious to official Germany, not only because of the intrinsic heresy of the sentiments themselves, but of the joyous, rollicking insolence with which they were paraded.

It is small wonder, then, that the Paris July Revolution of 1830 made the poet feel "as if he could set the whole ocean, up to the very North Pole, on fire with the red heat of enthusiasm and mad joy that worked in him," and that in the spring of 1831 he migrated finally and definitely from Germany to Paris.

This migration to Paris marks the turning point in Heine's life. His career in Germany had throughout been erratic and

unsatisfactory, hampered by political restrictions. In Paris he settled down, felt that now at last he was in a congenial element, and—found himself. It was at Paris that he wrote his most brilliant prose and found inspiration for his highest poetry, that he experienced his wildest joys and intensest sufferings. The first ten years of his sojourn were probably the happiest in his life. His increased literary and journalistic earnings helped to solve the financial problem, while socially he was, as always, a pronounced success. He soon found his way into the centre of the artistic set of the capital, and was on a footing of intimacy with such writers as Lafayette, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, Théophile Gautier, Michelet, Dumas, Victor Bohair, Gerard de Nerval, Hector Berlioz, Ludwig Börne, Schlegel and Humboldt. In social life Heine's most characteristic feature was wit—a wit so irrepressible as to burst forth impartially on practically all occasions and to resemble that of the Romans of the early empire, who preferred to lose their heads rather than their epigrams. Yet in private life he was a devoted son and brother, an ideal husband. The correspondence which he maintained up to his death with his sister Lottie and his mother show conclusively what stores of German Gemüt he treasured in his heart. Particularly significant is the fact that during the whole eight years in which he languished on his mattress-grave he assiduously concealed from his mother the real state of his health. Yet none the less "he could hate deeply and grimly with an energy which I have never yet met in any other man, but only because he could love with equal intensity," writes the poet's friend, Meissner. Heine disapproved on principle of swallowing an injury; when he was hit, he hit back. . . . .

* * *

The revolution of July, which he had fondly hoped would complete the work of the great movement of 1793, merely resulted in the anti-climax of the establishment of a bourgeois constitution under a bourgeois monarch. He tended, in fact, to become generally embittered. Money matters, too, began to irritate him, and his health to give him trouble; and though he found a devoted sick-nurse in Matilde Crescenzia Mirat, a grisette whom he married in 1841, the lady with whom "he had quarrelled daily for six years in that lifelong duel at the termination of which only one of the combatants would be left alive," yet none the less his condition began to deteriorate. "The damp, cold days and long black nights of his exile," moreover, oppressed him, and he began to yearn for the old German soil. He gratified his *Heimweh* by a flying and surreptitious visit to Germany that inspired the well known "Germany, or a Winter Tale," which, together with the somewhat similar "Atta-Troll," constitutes his most sustained poetic achievement. These two poems are about as characteristic

as anything which he wrote. They represent his wild classic, Dionysiac fantasy, his sudden dips from the most extravagant Romanticism to the harsh, crude facts of reality, the marvellous swing and sweep of his Aristophanic humour.

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Heine died at four o'clock in the morning of February 17, 1856. He was buried by his own directions in Montmartre, "in order to avoid being disturbed by the crowd and bustle of Père La Chaise."

## OUR NEGLECTED CANALS.

Such neglect have our inland waterways met with during the past twenty years that they seem to be relics of some past civilisation. No longer adapted to the uses of present-day requirements, looked upon as things which have served their purpose, and are now struck off the active list of modern-day methods of transit, they appear to have been relegated to a back seat as slow and cumbersome, as altogether unsuitable, in fact, for the hustle and bustle which characterise the means of transport to-day.

It is all the more depressing when, on the map, our canals present such a fine means of communication from one place to another. They make quite a network of waterways, joining rivers here, linking towns together there, and making it possible to journey from one end of the country to the other, and from the east coast to the west. And yet, in spite of the advantages which the general use of them would mean, many have been allowed to sink into a state bordering on stagnation and decay.

The Prime Minister said in December last that "few things are more capable of benefiting both town and country than the development, if it can be developed, of our system of canals. It will bring town and country together. We have, therefore, resolved to ask the King to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question." From a list prepared by Mr. Lionel B. Wells, M.Inst. C.E., it appears that the English canals and inland navigations have a total length of 3,954 miles, of which 435 miles are more or less derelict, and 1,399 miles are controlled by railway companies.

What twenty or thirty years ago were thriving ways of communication and transit between all the large centres of population in the country are now very little used. The bustle and life have been succeeded by the calm and quiet of death. Where the barges used to cleave the waters in an almost continuous stream, it is now on some canals almost the exception to see one. The tow-paths

are often thistle-covered, the trees overhang the banks, the waters are partially or wholly covered with weeds and water-flowers, and there is nothing to stay the growth now that the barges no longer creep steadily along and keep the channel clear. On too many of our waterways all is silent save for the singing of the birds in the trees and the cries of the boys enjoying themselves to their heart's content in the lazy waters.

What a contrast this state of things offers to the bustle which is found on the canals of the Continent. Compared to the inland waterways of France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, and Holland, those of Great Britain are almost out of running. Of all the countries where canals form part of the means of communication and transport, our own land shows least of all.

The great use made by foreign manufacturers of their canal system enables them to bring raw materials to their factories, and to send the finished product to the ports at such cheap rates, for sale abroad, that it is easy to understand why goods of foreign production are in some cases underselling the British-made article in our own markets. In Germany, also, the great importance of canals is fully realised and acted upon. In that Empire, during the past thirty years, the number of canal and river boats has increased by 30 per cent. and their carrying capacity by 150 per cent. The large increase in the use of canal boats propelled by steam has resulted in the reduction of the cost of transport by quite one-half, less than a farthing being the present carriage of one ton per mile.

Canals, compared to railways, are a much cheaper means of transport, especially for heavy goods. A canal ship of some 500 tons will carry as much goods as 50 railway waggons. It is cheaper by quite one-third in carriage per ton. Only one-thirtieth of the hauling-power necessary on level railways is required. Another great advantage is that the canal-boat can load and unload at any place on the route, and the expenditure for men and materials is much lower.

During the past few years interest in our inland waterways has revived somewhat. A Government Commission has been appointed. Chambers of Commerce have taken up the question and have advocated the transference of the canals to a national trust. This may be taken as a sign of the times. Whether it would be better policy to nationalise the canals is doubtful; but, anyway, it shows a re-awakening to the possibilities of one of our great means of transport, and, from the renewed interest, the result may be that in a few years our inland waterways may compare much more favourably with those of France, Belgium and Germany, to mention only three Canal States, than they do at present.—"Chambers's Journal," May, 1906.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## THE UNEMPLOYED IN NEW YORK.

The problem of the unemployed and homeless man becomes every year more pressing in large cities. In Germany, where the only extensive plan of meeting the problem has been put into operation, the method adopted has been that of registration of workers and of farm colonies for those who are of the tramp class. In England the problem of the unemployed is growing more and more acute, and many suggestions are being made to supplement the work of the Salvation Army and the Church Army, which is far too inadequate to touch the situation except on the surface. A recent report of the chief inspector of the Illinois State Board of Health has estimated that "about 60,000 men of the homeless type touch Chicago every year, many of them sojourning only a short time." According to "Co-operation," published by the Chicago Bureau of Charities, last year only 8,000 of these men were reached by any charitable or relief agencies.

While the problem in New York City is not as insistent as in London, it is conservatively estimated that on any given night during the winter there may be found at least fifty thousand men of the "homeless" type distributed among the cheap lodging and rooming houses. It is estimated by James Forbes, of the mendicancy bureau of the Charity Organisation Society, that the minimum paying capacity of a lodging-house of the Bowery type, where the rate of lodging varies from five to thirty cents a night, is 200, and as there are 101 of them the lowest figure would be 20,000 men. As most of these lodging-houses have a maximum capacity well over 400 the largest figure would be 40,000. Striking a medium of 30,000 for the cheap lodging-houses, allowing half again that number for those who live at almost the same rate in rooming houses, and placing the number who sleep in back rooms of saloons, or in trucks and hallways, or walk the streets all night at 5,000, it

is easy to arrive at the conclusion that on any given night 50,000 men of the homeless type may be found in New York City. If the principle adopted in Chicago were applied to New York it would not be an unsafe guess to say that in the course of a year upwards of 100,000 homeless men "touch the city, some of them sojourning only a short time."

While it is practically impossible to arrive at any definite results as to the actual number of the homeless and unemployed, it is nevertheless true that even 50,000 constitute a decided menace to the community. Not only are they economic drones, but from their ranks the workhouse and prison populations are largely recruited. What is to-day a pressing problem in Germany and England may to-morrow become the same to America. Accordingly, the two charitable societies of New York City are engaged in securing data that will yield some of the basic principles for dealing with the homeless man. Nightly, under the general direction of Dr. Orlando F. Lewis, superintendent of the Joint Application Bureau, cards are being distributed along the Bowery, on the bread lines and in the lodging-houses. A year ago the same cards were distributed in the same way, bearing the following information:—

"To the homeless men of New York: If you are out of work, or are in need of food or a place to stay, you are invited to call at the Joint Application Bureau, 105, East Twenty-second Street, and efforts will be made to get you what you need. If you are sick we can direct you to hospitals or dispensaries where you can get treatment. If you are in need of work, we can supply you with temporary employment and send you to agencies where you may find permanent employment. If you have been in the city but a short time, and have friends in another place who could find work for you should you return home, we will help you to transportation."

The first hundred cases which have come in this year have just been tabulated and the results are surprisingly in line with last year's, to such an extent that it may be said for New York City at least that the fundamental conclusions as to the situation may be safely drawn. Last year 27,000 cards were distributed and in reply only 307 men applied at the Bureau, about one per cent. of those reached. This year, though the methods were more thorough than last, the first hundred cases came in answer to a distribution of about 11,000 cards, making the percentage practically the same.

The most important conclusion of the Bureau is that the able-bodied man with good references does not need to stay idle in New York and be dependent, though he may not get the kind os work he prefers for a long time. Another important deduction if

that a large number of the homeless men who say they are single are in reality married, and fall into the class of deserting husbands. The bulk of the homeless are between the working years of 20 and 50, 54 per cent. being between 20 and 40 years of age. By far the larger number, averaging about 70 per cent. are unskilled workmen. A noticeable feature is the short time most of the applicants have been in New York. In 1905 the larger number had been in the city several months, but in 1906 53 per cent. had been in New York less than one month. By far the larger number of the applicants have come directly from the lodging-houses, and they have come seeking employment and not on account of sickness in the larger proportion of cases. Two of the men's references given were verified to one that was false.

A closer examination of the figures for the two years yields much that is unfavourable to the lodging-house dweller. The most interesting and important problem is the young or middle-aged man from outside the city who comes to New York looking for work, and is unsuccessful in finding it, or who comes to see the city, and, after a little fling, drifts into the lodging-house, sees the card on the table or tacked up on the wall and answers it. If this man can be caught before he is infected by the Bowery microbe his case is very hopeful. Nearly three-quarters of the applicants are single men. In 1905, 85 per cent. of the men were from 20 to 50 years of age; in 1906 it is 74 per cent. During this year there has been a notable increase in the number of young men under 30 years of age, even the number under 20 having increased from 6 to 13 per cent. Skilled labourers seeking work decreased from 25 to 23 per cent. and unskilled increased from 68 to 72 per cent. in 1906 over 1905.

Last year 52 per cent. of the men had been in the city more than a year; this year it is 33 per cent., while 41 per cent. had been here six months or less in 1905 against 55 per cent. in 1906. From the lodging-houses last year came 82 per cent. of the applicants; this year the per cent. dropped to 69. These figures are very unfavourable to the "rounder" and "bum" since the distribution this year has been more thorough than last. Men who have been in the city a long time are now "on" to the fact that this is a scheme to get them to work and not one to give them something for nothing. Another interesting change in the situation has been that whereas 25 per cent. had been out of employment one month or less in 1905, 53 per cent. had been in 1906, and against 64 per cent. out of employment over a month last year, 35 per cent. had been this year. In about 10 per cent. of the cases these statistics are unknown. Only 4 per cent. of the men had criminal records both years and false statements increased from 19 per cent. to 27 per cent.—"Public Opinion," New York.

## CHECKING CONSUMPTION.

A practical step has been taken by the Borough Council of St. Pancras, with a view to checking the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis, which is so often unwittingly propagated by sufferers who are ignorant of even the simplest precautions. The Council have inaugurated a system of voluntary notifications, and have provided the doctors of the district with the necessary forms. They have pointed out that the consent of the patient should always be obtained before the forms are filled in, and they undertake that the information so obtained will be treated perfectly confidentially, and will in no wise be used to the detriment of the invalid. That is to say, nothing will be done to prejudice his or her chances of obtaining further employment. On the receipt of the notification of the Council, the sufferer will be supplied with instructions as to the best way of preventing the complaint from spreading to others, and those interested will learn from the same source how to disinfect the apartment recently occupied by a consumptive. Those who desire it will be given information regarding the societies and institutions through which segregation may be obtained; but no action will be taken to secure segregation except on the written request of the patient. The Borough Council intend to render sufferers all the assistance they can, while, at the same time, not in any way interfering with the patient's prospects of employment or acting against his wishes. In other words, they do not contemplate interfering in any way with the liberty of the subject, whether or not that liberty is prejudicial to the interests of the rest of the community, but where they can they will do good by ensuring that the patient shall not do harm through ignorance.—" Chambers's Journal," April, 1906.

## THE FATHER.

Thord Olweraas, of whom I am about to speak, was the most important man in his district. Very excitedly and joyfully he entered one day the study of the minister.

"A son has been born to me," he said, "and I want you to christen him."

"What is to be his name?"

"Finn—the name of my father."

"Who are to be his sponsors?"

They were named; they were the most important men and women of the locality, and belonged to the husband's family.

"Is there anything else?" asked the minister, looking at his visitor.

The landed proprietor remained silent for a few minutes.

"I would like to have him christened quite alone," he said.

"When, on a week day?"

"On Saturday next, at twelve, noon."

"Is there anything else?" asked the minister.

"Nothing else."

The visitor then turned to go, but the minister rose. "While you are on your way home," he said seizing Thord by the hand and looking at him steadfastly, "think over all things, and God grant that the child may be a blessing to you!"

. . . . . .

Sixteen years after this day Thord again went into the study of the minister.

"You keep well, Thord," said the clergyman, for he saw no change in him.

"I have no cause for complaint," answered Thord.

Then the minister was silent, but after a pause he said, "What is troubling you this evening?"

"To-morrow evening I will bring my son to you whom I wish to be confirmed to-morrow."

"He is a sharp youth," said the clergyman.

"I did not want to pay the fees before I knew what his number would be in the church list."

"He will be the first."

"That is good, and here are ten thalers for your fees."

"Have you anything else to say?" asked the minister, looking at Thord.

"Nothing more."

Thord went away.

. . . . . .

Eight more years went by, the minister was sitting one day in his study when he heard a great deal of noise on the stairs and many people came into the room and Thord was at their head.

The minister looked at him and recognised him. "You are coming with a large following this evening."

"I want you to publish the banns of my son; he is going to marry Katherine Storliden, the daughter of Gridmunt, who is by my side."

"She is the richest maiden in the neighbourhood."

"It is said so," replied the landed proprietor, while he stroked his hair with one hand.

The minister sat for a while as if he were lost in thought. He said nothing, but he entered the names in his books and the witnesses signed the register.

Thord placed three thalers on the table.

"The charge is only one," said the minister.

"I know that; but the boy is my only child. I would like to make everyone happy."

The minister took the money.

"This is the third time that you have been here, Thord, on account of your son."

"But now I am quits with him," said Thord. He shut his purse, said "Good-bye" to the minister, and went away, the others following him slowly.

Fourteen days afterwards, father and son were rowing to Storliden to celebrate the marriage. The sea was quite calm.

"The boat's seat is not safe," said the son; and he rose in order to secure it.

Just in the same moment the boat gave a lurch, and he fell overboard with a cry.

"Lay hold of the rudder!" called out his father, unshipping it at once, and throwing it into the water. Though the son was only just a few feet from it, he appeared not to see it.

"Wait! wait!" called out the father; and he rowed quickly towards him.

But the son was helpless; he cast a long look on his father and sank.

Thord could hardly believe his eyes, he brought his boat near and looked with eager eyes at the spot where his son sank as if he thought he would soon rise again.

There were, it is true, a few circles, then they become less and less, at last one only remained—and then the sea was once more as calm as glass.

For three days and nights the father remained round the spot without thinking of eating or sleeping; he was seeking for his son. On the morning of the third day he found his son, brought him ashore and carried him, in his arms, to his home over the hills.

. . . . . .

More than a year had passed from that day. Late one evening the minister heard a loud knock at the door of his house, he went down, and there came in a tall but bent, white-haired man, with a haggard look.

The minister looked at him for a long time before he recognised him.

It was Thord.

"Why do you come so late," said the minister, and he was then silent.

"Yes, indeed, I come late," said Thord, and he sat down.

But the minister sat down and waited for his visitor to speak; there was silence for a long time.

Then Thord spoke.

"I have brought something with me which I would like to give to the poor; it shall be a gift in the name of my son."

He rose, put the gold on the table, and again sat down.

The minister counted it.

"That is a great deal of money," he said.

"It is half the amount for which I sold my house to-day."

The minister sat long in deep silence, then he said softly:

"What do you think of doing, Thord?"

"Something better."

So they sat for some time, Thord with downcast eyes and the minister looking at him keenly.

Then the minister said slowly and quietly:

"I think that your son has been a blessing to you."

"Yes, now I think so too," said Thord.

He looked up, and two tears rolled down his cheeks.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON (in "Wiener Arbeiter Zeitung").

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Still Cowardice and Continuity.**—So far the Government has persisted in the policy of cowardice and continuity which it adopted at the outset. In the matter of the unemployed it has pursued exactly the line adopted by its predecessors last year. Having disarmed agitation by the promise of legislation, the Government has persistently and obstinately declined to formulate any proposals of legislation or to give any information as to what its proposals are likely to be. Afraid of popular agitation, and still more afraid of offending "society," Ministers hope to tide over the London "season" and then discover that it is either too late to do anything in redemption of their promise, or that there is really nothing needing to be done. Already there are indications of the line of excuse to be adopted. The President of the Local Government

Board has discovered that the workers are all getting better off; that the numbers of the unemployed are rapidly diminishing; that if all would learn a trade there would be no unemployed at all; and that if there were, it is only necessary for the labourers to be as thrifty in subscribing to unions for them all to maintain themselves without any recourse to State assistance. That being so, it is difficult to understand his reference in the same speech to the "palliative measures" and "organic changes" undertaken or proposed by the Government, but it is easy to see that the Government will be able to plead that it is unnecessary to do anything.

**Contempt and Contumely.**—Not only did Mr. Burns insult the unemployed with contemptuous pity, as "unemployables," but all those who expressed any sort of sympathy with their lot and desire for its amelioration he assailed with an abundance of epithets, which, like a boomerang, rebounded on himself. "Doss-house economists" comes ill from the man who of all others has, with fulsome public praise of its supporters and with private and blackguardly abuse of its critics, endorsed to the full the L.C.C. policy of trying to bring the workers all down to the doss-house level in regard to housing. "Soup-kitchen reformers" is a stupidly inaccurate term with which to try to browbeat the very men who are demanding the elimination of the soup-kitchen character of last year's Unemployed Act. And to twit anybody with the "farm colony" craze comes ill from a man who over and over again has chattered in an all too ill-informed manner about the "land," and whose past recorded utterances led most people to suppose that the application of labour to the land, even to employing them on sewage farms, might be a part of his programme. Nothing, however, would give Mr. Burns a greater

shock than for anyone to suggest that he should lean to any of his former proposals or ideas. Else his fellow-trade unionists of the A.S.E. (who, to the tune of £100 a year, helped to keep up his Mark Tapleyism) might remind him of his former curses of thrift, and demands for State provision for the unemployed.

**The Mistakes of Burns.**—The atmosphere of the House of Commons must be of particular potency in muddling the heads of its habitués, or even Burns himself—unless his unbounded conceit blinds him to all fact and perspective—might have seen the gross inaccuracies in his own speech on May 30. To fling at Mr. Barnes the quotation from the "Engineers' Journal" that the unemployment in the A.S.E. had gone down from 2.8 to 2.7 per cent. in a month would, in ordinary public debate, have been received with derision, but the Liberal sycophants cheered. After that, no wonder he said "Figures do not affect me." We should think not when he glibly talks of 95 per cent. of the men in the ranks of the unemployed being unskilled labourers. This, he says, is what his investigations had revealed to him. It is a pity that revelation could not impart the simple rules of arithemetic, as well as some approximation to truth. (Seeing that over 20,000 unemployed were registered in the skilled trade unions in May, Mr. Burns's estimate would give about two millions of unskilled labourers out of work.) But what are figures to a man like this? Only useful to juggle with in order to give a false impression, as when earlier in the day, in reply to his jackals Lea and Macnamara, he emphasised, amid cheers, the decrease in pauperism in West Ham and Poplar as compared with last year and the recent winter. But this is a happy country. Outside of London—"In England there were 84 distress com-

mittees, and outside Manchester, and perhaps Leeds and Sheffield, and five or six other districts, there was no trouble or apprehension for the future." This, of course, is official—as served up to Mr. Burns by his staff, and represents faithfully the opinion of the governing classes on the distress committees. He can do no other than say it, and we are suprised that any one should suppose him capable of going beyond the official statement, with just the necessary ex-workman veneer to keep up the fiction of a "Labour man in the Cabinet." He likened himself to Mark Tapley—Judas, minus a conscience, would have been a more correct simile.

**A Great Irishman.**—With the death of Michael Davitt Ireland loses one of her noblest sons, and the proletariat disinherited and downtrodden of all lands a sincere and elevated friend and champion. Passionately devoted as Davitt was to the cause of Irish national independence, his nationalism was not of that narrow type which characterises some of his countrymen and prevents them realising that national independence is of little worth except in so far as it means the freedom of the people not only from foreign rule, but from class domination, and affords the opportunity for international co-operation for the emancipation of humanity. Davitt's hatred of England, which was not a whit less strong than that of any one of his compatriots, was not directed against the English people, nor was it based upon any silly race sentiment or assumption of racial superiority. He hated England as the foreign oppressor of the Irish people, and the English dominant class as the representative of political and economic despotism. He, himself, was a victim of both. The son of an evicted Irish peasant; driven from his native land by the brutal landlordism which was the prevalent form of economic despotism

there, and driven and maimed in a Lancashire factory, the victim of English capitalism, he had reason to know what economic despotism meant; and he had a taste of its political form when he was condemned to penal servitude on a trumped-up charge of treason-felony, to which he was thrust back—even after the Tories had released him—by the Liberals when that "tall bully" Harcourt and his colleagues in the immaculate Ministry of 1880-85 were scared out of their wits by the Land League agitation. English rule was hateful to Davitt because it meant landlordism, and to him it was more important to get rid of landlordism than of the foreign rule which was simply its instrument. The most marvellous trait in Davitt's character to those who knew him well was his extraordinary magnanimity, and the forgiveness he so readily manifested towards those who had so despitefully used him.

**Capitalist Corruption.**—Probably no book of recent years has created such a sensation, or been productive of such results, as our comrade Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle," and he is to be heartily congratulated on the success he has achieved. All the same, it is somewhat remarkable that these results should have been attained. The conditions of labour in the stockyards of Chicago were long ago exposed in a little pamphlet by our comrade A. M. Simons, and the subsequent strike of the operatives should have had the effect of giving greater publicity to the horrors of "Packingtown." More recently many of the worst features of the business of the packers detailed in Upton Sinclair's book were given in a series of articles contributed to the "Lancet" by the special commissioner sent by that paper to investigate the conditions under which the food is prepared which is sent broadcast all over the world by the great Chicago combine. All this, however, appears to have attracted very little

attention, and people have gone on complacently consuming the poisoned products of Packingtown without turning a hair. Suddenly a book is launched which has been published under difficulties because, in the form of a story, it contains statements which are suddenly discovered to be libellous, but which, presented in a more formal fashion, have been practically ignored, and there is a tremendous outcry. The parties assailed at first deny the allegations which an independent Governmental inquiry proves to be perfectly true, and those responsible make desperate efforts to redeem their lost reputation. But it is always so, and must always be so, under capitalism. Capitalism involves corruption, the adulteration and poisoning of food, just as it involves sweating and every other abomination due to the prostitution of the means of production to financial gain. Some little temporary amelioration may be looked for, but the only material gain to be derived from such exposures is in the lesson they serve to teach of the incompatibility of capitalism with the general well-being.

**Muddling Through.**—Speculation is rife as to what will be the fate of the Government's Education Bill. That any other measure of equal importance will be attempted this Session is entirely out of the question, and that this Bill will be passed into law in anything like its original form is equally improbable. It is confidently predicted by Opposition leaders that the Lords will amend the objectionable features of the Bill out of all recognition, and they appear to hope that then the Government will appeal to the country on behalf of their proposals and against the Lords. We see no reason whatever to anticipate any such course. Nobody, unless it is the members of the official Opposition, wants a dissolution yet awhile, and apart from that consideration it may be confidently predicted that the cowardice

which has characterised the policy of the Government so far will determine its action in the present instance. Whatever may be the form ultimately assumed by the Education Bill, it is safe to say that there will be no appeal to the country on it. With its big docile majority the Government is not likely to relinquish office for some years to come, or even to risk the possibility of having to do so. Its chief concern will be to do as little as possible, consistent with keeping its majority. Had the present Ministry been in earnest about anything, we should have seen some evidence of its sincerity ere this, but it is just as likely to surrender to the Opposition on this education question—or rather this sectarian question—as it did on that of Chinese labour, or of the murder of Kaffir prisoners in Natal. With sufficient courage to have defied the Clericals of all denominations, by going straight for Secular Education, the Government would have shown the hollowness and weakness of the forces of so-called religion by which they are at present intimidated. Had they followed the example of the French Government and joined issue with the Clerical enemy, they would doubtless have first been defeated in Parliament, but, on an appeal to the country, Clericalism, as in France, would have suffered a crushing blow, and the influences which are at present stifling and retarding popular education here would have been deprived of their power for all time.

**The Futility of Anarchism.**—We have as little sympathy with the usual outburst of bourgeois horror and consternation occasioned by the Madrid outrage as with the crime itself. The good Christians who exhaust the vocabulary of vituperation in condemnation of the madmen who make these occasional attacks upon monarchs have not a word to say about the hideous crimes of capitalism by which tens of thousands of human lives are sacrificed yearly, to say nothing of

the far worse horrors of the living death of want and misery to which millions of our kind are condemned by the same loathsome vampirism. The sordid wretchedness, poverty, and premature death of the working class are supposed to be in the nature of things, and therefore seldom occasion a moment's thought on the part of the well-to-do. When hundreds of miners are hurled to death by a preventible "accident," when railwaymen are crushed to death and sailors are drowned from a similar cause, it is well understood that these are only some of the ordinary risks of the business—all in the day's work, so to speak—and scarcely worthy of more than a momentary expression of regret. In the same way, it may be suggested that the possibility of being suddenly "taken off" by an Anarchist's bomb is one of the normal risks of a monarch, and should be considered in relation to the excessive remuneration and other advantages these exalted personages usually enjoy. Our chief objection to these outrages, apart from our constitutional objection to wanton destruction and blood-letting and the sacrifice of quite innocent persons, is their utter futility, generally speaking. That, however, is an essential characteristic of the established order, which encourages Anarchism by representing the individual, and not the social system, as the responsible entity.

## MATERIALISTIC OR SYNTHETIC HISTORICS?

### FINAL WORDS.

In his polemic against my article Lafargue concludes with the suggestion that the reason why I find the theory of one-sided economic determinism insufficient to explain the whole of human progress is because my "metaphysical mind" is incapable of properly applying the method in question. Now, I may as well observe here, once for all, that I have never found the said method unsatisfactory when and where I have myself applied it, for the simple reason, as I am presumptuous enough to think, that I can distinguish between its legitimate and its illegitimate employment. Where I find it breaks down is where taken in hand by our esteemed friend Lafargue and his colleagues of the ultra-Marxian historical school. Lafargue and his congeners in historical theory, in spite of what they say, treat it, not merely as a *method*, having its limitations like other methods, but as a *dogma*, or, to be strictly accurate, as a dogmatic framework (a "schablone," as the Germans call it), into which it is the duty of the good Socialist to force all events, ideas, and tendencies in history. As a method, in the true sense of the term, no one has a greater respect for historic determinism than myself. It is not only a useful but an indispensable instrument in historical investigation,

and to Marx belongs the indisputable merit of having first distinctly formulated it. All that we who criticise the ultra-Marxians in favour of what I have termed the synthetic conception of history contend, is that this method cannot be made to cover the whole dynamics of social development, but that the psychical side of such development possesses, up to a certain point, an independent character of its own, which has to be reckoned with in the completed synthesis of human evolution. The absurdities to which the negligence of this other factor gives rise, are patent to any impartial investigator in the treatment of the history of thought by writers of the ultra-Marxist school. Some of these attempts, indeed, can only be described as ghastly travesties of speculative history—bad jokes, in fact.

But apart from their one-sidedness in their treatment of historical causation, the ultra-Marxists are guilty of a looseness of thought inexcusable in anyone making a boast of scientific methods, as they do—and this even from their own point of view. For example, they invariably (except, perhaps, when driven into a corner in argument) fail to distinguish between three different senses in which causal efficacy can be ascribed to economic conditions. 1. There is the most usual and on the whole the most important sense, that of economic *interest* on the part of individuals but more especially classes (the class war). 2. There is the sense of the reaction, by way of *suggestion*, of technical, industrial and commercial progress on human thought and feeling. 3. There is the sense in which any economic change by removing an obstacle, and thus leaving the way free for an extra-economic development, may be said to be the *cause* of that development. The first two of these senses imply, as far as they go, *positive* causation, the third is purely *negative*. All these ways in which economic conditions causally affect human affairs are of importance, but the most significant and far-reaching is undoubtedly the first, the type of which is the " class struggle." The second is

of less historical weight, while the third, as already said, is not a positive cause at all but a mere negative condition. As illustration of the first, any instance of a state of struggle or rivalry between a possessing and a non-possessing class will serve; the second, the case so often referred to in the course of this controversy, of the suggestion of the laws of geometry through land measuring, or any other theoretical insight, or state of feeling, acquired in the course of the observation of contemporary social conditions; of the third, which is that of a negative condition of progress, the classical instance is the rise and development of intellectual and artistic culture in early civilisation, consequent on the coming into being of a leisured class, owing to the increase of wealth. Here, as just said, we have simply the removal of a hindrance, and not a positive cause. The above, of course, is merely a skeleton outline of these three forms of economic determinism as causal factors.

Now, I am unaware of any attempt on the part of the "scientific" fanatics of ultra-Marxism to seriously formulate the distinction between these three distinct senses in which causal efficacy may be ascribed to economic conditions in history, still less to estimate their relative value as factors in historic evolution. So slipshod is the procedure, even within the limits of their own particular method, of our so supremely scientific friends!

But to return to our Lafargue. His argument consists mainly in the attempts to prove that certain mathematical results were suggested by certain phases of economic development. My answer is simple. I have already admitted that this may have sometimes been the case in mathematics, as in other departments, but I deny the *necessary* connection between the two, and I also deny its supreme importance when it does occur. All Lafargue has achieved is to adduce cases where the connection between economic progress and mathematical progress, by way of suggestion, appa-

rently obtains. That this can be done I have never doubted, but I must appeal to our friend Hyndman, who probably knows more mathematics than Lafargue and myself together, for a list of cases in which no such connection can possibly be traced. That he has such a list up his sleeve I know, and as I am no mathematician myself, I prefer leaving this side of the argument to him. I may as well point out, however, that Lafargue has chosen the simplest and most obvious instances. Let him trace respectively the discovery of logarithms, of the differential calculus, or of the binomial theorem neatly back to its appropriate economic condition—if he can!

There is one more personal explanation I have to make before finishing what I have to say about Lafargue's article. Lafargue appears to be labouring under the delusion that I am concerned to defend Kant's "Ding-an-sich" as a speculative thesis. I can assure him such is not the case. I no more accept Kant's "Ding-an-sich" than does any other modern thinker. My criticism was merely that of one who, as a student of the history of philosophy, was interested in vindicating, for philosophic thought, the significance and import of Kant's assumption against the pseudo-explanations of Engels and Lafargue himself, which are no explanations at all, being based on complete misapprehensions of the issue (due, evidently, to an imperfect acquaintance with the problems of philosophy), coupled with an excess of zeal in jumping to "materialistic" conclusions whether such are in place or not. Kant was dealing with a problem concerning the constitution of knowledge—the nature of consciousness itself, and the *thing-in-itself* he postulated had no more to do with the chemical properties of bodies, as Engels imagined, than it had with the relations of the *bourgeois* to the *proletaire*, as Lafargue imagined.

Turning now to Rothstein's article, I must at the outset express the hope that his tone of controversy will not find many imitators in our party discussions.

No attempts of Rothstein to be funny in talking about lèse majesté will alter the fact that wholesale accusations of ignorance and puerile misconception, not to speak of a strongly personal tone in general, is a manner of "plain speaking" about an opponent which most educated persons, with some pretence to manners, would resent in common with comrade Hyndman, in a magazine not precisely on the level of the gutter. Ignorance and ineptitude, where they exist, can be nailed down more effectively without "vulgar abuse" than with it. Of course, I always make allowance in this connection for a man with a weak case, and the consequent temptation to carry things off with bluster, but all the same, I would advise Rothstein to cure himself of the habit before it becomes chronic and constitutes, as one might say, an indelible burning stain on his controversial character.

I disclaimed, says Rothstein, to be the discoverer of a new "philosophy" (of history) called synthetic. I disclaimed, i.e., to be the discoverer of the fundamental truth at the basis of such a theory of history, to wit, that human progress has a psychic as well as an economic side; that each is up to a certain point possessed of a relative independence, but that the concrete fact, social evolution, implies the synthesis of these co-ordinate elements. Rothstein proceeds to attempt to prove, in answer to my challenge to name a bourgeois writer (not, be it noted, who holds the above view, but) *who had stated the matter as I had stated it*, the already-admitted fact that in my recognition of this truth I am not original. I say *attempted* to prove, advisedly, for it is noteworthy that the writings he quotes from are, if I mistake not, all of subsequent date to my article in the Vienna "Zeit" (July, 1896), in which I first enunciated my point of view, and, therefore, I might easily claim that he had not made good his assertion as to my "repeating" what these particular writers had said, seeing that I had the priority. However, I do not wish to

labour this point. Granting, therefore, that he has succeeded in proving what I myself had already admitted, the question arises—has he met my challenge to name a *bourgeois* writer who had stated the matter *as I have stated it?* Let us hear Rothstein, himself, as to this. On page 206, after crowing loudly over his imagined success, comes the significantly fatal admission: "However, in one point he (viz., myself) is decidedly original." Now, it so happens that this "one point" is *the* one which is of the utmost importance from a practical as opposed to a purely academical point of view. It is *only* the question whether the tendency is, as I maintain, for the economic factor to dominate over and so to say *atrophise* the independence of the psychic factor in a progressive ratio with the advance of capitalism, or whether the reverse process takes place, as is insisted upon by Bernstein and the bourgeois historical theorists! A mere bagatelle for the "scientific mind!" eh, comrade Rothstein? After his self-confession of inability to meet my challenge, if our friend still holds to the opinion that I was "overhasty in issuing this challenge," I can only record the fact that I must humbly beg to disagree with him.

Rothstein thus is unable to name a single bourgeois writer "who has stated the matter as I have stated it." —Q.E.D.

"Every rising class thinks materialistically," says Rothstein. I almost felt, on reading this (in spite of the incongruity), inclined to gasp out, "Oh, Rothstein, pray for me, that I may learn to 'think materialistically,' as every good Socialist should!" However, on this point I fear the ultra-Marxian priesthood is not quite unanimous. Our friend Lafargue, for instance, has written many an article to prove that the "rising *bourgeoisie*," in its struggle with the "decaying aristocracy," the case expressly cited by Rothstein, thought quite otherwise—to wit, that it was altogether immersed in feeble, foolish "metaphysical" notions, and that the class struggle expressed itself to the rising bourgeois

mind "ideologically" in "metaphysical" formulæ, such as "virtue," "liberty," "country," "rights of man," etc., to which anything but a "materialistic" sanctity was attached. Now, when these "scientific" pundits fall out, I am sure I do not know what a poor "unscientific" student of history like myself is to do. The repudiation of the charge of eclecticism which Rothstein finds "delightful" is perfectly simple and straightforward. If I affirm that the "subject matter of thought" constitutes in the last resort a unity I thereby, surely, assert my "mode of thinking" with regard to it to be monistic! Evidently Rothstein, in his eagerness to score a point against me here, has overshot his mark, and "caught a 'mare's nest'" (as someone has expressed it). I can only repeat that I am a monist in historical theory (as also in philosophy, though that is another story), and shall remain so in spite of Rothstein's terrible threat of calling me by "another name."*

I suggested a problem, which Engels himself admitted was a fair one, as a test case for Rothstein to demonstrate his method. To this Rothstein loftily replies that he has "something more important to do" than to thus help to prove his case. Has he? I beg leave to doubt it. All I can say is, if he deems it more important to write articles abusing my humble self rather than to take steps to establish the theory he espouses, I can do no more than leave the matter to the judgment of all impartial readers of the "Social-Democrat." At the same time, I must protest against the utterly and wantonly false gloss which Rothstein has chosen to put upon the incident I mentioned with regard to Engels. Rothstein endeavours to make it appear that Engels treated me, on the occasion in

* This procedure, by the way, I believe is colloquially known in some parts of the country as "calling one out of one's name." I do not doubt the ability of Rothstein to do this. He has, in fact, already given evidence of being much more "fly" at calling names than he is at producing arguments.

question, with discourtesy. Now, whatever he may have been to others, I owe it to Engels's memory to say that to me, personally, he was never, on any occasion, discourteous. The conversation spoken of was unfortunately interrupted by the arrival of visitors —merely that and nothing more. There was no "sending about business" on either side. We were simply having a quiet chat, and I put the gnostic problem to Engels, which, unlike Rothstein, he admitted to be a legitimate and an interesting one, and Engels had just made the remark quoted by me when the interruption referred to took place. The fact is, Rothstein wants to rope in Engels here, to cover his own feeble shirking of his controversial responsibilities. All this talk of Rothstein is so much bluff to disguise the damning fact that he and his colleagues cannot prove their case when brought to the test.

To Rothstein's assertion that I have no method of historical enquiry, I consider it unnecessary to reply. He professes to think it an admission of a "damaging nature" that I granted the fact that scientific results *may* be suggested by economic conditions. Why on earth should they not? They may be suggested by economic conditions, they may be suggested by natural environment, they may be arrived at by reflection on mental processes, or by the analysis of abstract relations, and so on. The impulse to study them may be due to economic causes, or merely to "scientific curiosity." All I have denied is that they are *exclusively* traceable to economic circumstance, and it is this point which no advocate of the extreme school of economic materialism has succeeded yet in proving, or has even attempted seriously to prove. Some of the extracts given by Rothstein, I may mention, are conspicuously not to the point. For example, he tries to drag in a theory of F. D. Maurice, to the effect that the political ideas of certain thinkers strongly affected their philosophy, into an acknowledgment that their philosophy was the mere reflection of the economic circumstances

under which they lived and thought. Besides, I have never denied a possible influence of economic surroundings in philosophy any more than elsewhere. It is the exclusive, or even necessarily, paramount, influence that I dispute.

It is very kind of Rothstein to refer me to his Bible on the subject of the history of philosophy—to wit, F. A. Lange's "History of Materialism." However, even the great Rothstein may err. Be my learning "quite exceptional" or quite insignificant, it owes nothing whatever (*pace* Rothstein) to F. A. Lange in general or his "History of Materialism" in particular. The latter, at the time respectable but now somewhat belated product of German scholarship of the last generation, I cursorily glanced through some years ago, but I cannot say it made any impression on me. Within the last few weeks I have again taken this popular compendium in my hands, with no different result. Rothstein is evidently a humorist when he suggests that I am quite reduced to sitting at the feet of the excellent but somewhat second-rate worthy in question. There are many works on the history of philosophy from which doubtless in various degrees I owe something (of some of which possibly Rothstein has never heard), but it so happens that Lange's book is not among them.

But has friend Rothstein made no hit in his rejoinder? Far be it from me to affirm such a thing. On receiving my copy of the January "Social-Democrat" containing my last article, my eye soon lighted upon the misprint of an *i* for an *e* in a certain well-known Latin quotation, and I at once exclaimed, "It is well—poor Rothstein will be able to score at least one point against me!" And sure enough he did. I congratulate him! We used to hear of "No case, abuse the plaintiffs' attorney!" This we shall have now to amend, I think, so far as literary advocacy is concerned, to "No case, work misprints for all they are worth!"

On page 214, after obscure references, which are beyond my comprehension, to depths of infamy in my controversial methods, we have the usual indignant repudiation of the ultra-Marxian position as exhibited in the statements of its protagonists and illustrated in the application of their principles. We are now told that the contents of the "social-consciousness" need not be necessarily derived from economic conditions. One is inclined to ask, where are we then? The only difference between us, we are assured, is that "he (viz., myself) regards the rays emitted by social-consciousness as spontaneously generated from its inner arbitrary self," while the ultra-Marxists regard them as "generated by the body and pressure of the time." The present transformation of Liberal England is then quoted as an illustration. Of this, it is further alleged, "Bax regards it as a spontaneously generated agency—one that might have arisen 500 years ago as easily as 500 years hence—we Marxists regard it in our dogmatic limitation as" etc. Now, on first reading this my inclination was to refuse to bandy another word with Rothstein. For, as a farrago of disingenuous falsification in controversy, it would be hard to beat. Rothstein knows perfectly well that the view imputed to me is not merely nonsense in itself, but has never been held by me and is in contradiction with all I have ever written. Rothstein does well to talk of "conscientiousness as a polemist" (sic) after this. To solve an ordinary problem in the history of human thought in accordance with his dogma, Rothstein is incapable, but to take a current economico-political event, and then categorically impute nonsensical views respecting it to an opponent, this he can do.

The synthetic theory of history emphasises the point that the concrete content of history is a progressive evolution no stage of which and no crucial event even of which *could have happened before it did happen*. But this is not to say that the thought-move-

ment invariably advances pari passu with, or follows, the economic movement. It does not even assert that there is no "spontaneity" in the individual mind. Thus to take Darwin. Yes, there were undoubtedly great minds before Darwin, and some of them came very near to discovering the law of evolution as Darwin discovered it. That Darwin improved upon them is simply due to the fact that Darwin had the advantage of their and others' pioneering work, that, so to say, he stood on their shoulders. Anaximander, in the sixth century B.C., under quite different economic conditions, postulated in a crude form the theory of the origin of species by a kind of natural selection. Empedokles also came near to a similar conception. Lamarck, Oken, Goethe, and others of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries helped to build up the doctrine of organic evolution. That Darwin was the first to raise the old Greek speculation from comparative oblivion to the rank of a scientific truth of first-class importance is primarily due to his position in the line of thought on the subject, in addition to his special individual gifts. That it fructified and was accepted by the world was because the time was ripe for entering into the concrete structure of the "social-consciousness." And here economic and other external conditions come in. The world, the social milieu, generally, was fitted in Darwin's day to receive the doctrine, and to form the seed-ground for its fertilisation, while before it was not.

The case of Vico at the beginning of the eighteenth century is again specially remarkable, as illustrating at once the evolution of thought and the spontaneity of the individual intelligence. Vico, as is well-known, founded the science or philosophy of history in the modern sense at a time when the current tendencies of the age were in quite a different direction. But precisely because the social milieu, economic and other material conditions, were unfavourable, the whole life-work of Vico perished so far as direct ulterior result was concerned. It fell upon barren soil. Scientific history had

to be rediscovered in the nineteenth century. Intellectual initiative and genius is not alone sufficient to make historic reality, it must take root in a suitable soil of material conditions.

Once more let us take a technical invention—the steam-engine, to wit. Not to mention Hiero in antiquity, we have G. B. de la Porta, who, in 1601, published his treatise describing the principle of the steam engine. But this, and developments of the same principle during the seventeenth century, came to nothing. Economic conditions were not yet ripe for the realisation of the thought of Porta. Well-nigh two centuries from his time had to elapse before the steam engine became a part of the concrete social evolution. As Mr. J. A. Hobson has recently pointed out, the bulk of scientific discoveries and inventions, even those subsequently realised through economic pressure, sprang originally out of intellectual curiosity pure and simple, and were neither dictated nor suggested by economic or other external conditions. In other words, the psychic side of human evolution has a *relative* independence of its own. Q.E.D.

According to the synthetic doctrine of history, social evolution as a whole, is, in the last resort, reducible to two elements, material (largely economic) conditions, and intellectual and emotional activity. The latter, up to a certain point, follows its own line of causation, but is also acted on by, and, in its turn, reacts upon, economic conditions. In every concrete phase of social evolution you can trace these two elements in the total result. But the psychic activity has a double character. On the one side it can be traced as a causal series, and therefore is not "spontaneous." On the other hand, it has a side that is not wholly reducible to law—that of personality, of indidividual intelligence and will as such. This is the incalculable element, the unknown quantity in history, accelerating, retarding, and modifying phases of social evolution in their realisation. Such, in a word, is

the position of the synthetic doctrine of history. In opposition to the above doctrine you have the theory of one-sided economic determinism, which, whenever brought to book, in order to save its face is forced to eat its own words, to resort to shuffling and shifting of its position, reducing to meaninglessness its own assertions, etc. It is always prepared to prove its thesis (oh, yes !) if you will but kindly allow it to choose its own instances ; but it steadily refuses to deal with inconvenient test cases—in other words, it exacts for itself conditions under which it is easy to prove any theory of history you like.

Rothstein conveniently confuses between the growth of Marxian Socialism as a whole and the growth of this particular historical dogma. The allusion to Jaurès shows a still more inexcusable confusion between this same theory and the Marxian political tactics in France. As to Rothstein's philosophical wisdom—derived, doubtless, from a diligent perusal of Lange's "History of Materialism,"—Rothstein will excuse me if I say that I do not think it quite worth my while to enter upon it. I can only regret, in conclusion, that a good and useful method like that of historical materialism should be made nonsense of by being erected into a one-sided dogma to dissent from which is Socialist heresy. However, with the growth of the party on its theoretical side let us hope that this will correct itself.

E. Belfort Bax.

## UTOPIAN SOCIALISM v. MARXISM.

There can be for the student of the Socialist movement, and especially for the Marxian, nothing more interesting than to note how, despite the international nature of our movement, we are each of us dominated in our methods of thought by the peculiar conditions of the various countries to which we belong, as well as to a certain extent reflecting the class prejudices under which we have been brought up. A curious example of the above is the survival in the English Socialist movement of the older or pre-Marxian Socialism, the Utopian Socialism. This is due almost entirely, no doubt, to the peculiar conditions under which Socialism in England, instead of being the political side of the proletarian movement, has been ignored by the latter to a large extent, and has thus to a large extent retained the character of the creed of a propagandist sect rather than expressing the aims and ideals of a class struggling to be free. To this it owes that peculiar anti-trade union note which crops up again and again in the columns of "Justice," a note which is simply the outcome of the old breach between Socialists and trade unionists, not the cause, as certain writers have tried to make out. But perhaps the best example has been afforded by the policy of the S.D.F. towards the L.R.C. The S.D.F. resigned the L.R.C. because they declined to recognise the class war, and "Tattler" gravely assumes that in refusing to accept the class war resolution the L.R.C. abolish all distinction between themselves and the Liberal-Labour members. In other words, that their independence is a sham, because they do not acknowledge the basis on which alone independence can justify. If there is no

class war, of course, an Independent Labour Party is an absurdity, and the position on which the S.D.F., or rather those who justify the S.D.F. policy, place themselves, implies that you cannot act without the theory, that the repudiation of the class war in theory means its repudiation in the practice. That is the utopian view. The Marxian view as laid down by Marx, clearest of all, perhaps, in the Communist Manifesto, but expressed in all their writings, and acted on by him and Engels all their lives in the practice, and specially in their tactics on the International, was just the reverse. Theory springs from life. Men act the class war before they accept the theory of the class war. In the same way we hold that the Labour Party of to-day represents the class war in the action, and that it is a prelude to the recognition of the class war in the theory. We cannot, in fact, expect that the English trade unions should, all of a sudden, turn right about face and accept a theory which they had hitherto denied.

But the fact of their taking up the principle of political independence was, in itself, a tacit, if unconscious, adoption of the class war standpoint in politics. Of course, it is an illogical position for a party which goes for political independence to take up, and theoretically speaking it deprives them of any more right to a special representation than say the shopkeepers, the lawyers, etc. And it may be granted that the working class movement has only a right to form an independent party, because they stand for a definite ideal which is much wider in its scope than mere little sectional interests of any section of society, because they stand as the representatives of the dispossessed, the proletariat, and finally the dispossessed of all classes. We must allow that à priori it sounds absurd to think of founding a political party while denying the basis on which such a party must be founded. But logic rarely rules in such matters, and history shows us that practice invariably precedes theory, so that we need not be

surprised to find that that holds good also in the case of a Labour party. Just as men have waged the class war in the economic sphere, though they do not even now recognise the theoretical assumptions on which they have been going—so in the political field we need not be surprised to find that a similar course has been followed. It is questionable, however, whether it is more irrational to act on the class war in the practice while denying it in the theory than to ignore it in the practice while professing in the theory to regard its recognition a sine quà non of a Labour party. Of course I admit that the past history of the English Labour movement is not encouraging. On the one hand it shows the tendency of trade unionism to settle into a mere aristocracy of Labour, and its representatives to sink from mere lack of ideas into the position of mere hangers-on of the Liberal Party. Nor can anyone who is sensible blame Messrs. Fenwick and Co. for becoming mere hacks of the Liberals; their sheer helplessness and the lack of any definite mandate from their constituents on nine-tenths of the questions which came before them must drive them into the arms of men who at least know what to do. But then must arise the question, What is to prevent the present Labour Party from following a similar course? And the answer can certainly be no decided one; it can only be one of probabilities, but probability is the guide of life, and the following considerations may possibly guide us in making a decision.

Firstly, the whole economic outlook is different since 1870. The English industry has no longer the privileged position which it had, so that the employers are more disposed, and will be more and more disposed, to employ all the means at their disposal to hold their own, and they will be less inclined to make any concessions. On the other hand, the workers have begun to feel the need for independent political action—in fact, to see that it is absolutely necessary if they are to preserve their most elementary political

rights. The movement in 1871 was to gain rights which up to then they had not had; the movement now is for the restoration of rights which they have had and lost. That is, perhaps, the weightiest of all. At that time, besides, there was, if I am rightly informed, representation of the different unions, separately, each paying for its own representative, but none of the Labour movement as such; while the present party represents almost all sections of the Labour movement, and members are, if I mistake not, paid out of a central fund. However that be, no one can, I think, dispute the fact that the L.R.C. represents a great advance away from the principle of each union for itself towards that of a common Labour Party—in other words, in the direction of the political organisation of the proletariat as proletariat, not as miners, carpenters, engineers, or what not. And this Labour Party has now felt its power. They have seen the inspiration which the spectacle of 30 men pledged to independent political action has had on the House of Commons, and the sensation which it produced in the ranks of the bourgeoisie of the entire world. I think no impartial observer could deny that the present party is a great advance on that of 1871. So much so that even "Justice" has had to admit that the party has acquitted itself much better than was to be expected, and I think it must be conceded that the praise was none too strong. Naturally, I may add, the Socialist propaganda of many years has not been without results. The party is not Socialist, that must be admitted, but it represents a tremendous advance towards that. But even if we do not concede that, the question arises whether the Social-Democrat can separate himself from the Labour Party as such? Here we come to what is the crux of the whole question of our differences, and which show clearly how the Marxian and Utopian Socialism differ in the practice. The Utopian asks of a body which it is proposed that we should join—Is it a Socialist body, or have we an

immediate prospect of making it such? The Marxist simply asks if it is a genuine proletariat organisation, i.e., if it is to serve the interests of the proletariat and their emancipation or protection as a whole, or whether it is to serve the interests, say, of particular bourgeois parties or Churches? The Utopian looks on Socialism, more or less, as a scheme to be applied to Society, and the Labour movement as a means to this end. The Marxist on Labour Empancipation as the end, and Socialism as the only means to this end. The Utopian may attach great importance to the class war in the theory, but in the practice he ignores it, by overlooking the distinction between genuine Labour associations and such as exist to advance the interests of the bourgeoisie, as long as neither body calls itself Socialist. A good example of that is "Tattler's" opinion that the S.D.F. might as well join the Liberal-Labour Group as the Labour Party. The Labour Party, I am sorry to say, has refused to acknowledge the class war, but as it acts on the class war in the practice, I do not take that too seriously as a Marxian; whereas the Liberal-Labour members are avowedly carrying the theory of the harmony of classes into practical political life since they are avowedly a part of the Liberal Party. The Labour Party will be forced forward to Socialism if they do not repudiate their own principles. The Liberal-Labour people must repudiate their own principle as a group to render that possible. To the Utopian Socialism is more or less of a scheme of social order to be imposed on society, to the Marxist it is the emancipation of Labour. The former looks on the Labour movement, so far as he is a revolutionary, as the best field for his propaganda; the latter on the Labour movement or Labour emancipation as the end, and Socialism as the complete carrying out of this end. Of course all of us are creatures of our circumstances, and the Utopians are the outcome of a period in which the English Labour movement repudiated Socialism. That is no doubt what the Marxist has to

face, and what has made so many of us wobbly. And then comes what is worse, we have the spectacle of so many trade unionists going wrong on important questions of public policy, as for instance, that of child labour. That is the situation, and it is not one to be passed over lightly. What are we to do when the workers themselves, through their organisations, turn against us? Let us consider what are the various possibilities in such a situation. I do not pretend to be able to judge on the merits, say, of the child-labour question in Lancashire, but, of course, we all unfortunately know the case of the Northumberland pitmen, and as, of course, they might any moment join the L.R.C. or Labour Party, in fact, as that depends only upon their will, I take them as an example the more readily because in my view these two cases really do form the most serious part of the case against us. We should be made, it is said, responsible for the policy of men who were acting right against our principles. I do not wish in any way to diminish the importance of this admission, and to answer it, it will be necessary to go back to our root principles and ask what is it that despite all our differences makes our relation to the trade union essentially different to those with any other body.

It is this, that the trade unions are the fighting and defensive organisation of the workers, of the proletariat, the only purely proletariat organisations which exist to defend proletariat interests as such. As such they have not merely the sole importance of winning a penny or two extra in the hour for this or that section of the workers, but they are the only means by which the proletariat, or any section of it, comes to voice collectively such wants as it feels as a class. We may, in fact, say that the proletariat so far as it is not organised in unions is, for the purpose of Socialism, worthless. Such as the proletariat is, so will be its trade unions. Now, for Marxians, to whom Socialism is not a scheme to be imposed on society, but the emancipation—nay,

the self-emancipation—of the workers, that is decisive. We cannot dream of Socialism without the trade unions, or against the trade unions. That is the great distinction between Utopian and Marxian Socialism. To the Utopian the trade unions are only of value so long as they agree to help him in carrying out his particular scheme.

To us the trade unions, as the organised will of the proletariat, the workers, are in so far an end in themselves. It is the emancipation of the proletariat, not the adoption of a particular scheme of society, that is to us of prime importance. In so far, of course, we make a distinction between the trade unions which allow themselves to be politically used as the tools of the Liberal Party and those which are organised independently politically; for the sake of simplicity I am assuming, what is not the case, that the Liberal-Labour and L.R.C. represent definitely different unions. So far as the trade unions abandon political independence, to that degree they give up the class war; they have substituted for it a definite compact with a certain section of the bourgeoisie in matters political. The L.R.C. represent on the other hand, so long as they remain independent, the political class war itself. But granted this, what have we to do when the workers themselves or a section of the workers turn against their own emancipation? It may be allowed that there are circumstances in which it would be our duty to fight even the trade unions themselves. I have already expressed the opinion with reference to the political situation that we ought either to fight the L.R.C. or certain of them or to join that body. This opinion has been described as utopian. My argument was directed in the first place against the idea that we could remain friendly with a body with whom we were bound to compete. If it be replied that we have not got the means, consequently that opportunist grounds would suggest that we should only take up the battle where its suits our purpose; to that I say, good! but

that is not friendly neutrality. It is a strange form of friendship which keeps a man from shooting me because he has not got means to buy a revolver.

Moreover, I suggest that if the evils are so grave that we cannot share any degree of responsibility for the policy of say, Shackleton, then we ought to make our protest against such a man standing in the name of Labour. Even if we cannot put up candidates we ought then to make it clear that we do protest, that we do consider such men traitors; or for what purpose are we independent—to say nothing of friendliness?

It is no question which can be got rid of by the parrot cry of "Impossibilism," or similar compliments. If certain Labour candidates represent principles which render the co-operation of Socialists "impossible" we ought to repudiate them decisively, but how are we to do so unless we do it in the constituency by an opposition candidate or a manifesto? *For it must never be forgotten that a traitor in the ranks is far worse than an enemy.* This policy, however, I have only advocated, and do only advocate, for those who feel that for the reasons which I have given it would be impossible to join the L.R.C. My idea is rather that we should join the L.R.C. and fight for our ideas within the party. I think that even on the important points to which I have referred, we may look to the economic development to render child labour, for example, superfluous, and to the influence of Socialist propaganda to induce the workers concerned to abandon their present position. The principal reason being that we thereby recognise the fact that to maintain, as far as possible, the necessary solidarity of Labour, is a sacred duty for all Socialists, a duty which only the most urgent necessity and interest of the emancipation of Labour itself can ever justify us in breaking, because whatever our differences with any section of the proletariat, if we remember our principle of the class war, our relations to them can never be the same as those to the bourgeoisie; whatever political opinions the proletariat may profess at

the time, it is always the proletariat whom we have before us, and so long as it does not allow itself to be made a tool of by any political party, it is this proletariat whom we must support in its endeavours towards political independence. Whereas with all bourgeois parties, and those especially who serve their purposes in the ranks of Labour, we can never forget that our aim is to get rid of them as a class, or as a party.

A Socialist Party can never be other than a Labour Party. But how little this is remembered by our utopian friends was shown by the objection entertained by certain among them to the designation of Labour candidate—on the score, forsooth, that they were not to be counted among the horny-handed sons of toil. As if that was the point! As if Labour did not mean to signify the interests which they were sent to serve as well as the party to which they belonged. To me, Labour member signifies nothing more nor less than representative of the cause of Labour, and soon it will be found that the public will identify it with Socialist, whatever the individuals may say. Our good friends the enemy have a good nose for the class war, and the most statesmanlike of the Labour statesmen will find that they cannot fight sitting on the fence. I naturally object to all kinds of humbug as much as anybody, but it is open to any candidate to make it clear what he means by the term "Labour"—and the enemy will, in any case, force his hand.

In conclusion, I can only quote Marx's words: "The Communists do not form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties. They have no interests apart from those of the proletariat as a whole. They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own by which to shape and mould the proletariat movement." Need I quote more? It might be an advantage if comrades would read the Manifesto for themselves. And no mere quotations. If they do so, this discussion will not have been in vain.

J. B. Askew.

# THE ITALIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

Socialism in Italy as a regular movement, working on the same lines as international Socialism, affirmed itself for the first time at a congress in Genoa in 1892. At that congress there took place the sudden, brusque and almost violent separation from the Anarchists. The movement of the "International Party" from 1863 to 1878 had had—even in Italy—moments of great expansion, but the more intelligent of the working class in each town followed the methods of struggle taught by Bakunin. They thought that as insurrections, conspiracies and violent initiative had accomplished the liberation of the country from the dominion of strangers, the same methods would serve in freeing the workmen from the oppression of the bourgeoisie. The similarity of method caused many belonging to the old guard of the Republican Mazzini, to become enthusiastic followers of the "International." In consequence of which there followed struggles which often led even to violence between the old and new conspirators.

The "Romagne" especially exhibited fratricidal dissensions, nor did the voice of the patriotic leaders, and amongst them Aurelio Saffi, suffice to calm the people's minds. In 1865, inspired by Bakunin himself, a paper was started in Naples called "Liberta e Giustizia"; also in Florence on August 20, 1865, "Il Proletario" was published, edited by Niccolo Lo

Savio, professor of political economy. The newspaper which lived longest was the one published by Enrico Bignani at Lodi in 1868. It continued publication until 1883. It had not a uniform programme, although it was published in 1876 in a new series, under the title "Rivista Socialista ebdomadaria."

In the larger centres of industry, in the north of Italy, with the weakening of the revolutionary "International," strong organisations sprang up amongst the working men, and, as a reaction against the bourgeois element which had crept into the Socialistic Party, these concentrated in themselves all the movement and refused any help from similar societies. Thus started the working men's party, which, in the beginning, had nothing to do with electoral struggles, though later it left full liberty of action to each section —always officially condemning Parliamentarism.

In all this long period—from 1863 to 1890—the intellectual advance was but slight, in fact, the propagandist papers used many quotations and made long summaries of the "Tirannide Borghese" and of the "Questione Sociale," two books by Pietro Ellero, Professor of Criminal Law at Bologna, and now Senator and Councillor of State. Booklets abounded at that time, but most of them were of little worth.

Filippo Turati, a very young man at the time, wrote in 1883 a clever pamphlet "On Crime and the Social Question," against the exaggerations of the new school of Cesare Lombroso and Antonio Labriola.

In June, 1889, he gave a lecture in Rome showing with great skill the differences between Democracy and Socialism. But at that time there were very few men like him, and only some years afterwards did Filippo Turati, by his personal influence at the meetings in the Socialistic Workingmen's Congress in the Leghe di resistenza, and lastly in Parliament, rise to such an eminent position as to be authoritative leader of the powerful party called "Riformista." Professor Labriola, with powerful and synthetic pub-

lications, summed up the doctrines of historical materialism, and was recognised as the greatest interpreter of Marx's doctrines in Italy. But, unfortunately for his party and for the scientific world, he died while yet in the prime of life and intellect. Also the mixed workingmen's association benefited by the action of the "Irreconcilable Labour Party." In 1889, at a congress held in Naples, the Democrats and the Collectivists met, and an order of the day by Maffei, which legitimised private property, was carried against a collectivist order by De Marinio, Minister of Public Instruction in Fortis's Government. But what could not be obtained then, was reached at the Seventh Workingmen's Congress at Milan, August 2 and 3, 1891. At this congress the principle of participation of the Labour Party in the electoral and political administrative contests was affirmed, and it was recognised that the natural agent for obtaining reform in aid of the Labour Party was the State. The Anarchists opposed this absolutely, sustained by the barrister, Pietro Gori, but they were beaten. The congress consented to take part at the International Congress at Brussels by sending as representatives Turati and Croce. This international meeting will be remembered in history as having, on August 23, 1889, approved enthusiastically of the Labour Party's demonstration in favour of an eight hours working day to be kept every year on the First of May.

In August, 1892, the first Socialist Congress was held at Genoa. This marked the birth of the party, or rather its official consecration. As was stated at the beginning of this article, the believers in the direct political action of the Labour Party met in Parliament in 1892, and, while the former contests with the Anarchists were renewed at the first meeting, Prampolini, with heartfelt and burning words, begged and besought the Anarchists to separate themselves entirely, as it was obvious that the two classes of thought were incompatible; and the separation took place.

After the general announcement of the party's programme, the Congress ratified the following proposals:—

"That the final aim could only be obtained through the action of the proletariat organised as a class party, quite independent of all other parties and working under the double aspect: First, of a struggle for the immediate amelioration of the working classes (working hours, wages, factory rules, etc.), a struggle to be fought by the labour unions and by the other asosciations of arts and trades. Second, of a wider struggle with the view of conquering the public powers (State county councils, public administrations, etc.), in order to transform them from instruments of oppression and impoverishment, as they are to-day, into instruments for the economical and political expropriation of the upper classes. The Italian working men who desire the emancipation of their own class decide to form themselves into a party following the above principles."

On these new straightforward categorical lines the party developed, progressed, held various congresses regularly, subdivided itself in smaller organisations, and became a living and active power which sometimes decided Parliamentary situations.

At Reggio Emilia, in September, 1893, the second Congress took place. The idea of rigid discipline prevailed, and to distinguish itself from all other parties, no alliance was allowed with any other society. It was also decided that the Parliamentary group ought, under no circumstances, to support the Government.

Such a rigid rule, afterwards abandoned, was perhaps necessary in the beginning to give the party the chance of gaining strength. At this meeting, and for the first time, E. Ferri, until then a member of the Radical-Democratic Party, made his explicit declaration.

Edmondo de Amicis, also, at this time accepted

the socialistic programme, and, as if regretting his past, wrote in 1892 to a young man at Palermo: "The greatest ideal of the young who study should be the economical, intellectual, and moral revival of the working classes, who are social justice itself, without which all is false. I will follow boldly in this new path, but how grieved I am to have entered it so late, and to have journeyed blindly for twenty years!"

The progress made by the party frightened the bourgeoisie, and especially the Conservatives; hence arose the sanguinary reaction of 1894, which led to the dissolution of all socialistic societies. Crispi, then Prime Minister, who had long prepared the blow, delivered it after the closing of Parliament in October of that year. The third Congress was held in January, 1895. After the events, which for a little while interrupted the spreading and the organising of the party, the absolute irreconcilability which had prevailed at Reggio Emilia was slightly modified, and it was decided that at the second polls the Socialists might vote in favour of other candidates. The general political elections which took place in May signalised a victory for the party. Crispi, under pretext of a revision of the electoral lists, succeeded in taking from them over 700,000 votes. Nevertheless, the Socialist Parliamentary group, which in 1892 consisted of five members, numbered twelve in 1895.

The disaster at Abba Carima (March 1, 1896) brought about the fall of Crispi's Government. The Socialist deputies published a "Manifesto," as follows:—

"Italians!

"Francesco Crispi's Ministry has fallen beneath the weight of its faults and of its shame. The people's will has triumphed over autocracy and arbitrary power."

The fifth Congress was held in Florence in July, 1896. This year is memorable in the history of Italian Socialism because the first Socialist daily paper, the

"Avanti," published its first number on Christmas Day, 1896.

The general elections of 1897 were signalised by another success. The Parliamentary group rose to 15. The Congress this year was held at Bologna in September.

Another reaction, more furious and violent than the one of 1894, tried to destroy all that had been accomplished of political and economical advance. In 1898 the persecutions and punishments inflicted by Pelloux, in order to suppress the Constitution, showed in the most solemn and definite manner what had become the firm will of the party—which, weakened for a while under those trials, soon arose stronger and more powerful then ever. The members of the principal centres were relentless and caused a state of siege both in Florence and in Milan. Also in this instance, as during Crispi's Ministry in 1894, the repression did not work definitively in favour of the Conservatives, so, after Rudini's discussions, Pelloux—a rough soldier with no political judgment whatsoever — came into power, and the Conservatives themselves tried a different method.

Sydney Sonnino was the leading spirit of this new movement, viz., to induce Pelloux to bring about a thorough modification of the fundamental conditions by which the various citizenships of Italy were united, to abolish the principles of liberty, and in this manner take away every hope of vitality and growth from the Socialist Party. Pelloux's political programme consisted of projects of Bills against the freedom of the press, the right of public meeting and of combination, the right to strike, and against political offenders. In this case the various democratic leaders of Parliament, Socialists, Radicals and Republicans, all united and decided the "ostruzionismo." Upon which followed the wonderful speeches of Enrico Ferri which influenced the majority. Pelloux, preoccupied by this movement and by suggestion of Sonnino, asked urgently

for a discussion of the reform for the rules of Parliament. But, notwithstanding, the General had to give in; the "ostruzionismo," abetted in an underhand way by the Constitutionals of the "Left," and guided by Zanardelli, brought about the General Elections, which took place from June 3 to 10, 1900.

The gauntlet was thrown down, and the country had to decide between the Government and the "Extreme Left" Party. Never since the formation of the Kingdom of Italy had there been elections so favourable to the "Extreme Left"—32 Socialists, 32 Republicans and 31 Radicals being elected.

The "Extreme Left," with a concise programme of true liberty, encouraged by the approval of the nation, was ready to win new battles, but Pelloux retired rather than start another fight.

In September, 1900, the Socialist Party held a Congress in Rome. The recent battles of "ostruzionismo," in which the Parliamentary group had influenced all democracy, had consolidated the party. It was now quite evident that the Ministry would be obliged to take into consideration the existence of the "Extreme Left" Party for the future.

Saracco, an old senator, and ancient opposer of Cavour in the Subalpine Government, succeeded Pelloux, and on a solemn occurrence did not belie his principles of liberty. The Prefect of Genoa, Garrone, to please the great manufacturers of that town, dissolved its Labour Chamber. The workmen, until then indifferent to political manifestations, rebelled, and a general strike was declared and carried out. Saracco took the strikers' part, and the Labour Chamber was again assembled. But Saracco's Ministry, being a transitory one, could not last, and the King called upon Zanardelli, and the Ministry—known in Parliamentary chronology as Zanardelli-Giolitti's—was formed.

The year 1901 proved one of successful strikes—307 of these taking place, while the preceding year there had been only 105. The most important were

those of the labourers in the Province of Mantua, where the wages were not above 1.29 f. a day in summer and 1.10 f. in winter, and in "Polesine" where the peasants earned only from 50 to 65, and even 20 centimes a-day. The strength of the agricultural societies of all Italy, represented at the peasants' congress, held in Bologna on November 26 and 27, 1901, a total of 704 societies, with 144,100 members. At the same time the congress of 57 Labour chambers, with a total of 238,200 labourers, was held at Reggio Emilia. But from these events the proletariat did not get as good results as it might have done; many of the successes were due to the unprepared conditions of the employers, who soon reacted, and the labourers' associations were unable to resist from want of means. This provoked a general feeling of irritation and several useless strikes, amongst which the general one at Florence in 1902. All these irritations became evident in the Congress at Imola in 1902, where the question of sects arose for the first time. In the last Congress held by the Socialist Party at Bologna (1904), the revolutionary tendency triumphed through the union of Ferri and Labriola, but it was impossible in that predominancy of "Riformisti" and other sects, to follow such a rapid development of Socialism. In the warlike fight to create a nation, several of the most valuable and active minds had to pause. After the unification of 1870 the new formation of parties did not take place according to the new requirements. In Parliament the causes of difference between the "Left" and the "Right" were ended, but as the enormous majority of the working classes, so ignorant through poverty and their recent conditions, did not assert itself in any way, it was not much taken into consideration, so only the names remained, while the facts where ignored. When Socialism appeared, as a positive force, intending to assail the privileged positions, all malcontents of every class, or, at any rate, most of them, joined the party.

Hence its rapid growth, which was not owing to any superior intelligence of its members. After the "ostruzionismo," after the victorious strikes, especially those of 1901, the anticipation was out of proportion to the real strength of the Socialists; and fervent hopes were followed by discouragement. Unwilling to face reality, the Socialists separated in fact, if not apparently. During two years (1904 and 1905) speeches abounded. The Reformists (with Turati as their leader) accused the Anarchists of having trespassed on their doctrines; the Revolutionaries, headed by Ferri, took their stand between the two extreme factions ("Riformista" and "Sindacalista"), trying to effect a reconciliation.

"Sindacalista" is a new name in political significance. It is, or rather it would be, a reaction to the predomination of the intellectuality of the party. In fact, dressed up with somewhat new notions, it is nothing more than the old idea of an independent Labour Party. But, as we have seen, after the formation of the "International" the old Labour Party did try a movement of its own, with genuine Labour members. The "Sindacalismo" of to-day, instead, is the result of theories evolved by professors and professionals. Labriola, who was the leader of the "Decessionisti," in face of the hostile attitude of the "Sindacalismo," has not taken a definite position. But fact is stronger than theories. All Socialism in Italy, in its various political and economical bearings, with its compact Parliamentary groups, has given a formidable lesson to the Fortis Ministry, and has played a prominent part in its downfall. Truly the party is growing weaker; some of the causes of this have been mentioned, others there are which would require long and tedious explanation. But one must not forget, that amongst the three divisions of democracy, Republican, Radical, Socialist, the first has no daily paper, which is a drawback, the second, notwithstanding its congresses and its growing organisation, has been

unable to produce a voice of its own, even in the microscopic proportions of a bulletin. The old daily "Secolo" supports it, but it is an independent paper, and belongs to no party. The "Cittadino" and the "Vita," published in Rome, follow in the direction of its ideas, but do not officially depend upon the Radical Party. Only the Socialist democracy (though at present weakened) has six daily newspapers —"L'Avanti," of Rome; "Tempo," of Milan; "Il Lavoro," of Genoa; "La Giustizia," of Reggio Emilia; "Il Giornaletto," of Venice; and "La Staffetta," of Mantua. "La Critica Sociale," a fortnightly review by Turati, has been in existence for the last 17 years. The "Sindacalisti" publish their theories in "Divenire Sociale" (fortnightly), and their most important paper, "Il Sindacato operaio," is published weekly in Rome.

Labriola, with "L'Avanguardia" (also weekly), though somewhat disagreeing from the Sindacalisti themselves, is immovable in his political and revolutionary ideals.

The inevitable rise of Sonnino to the Government will perhaps afford the party an opportunity of finding its bearings, but any predictions are premature.

C. J. Bertelli.

## WEITLING'S SYSTEM OF HARMONY AND LIBERTY.

*(Conclusion.)*

Darwin was certainly very great, and truly monumental are his works. But it is a great mistake to believe that the idea of evolution from the smallest type to the most developed species is his own idea, which no one else before him entertained. Of course we know whom the Darwinians allow as his immediate and more remote predecessors. But will they allow that this great idea lived also in such a humble man as Weitling? Because we find that this prudent, alert mind recognised well enough that there was no state of perfection to be reached by his Communism, that the laws of evolution do not stop there and then. "On the contrary," he exclaims, "in a well-organised society there is one standing law, the law of progress, which is a natural law to society." And Weitling's immediate aim may be summed up in this: All personal elements should melt into one great social interest, and the administration of such a society should be handed over to the greatest geniuses of their time. There is something in this proposition which reminds one strongly of Plato.

It is science which Weitling wishes to see raised to the pedestal of highest honour in the future society. Lest he be misunderstood, let it be known that he means only useful, technical science, which ultimately is again mechanical labour. Jurisprudence, theology, and all the other woeful nonsense which has befallen mankind, and which assume year after year greater dimensions, to the most positively disastrous effect for mankind, so far as the toiling poor masses are concerned by this name—such pseudo-science has no room in his lofty ideal. Weitling wished to honour labour, and labour, if ennobled, is always art and science.

The highest law-giving legislative assembly is with him the so-called central master-company. This is his proposition for the immediate need, right after the revolution: this "Company" should possess an advisory and decisive voice in the affairs of the com-

munity; it should elect the highest power, the so-called "Trio" consisting of three men, which at the same time belong to the "Company." The right to election should be eligible to everyone with those capacities which are required. In the different workers' groups the same procedure in administrative matters should be adhered to. Females and males have the same rights to any office in the State.

However there will be very few amongst us to-day who would assent to this utopian view as to the administration of society which Weitling advocated. It is strange how he came to this surely dictatorial policy; which—we must not overlook this—he advocated only for the pressing needs of the moment, later to be subject to change. Rejecting parliamentarism and the representative system with some very fine arguments, he drifted into this authoritative plan, which, of course, would never have existed without any revolt against it. But while he came, in the administration of his future society, to an absurd dictatorial policy, he nevertheless reached in economical matters the climax of liberty. Anyhow, it may be anticipated that in regards to the material, industrial matters, Weitling was far in advance of his political devices.

All means of production and distribution are to be common property, and the administration of this communistic society is bound to open all kinds of factories so as to comply with the various needs of society. It has to figure out the consumptive power of the territory and of the people inhabiting it, and accordingly work must be done. The time of work is pretty nearly equal in all the different branches; though it is left open to the workman how quick or slow he desires to produce his quality and quantity of work. In return for this labour, all receive whatever they need in food, shelter, clothing, education, attendance when ill, etc. At first sight this actually appears to be very rigid; but when studying the problem deeper and more thoroughly in Weitling's "Guarantees" we soon recognise that this rigidity, as such, was not at all his intention.

The labour-product of each is to be valued according to the time which it was necessary to spend in order to create it. As a means of exchange, Weitling suggests labour-checks upon which should be stated the amount of working-hours they represented. But if one should wish to satisfy extravagant desires, he should have to work overtime, for which he then receives a so-called "Commersbook." The administration marks the price for the commodities of luxury; for instance, a gold chain of certain weight and quality is valued at 50 working-hours; a bottle of champagne (which our rich classes would soon detest if *they* had to work for it) costs four working hours; an orchestra consisting of 20 men can be procured at the price of 80 working-hours. The "Commersbook" is to be used in the following way: If I wish to purchase a certain article, then I go to the store where it can be

bought ; there I find a salesman (or lady) who gives me the wanted article ; whereupon he (or she) takes my "Commersbook," and goes with it to a large account book, entering there how many working-hours' value I had procured, and deducting so many hours from my "Commersbook." This simple transaction settles the entire case, and works much better than our present intricate and puzzling monetary system of exchange, gambling and stock-exchange cheating.

Once annually every member of the community receives such a "Commersbook," and strictest care is paid to it that no one should receive something when his account is out of order or in any way incorrect. As to the probable deficit which may result from the excessive consumption of one product or article, Weitling calculates that it can be evenly balanced again through raising proportionally the price of the product. Let us assume that there should be many drunkards who have to seek refuge in the hospitals. It is plain that in such a case medical aid may be required to a great extent, and that production in other branches is losing the working-power of those who are unable to work on account of their illness. What would be done in such an emergency? Simply this: the price of alcoholics would be raised in just proportion to the amount of labour-hours lost, and thus would the total sum of production and consumption be balanced again at least in the long run. Similar to this it is if one branch of industry should be overcrowded. The Committee of Administration would in such a case forfeit all "Commers hours" in that particular branch, opening at the same time the most attractive opportunities there where production is scarce.

Great attention is paid by Weitling to the education of the children—the care to be bestowed upon the new generations which hold in their power the destinies of society. He proposes that the education of the children should be a matter of the entire community. "From their third till their sixth year" these children will be organised in the so-called "school army," which exists under the same administrative regulations as does society at large according to Weitling's plan. But one of the main features of the educational method will be the universal education which the children will receive, in so far mainly as their faculties will be developed both mentally and physically. In short, the only object of education will then be to breed a race of splendid men and women, glorious in their attainments, upon the field of science as well as practical every-day life.

In our prudish, puritanical England the finest emotions of the human heart are subservient to the lowest, meanest material interests. One glance over our daily papers suffices to convince us of the tragical fact how in modern conditions the most intimate affairs of human beings are openly bargained about and dealt with, as though humanity only consisted of so many cattle. Love in capitalist society is synonymous with monetary gain for the

male, to a legal husbandry with consequent bodily and emotional slavery, bondage to the woman. The interests of property are shielded first ; then comes that which Church, State and vile public opinion call love, but which in reality is only the association of material interests and has nothing in common with the sacred passion of the flames of love. All our divorce proceedings, these scandalous prostitutions of all parties concerned, which are the hugest lie, hypocrisy and infamy in existence, and which only exist because a venal law attempts to fetter that which in agony cries for freedom—their central point is property, and the judicial rights thereto. And thus it adds to the glory of Weitling that he did not overlook this matter ; the free relations of the sexes, not bound by any other force than that of their own love, mutual respect, is his ideal of a relationship between male and female. Surrounded by all the tender care of society, offered everything which is necessary for a decent livelihood on the easiest possible terms, the sexes should associate only then when the eternal laws of passion drive them to meet, thus giving to society in their return the best they can give—a healthy, beautiful race, the offspring of love and nothing but love. Weitling feels keenly with the position of the woman, and at the end of this chapter in his book he addresses her thus :—

" Poor, unhappy, despised and abused woman, dry then your tears in the confident hope for a speedy change of all our social conditions, and bethink yourself that there are many more weak ones besides you in this world who suffer ! Some time there will also come for you the golden ray of dawn of the day of emancipation ; it will kiss away from your eyelashes the hot, bitter tears of slavery. May you then look proudly into the eye of your tyrant, for you do no more need him, and no law does ever again protect him. You, too, poor deceived prostitute, will find again a good man who will tread with his feet upon the prejudices of the masses. Then live and love, you life-enjoying youths and lasses who are in the flower of age ! . . . May they love who are capable of love ! "

It is a society of peace, of freedom as he considered it, and of harmony, to which Weitling aspired ; there was nothing which he rejected if it only assisted him in the realisation of his aims, if it accelerated the advent of the coming day. Revolutionary was his intellectual scrutiny, revolutionary was his tactic and practice. It is one of the most beautiful aspects of this pioneer's life when we consider that his life knew no ambiguity but was complete, full ; his acts always in harmony and accordance with his fiery thought. And his defence why he is a revolutionist, why he attempts to overthrow society as it is at present constituted, with violent means, is so up-to-date that it is best to give this quotation in full.

" Some will admonish me because I hope for a violent overthrow, so that the better order may be realised. I must answer

then, that I take matters only as I really find them ; nor am I wont to feign an opinion which I do not entertain. Everything in existence bears within itself the germ of, and food for, revolution and war. It is not our principle which fosters and produces disorder, but it is the existing society which does this. We will only use this disorder when its terrible eruption takes place, so as to cause the utter displacement of this state of affairs. Even now in peace, as they term it, we perceive nothing but disorder, enmity, revolution and war. The standing armies, the armories, provisions and ammunitions of war, police measures, laws and punishment, the numerous crimes and packed prisons—do they not portend and show a condition of warfare, revolution and disorder? Surely they do not prove peace! Who is it who causes these monstrosities? Did they not also exist long before the propagation of our principle, do they not always serve for the same object, to suppress every other opinion which is not theirs who wield the power? Why do you wonder then at it that we foresee the breaking-out of a violent catastrophe? It would be equivalent to a neglect of duty if we should not attempt to lead this explosion into such channels as will be wholesome for all! "

Verily, we have quoted sufficient from Weitling in order to understand the man's nature, the fighter's mind, the splendid energy of our true soldier of the Revolution and his unfaltering determination. We may part now from him ; and we do so with a feeling of deep respect, strongly mingled with admiration and with the manly avowal that this pioneer and veteran, in one person, that his ardent life of unselfish struggle for the bright, noble days of Freedom and Socialism shall be and always will remain for us, the new generation, a fountain of eternal youth, which shall wet our parched lips whenever the weariness and exhaustion of battle threatens to overcome our ideal, or to hinder our unceasing efforts in the service of human emancipation!

FERD. GUBLASS.

## HORRORS OF CAPITALISM.

Upton Sinclair's book, "The Jungle," still continues to excite discussion in America. A recent number of "Public Opinion" has the following digest of recent criticism and comment, under the heading, "Raking the Muck of the Packing Houses":—

The muck of the packing-houses of Chicago, which Upton Sinclair raked up into an appalling heap in his novel, "The Jungle," is being vigorously and carefully raked over again in special articles in the May magazines. While the Government is dealing with the price of beef, and the law is deluging the packers with a shower of immunity, "a far greater question faces the public than the taking of rebates or the raising of prices—namely, the cleanliness, palatability, and safety of meat products," says Dr. W. K. Jaques in the "World's Work." "The few cents which illegal combination can place on a pound of meat is of small importance compared with the danger to the public if that meat is diseased or contains toxins." Dr. Jaques, who is now a practising physician in Chicago, has been director of the Chicago Municipal Laboratory, city bacteriologist, and head of the meat inspection at the Chicago stock-yards.

"When appointed, I was informed by the Commissioner of Health that I need not give up my private practice of medicine. Although four men could not do well what work there was to be done, yet I was free to practise my profession. During the first month in which I was city director, one meat inspector made only one condemnation for that month, and that of an immature calf. Another inspector made no report to me of any work done during my entire term of office, and I was powerless to compel him to do so because of his political backing. It is needless to say that he drew his salary regularly. Still another meat inspector was engaged in a profitable side-line of buying quarantined beef for packers."

Government inspection is only at the request of the packers,

who cannot sell their meat abroad without it. State inspection is illegal, for the power of condemnation and destruction is given to Chicago by its charter. For a time even city inspection was dispensed with, as it was alleged the Government inspection was adequate.

"Government inspectors are employed in all the packing-houses that export beef, and usually there is but one inspector on duty at the killing beds of each packing-house. The accuracy and thoroughness of the work of these inspectors can be judged when it is estimated that from 1,600 to 2,200 cattle are often killed under the eye of a single inspector in a day of from eight to ten hours. Walking back and forth through the killing beds, the inspector can give only the briefest glance at the animals that are being converted into food. In this glance he is supposed to detect evidences of disease which pathologists may require hours to find. The Government employs about one hundred and seventy people. Of these, about fifty are skilled animal pathologists, capable of inspecting meats. There have been received at the stock-yards in a single day one hundred and fifty thousand animals. The slaughter of fifty thousand is not an unusual day's work. And yet the packers and Government inspectors say that 'every animal is Government-inspected.'"

"It can be seen by these facts that the present system of meat inspection results in a grading according to the intelligence of the intended customer. The foreigner gets the very best, for he demands it and has experts to see that he gets it. The inter-State trade gets the next grade. Let me emphasise this fact: that there is but one time in the preparation of meat when effective and adequate inspection can take place, and that *is at the time of killing*, when the animal is opened and all organs are intact."

When Upton Sinclair's novel was submitted to Doubleday, Page and Co., the New York publishers, the manuscript was referred to a Chicago lawyer for verification. His reply was that it was a tissue of falsehoods. On the suggestion of the author, Thomas H. McKee, a lawyer in New York with no previous knowledge of the packing business, was sent out to Chicago to report on conditions in Packingtown. In 28 typewritten pages he virtually reported that Mr. Sinclair had not told half of the scandalous story of the filth and disease of the meat industry. In the "World's Work" Mr. McKee now tells of the inadequacy of the Government inspection, confirming all that Dr. Jaques says. In addition, he points out another source of danger:

"Ceilings, walls, and pillars may bear the accumulated filth of years; cooking vessels and utensils may be germ-laden and poisonous; the personal cleanliness of the workmen may be wholly forgotten; yet all these conditions, so vitally affecting the purity of the product, the Government ignores. It recognises the existence of germs in the bodies of the diseased animals, when these reach the stock-yards,

but repudiates the theory of germ infection through contact with ancient filth. The inspector's stamp does not guarantee sanitation, cleanliness, or absence of adulteration, and, in vouching for the purity of products prepared as packing-house products are, the Government makes itself a party to a most reprehensible deception."

Exorbitant prices, diseased meat, and filthy surroundings are added to by the unhealthfulness of Packingtown for the worker himself and the consequent danger of infection of the meat which arises from his contact with it. Dr. Caroline Hedges, a physician who visits and practises among the people in Packingtown, writes in the "World's Work."

"No one yet knows how many cases of tuberculosis there are among the workers in the yards, for, until now, no system of reporting cases of the plague has been used in Chicago. In 1902 the deaths in the twenty-ninth ward, which embraces this district, were 28 per 10,000, which is 55 per cent. more than the average number per 10,000 for the whole city in the same year. One physician, who has worked here for years, says Packingtown has more tuberculosis than any other city in the country."

Among other menaces to health, Dr. Hedges mentions the saloons in Packingtown—there is an unbroken row of forty-five of them in two blocks on Ashland Avenue.

"Then there is Bubbly Branch, on the west edge of the district. It is a stagnant branch of the Chicago River. The filth from the stock-yards sewer pours into it. It is really a large open sewer itself. It will bear up cats and chickens. The 'dump,' another menace to the workers' health, is a great excavation made by a brick-yard. Into this hole is dumped the city garbage from the residence wards."

So great has been the criticism of the packers that Mr. J. Ogden Armour has been goaded into replying in the "Saturday Evening Post." On Government inspection he says:

"Strangely enough, in view of its vital importance, this Government inspection has been the subject of almost endless misrepresentation—of ignorantly or maliciously false statements. The public has been told that meat, animals and carcasses condemned as diseased are afterward secretly made use of by the packers and sold to the public for food in the form of both dressed meats and canned meats. Right here I desire to brand such statements as absolutely false as applied to the business of Armour and Co. I believe they are equally false as to all establishments in this country that are classed as packing-houses."

Upton Sinclair replies in "Everybody's" that "Mr. Armour wilfully and deliberately states what he absolutely and positively knows to be falsehoods," and cites cases where Mr. Armour bought silence from employees who exposed him. Among other things Mr. Sinclair cites the testimony of the "embalmed beef" cases:

"In the course of the testimony before the court, the chief men

of Armour and Co. admitted that the 'canned roast beef' which they furnished to our soldiers during the Spanish War had first been boiled to make 'extracts'; and we see that the federal inspection is powerless to prevent that. I have charged, and I charge here again, that the so-called 'potted ham' and 'deviled ham' sold by Armour and Co. consist of the old dry waste ends of smoked beef, ground up with potato skins, with the hard cartilaginous gullets of beef, and with the udders of cows, dyed to prevent their showing white. And the Federal inspection has no power to prevent *that!* The Federal inspection has no power to say whether or not any measures shall be taken to see that poisoned rats are not ground up in the sausage meat, as man after man in the yards told me that he had seen; it has no power to prevent the 'doctoring' of spoiled hams with all sorts of chemicals; to prevent the preserving of sausage with borax and salicylic acid, and the dyeing of it to save the time and expense incidental to smoking!"

These things, of course, are not always to be seen at a glance by the visitor to the packing-houses. A correspondent of the New York "Post" shows how visitors are welcomed in a packing plant where there is a complete system for sightseers to "mitigate the horror":

"The system is as interesting as the slaughter-house itself. The completeness with which the sightseer is instructed, the picturesque methods of the guides, the studied efforts of the management to lessen rather than accentuate the disagreeable side of the pictures presented, and the care that is taken to render the 'guest' immune from the unpleasant impressions that used to be a necessary result of a tour of inspection—all these aspects of the half-day journey through acres and acres of reeking buildings and pens serve to impress one no less than the wonderful mechanical inventions, the methodical order of the thousands of workmen, the phlegmatic butchers or the horror of the killing."

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE FIRST RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

Dr. Rapporport has an interesting article in the current "Fortnightly Review" on the above. He says:—

At last it has come. The great historical moment has arrived. Hark, my brothers, do you hear the children of the Little Father talking? The children of the merciful Little Father are celebrating their coming of age, their independence and liberty. Hail, O Russian nation, great and glorious, yesterday a slave, free to-day; hail, ye peasants and shaggy Moujiks, downtrodden and oppressed, you have at last shown to sceptical Europe that you have arrived at man's estate; and that, in a moment of superabundance and strength, bubbling over with vigour and youthfulness, you have thrown off the shackles of thraldom and entered upon an era of freedom and equality. After a bloodless revolution, magnanimously sparing the sacred lives of your former tyrants and oppressors, you, free sons of a free Russia, were eager to convince Europe that you were no cowards, and that you deserved respect. The spilling of blood did not frighten you, and your heroism did not even recoil from the massacres of defenceless women, deeds of bravery which many a faint-hearted Western European would certainly have shrunk from perpetrating. Old Europe admired and applauded the youthful vigour of the buoyant-hearted Slav. "On ne peut pas faire une omelette sans casser des œufs," said Jean Jaurès in France. "Tell your friends in Russia," said a popular orator in Hyde Park, "that freedom is not obtained without bloodshed." And blood was generously shed. Whose blood? No matter, so long as it was shed. "Great Russia," the European press exclaimed, in the words of England's great poet, "had at last sprung forth, and seized, as if to break them, the ponderous chains which bind in woe the nations of the North-

ern Empire. A throne is tottering and a tyrant is trembling. At Peterhoff he sits amid his idle pomp aghast. A nation whose children famish, uplifted an arm to dash autocracy from its throne. Russia had had enough of the gilded flies, of grand dukes and grand viziers, who, basking in the sunshine of a court, fatten on its corruption. The nation has had enough of these drones, who feed on its toil and labour, who heap misery and unvanquishable penury on those who build their palaces and bring their daily bread." Thus the European, the enthusiastic liberty-loving European press exclaimed. And the more optimistic members of this fraternity went even so far as to maintain that "the sweeping storm of time would soon sing its death-dirge o'er the ruined palace of Tsarskoe Selo."

Let me, for one moment, recall to the reader's mind the circumstances in which the famous pronunciamento was issued, the pronunciamento of October 17, in which the ruler of the Russian Empire is supposed to have given freedom to millions by a stroke of the pen. With dauntless mien and dry eye—Witte, it will be remembered, had wet cheeks on this historical moment—the autocrat of all the Russias expressed his "inflexible will" that his people should be free, have a Magna Charta and a Parliament like other nations. . . . . Whilst the friends of liberty were still reading the Czar's pronunciamento, orders of a different kind had already been issued by the reactionary, grand ducal party: "Then were the Emperor's scribes called and there was written according to all that Trepoft had commanded unto the Imperial lieutenants and to the governors that were over every province. In the name of the Fatherland and the Emperor was it written, and the letters were sent by posts into all the Emperor's provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Intellectuals, Revolutionaries and Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day, and to take the spoil of them for prey. The post went out and the message was delivered throughout Russia, and in every province, whithersoever the Imperial commandment and message came, there was great mourning and weeping and wailing." Care was thus taken that the children of the Little Father should *revolt* against the illegitimate conduct of the revolutionaries and enemies of the Fatherland, that Intellectuals and Jews should be massacred, that the peaceful citizens should be frightened and ultimately exclaim, "Oh, we prefer the flesh-pots of Egypt, the surety of safety of bureaucratic rule to the tribulations and vicissitudes in the desert of Anarchy and terror. Bureaucracy, with its arbitrary and despotic measures, Cossacks and nagaikas, police and prison—by order of a paternal Czar—are, after all, better than this state of chaos."

The writer does not think the Duma will have much influence, owing to the divisions that must inevitably occur amongst its

members, divisions which will be fanned and fostered by the Government so as to render the assembly useless, and again enable the bureaucracy to rise triumphant. Again, there are no representatives of the workmen in the Duma. The workmen were prevented from voting, their candidates and speakers being arrested, newspapers suppressed and editors arrested. He also sees tremendous difficulties when the Duma comes to discuss the items on its agenda, and altogether takes a pessimistic view of the Duma, and prophesies a tragic failure as the result.

## SECULAR EDUCATION IN THE INTEREST OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

Mr. Maltman Barrie has an article under the above title in the "Nineteenth Century." He attacks the Education Bill, and the Government for the opportunity they are missing.

"In another direction also," he writes, "another opportunity for acquiring popularity lay waiting to the hands of the Liberal Party. The physical condition of many of the children attending our schools has, in recent years, attracted considerable attention, and many politicians have put forward urgent demands for action. The necessity for at least partly feeding starving children, if they are to benefit by the education provided for them, has been vehemently urged and widely acknowledged; the Labour Party, perhaps the most important in the State, is making the demand one of the planks in its platform. Why did Mr. Birrell not put a clause in his Bill fulfilling this demand? The proposal would have passed practically unchallenged, for, although many men on both sides of the House would have been secretly hostile, very few would have been willing to face the personal odium which public opposition to it would have entailed. The money could have been easily found. The coal tax and the tea duty—neither so important as the feeding of the children—could have waited for a year: and if still more money was required, the House and the country would have readily agreed to find it. But it was not to be. Fanatical counsels prevailed. The Nonconformist conscience had got the upper hand, and it must strike its enemy now while the power to do so was in its grasp, lest that power should presently slip from it and never return. It was a great opportunity, wilfully thrown away, an opportunity that comes to a party once in a lifetime, and Mr. Birrell and his friends will doubtless live to regret bitterly their folly in neglecting it."

Himself a member of the Established Church of Scotland, he does not believe that the religious life of the individual is dependent

upon the State establishment of religion. He concludes:—"What are the specific measures by which the policy I advocate can be carried out? They are few and simple. Firstly, eliminate all religious teaching from the curriculum of all provided schools. Secondly, purchase and convert into provided schools all existing non-provided school buildings that are suitable for school purposes and that are offered at a reasonable price. Thirdly, where such transfer cannot be effected and a school is required, build a new provided school-house. Fourthly, devote the balance of the money, hitherto given to the voluntary schools, to the feeding of necessitous children, and the freeing of secondary and higher education. Such religious bodies, Church, Romanist, or Dissent, as desired to propagate their distinctive dogmas would be perfectly free to do so; but it would be in their own buildings, at their own expense, and without countenance or assistance from the State in any shape or form."

## TAMANGO.

Captain Ledoux was a good seaman; he had been an ordinary seaman before the mast, and then he had become boatswain's mate. At the Battle of Trafalgar he had his left hand struck by a piece of wood; his hand had to be amputated, and he left the service with a good discharge. He did not like living on shore, and, as he had a chance of going to sea, he became second mate of a privateer. The money which he got as his share of prize-money allowed him to buy some books and so study theoretically the art of navigation, which he already well knew practically. In time he became captain of a privateer carrying three guns and having a crew of sixty men, and the owners of the small coasters of the Channel Islands still remember his misdeeds. The Peace, after 1815, made him despair of life; he had saved up a small fortune during the war, and he hoped that it would increase at the expense of the English. He was obliged to offer his services to peaceful shipowners, and as he was known to be an experienced, determined man, ships were entrusted to his care. Though the slave trade was illegal,* and those who took part in it had not only to outwit the French Customs officers, which was an easy matter, but also to run the risk of being captured by British men-of-war, yet Captain Ledoux became a very valuable man for those who traded in "black ivory."

Very different from most men who have formerly filled inferior positions, he had not that deep horror of innovations and that spirit of mistrust which they too often show if they attain superior positions. Captain Ledoux, on the contrary, had earnestly recommended his shipowner to use cast-iron tanks in which to store water. On his ship handcuffs and chains, which slavers always carry, were made on a new system, and always carefully oiled in order to preserve them from rust. But that which redounded

* The slave trade, as far as French vessels were concerned, was abolished in 1815.—J. B.

most to his honour among the slave-owning fraternity was the building, under his own superintendence, of a brig intended for the slave trade—a quick sailer, narrow, as long as a man-of-war, and yet able to carry a large number of negroes. He called her the Hope. He only wanted the 'tween decks to be 3 ft. 4 in. high, because he argued that such a height allowed slaves of ordinary size to be comfortably seated, and why should they stand up? "When they get to the colonies," said Ledoux, "they will stand quite long enough on their feet." The negroes, with their backs to the bulwarks, were placed in two parallel lines, leaving an empty space between their feet, and in all other slave ships this open space was only used as a passage. Ledoux, however, as a careful man, utilised this space by putting in it other negroes, who were placed perpendicularly to the others. In that way his ship carried ten more negroes than any other of the same tonnage. It would, indeed, have been possible to stow more, but you ought to be humane, and a negro should have a space equal to five feet in length and two in width during a voyage of six weeks. "For after all," said Ledoux to his owner, to justify this liberal measure, "negroes are men, just the same as we are."

The Hope left Nantes on a Friday, as superstitious people afterwards noticed. The officials, who carefully rummaged the brig, did not find six big cases full of chains, of handcuffs, and of those iron bars which are called—I do not know why—*bars of justice*. They were not astonished, too, at the enormous quantity of fresh water on board the Hope, which, according to her clearance, was only going to Senegal in ballast to load a cargo of wood and ivory. The voyage is not long, it is true, but one cannot be too careful. If one meets with a calm what would one do without water?

So the Hope sailed on a Friday, in good condition. Ledoux would, perhaps, have liked stronger masts, but as long as he was in command of the ship he had no complaints to make of her. His voyage was prosperous and rapid to the African coast. He cast anchor in the Ioale River, I think, when the English cruisers were not watching that part of the coast. Brokers from the country came on board. The time was very favourable; Tamango, a famous warrior and slaver, had just brought a large number of slaves to the coast, and he was selling them cheap, because he was a man who believed in prompt sales and quick returns.

Captain Ledoux went ashore, and paid a visit to Tamango. He found him in a straw hut, which had been quickly built, accompanied by his two wives and some of his subordinates and slave-drivers. Tamango had put on his finest clothes in order to receive the white man. He had on an old blue tunic, which still retained its corporal stripes; but on each shoulder there were two golden epaulettes, one worn in front and one behind. As he wore no shirt, and as the tunic was rather short for a man of his stature, one could see between the white lining of his tunic and his linen drawers

a big band of black skin, which was like a wide belt. A big cavalry sabre was suspended at his side by means of a rope, and he held in his hand a fine double-barrelled gun of English make. Thus equipped, the African warrior thought that he surpassed in elegance the most accomplished dandy of Paris or of London.

Captain Ledoux considered him some time in silence, whilst Tamango, raising himself like a grenadier being passed in review by a foreign general, was enjoying the impression which he thought he produced on the white man. Ledoux, after having looked at him with the eye of an expert, turned towards his mate, saying to him, "There is a chap whom I could sell for at least a thousand crowns if I could take him in good health over to Martinique."

They sat down, and a seaman who understood a little of the native language served as an interpreter. After the first few preliminary compliments, one of the ship's boys brought a basket of brandy. They drank, and the captain, to put Tamango in a good temper, made him a present of a fine powder-flask in copper, ornamented with the portrait of Napoleon in relief. After the present had been properly accepted, they sat down to the brandy, and Tamango gave the signal for the slaves which he had for sale to be brought in.

They appeared in Indian file, their bodies bowed down by fatigue and fright, each one having his neck fixed in a fork of more than 6ft. in length, whose two points were connected near the neck by a wooden bar. When the march has to be resumed, one of the drivers puts on his shoulder the handle of the first slave's fork, this slave takes charge of the fork of the man who immediately follows him, the second carries the fork of the third slave, and so on. If it is determined to stop, the first man inserts in the ground the sharp end of the handle of the fork and all the column stops. It is easily to be understood that there is no chance of a man running away when he carries round his neck a big stick 6ft. in length. As each male or female slave passed before him, the captain shrugged his shoulders, saying that the men were too weak, the women too old or too young, and complained that the black race was degenerating. "Nothing is so good as it used to be," he said, "formerly things were very different. The women were 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and four men could have worked alone the capstan of a frigate to bring up the bower anchor."

Yet, whilst criticising, he was making a first choice from the finest and most vigorous negroes. He would pay the ordinary price for these but he would insist on giving less for the others. Tamango, on the other hand, was on the defensive; he praised the quality of his goods, spoke of the difficulty of getting men and of the perils of the trade. He finished by asking a certain price, I forget the amount, for the slaves which the white captain wished to take on board.

As soon as the interpreter had translated into French the remarks of Tamango, Ledoux nearly fell backwards with surprise and indignation; then, muttering some terrible curses, he got up as if to break off all business with such an unreasonable man. Tamango then kept him back, and with great difficulty got him to sit down again. Another bottle was uncorked and the discussion was resumed. It was now the black man who found the offers of the white man mad and absurd. They called out and quarrelled for a long time, they drank a great quantity of brandy, but alcohol produced a very different effect on the two contracting parties. The more the Frenchman drank the less he offered; the more the African drank the less he asked. In that way, when the brandy was gone, they came to an agreement. Bad cotton goods, powder, three small casks of bad brandy, 50 guns badly mended, were handed over in exchange for 160 slaves. The captain, to sign the bargain, clasped the hand of the more than half-drunken black man, and the slaves were immediately handed over to the French sailors, who hastened to take off the wooden forks in order to give them collars and handcuffs of iron, thereby showing the superiority of European civilisation. There remained about 30 slaves, they were children, old men and ailing women. The ship was full.

Tamango, who did not know what to do with this riff-raff, offered to sell them to the captain at the rate of a bottle of brandy a-head. The offer was a tempting one. Ledoux remembered that when he went to see the "Sicilian Vespers" at the Nantes Theatre, he had seen many fat people come into the pit, which was full, and yet managed to find room, on account of the principle of the elasticity of human beings. He took the twenty best slaves of the remaining thirty.

Then Tamango only asked for a glass of brandy for each of the last ten. Ledoux remembered that children only pay half price in public conveyances as they only take half the room occupied by a grown-up person. So he took three children, but he then said "that he would not take another negro." Tamango, seeing that he still had seven slaves on hand, seized his gun and pointed it to a woman. It was the mother of the three children. "Buy," said he to the white man," or I will kill her; a little glass of brandy, or I fire." "What the devil should I do with her," replied Ledoux. Tamango fired, and the slave fell dead on the ground. "The next," cried Tamango, pointing to a broken-down old man, "a little glass of brandy, or I fire." One of his wives pushed his arm aside and the gun went off. She had just recognised in the old man whom her husband was going to kill, a wizard who had predicted that she would be queen.

Tamango, mad with brandy, no longer contained himself when he saw that she opposed his will. He struck his wife angrily with the butt-end of his gun, and turning to Ledoux, "Come!" he said, "I give you this woman." She was pretty, Ledoux looked at her

smilingly, then he took her hand, "I shall find a place to put her," he said.

The interpreter was a humane man. He gave a tobacco pouch to Tamango for the six remaining slaves. He took away their yokes and told them they could go where they pleased. At once they ran away hither and thither, not knowing where to go as they were more than 600 miles from their village.

Meanwhile, the captain said "Good-bye" to Tamango and hastened to get his cargo on board. It was not prudent to remain any longer in the river, the cruisers might reappear and he wished to set sail next day. As to Tamango, he laid down on the grass in the shade to sleep off his brandy.

When he awoke, the ship was already under sail going down the river. Tamango, his head still heavy with the debauch of the previous day, asked for his wife Ayesha. He was told that she had had the misfortune to displease him, and that he had made a present of her to the white captain, who had taken her on board. Hearing this, Tamango was startled; he struck his forehead, took his gun, and, as the river winds before it gets to the sea, he hastened by land to a little creek which was near the mouth. There he hoped to find a boat by means of which he could get on board the brig, which would be delayed by the winding river. He did not make a mistake, for he had time to jump into the boat and was able to board the slaver.

Ledoux was astonished at seeing him, but still more at hearing him ask for his wife.

"If you give a thing, you cannot have it back," he said, turning his back on him. The black man insisted, offering to give back some of the things which he had received for the slaves. The captain burst out laughing, saying that Ayesha was a very nice woman, and that he wished to keep her. Then poor Tamango shed many tears and screamed like a poor wretch undergoing a surgical operation. He rolled on deck, calling for his dear Ayesha, he struck his head against the bulwarks as if he wished to kill himself. The captain remained quite cool, and showed him the shore, making signs to him that it was time to go away, but Tamango persisted. He offered, but in vain, his golden epaulettes, his gun and his sabre.

During this scene the mate of the Hope said to the captain: "Three slaves died last night, we have some room. Why should we not take this sturdy rascal, who is worth more himself than the three who died?" Ledoux thought that Tamango would sell for at least one thousand crowns; that this venture, which seemed to be a profitable one, would in all likelihood be his last; that his fortune was made, and that, as he would give up the trade, it did not matter to him whether he left a good or bad reputation on the Coast of Guinea. Besides, the shore was deserted and the African warrior was quite at his mercy. The only thing was to take away his arms, for it would have been dangerous to handle him whilst

he still had these in his possession. Therefore Ledoux asked him for his gun, as if he wanted to examine it and be sure that it was worth as much as the beautiful Ayesha. In moving the springs he was careful to let the powder fall. The mate had taken the sabre. Tamango was thus disarmed, when two strong sailors rushed at him, threw him on his back and began to bind him. The black man made a desperate resistance. After recovering from the shock, and in spite of the disadvantages of his position, he struggled for a long time with the two sailors. Thanks to his prodigious strength, he was able to get up. With one blow he felled the man who held him by the collar, he left a piece of his coat in the hands of the other sailor, and rushed like a madman on to the mate, in order to seize his sabre. The mate struck him on the face, inflicting a long though not a deep cut, and Tamango fell a second time. Then his hands and feet were firmly tied. While he was struggling he uttered cries of rage like a wild boar facing the dogs, but when he saw that all resistance was in vain, he closed his eyes and remained motionless. Only his quick and tremulous breathing showed that he was still alive.

"By Jove!" cried Captain Ledoux, "the negroes that he sold to us will laugh heartily when they see that he is a slave, too. They will really understand now that there is an over-ruling Providence." Meanwhile, poor Tamango was bleeding profusely. The merciful interpreter, who the day before had saved the life of six slaves, came near to him, bound up his wounds and tried to console him, though I do not know what he said. The negro remained as motionless as a corpse, two sailors carried him into the 'tween decks. For two days he would neither eat nor drink, and scarcely opened his eyes. His companions, in captivity, formerly his prisoners, saw him appear in their midst with a strange astonishment. Yet such was the terror with which he still inspired them that not one dared insult the misery of him who had caused theirs.

Thanks to a fair wind blowing from land, the ship was rapidly getting away from the African coast. Already, no longer fearing the British cruisers, the captain was only thinking of the enormous profits which were awaiting him in the colonies towards which he was proceeding. His black ivory was in good condition. There was no infectious disease aboard. Only twelve negroes, and these some of the weakest, had died of heat, and that was a trifling loss. In order that his human cargo should suffer as little as possible from the fatigue of the journey, he used to take care that his slaves came on deck every day. Every day the wretches were allowed to come up for an hour, a third at a time, to get a little fresh air. Some of the crew, armed to the teeth, watched over them for fear of a revolt, and, besides, care was taken not to let them leave off their irons. Sometimes a sailor, who could play the fiddle, treated them to a concert. It was curious then to see all these

black faces turn towards the musician, lose gradually their expression of stupid despair, laugh loudly and clap hands as far as their fetters allowed them to do so. Exercise is necessary to health, therefore one of the salutary customs of Captain Ledoux was to make his slaves dance just as horses are made to rear when on board ship. "Come, children, dance, amuse yourselves," he said, in a voice of thunder, cracking an enormous whip, and at once the poor negroes jumped and danced.

For some time the wound of Tamango kept him below. But one day he appeared on deck. Raising his head proudly in the midst of the trembling crowd of slaves, he cast a sad but calm look on the immense stretch of water surrounding the ship, then he lay down, or rather let himself fall on deck, without even taking care to arrange his fetters so that they might not hurt him. Ledoux, sitting on the quarter-deck, was calmly smoking his pipe. Near him Ayesha had on a pretty blue cotton dress and handsome morocco slippers. She held a tray and was going to pour out a drink for her master. It was quite clear that she was on very good terms with the captain. A negro, who hated Tamango, nudged him and directed his attention to this peaceful scene. Tamango gave a shriek, and, raising himself, rushed towards the quarter-deck before the sailors on guard could prevent this grave dereliction of naval discipline. "Ayesha," cried he, in a voice of thunder, and she shrieked with terror, "do you think that there is no Mumbo Jumbo in the white man's country?" The sailors rushed up with their sticks, but Tamango, with folded arms, went quietly back to his place as if nothing had happened, whilst Ayesha, melting into tears, seemed petrified by these mysterious words.

The interpreter explained that Mumbo Jumbo was a kind of black bogey whose special duty was to keep black women from being unfaithful to their husbands, and he said that he had seen a negro wizard get herself up for the part; he added that for his part he thought that there was a good deal to be said for the superstition, and he wished that there was a white Mumbo Jumbo to keep white women in order.

Captain Ledoux said that Tamango must be told not to frighten Ayesha, or he would tan his hide, so that instead of being black it would be as red as raw beef. After this the captain went down to his cabin, sent for Ayesha and tried to console her; but neither caresses, nor even blows (for one loses patience at last) could mollify the attractive negress, who shed copious tears. The captain went back on deck in a bad temper and found fault with the officer of the watch for the course which he was steering.

In the night the watch heard a solemn, sad, serious chant in the 'tween decks, then a woman's cry. Immediately afterwards were heard the gruff voice of Ledoux cursing and threatening and the crack of his terrible whip. Then all was silent. The next day

Tamango appeared on deck with his face injured, but looking as proud and as determined as before.

Scarcely had Ayesha seen him, when she left the quarter-deck, where she was sitting next to the captain, and ran rapidly towards Tamango; she knelt before him and said to him in a tone of deep despair: "Forgive me, Tamango, forgive me!" Tamango looked at her earnestly, and then, noticing that the interpreter was not near, he said, "A file," and lay down on deck turning his back on Ayesha. The captain scolded her sharply and even slapped her face several times, ordering her not to speak to her former husband, but he was far from guessing the meaning of the few words that they had exchanged, and he asked her nothing on that subject.

Tamango, by night and by day, did his best to induce the negroes to rise against the crew, he spoke of the small number of the white men, of their carelessness on guard; then, without giving any particulars, he boasted of his skill in the black art, by means of which he promised to take them back to Africa, and he threatened to hand over to the devil those who would not follow his lead and enter into his plans.

In these conversations he always used a dialect which the interpreter did not understand. He still inspired much awe in the negroes, and they took in his words, greedily begging him to fix a day for the rising; but he, not thinking that it would be a success, put them off by saying that the devil, who appeared to him at night, would tell him when to do so. Yet he tried experiments on the vigilance of his captors. One day a sailor had put his gun down and was watching some flying fish. Tamango took the gun and pretended to imitate the gestures which the sailors made when they were being drilled. The gun was taken away from him, but he had learnt that he might touch a weapon without exciting immediate suspicion, and when the time came it would be difficult to take it away from him,

A few days afterwards Ayesha threw him a biscuit, making a sign which he alone understood. The biscuit had in it a small file. Tamango did not show it to his companions, but at night he began to talk and seemed to be carrying on a conversation with some one. All the negroes trembled, believing that the devil was in their midst. At last Tamango said to them: "Friends, the fiend whom I called up has brought me this file by means of which we shall gain our freedom." He showed it to them, let them feel it, and they believed him.

Then they worked at filing their fetters and succeeded in freeing some of the most vigorous of the negroes. It was determined to set to work on a given day and first of all to kill the boatswain who had the key of the irons.

On that day Captain Ledoux was in a particularly good temper, and he forgave, contrary to his usual custom, a boy who ought to have been flogged. He complimented the officer of the watch on

his steering, told the crew that he was very pleased with them and that when they arrived at Martinique he would give them all a bonus. The seamen, overjoyed at this pleasant prospect, were already spending the money in brandy and women, when Tamango and the other plotters were ordered to come on deck.

They had been careful to file their fetters so that it did not appear that they were cut and that the slightest effort would be sufficient to break them. They made such a noise, too, that it seemed they carried double chains. After taking the air for a little while, they joined hands and began to dance while Tamango was singing one of the warlike ballads of his tribe. When they had danced for a little Tamango fell as if exhausted at the feet of a seaman who was looking over the bulwarks, and each plotter did the same. In that way each seaman was surrounded by several negroes. Suddenly Tamango, who had just cast off his fetters, uttered a loud cry which served as a signal. He pulled the legs of the seaman near him, threw him over, and, stepping on him, seized his gun, with which he shot the officer of the watch. At the same moment each seaman on guard was attacked, disarmed and killed. The boatswain, who had the key of the fetters, was one of the first to be slain. The negroes who were unarmed seized the bars of the capstan and the oars of the boats. Some few seamen were left on the quarter-deck, but they were unarmed. Ledoux was still alive and did not lose his head. Seeing that Tamango was the soul of the conspiracy, he thought that if he could kill him, he would soon be able to overcome the others. He rushed at him sword in hand, and Tamango came to meet him; he had a gun of which he used the butt as a club. They met on the bridge leading from the quarter-deck, Ledoux managed to avoid a blow aimed at him by Tamango, whose gun struck the deck and was smashed to atoms.

He was defenceless, and Ledoux, with a diabolical smile, was going to strike him when Tamango rushed at him and seized his sword; they both fell, the negro being beneath Ledoux, but Tamango, seizing his adversary, bit him in the neck and the captain had to let his sword fall. The negro seized it, and uttering a triumphant cry stabbed his enemy several times.

The victory was no longer doubtful, the seamen, even the interpreter who had always been kind to the slaves, were all massacred. The mate sold his life dearly, getting on to the forecastle head he fired a mortar right in the midst of the slaves and there was quite a red lane through them. When the last white man was killed and thrown overboard the blacks uttered shouts of triumph, but they soon noticed with terror that the brig was under full sail and was carrying them apparently to the land of slavery. Nothing is yet done, they thought, and the great fetish of the white man will not let us go home as we have killed his people. A few said that perhaps Tamango could save them, and they began to seek him.

He was in no hurry to show himself. They found him in the captain's cabin, holding in one hand the captain's bloody sword and allowing Ayesha, on her knees, to kiss the other. Joyful in having conquered, yet he did not fail to realise the difficulties of the situation. He came forward, appearing calm though much agitated, and he went and looked at the wheel and at the compass. He examined it carefully as if he understood it, then he appeared to meditate and think out some problem. All the slaves were watching him carefully and intently. Suddenly he came to a decision and walked to the wheel, which he put hard a-port.

At once the Hope canted violently and almost capsized, the wot masts went by the board, several slaves were washed overboard, and others were killed and injured by the falling spars.

The slaves fled below in terror, but Tamango remained quite calm on deck, Ayesha being by his side. After a while the negroes came back on deck, and the brig rocked to and fro, a helpless wreck in the ocean. They bitterly complained that Tamango was leading them to destruction, but he said nothing, only going to the quarter-deck, where he barricaded himself and threatened to shoot anyone who came. They left him alone; some called on their fetishes, some cried, some begged the compass to save them, others gave way to despair, others lay down and slept. But one of the negroes found the way to the store where the spirits were kept, and soon the negroes were all mad drunk.

The days went on, and as long as the spirits lasted the orgie went on, but Tamango remained alone with Ayesha, and refused to mix with the negroes. At last one day he said that he would save them if they would take to the boats. He explained that the white men alone knew how to navigate large vessels, but that negroes could manage boats. So they were able with great difficulty to launch two boats, but they both immediately capsized, and only a few were able to get back to the brig; among these were Tamango and Ayesha.

Provisions had now run short on board, and after a few days Ayesha and Tamango were the only living souls on the Hope. One day they were nearly run down by a ship which disappeared in the darkness, and the next day Ayesha died.

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Some time afterward H.M.S. Bellona came across a dismasted derelict, apparently abandoned by its crew. A boat was sent to it, and the officer in charge found only a negro alive. He was taken on board the man-of-war, the surgeon attended to him, and when the Bellona arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, Tamango was in perfect health. He told his story; the planters would have liked to have had him hung, but the Governor, who was a humane man, was interested in his case, and thought his action was justified, because, after all, he had only killed Frenchmen. He was treated like all slaves

rescued from a slaver; he was given his freedom, that is to say, he was made to work for the Government, but he had threepence a day and his food. He was a very tall man, so the colonel of the West Indian regiment took him, had him taught the use of the cymbals, and made him a bandsman. Tamango learnt a little English, but he never spoke it very well, though he could drink a great deal of rum. He died in hospital from pneumonia.

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

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NOTE TO TAMANGO.

Prosper Merimée wrote a great many short stories, among them being "Carmen," on which the opera is based; he also did some work in archæology. This year, 1906, is the centenary of the year when the resolutions abolishing the slave trade were carried in the House of Commons by Charles James Fox. Englishmen had engaged in this trade from a very early period, but always on strictly moral lines; for instance, Captain John Hawkins in the sixteenth century drew up certain rules of conduct for his crew, the two first being, "Serve God daily" and "Love one another." In the eighteenth century another slave captain, John Newton, also was very pious; this worthy kept a diary, and when setting out on a voyage asks the Lord "to assist me with the influence of Thy spirit." We have abolished black slavery, we now only talk of teaching the natives "the dignity of labour," but at least I think we do not cant about religion, so that there is perhaps some improvement. J. B.

THE
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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Continuity**.—This, one of the chief characteristics of the present Government, has been specially manifested in its foreign policy. That this would be the case was generally anticipated, hence the universal approbation with which the Tories greeted the appointment of Sir E. Grey to the post of Foreign Secretary. Radicals, however, can scarcely have supposed that this adherence to the principle of continuity would have carried the Government to the depths of abasement to which it has descended. The grovelling of certain Ministers before the Kaiser was bad enough, but when it comes to sending the British Fleet to Russia as a mark of respect to the Czar, as, according to Sir E. Grey, "the head of the great Russian nation" —the nation he has misruled, outraged, and driven into revolt—Great Britain is made a party to a servility to despotism which has become an international scandal. This is what continuity has brought us to. Our com-

rade Thorne, with Keir Hardie and one or two of the Radicals, have strenuously protested against this national demonstration of approbation of the infamous Russian despotism, but so far without effect. Sir Edward Grey remains obdurate, although organs of the press in Russia have pointed out that the visit of the Fleet will be regarded as an act of approval of the Government. He maintains that the Russian Government is not responsible for the massacres which have taken place, although its complicity has been fully established, and the Imperial thanks to the troops for their services at Bielostok have actually been published.

**And Cowardice.** — Probably this effusive sympathy with the bloodstained Government of the Czar is, in a measure, dictated to our Government by the recognition that they themselves are not altogether guiltless. By their surrender to the Natal Government in the matter of the execution of twelve Zulus for the killing of one white man, whose death had already been avenged, and by their acquiescence in the shameful outrage upon Egyptian fellaheen in retaliation for the alleged killing of Captain Bull, the Government have displayed that cowardice which has characterised their administrative as well as their legislative efforts. That by these cowardly concessions to the brutal prejudices of the dominant caste they have created serious trouble for the future is already abundantly evident. Sir E. Grey pleads for silence over the Egyptian outrages. This precious Liberal Government whose return to office was to inaugurate a reign of peace and progress in every part of the world under British sway asks that even the House of Commons should refrain from criticising the deeds of blood perpetrated under their authority in Egypt, lest the native unrest which is said to be growing, should break out into open violence. What a satire on the blessings of a British Liberal Govern-

ment! We give little credence to these stories of a growing fanaticism which threatens a native uprising in Egypt and makes it necessary to speak of Egyptian affairs with bated breath. We believe that they are invented in order to prevent the criticism and condemnation which recent events justly demand. But that there is growing disaffection is certain, and in any case, nothing could have been more reprehensible than the line of action which has been endorsed and approved by the Government. Surely it would have been only reasonable common sense to avoid all acts of provocation. It is silly as well as cowardly to suppose that after everything has been done to provoke and exasperate native feeling, mere silence about the acts of provocation—a sort of ostrich policy—can save us from their consequences.

**The Expropriation of the Zulus.**—As in Egypt, so in South Africa, a policy of provocation and exasperation is being pursued, with the acquiescence of the Imperial Government, which is already producing terrible results, and is likely to lead to still more serious consequences. By persistent acts of petty tyranny and the imposition of vexatious taxes, many of the Zulus have been goaded into open revolt. The object of this policy is perfectly clear—it is simply to force the Zulus into wage-slavery. If they are willing to pay the tax they can only do so by first working for wages in order to obtain the necessary money. That method of compelling them to work for wages was long ago spoken of by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as "inducing" them to do so. But it was anticipated, and evidently with some reason, that this "inducement" would scarcely prove sufficient, and that instead of tamely submitting the Zulus would resist the tax. There can be no doubt that that contingency was deliberately worked for with the assurance

that any rising would be suppressed, if not by the Colonial forces, at least with the aid of Imperial troops. In any case, the opportunity would be made for "teaching the Kaffirs a lesson," and, what is more important, robbing them of their land, and converting them into a propertyless proletariat, compelled to sell their labour to the Colonial capitalists or to starve.

**A Labour Question.**—We are glad to be able to congratulate Keir Hardie on the stand he has taken on this question, outside as well as inside the House of Commons. The members of the Parliamentary group of which he is leader are pledged to act together as a party on "Labour questions" only, and there is too often manifested a tendency to narrow Labour questions down to mere questions of hours and conditions of labour. Really there is no important subject in politics but is a Labour question, and that is especially the case in matters of foreign and colonial policy. The interests of Labour, above all, are international, and everything which affects the class relations in other countries is of the first importance to the working class here. That is peculiarly the case in the South African colonies, where, as avowed by Mr. Balfour some time ago, the policy of the ruling class is to create a coloured proletariat—a proletariat of the so-called inferior races—between whom and the white workmen race prejudice might be expected to prevent the growth of class solidarity. It is the duty of the working class everywhere to fight against this policy by every means in their power. We have all our work to do in organising the class proletariat for the class war. The creation of a new race proletariat would not only complicate the issue, but with colonial expansion may give capitalism a new lease of life. Fortunately, however, the Zulus are not yet conquered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the

black races of South Africa may turn the tables on their would-be masters.

**Militarism and Retrenchment.**—"Peace, Retrenchment and Reform," was the old political cry raised by the Liberals in the last election. As for the first, their foreign and colonial policy has so far been as bellicose in its inception and results as the most truculent jingo could possibly desire, while their performances in the direction of reform are practically nil. We are promised, however, that there shall be retrenchment, and, as a chief means to that end, Mr. Haldane has devised a great scheme of Army reform. It is to the curtailment of expenditure in our war departments that we can alone look for any appreciable retrenchment; but there have been so many schemes of army reform which have accomplished nothing beyond making the confusion of our military establishment worse confounded that we are somewhat sceptical of this latest addition to the number. This scepticism is not diminished by the hostility displayed by the Government to the only principle by which an efficient military organisation could be maintained at the lowest possible cost and without being a menace to popular liberty; that is the principle of universal military training. In this connection we see once more the mischievous policy of "continuity" manifesting itself. In the discussion on the subject in the House of Lords, in addition to the old cry that universal military training would encourage militarism, the Earl of Portsmouth, on behalf of the Government, put forward the objection of the Tory War Minister, that any such system would involve an additional expenditure of £26,000,000. Anything more absurd than this statement has never been suggested even by a Secretary of State. As a matter of fact, with universal military training, expenditure on the army could be reduced to a minimum, as no standing army need be maintained at all. With a military organisation on this basis and

popular control over foreign policy, it would be possible to effect retrenchment which, under the scheme which our Liberals favour of a highly-paid and efficient army of professional soldiers, is entirely out of the question.

**The Poplar Inquiry.**—The most important Poor Law event for many years is the inquiry that is now proceeding into the administration of the Poplar Board of Guardians. For some years the expenditure of this Board has been increasing and the numbers chargeable have also shown a remarkable rise. This rise in numbers and expenditure was likewise reflected in the rates, which went up to 12s. in the £. The reason Poplar has shot in front is because her Guardians have been relieving the poor to almost the fullest extent of their power. The education and maintenance of the children has been made a special feature, and is in advance of that of many workers' children; the conditions in the Workhouse and the Casual Ward have been vastly improved; and the old people who can live outside are given out-relief and not driven into the House. More than this; when unemployment fell on the workers like a plague, food was given to keep the men, women and children from starving. All this fell heavily on the local charges, as all out-relief is borne by the locality. The Guardians agitated for the equalisation of the rates, contending that the poor belonged to London, and London as a whole should support them, and not shift the burden on to the localities least able to bear it. The Local Government Board's position is that, before this equalisation can be accomplished, it is necessary to inquire what caused the phenomenal increase at Poplar, and their position has been fortified by the action of the local Municipal Alliance, who have made a series of charges against the Guardians as to their incompetence, wastefulness, and extravagance in administration, claiming that these explain

the position. A number of witnesses have testified to various petty irregularities. In several instances these have been as stoutly denied, and it is very plain there is some hard swearing going on. Our direct concern in the matter rests in the fact that there are four Social-Democrats on the Board, which numbers 24 in all. These four, with the aid of two or three Labour members, have been active in helping to shape the policy of the Board in relation to its treatment of the poor, the trend of public opinion in this direction being of great assistance also. The inquiry is still proceeding, and whatever the result may be as regards Poplar itself, we believe some important changes in the constitution and powers of Boards of Guardians will follow.

**The Unemployed.**—The official returns show little change in the numbers of the unemployed since April, when the percentage of unemployed in the unions making returns was 3.6 as compared with 5.1 in 1905, a reduction of 1.5. This is nothing wonderful to rejoice over. At the outside it would mean that the total number of unemployed have been reduced from 500,000 to 360,000; but, unfortunately, there is no ground for assuming that the improvement has been even so great as that. As we have previously pointed out, the unions making returns represent the best paid, best organised, and most fully employed of the working class, and it would be a very great mistake to suppose that every diminution of unemployment in their ranks is accompanied by a proportionate reduction in the numbers of the unemployed generally. So far from that being the case, there are not wanting evidences that in many cases the unemployed are more numerous than they were a year ago. What is especially noticeable, too, is the increasingly casual nature of employment. It is quite common to find that of a body of men not more than a fourth are

regularly employed, although even a smaller proportion would be described as unemployed. This, of course, is only one of the consequences of a plentiful supply of labour and the persistent intensification of toil.

**The Steam Roller.**—The note of jubilation over the Liberal victory, sounded by Burns and his colleagues at Manchester, was somewhat modified by the pleas, in which all indulged, for more time in which the Government may redeem its promises. Of a truth the record of its first six months of office is meagre enough. All Burns's talk about social legislation was so much sound and fury, signifying nothing. There was the usual empty talk about keeping the children longer at school, and the mother out of the factory, but not a single hint as to how this was to be accomplished, and, of course, there was the inevitable lecture to the working man on his vicious liking for beer and betting. We protest, however, against his appeal to the Socialists, among others, to rally to the support of this precious Government of all the virtues and all the talents. Burns may be the hostage of those of the working class who continue to believe in him, but he years ago foreswore the right to speak for Socialists. To-day he is simply a member of a capitalist Government, a Government representative of the master class, pledged to conserve the interests of that class. His colleague Churchill described the Liberal Party in the House of Commons as a steam-roller, and advised the House of Lords to "beware of the steam-roller." But the only characteristics the Government and their majority in the House of Commons possess in common with that useful machine are ponderosity and slowness of movement. How much the House of Lords has to fear from this steam roller may be judged from the fact that the chief item to the credit of the Liberal Government after six months of office is the creation of six new Peers.

# SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY AND PARLIAMENTARY POWER.*

My object in writing this paper is to arouse discussion on the urgency of certain political reforms for the furtherance of the cause of Socialism in Great Britain. Political reform merely as an end in itself has little attraction for the scientific Socialist. Though he believes in it, and even advocates it with no little earnestness and enthusiasm, he does so regarding it only as a natural corollary of the immeasurably wider and deeper changes signified in Socialism. Of this, theoretically, without doubt, he has history and practical experience on his side. The period has passed for ever in which mentally alert and entirely sincere men and women dream dreams of politically democratic institutions realising alone the essential economic freedom of the great masses of the people.

Since the days when the authors of the American Constitution drew up the rhetorical preamble of that celebrated instrument, since the time when the French Revolution dealt the death-blow at moribund European feudalism and inaugurated the sovereignty of the middle class, a vast change has come over the social psychology of the civilised world, and this change has been greatly emphasised and has grown more apparent

* A paper read before the Central Branch of the Social-Democratic Federation on March 1, 1906.

year by year with the growth of the machine industry, the consequent steady reduction in the demand for labour, and the evolution of modern capitalistic production, with its ever-increasing output of commodities side by side with the relatively-decreasing purchasing power of the people. Face to face with these complex social changes, Radicalism and even Republicanism—its logical sequence—have alike been impotent. In America, under the guise of political liberty, the grossest and vulgarest forms of tyranny have taken root and flourished. In a less outrageous, but yet in a marked degree, the same is true of the French and Swiss Republics. The generous and romantic hopes inspired during the nineteenth century by the Nationalist movements in Greece, Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere have equally withered, drooped and died, as the root antagonism of the "haves" and the "haves not"—stripped of imperial, royal, aristocratic, and priestly vestments—has loomed clearer and clearer in the eyes of men in all its naked brutality.

It is not, therefore, I need scarcely say, my purpose in this paper, to adopt the classical Radical position with regard to the plea I venture to advance on behalf of a vigorous agitation for certain purely political changes—to wit the payment of Parliamentary Election Expenses and the Payment of Members of the House of Commons. I plead as a Socialist and a Democrat, that an earnest effort should be made to carry these two proposals into effect, not because I think they are of much value as ends in themselves, but because I am profoundly convinced that they are essential conditions of the realisation of a Socialist Party in Parliament.

I am far from wishing to minimise the great importance of the educational work done by such bodies as the Social-Democratic Federation in the past, and still being enthusiastically and energetically prosecuted. It is not too much to say, on behalf of the S.D.F., that it is the only body of Socialist opinion in this country, organised on a national scale, that has really appreciated

and taught scientific Socialism, and its contribution to Socialist thought from this aspect alone has been of incalculable value among a people far too ready to be swayed by an inchoate and sloppy sentimentality. Future historians will have to record that it is to the workers of the S.D.F. more than to any other body of men and women in Great Britain that they have to look back with gratitude, not merely because, during long periods of aristocratic and plutocratic domination the Red Flag of revolutionary Socialism has by them been kept flying, and masses of the working folk made to realise the impregnable truth of the class antagonism, but also because great numbers were led to realise that scientific Socialism is the only complete analysis of the sociological problems of the modern world. Yet, though this is all true, I venture to submit that for this reason we should recognise that the first act in the drama of the Social Revolution is rung down with the inauguration in this country of an independent workers' party, and that the second act should be initiated by the senior Socialist society in the kingdom taking its rightful place at the head of the militant labour movement; in other words, the methods which were amply justified for purely propagandist purposes are not all-sufficient for a party which, if I do not misjudge it, rightly aims at securing control of the political machine. The strategy which has had its triumphs in making individual Socialists is not the same sort of strategy which will secure for scientific Socialism a strong representation in Parliament. For my part, I am fully convinced that we have arrived at a point when, especially taking into consideration the mental make-up of the Briton, Parliamentary representation will be by far and away the best method of propaganda. The Englishman respects the concrete. He understands the *fait accompli*. The election in January of Hyndman, Quelch, and Irving would have been of far greater value in the making of Socialists up and down the

country than a thousand local meetings. With these of our comrades in the House, the Socialist Party would have constantly secured through the capitalist press (to put the argument at no higher level) a continual advertisement of the first order, in an age when advertising in one form or another is one of the prime conditions of success. It would have proved to the average Englishman, as nothing else could, that Socialists were neither mere ignorant fanatics nor immoral cynics, as we are too often regarded by the unthinking bourgeois. And I do not wish to be deemed guilty of flattery on the one hand, nor of rudeness on the other, if I suggest that the workers themselves would have inevitably drawn comparisons, not to the detriment of our comrades, between them and some of the so-called working class representatives of the past and the present. All this seems to me, at least, incontrovertible, and the fact that we have run Parliamentary candidates is sufficient proof that it is the general opinion of Socialists that it is desirable to have a Socialist Party in the House.

Let me now deal in half-a-dozen words with the not uncommon idea that it is far safer to go on converting the unconverted, and to wait until a Socialist majority in a certain number of constituencies will naturally return Socialist representatives, and that thus ultimately by securing a class-conscious majority throughout the country, we shall attain a Socialist majority in some Parliament of the dim and distant future. It is not thus that the great masses of the people in the historic revolutions of the past have slowly emerged from one social condition into another. It is not thus that institutions which have long existed in a State have been overthrown. If we wait for our class-conscious majority we may wait for the Greek Kalends. Human nature is not built that way. Have the millions of votes cast for the Tory Party in the past been cast by those the great mass of whom

realised the historic principles of Toryism, the divine right of kings, the supremacy of the squirearchy, and so on? Did all those who voted Liberal through the long period of Gladstonian supremacy understand the principles of Liberalism—individualism, Free Trade, and so on? Surely not. The masses of the country are always captured by one or two leading "cries." Just as security of trade union funds has played a large part at the last election, so we may hope that the feeding of the children, the problem of unemployment, and pensions for the aged will win the workers to the cause of Socialism in the early future. It is a mere truism, surely, to state that the majority of men are not moved by intellectual conviction, any more than that the majority of Christians of the various sects appreciate the actual doctrinal differences which separate them. Party success has been made in the past, and will be made in the future, either by the record of political accomplishments or the promise of political achievements winning the confidence of men, and generally by the degree in which a party is in sympathy with and expresses the psychological trend of its age, satisfying, consciously or unconsciously, the material needs of the time.

To this may be attributed the success, so far as it has gone, of the policy of the Independent Labour Party with regard to the Parliamentary representation of trade unionism, a policy which, whatever else may be said about it, is entirely in accordance with the evolutionary interpretation of history and the temperament of the British working classes. Now we, as collectivists, should be the first to recognise that voluntary subscriptions from a poor man's party (and which after all is but in a small minority, judging by the counting of noses) will never enable us adequately to fight the candidates of capitalism. It is like a small body of men armed with bows and arrows going out to do battle with a large army equipped with magazine-rifles and quick-firing guns. This is equally true whether in the future

we remain outside the Labour Party as organised to-day, or whether we become re-affiliated to what was the Labour Representation Committee. With the exception of those who happen to be trade unionists as well as Socialists and who can thus secure the support of their unions, few besides a handful of well-to-do Socialists will have any chance of representing their party in Parliament. In either case the prospect is not rosy for Socialism. If the Labour movement continues in its present form, and unsupported by the S.D.F., there is the ever-present risk of the Socialists being swamped by the trade unionist section. Yet, in face of these facts, every one of us must be conscious of the importance of Socialists fighting a large number of seats at the next General Election and as many as possible at the by-elections, with a Liberal Party steadily and deservedly losing the confidence of the electorate. Is it not obvious that this cannot be done unless we have Payment of Election Expenses and Payment of Members ?

These considerations are powerfully reinforced by signs that are not wanting that the leaders of the new Labour Party and their allies on certain questions are adopting a very different attitude on this very matter than they did prior to the General Election. In a much-criticised article in the " Nineteenth Century " for January, Hardie, himself, wrote jubilantly of the financial strength of the new Labour forces, and their absolute independence of State aid. He pointed out that there were upwards of 2,250,000 trade unionists in Great Britain and Ireland, and that a levy of 1s. each per annum, or a penny per month, would yield a Parliamentary fund amounting to the relatively enormous total of £112,500 yearly. In order to point the moral and adorn the tale for his readers, he reminded them that of these 2,250,000 organised workers, 900,000 were actually already affiliated to the L.R.C. He went on to detail, for the information of the uninformed, how, at present, a

demand of 30s. per thousand members of the societies affiliated amply provides for the working expenses of the committee, and that a subscription of a penny per member per annum to the Parliamentary fund furnishes a small proportion of the candidate's expenses and £200 per annum salary for each member. This subscription can, of course, be increased, but at that time certainly no arrangements had been made for the payment of 30 members. It is, however, highly problematical *how far* trade unionists are prepared to tax themselves for the support of a Parliamentary Labour Party, *especially after that party has accomplished its immediate and direct trade union task in the House*, and when deliberate temptations will be held out by the Liberals, both to the unions and to aspiring officials, for the formation of a permanent Liberal Labour Group, destined to counter the attacks, and to thwart the policy of the Socialist Labour Party. The position is in the highest degree illogical. As a matter of fact, the trade unionists are required, under this system, to tax themselves for the passing of measures other than trade unionist measures, which undoubtedly would tend to benefit large classes of the community which are not in any sense trade unionist. It is surely not meeting trouble half-way to suggest that a Labour Party finding its financial sustenance merely by such methods cannot be a permanent factor in national politics. Happily the inspiration of a Labour Party lies deeper and broader than this. It is a national necessity, and nothing short of national support will suffice for its needs. And this being now recognised by the Labour Party and others, it is felt in various quarters that any demand for heavier trade union subscriptions may possibly meet with rebuff. On this subject a well-informed paper recently remarked: "The financial basis of the Labour Representation Committee is not wide enough to support the number of its successful candidates. Mr. Keir Hardie has felt himself com-

pelled to change his view upon Payment of Members, a measure to which he seemed to attach singularly little importance a few months ago." Thus, whether the S.D.F. remains a free and independent body, unshackled by any alliance whatsoever with other sections of the proletarian movement, or whether it attaches itself to the great body of Labour in Parliament, the need of Payment of Members and of Election Expenses is equally great. I am glad to know that on this question I have the support of no less an authority on Socialist finance than the treasurer of the S.D.F. Surrounded by such conditions and faced by such considerations, I cannot believe that the most rigid of economists amongst us will fail to see the prime need of this strategic move for which I plead.

We have, besides, the precedent of our German comrades, who have not despised the battle for Universal Manhood Suffrage.. We are also told on all hands that the number of Socialist speakers is exceedingly inadequate. If the S.D.F. at once takes its part in the Parliamentary battle, I submit that the number of parliamentary representatives drawn chiefly from the manual workers may also become inadequate for this great national movement. Moreover, I think that I shall not be misunderstood amongst my Socialist comrades if I say that we require a large addition to our ranks from middle-class Socialists. In the work of Parliamentary detail, in the give-and-take of debate, on committee, in the fighting of measures clause by clause and line by line, the middle-class brain (to use a horrid expression) and middle-class experience of administrative detail will be found of no little importance in reinforcing the great body of the manual representatives.

Finally, I beg you to bear in mind that hopelessly incompetent as is the Radical Party to deal with the problems of to-day, it is yet a Radical Party pledged in principle to these great political changes, and that in raising this question into one of national import-

ance by an agitation of national dimensions we shall be securing the support of a large mass of Radical opinion, and many Radicals who will co-operate with us for the purpose of securing these reforms will undoubtedly remain with us as fresh recruits in the army of Socialism. Thus challenged in Parliament, Session by Session, the Liberal Government would feel the steady pressure of its most earnest and ardent supporters, demanding the realisation of an essentially Radical reform, while, with these two weapons in our hands, there is no reason why 200 seats should not be fought on behalf of Social-Democracy at the next General Election. With these two reforms consummated the entire British proletarian movement would undoubtedly assume a Socialist aspect, and the economic impregnability of the Socialist position would go far to complete the work.

In the task thus forced upon them the Government would not have the excuse of the veto of the House of Lords. £250,000 per annum included in the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a similar sum allocated to the purposes of a General Election, would I believe, be sufficient, and could not be challenged by the House of Lords presented to Parliament in the form of money bills. In this work we should be killing two birds with one stone. Whilst gaining the means of power ourselves we should be finally exhausting the mission of Radicalism. We should have a practical object lesson for the workers that mere political democracy does not affect the exploitation of labour, does not stem the tide of unemployment, does not feed the children, does not support the aged and worn toilers. And we should at last have secured the *power* without which Socialism remains little more than a noble idea for a handful of men and women.

Have I said enough to induce my Socialist readers to realise that this must be the next strategic move? If we miss this opportunity we shall go ill-armed and hopelessly out-numbered into the fray four or five years

hence, to be again overwhelmned by the muddy deluge of the Tariff question, or some equally inane and hypocritical controversy.

When I look around amongst the few militant and independent political organisations of the country I see none so capable and so obviously called, *both by its own strategic situation*, and the general political conditions of the country, to organise and focus this agitation as the Social-Democratic Federation. And I appeal to you as class-conscious Socialists, while not relinquishing one jot or one tittle of your demands on such questions as old-age pensions and feeding of children, to recognise the urgent need for this tactical move for the future triumph of our forces, and to throw yourselves into the agitation with the same energy and enthusiasm that has won for the Social-Democratic Federation in the past so many signal victories for our cause.

F. VICTOR FISHER.

## "UTOPIAN SOCIALISM *v.* MARXISM."

As it is most likely that the special question which has inspired friend Askew's article on the above subject in the last number of the "Social-Democrat" will have been decided by the vote of the members of the S.D.F. before this appears, I should not have taken the trouble to reply but for the fact that the article is an attempt, once more, to reduce all such questions as that under consideration to a simple and rigid rule. I have imagined for many years that I was a Socialist according to Marx. I know that I have carefully studied the theories of Marx; they have appeared to me to be absolutely sound and irrefutable, and I have, I hope, done something, in my small way, to make the principles of Socialism, in accordance with the theories of Marx, understanded of the common people. I may say, further, that I have so far been recognised as a disciple of Marx as to be selected by bodies of Socialists in this country, and accepted by their opponents, to do battle for Marxian Socialism on a public platform against anti-Socialist champions. Now, however, it appears that I and my backers have been in error all the time, and that, instead of a good sound Marxian, I am nothing but a mere flabby visionary Utopian. And all because I do not happen to agree with Askew as to the advisability of the S.D.F. joining the L.R.C. at the present time! It appears that Marx not only foresaw the general trend and development of the capitalist system—which I, of course, readily admit—but that he actually anticipated the various phenomena which would be developed by the peculiar

circumstances of British industrialism at various stages of our progress, and laid down definite rules for our guidance, to depart from which is to be guilty of treason and to fall into the grievous errors of Utopianism.

Well, I, frankly, do not believe it. I do not believe that Marx foresaw the special circumstances which would lead to the formation of the L.R.C., nor that he told us that it would be our duty to join that combination when it was formed; nor again, had he done so, should I be prepared to admit that we were wrong and utopian in not following that advice; or that we, living in the time and circumstances, were not better judges of what was best to be done, as a matter of tactics and political action, in that time and those circumstances than any stranger to the time and circumstances could possibly be. It is said that lookers-on see most of the game. That may be true, but they only see the superficial game; they know nothing of what may be the objective or of the motive of the players. In this particular connection our friend Askew is in the position of a looker-on. He may be a very good judge in any matter which may be submitted to any rule of doctrine, but this question of the relations of the S.D.F. to the L.R.C. is not of that kind, and only those who are acquainted with all the considerations to be taken into account are in a position to accurately determine what our line of action ought to be. Even they may commit errors of judgment, but, at any rate, they are conversant with the whole circumstances and considerations which should determine their judgment, which no mere observer could possibly be.

What those considerations are in the present instance I do not propose to enter upon; the more so as nothing I can say here is likely to influence the decision of the question for the time being. I simply wish to enter a protest against the idea that every question of tactics and policy can be settled by a reference to some rigid rule or doctrine. That is the mistaken idea

which underlies all forms of "impossibilism." I apologise to Askew for using the word, seeing that he does not like it; but no other will serve my purpose. I do not use it in any offensive sense, and in any case it is no worse than "utopianism." "Impossibilism" is simply the cult of the straight line. The favourite formula of your "impossibilist," when confronted with any question of tactics upon which there might reasonably be a difference of opinion, is: "The shortest distance between two given points is a straight line." Ignoring, thereby, the fact that there are practically no straight lines in human affairs; and that if, say, in selecting a route from London to Glasgow, one determined to travel by a straight line or not at all, the probabilities are that one would not go at all. To Askew, it would seem the L.R.C.—all unconsciously it may be—represents the class war; therefore a Socialist body, believing in the emancipation of labour as a duty of the working-class, is bound willy nilly, and notwithstanding the vagaries and lack of class-consciousness of that combination, to ally itself with it. The utopianism of the S.D.F. is due to its want of appreciation of a "genuine proletariat organisation," and this, we are told, is evidenced by the "peculiar anti-trade union note, which crops up again and again in the columns of 'Justice.'" I might ask our friend to give an instance of this "anti-trade union note," as I am ignorant of it. It would also have been interesting if he had explained what he really means when he says that "The Utopian asks of a body which it is proposed we should join—Is it a Socialist body, or have we an immediate prospect of making it such? The Marxist simply asks if it is a genuine proletariat organisation, i.e., if it is to serve the interests of the proletariat and their emancipation or protection as a whole, or whether it is to serve the interests, say, of particular bourgeois parties or Churches?" What *does* Askew mean? Is this a mere begging of the question, or does our friend

mean that the Utopian and the Marxist arrive at the same conclusion by different routes? What is the test of a "genuine proletariat organisation"? According to the Marxist, vide Askew, it is one which is intended "to serve the interests of the proletariat and their emancipation or protection as a whole." That sounds very simple; but is it so simple after all? Is there a Liberal-Labour man, from Thomas Burt to John Ward, who would not claim that the body which was responsible for his candidature and is paying him his wages is a "genuine proletariat organisation" formed "to serve the interests of the proletariat"—and he could say so honestly and in the fullest faith in the truth of his words. But would that satisfy Askew's Marxist? I trow not. What, then, is the test? Askew, I suppose, would say that the test lies in the independence of such a body of all bourgeois parties. But I submit that, even on Askew's own showing, such mere political independence is not sufficient. Independence is purely negative, and there may be a dozen reasons why such a body might be independent and yet not be a "genuine proletariat organisation." Its party independence may be dictated by some special piece of legislation, such as vaccination or vivisection, or even by some piece of judicial administration, as the Taff Vale decision. Or such a group may be formed as the only means of getting certain men into Parliament, quite apart from any consideration of political principle. Obviously, then, mere independence of existing bourgeois parties is not sufficient evidence of the genuineness of such an organisation. Oh, no. It must not merely be independent, but it must be organised "to serve the interests of the proletariat, *and their emancipation*, or protection as a whole." But what does the emancipation of Labour mean to the Marxist, according to Askew, if it does not mean Socialism? In other words, then, it would seem that, according to Askew, the Utopian is one who asks of a body which it is

proposed we should join, "Is it a Socialist body, or have we an immediate prospect of making it such?" while the Marxist is one who asks, "Is it organised for the emancipation of the proletariat—that is, for the realisation of Socialism?" Precisely the same thing, only put in a more roundabout way.

Askew would have us believe that mere independence is sufficient evidence that such a group as the L.R.C. is fighting the class war, although, it may be, not preaching it. As I have shown, that by no means follows. If mere independence of the two great parties were all that is called for in order to command our adherence, there is no reason why we should not have joined the Balfourian Fourth Party, or Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Party, if he had formed one. But, it may be said, neither of these would have been a Labour Party. But what constitutes a Labour Party? Any body of men, it would appear according to Askew, which chooses to call itself by that name. "To me," he says, "Labour member signifies nothing more nor less than representative of the cause of Labour." But did not Chamberlain claim to be a Labour member, and does he not insist that the cause of Labour is bound up with Tariff Reform? And he has good reason for doing so, unless a genuine Labour Party is committed to something more definite and positive than mere independence.

In endeavouring to draw a distinction between the L.R.C. group and the Liberal-Labour group, Askew says that the former "will be forced forward to Socialism if they do not abandon their own principles." But what are their principles? It seems that they have none, but the solitary one of independence; and, of course, they would have to abandon that if they wandered back into the Liberal camp. But seeing that they have no clearly-defined object there is nothing to prevent them so wandering back. We hope they will not do so; and one of my chief reasons for opposing affiliation at the present time is because I

have that hope. I believe that by remaining outside we may be able to continue to point the right road, whereas if we joined we should be simply adding momentum to the progress of the party along any road it might choose to travel; and if, later, when we found it on the wrong road, we wished again to break away the mischief would have been done, and we could only separate ourselves from the body with considerable loss and injury to ourselves.

I am not concerned here to enter into all the reasons why we should not affiliate with the L.R.C. or why we should not fight it. I need only say that I do not accept these as being the only alternatives. I am not opposed to the L.R.C. I want to see it develop and grow until it becomes a definite Socialist Party, and I think we can better help to that end by remaining outside, free to commend or to condemn, than we could by an alliance in which we should be committed to all the errors so indefinite a party is making and is bound to make. I do not regard every man as a traitor to my class who is opposed to me, say, on the question of child labour. I do say, however, that a body which adopts such a man as one of its Parliamentary representatives is not one which a Socialist organisation should be affiliated with, nor can it be said with truth that such a body is fighting the class war. I have never said, nor has the S.D.F. ever said, that "it would be impossible to join the L.R.C." If that were the case, it would be manifestly absurd to take a ballot on the question of doing what we have declared to be an impossibility. All that I, and those who think with me, have said, is that, in our opinion it would be unwise to do so at the present time. That body is too uncertain, too nebulous, too indefinite, for a Socialist organisation to be prepared to accept the responsibilities of an alliance. The wisdom of our attitude has been, I think, amply justified by recent happenings. Take, for instance, the Brunner Bill. Being outside the combination we

were able to create so strong a feeling against that measure as to kill it. Had we been affiliated to the party how could we have publicly condemned a measure which had received the endorsement of our secretary and whip, unless we had publicly withdrawn from the combination?

Askew is mistaken in stating that "the S.D.F. resigned the L.R.C. because they declined to recognise the class war." The class war resolution was defeated at the first conference, but the S.D.F. remained affiliated. Again, Askew speaks of the "objection entertained. . . . . to the designation of Labour candidate." He does not appear to know that this, as has been pointed out some score of times already, could not have been a ground for leaving the combination, as the designation was not adopted until some time after we had withdrawn. The objection was to our men signing a promise to stand as "Labour candidate *only*," on the assumption that it meant that any Socialist would have to refrain from avowing his Socialism. When it was explained that the designation did not bear this very reasonable interpretation, the objection was withdrawn by those, myself included, who had raised it.

All that, however, by the way. I did not set out to give all the reasons why we should not, at the present time, join the L.R.C., or which, in my opinion, justify our attitude of friendly independence. I was not even concerned to show the fallacy of the assumption that the new Labour Party was necessarily fighting, while not avowing, the class war. I simply wished to combat Askew's extraordinary theory that it is a matter of fundamental doctrine that a Socialist organisation should ally itself with any working-class political combination which may be formed, for any specific object or none, independent of the bourgeois parties; and that whoever does not subscribe to this theory is a Utopian, and the truth of Marx is not in him.

H. QUELCH.

# FIRST STEPS IN STATE REORGANISATION OF INDUSTRY.

## A PAPER READ AT THE S.D.F. CONFERENCE, EASTER, 1906.

Addressing as I am an audience of convinced Socialists, who understand the distinction between State Organisation and State Reorganisation of Industry, it will not be necessary to retrace our own footprints in certain domains of Socialist activity, nor to allude at any length to the question in what directions the State might at once advantageously extend the system of public services which it controls already. This organisation of public services by the State in large, or by the municipality, which is the State in miniature (for I use the term strictly as defined by Burke—" the community in its collective or corporate capacity "), will be extended just as rapidly as it serves the interests of a majority of the property-owning class. If, for instance, cheap municipal tramways will give building-site value to unprofitable agricultural estates the protests of a few hundred joint-stock company shareholders are disregarded, and, willy-nilly, their undertaking is bought up at a price the owners are not permitted to determine, and the line is extended to districts which it serves property-interests to link with some industrial centre, though the enter-

prise would not commend itself on its own merits to joint-stock company enterprise, which does not stand "to gain by the swings what it loses on the roundabouts." The municipality can afford to lose, temporarily, a part of what it gains permanently by increasing rateable values, just as the State could afford to lose on factory-farm colonies a part of the saving they would effect in Poor Law relief, though at present it does not suit class legislators to recognise that fact, and commercial statesmen counter such proposals by affirming that the products of State-organised labour could not be marketed at a profit. Conversely, they neglect to calculate the real cost to the nation of food-stuffs whose safe convoy to our shores in event of war is assured by enormous expenditure on the Navy.

Socialists concur in the transfer from the joint-stock company to the municipality, and agitated for it until the middle classes relieved us of the task by becoming converts to the collective capitalism which we tolerate because it helps pave the way to Socialism, and bears testimony to the truth of our contention that no useful function is performed by the capitalist class which the organised community cannot better perform. We recognise, however, that this collective organisation of labour barely touches the fringe of the problem—what initial steps it is advisable to take in the reorganisation of industry which aims at establishing production for use in place of production for profit. Any scheme that might help us to attain that object is bound to excite the bitterest hostility of the profit-mongering class as soon as they perceive the drift of our policy, and we shall do well, therefore, to follow the line of least resistance until Socialism has gained firm enough foothold to engage in a tug-of-war with capitalism without absolutely courting defeat.

As we are discussing an economic problem, it would be superfluous to indulge at this moment in conjectures whether a catastrophic solution of the class struggle can or cannot be avoided. In either case certain

economic problems will have to be thought out, since they cannot, in the literal sense of the phrase, be fought out, and neither ballot-box nor barricade will decide them. Truculent revolutionists who invite us to expunge all palliatives from our programme—first steps in the reorganisation of industry will be placed, presumably, in that category—may be content to delay putting their hands to the task of reorganisation until the capitalist pot has boiled over, but they will find themselves in an awkward predicament if that crisis overtakes us before we have provided something to put in the household pot. The sad reflection might then be forced upon them that even capitalist skilly is more nourishing than revolutionary rhetoric.

Collectivists whose economic creed is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fatalism, and who imagine that every industry must pass through the joint-stock company form of organisation before it is ripe enough to fall into the lap of the community, very naturally regard agriculture as the industry that is the most remote from the collectivist goal, and a few Socialists of the Fabian school, instead of endeavouring to devise some short cut by which it may arrive there, have planned a devious route through peasant proprietorship, plus parish agricultural machinery, collective purchase of chemical manures, and co-operative distribution of farm and dairy produce. The unit of organisation, I understand, is to be enlarged eventually from the parish to the county and from the county to the whole country. This programme, it seems to me, is very well shaped if the object in view is the perpetuation instead of the abolition of private ownership of land. I, for one, am not prepared to back the scheme on the off-chance that small holdings may prove ultimately to be stepping-stones to Socialism.

In the reorganisation of industry, if we keep the Socialist object clearly in view, production for use must start with production of the primary utility—food. By taking our first steps in the

direction of developing the agricultural resources of our own country, we shall be following, too, the line of least resistance, for the mass of our fellow-countrymen are to-day alive to the precariousness of the position in which we stand so long as we are unable, as a nation, to feed ourselves, and might be starved into surrender to any strong coalition of hostile Powers. The facts that justify the description of British agriculture as "a ruined industry" are universally deplored, and widespread alarm has been excited by recent reports on the physical deterioration of the industrial population crowded into our towns and swollen by refugees from land which has fallen out of cultivation because for the time being it will not produce foodstuffs that can be sold at a profit in competition with those that pour into our ports as tribute to British capital invested abroad, that are exacted from subject races, or received in exchange for the hardware and soft goods manufactured in towns where wealth accumulates and men decay.

We must drive home to the understanding of the people the fact that from the national point of view agriculture is still the most profitable form of production upon which Labour can be organised by the State. If agriculture presents scant attractions for private enterprise, so much stronger the case for communal control. It may be granted that under existing conditions it is difficult to "make it pay." If two estates of equal area and equal fertility are worked with like skill to yield the same crops, the one under private ownership, the other for the benefit of the community, an examination of the ledger of the private proprietor may show that a loss has been sustained. But it will lack several items of account which figure very prominently in the public ledger, and the State balance-sheet will show private loss transformed into public gain, resulting from economies effected on Poor Law relief, in the administration of Public Health Acts, by the decrease of our prison population, swollen to-day by

recruits to the "criminal class," drawn from the ranks of the unemployed, who are beginning to recognise that it is less shameful to steal than to starve amidst the plenty that creates unemployment. The demonstrable gain would be much greater if we could express in money terms the increase in the sum of general well-being and of human happiness. Lest such considerations be regarded, however, as idle sentiment, we will give concrete form to our contention by claiming that it would be cheaper, for instance, to derive supplies of forage and food-stuffs for the Army and other public services from land cultivated by the State, than to buy it from Army contractors at a cost twenty per cent. lower than that of its production on the State farm. Agricultural produce which the authorities could purchase on the open market, say, for £16,000,000, might be produced by State-organised labour on the State farm without sacrifice of economy, even if the nominal cost amounted to £20,000,000.

In an article contributed to "Justice" fourteen years ago I pointed out that the absence of agriculture from the list of great industries exploited by joint-stock companies is no justification for waiting "some indefinite crisis, some feat of molecular force," to solve the land question. It is unnecessary to assume that Micawber-like attitude if we recognise that, pending full enjoyment of its common heritage, the community might at least exercise that measure of control which would ensure the proper cultivation of the land, which in common parlance is ours—"*our glorious land.*" In the article referred to I suggested the establishment throughout Great Britain of District Boards of Agriculture, each of them responsible to the Minister of Agriculture, and through him to the people, for the fullest development of the resources of the land. Such Boards should be empowered to fix fair rents shielding the cultivator from the rapacity of the landowner, and they should be vested with authority to enforce their mandates as regards cultivation, drainage, manuring,

afforesting, deforesting, reclamation of waste lands, and with powers to carry out all or any such operations themselves at the cost of the landowner, repayment being secured by a first charge on his estate.

Eminent authorities have demonstrated that without importing a bushel of wheat the soil of Great Britain could maintain a population of over 70,000,000. In no department of industry has man gained more complete capacity to satisfy his needs than in that of agriculture, though, since the industrial revolution overthrew individual and established co-operative production, that capacity has been increased in other spheres a hundredfold. Intense cultivation produces to-day from one acre as much as 50 acres yielded to primitive methods. The Canadian farmer is satisfied if from the virgin soil he can reap 10 to 14 bushels of wheat per acre. The highly-cultivated fields of the North of France yield as much as 56 bushels per acre, and 45 bushels are produced on soil not exceptionally good.

The English, who are large meat consumers, eat a trifle less than 2 cwt. per adult each year. Supposing it to be all beef, this quantity is about a third of an ox, so that one ox is the ration for each family of two adults and three children. This means that for each million inhabitants only 56,464 acres need be reserved for pasture, root crops, and ensilage.

As regards fruit and vegetables, 44 tons per acre are grown every year in some of the market gardens around Paris, where the very soil is manufactured and is regarded as one of the tenant's fixtures which has to be paid for by an incomer or the outgoing tenant carts it away. As 6 cwt. of fruit and vegetables per head suffices our wants, 24 people cultivating 2½ acres of ground and working only five hours a day could produce enough to supply 350 adults, or 500 individuals if we include children.

These are but a few illustrations of the amazing fertility of the soil, whether provided by Nature or concocted by man, but anyone who considers them must

recognise how monstrous is the system which condemns twelve millions of our population to linger all their lives on the verge of hunger, which inflicts starvation on thousands upon thousands of the children attending our national schools, and condemns the worn-out veterans of industry to suffer the most cruel hardships. And our statesmen tell us that deeply as they deplore the misery and suffering of their fellow-citizens, it cannot be stayed because they know not where to find the money to relieve poverty. They would go on groping for it while the land that lies at the doorway of the workhouse remains untilled, but it is for us to compel them to take some steps to reorganise an industry which will rejoice the nation with plenty even when its cash-box is as empty as its barns are filled to overflowing. The reorganisation of agriculture is a task to which we must direct Socialist energy and Socialist thought.

J. HUNTER WATTS.

## LABOUR INSURGENT.

It is only power wealth heeds :
  Power, with a big-sounding name,
Exploiting the people's needs
    For a tinselled fame :
Song, and devotion, and praise
  For mammon—enthroned on high—
Grasping the gifts of the days
    While the workers die.

Always the substance for wealth :
  Ever the shadow for toil :
Riches exalted o'er health ;
  And idleness sleek with spoil.

It is only power wealth heeds ;
  Not bloodless lips that cry
  When he treads the mart chin high ;
To-day, in his servile press,
" Rebellion of Toil," he reads,
And he curses—pretending to bless !

It is only power wealth heeds,
Compulsion of forceful deeds—
The power of sword and of banks,
And of men in marshalled ranks ;
And now Toil at last awakes,
The heart of the tyrant quakes,

And he speaks in dulcet tone
  Soft as a murmuring rill,
  "Be gentle, Toil, bear me still
On your back without moan!
Have we not, brother, one aim,
  One hope, one life interest?
Be guided by me,—I claim
  To know what for you is best;
Unlock your chains, if you must,
  But dwell in them still the same;
You know they're perished with rust,
  And only exist but in name!"

But Toil has grown wise and bold,
And cringes not as of old;
"I shall take what is mine, what is just,"
  He calmly and bravely replies;
  "I have listened too long to your lies!"
And he treads the serpent to dust!

ARTHUR HICKMOTT.

## LUXEMBURG, THE SMALLEST STATE IN EUROPE.

*(Continued).*

In spite of its diminutiveness, the institutions and political life of Luxemburg are just as entangled and complicated as those of oth er much bigger States, where the never-ceasing friction between the interests of conflicting classes makes such an unsatisfactory state of society, as we have to-day, much easier to understand, than in this quiet little out-of-the-way nest, where everybody, were it not for the perversity of human nature, could live in peace and comfort with his fellow-men. But instead of living together simply as one great family, and dispensing with all the useless, costly pageantry of State, which their unique position in Europe would enable them to do without the least difficulty, they prefer to go the usual way of weak flesh and ape the habits of their bigger and richer neighbours in every detail. Thus we find here highly salaried public Ministers with sinecure offices, a cumbersome, obsolete jurisprudence, with an unhealthy crowding in the law and other professions. There is even an army of nearly 200 men, necessary, no doubt, to maintain the dignity of Luxemburg as a free and independent State. Not content with having such a formidable armed force constantly at their disposal, the capitalist party began to earnestly consider the advisability of introducing conscription into the country at the time of the panic caused by the strikes in the Longwy and Mont St. Martin Bassin. The scheme has fallen through because of its utter lack of common sense, but who knows whether some rustic Napoleon is not already meditating the establishment of a military despotism, and the awakening of the old-time glory of Luxemburger arms? A certain old fable about the frog trying to swell itself to the size of an ox seems to be rather in danger of being forgotten, though we trust, of course, that the catastrophe of the bursting point will not come to pass in this case.

Luxemburg is a constitutional dukedom or duchy, if it is permitted to coin a phrase. The government of the country is in the hands of a Chamber of Deputies, 51 in number, and elected for the term of

six years, the elections taking place every three years, a half of the deputies only being returned at one time. The Grand Duke is as much a figure-head as King Edward—that is to say, he has the prerogative of a veto that he never uses, which, combined with the signing of his Ministers' decrees, constitutes the sum total of his participation in political matters. How little he is in touch with the real interests of the land is shown by the fact that the most of his time is spent on his German estates, an absence that his loyal subjects seem to bear with great equanimity.

The governing body is roughly divided into three parties, of which the Clericals, with 26, just outweigh the other two together. They are for all that is conservative and reactionary in politics, the maintenance of Clericalism being naturally their chief object. Without principles or political honesty, they act in accordance with their jesuitical principles, that the end justifies the means. Though pretending to be the workman's best friend, they abandon him completely to the tender mercies of the capitalists, frittering away at the same time the money of the people in doles and subsidies to the peasants, to whose blind and sheeplike voting they owe their majority.

As regards political worth and honesty, the so-called Liberal Party, numbering 18, are in about the same boat as their opponents. Until 1896, the year which marked the arrival of the Socialist Party in the Chamber, the actual difference between the two parties was so infinitesimal, that mere outsiders were led to believe there was none at all. The Liberals, the representatives of capitalism and higher industry, made an ostentatious display of anti-Clericalism, but distinguished themselves mostly by a spirit of laissez-faire. As wealthy patrons, they had too many interests in common with the Clericals to offer at any time a serious opposition to their schemes. The rise of the Socialist Party spurred them, however, into action, and forced them to make the choice of either throwing themselves altogether into the arms of the Conservative faction or of changing their line of action. The majority chose the latter course, but their animosity to Socialism is by no means extinct, as is proved by the existence of the Luxemburger Liberal League, ostensibly directed against Clerical encroachments, but in reality meant to form a counterpoise to the rising democracy. An attempt was made to rejuvenate the party by inscribing universal suffrage, old-age pensions, progressive income tax, and the like on their programme, but how little in earnest they are was shown by the miscarriage of the first item, chiefly through their defection at the critical moment. The bulk of the party is composed of lawyers, of which there are unfortunately too many here. Their endeavour is to give themselves the air of being terribly godless fellows, but, no sooner does the opportunity offer itself, than they are only too ready to cast off every shred of democracy and accept a remunerative position in a big joint-stock company.

With regard to the Socialists, to the number of seven, the less said about them the better. Moderation, bordering suspiciously on total indifference, seems to be the mainspring of all their political activity, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that the greater part of its adherents are men who have enrolled themselves under the red banner as a last desperate means of achieving notoriety. The leader, Dr. Welter, seems to be the only one animated by the desire of bringing about a tangible result, but even he has considerably cooled down and has lost the fire of youth. How is it possible to trust a party, several members of which, a short time ago, so far forgot their democratic principles as to take part in a banquet given by the proprietor of a notorious firm of sweaters? And what made their conduct still more reprehensible, was that from the windows of the banquet-room women and children workers were visible, slaving away for contemptible starvation wages. On another occasion several so-called Socialists actually voted against universal suffrage! Futher comment is needless as to the political worth of the party at the present moment. The whole trend of politics in Luxemburg is not calculated to inspire admiration in the impartial onlooker or to awaken his particular interest. Everything is vacillating and trivial, worthy of the anomalous situation of the country between two great nationalities, neither of which has yet been able to exert a preponderating influence, to the exclusion of the other, on the character of its inhabitants.

Naturally enough, such a lack of proper democratic representation does not promise well for the condition of those two powerful weapons of the fighting proletariat, co-operation and trade unionism. The great backwardness of the land in this respect is due to many causes, and the difficulties to be surmounted are so many and varied that a rapid advance in this direction is hardly to be expected for a few years to come. The Luxemburger workman, born in the lap of a lethargising Church, has hitherto contented himself with the crumbs of false comfort accorded to him by a religion which frowns upon the slightest attempt at protest against his hard and comfortless lot. As a consequence he has been extremely conservative in matters of reform concerning his own betterment, and has hitherto turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of those wicked men, who show the depths of their depravity by daring to think otherwise than the very reverend village potentates. But with the rapid development of the mining industry, the Luxemburger is beginning to think for himself and to open his eyes to the stern reality of his misery. But much still remains to be done, and the lack of initiative amongst the workmen is not one of the least hindrances to be overcome. Cohesion is altogether wanting in the working-classes. Esprit de corps, that spirit of holding together through thick and thin, so necessary to lasting success, seems to be a feeling which is foreign to the Luxemburger national character. The reading of newspapers is very restricted; in fact, it is computed that 95 per

cent. of the workmen read nothing at all. Consequently they hear almost nothing of public opinion, or the progress made in other countries, which would encourage them to stand up more manfully for their rights, and for this reason they are all the more easily deceived by Clerical and capitalist lies. Another obstacle to the effective organisation of the working-classes here is the smallness of the land, which does not permit the development of an organisation rich and powerful enough to protect its most vital interests. And not only this narrowness of area, but also the difference between the heterogeneous nationalities, thrown here together pell-mell, contributes largely to hinder harmonious combination. Let us now turn our attention to the results so far obtained, which, unfortunately, are not very great.

The first co-operative society was started in Esch, 1903, by a lawyer, in conjunction with the newly-formed Socialist Party. The capital was between 15,000 and 20,000 f., but, owing to gross mismanagement and the lack of business capacity of the promoters, the venture was doomed to failure from the outset, and after a short time the whole concern went by the board. Several other attempts were made at about the same time in a small way, but the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the members and the desperate resistance of the small retail dealers did not allow the most of them a long lease of existence. At present the most important of them are three founded by the railway men in Luxemburg, Bettemburg, and Ulflingen, that of the workers in the tobacco factory, and another started by the Government officials. They only number a few hundred members each, the largest being the last, with close on 400. Its history has been marked by an incident which serves to show the nature of the difficulties in the way. For some time past the officials have been demanding an increase of salary, and it seemed as if they were on the point of seeing their hopes fulfilled as the co-operative society was founded. The shopkeepers and other tradespeople of the capital soon began to experience an appreciable falling-off in their profits, caused by the withdrawal of so many customers, and, deeply concerned for their money-bags, they immediately made use of their influence in the Chamber to prevent the hoped-for rise in salary. This was an easy task for them, and the Government was prevailed upon to this piece of injustice. The officials were given to understand that, since the cost of living was now less for the members of the society, the necessity of an increment existed no more; but if the concern were dissolved nothing would stand in the way of granting it. These veiled threats had no effect, as the officials were not to be so easily persuaded to give up the substantial advantages derived from co-operation. And events have proved them to be in the right, for the coveted increase has just been granted, though of course the high-placed officials are the ones to benefit most.

So much for co-operation. Turning to trade unionism we find

that as far back as 1870 a glove-makers' union existed, but in reality it was only a friendly society, and confined its activity to the maintenance of sick members, etc. It was founded under the auspices of the employers themselves, and never had the courage to strike once. The same was the case with the tanners' union, and we have to wait till 1904 before we find a really serious attempt to form a trade union in the modern acceptation of the word. This time it was a knifegrinder, Thilmany, who was the life and soul of the whole movement. This remarkable young man, whose scholastic career ended at twelve years of age, was early moved by the sight of the misery in the midst of which he was brought up, and burning with the desire of alleviating the sufferings of his brother unfortunates, he threw himself, with the whole force of his energetic character, into politics at the age of 20, and was one of the founders of the new Social-Democratic Party. But soon dissatisfied with the want of sincerity and enthusiasm of his new comrades he founded, with the help of a few choice spirits, a purely Labour and Freethought Party. He then conceived the idea of forming a union of all workers in the metal trades, and with untiring energy he journeyed through the land and gathered the nucleus of the present metal workers' trade union. The commencement was small, only 60 responding to the call. But Thilmany and his comrades were not so easily discouraged. Comprehending that their unaided efforts were insufficient to create a national combination, imposing enough and able to gain the confidence of the large and hesitating majority, they decided to affiliate themselves to a more powerful organisation, possessing the necessary funds and influence, alone capable of a permanent success over the capitalists. Therefore, in August of the same year, they joined the Deutscher Metallarbeiterverband, one of the biggest trade unions in Germany. There are now over 1,000 members on the rolls, and Thilmany, the humble "Scherenschleifer," has now the proud distinction of being the first permanent secretary of the Luxemburg Branch. Of course, detractors are not wanting to insinuate that he has now attained his ambition and battens upon the hard-won earnings of his dupes, all because he draws £8 a month salary! But what does the sturdy knifegrinder care about such calumnies? He is now settling down quietly to learn French and German and to generally make up for lost time in his studies, so that he can later on worthily represent the Labour Party in the Chamber.

The history of trade unionism in Luxemburg is thus exhausted, or, to be more correct, it has only now begun. A beer-brewers' union was started last month, but is still in its cradle. The affiliation with the Germans was undoubtedly the best course for the Luxemburgers to pursue, as now they are in a position to properly defend their own interests, whereas isolated they would fall an easy prey to the overwhelming forces arrayed against them.

The tendency of the Grand Duchy is to gravitate more and

more towards Germany, on which it is economically dependent. The new tariff that came into force in Germany last March has appreciably affected Luxemburg, which, as is known, is in the German Customs Union. Indeed, many prophesy already the future Germanisation of Luxemburg, and though this may still be far off, the continual growth of German influence is not to be ignored, and as a natural corollary, the old senseless hatred of the Teutons is dying out. In its place has sprung up a bowing and scraping to, and an imitation of the Prussian idol, which is just as devoid of common sense as the former dislike. Though trade unionism has profited by the incorporation in the German organisations, the predominance of the latter nation on the railways has not been for the best. Here they try to suffocate the first feeble articulations of a new-born, conscious proletariat by the crudest of methods, viz., by forbidding their servants to belong to any trade union or Social-Democratic Federation whatever, under pain of dismissal. The Germans, with their higher scientific education and their better spirit for organisation, are welcome and productive of much good to this country, but their conservative, stupidly patriotic predilection for the iron rod of a military-like discipline would be a great misfortune for this land, whose inhabitants are brought up to pray and grovel in fear before the great Unseen, and who are, therefore, all the more likely to cringe before the more visible power of man.

We have now finished our survey of this curious little land, so happy in its political situation, but so commonplace and so like to its neighbours in its every-day life. The germs of happiness resulting from this fortunate position are left totally undeveloped, and what under a wise and democratic government could easily be a little model State, is, alas, not a whit better or happier than its neighbours. The real enemy to its progress is to be found in Clericalism, that lies like a blight over the land, paralysing up to now every effort of the lower classes to raise themselves out of the mud in which they were born; and till the people has freed itself from this deadweight, Luxemburg will remain what it has ever been, the land of reaction, the grave of progress and freethought.

LEON HAROLD DE GACKOWSKI.

## MAY-DAY IN SYDNEY.

The second annual May Day Demonstration was celebrated at the Protestant Hall, Sydney, on Tuesday evening, May 1, by the Australian Socialist League.

The platform was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers, graced by international colours, surmounted by illuminated letters, "A.S.L., May Day, 1906," the whole set off by white letters on a red background: "The World for the World's Workers." The pictures of Karl Marx and the late Andrew Thomson (who, during his lifetime fought strenuously for the cause of Socialism in Australia) adorned the platform. The vast auditorium was well filled by members and sympathisers of the movement. The musical items and speeches were received with enthusiasm, and every point applauded, and all the resolutions were carried unanimously amid prolonged applause without dissent.

Punctually at 7.45 p.m. comrade O. C. Pennington, as chairman, announced the purport of the meeting, after which the musical items were proceeded with. The orchestra played inspiring airs, the "Marseillaise" and International Anthem being excellently rendered by a male choir. At the conclusion of an excellent and varied musical programme the more serious business of the evening was proceeded with. I herewith cull some brief extracts of the speeches from the "People," the only organ of revolutionary Socialism published in Australia, space precluding me giving a full report. Comrade J. Batho, upon being called to move the first resolution, said:—

That night throughout the world the organised working class were this May-Day demonstrating their solidarity and extending their greetings to comrades in every land. On this May-Day the same protest against the present system of private ownership of the land and machinery of production which was responsible for the enslavement of the working class, which the Australian Socialist League were that night making, was on that Inter-

national Labour Day being made by their class in every tongue and land. Twelve months ago he (Comrade Batho) had stood upon that platform and moved the same resolution, and since that time the workers' economic condition had not bettered (a voice: "It's worse")—yes, in fact, had become worse, and therefore no occasion arose for alteration of the resolution of the previous year. The first resolution was moved as follows:—

"We working-class men and women greet the organised class-conscious Socialists of the world, and declare with them that the wage-worker is to-day under capitalism a mere commodity, subject to all the fluctuations of the labour market, and we declare with them that the palliative and restrictive proposals of labour and reform parties will fail to improve the industrial, economic, and social condition of the wage-working class, all such proposals merely dealing with the effects of an unjust capitalist system (of ownership of nature and tools), but repudiate all such parties and their so-called Socialistic proposals, and, with the class-conscious Socialists of the world, declare that the capitalist system of private ownership of the land and tools of production must be abolished, and a system of collective ownership of the land and tools of production established in place thereof before any real improvement can materialise for the wage-working class."

The worker under capitalism was a mere commodity—a merchandise, and therefore up for sale. This twentieth century, surrounded as we are with all the science and ingenuity of the past and present, supposed to be possessed with intellect and reason, yet, in spite of all this, faced with a condition in which 75 per cent. of the people came under the category of commodities. Alongside meat and cattle markets was the labour market, in which working men were degraded.

Capitalism divided society into warring atoms. Not only were the workers engaged in a competitive struggle for existence, but also the individual capitalists. In the fight for markets the capitalist who could reduce the cost of production stood supreme on the economic field. The small middle class were being wiped out, and in Australia, which as yet was largely middle-class economically, they were gradually being swallowed up by the larger competitors. At the conclusion of this vigorous speech by comrade Batho, comrade H. Ostler rose to second the resolution amid applause, and in the course of his speech referred to the hopeless condition of the working class under capitalism, the different points brought out being frequently applauded.

He dealt vigorously with the social problems of to-day, and, in referring to capitalism, said the capitalist was supposed by many people to be the benefactor of society, instead of which the capitalist was a social bug, which fastened itself on the back of the working class, and until the working class threw the capitalist parasite from

their backs the working class would continue to suffer. So long as the few owned the whole means of life, those who owned nothing would be dependants on those who own, and compelled to abide to their dictates.

The modern wage-slave was more degraded than the chattel slave. The latter cost his master something, and the master lost if the slave ran away. The wage-slave costs nothing, and instead of running away, he runs to his master.

To our comrades in every land we send our fraternal greetings, protesting with them against the existing system of working class exploitation, and pledge ourselves to organise and vote and support the Socialist Labour Party; that the dawn of freedom may be brought nearer, when there will be reared a universal brotherhood of man through an economic system in which the land and instruments of production will be owned and controlled and operated by and for the use of the whole people. (Loud applause.)

Resolution carried unanimously.

Comrade Jas. O. Moroney moved the second resolution :—

"We further declare that industrial and economic freedom can only be won by industrial and political organisation and action of a class-conscious Socialist character, and call upon all workers so convinced to support and vote for the only working class and uncompromising Socialist Party in Australia—the Socialist Labour Party.

"This meeting also sends fraternal greetings to the workers of Russia, and expresses sympathy with them in their heroic struggle against the brutal autocracy, in the cause of humane freedom, wishing them success in the noble self-sacrificing efforts being made by the revolutionary Social-Democracy for political freedom and the right of organisation and free speech."

At the conclusion of a forceful and vigorous address the speaker said he would urge all present this May-Day evening to join with the Socialists of every land in a united demand for the collective ownership of the whole means of life. At the coming Federal election the Socialist Labour Party would put forward three candidates for the Senate for whom £25 each would have to be deposited with nomination. The money would be forfeited as it was on the last occasion. But that was the price they had to pay to record Socialist convictions in democratic Australia. Let those convinced fall into line and assist in adding brick upon brick to the structure of the Co-operative Commonwealth, to bring that time when mankind will have :—

Man without a mask,
Earth without a strife,
And every soul enjoying
A full and happy life.

(Loud and continued applause.)

Comrade J. K. Willcox seconded the resolution, and then gave a brief outline of the history of Socialism, and concluded by pointing out that the owning class would fight to the death against the working class dispossessing them of the power to exploit the labour of the producers. Our class must force the struggle into the arena of politics. The class that stood supreme in politics ruled the world. In the working-class possession of political rights, it was imagined that the people ruled, but those political rights were but a robe to shroud the naked dictatorship of the ruling capitalist class. It was the business of the working class to get into politics at the earliest opportunity, that they may march into their inheritance by abolishing the capitalist class and becoming the collective owners of the land and tools of production, and carrying on production for use and not for profit. In Russia to-day men and women were giving up their lives that the working class might enjoy freedom, and some of the most heroic deeds of the centuries were being enacted on Russian soil. The members of the Australian Socialist League gave their leisure-time and paid for their convictions, and those in accord with the resolution should fall into line with the movement, and do their share towards building up a condition that would open opportunities to the human race for a higher and a nobler life. (Applause.)

The resolution was carried unanimously amid enthusiasm. The meeting then closed with three cheers for Socialism.

May-Day was also celebrated by the International Socialist Club at Queen's Hall, Sydney, at which similar resolutions were carried unanimously. Australia and New Zealand are destined to hold aloft successfully the flag of Socialism in these southern seas.

WILLIAM FERGUSSON.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our comrade Upton Sinclair has the following in this month's "World's Work and Play":—

The Socialist Party, with 30,000 members in good standing, is organised in 36 States, with headquarters in Chicago. It has 2,000 "locals," of at least six members each, some having a thousand. The applicant for membership signs a statement that he recognises the "class struggle" as the fundamental fact of present society, and renounces other political parties. Should he not act upon this doctrine he is liable to expulsion, and when he runs for office, he must sign a resignation which may be enforced if he violate Socialist tactics. By this means the party ensures its attitude of "no compromise," which is the essence of proletarian Socialism all over the world.

The party is managed upon a basis of unrestricted democracy. Its candidates are named by conventions of delegates chosen by vote in the locals. Convention acts are always subject to referendum revision; and all important measures are submitted to the vote of the membership in any case. Women are admitted upon equal terms with men. At the last International Socialist Congress, delegates from Russia and Japan shook hands upon the platform. This congress (1904) was attended by 455 delegates from 25 countries—India, Argentina, Finland, Servia and Australia were there—estimated to represent 28,000,000 Socialists, or a vote of 7,000,000.

The Socialists carry on their campaign the year round. Their labour is for the most part voluntary and unpaid; the Socialist Party has no fund save such as wage-workers can contribute. Expenditures are mostly for clerical work, printing and

distributing literature, and expenses of speakers. The national office now keeps in the field 22 organisers, who travel, hold meetings, circulate literature, and explain the principles of Socialism. The State organisations and some larger locals also keep men at work. During the campaign of 1904, the State organisation of Illinois kept 45 speakers in the field and distributed half a million pieces of literature. The vote in the city of Chicago rose from 14,000 in 1902, to 46,000 in 1904.

In the campaign of 1904, the fund at the disposal of the National Secretary's Office amounted to about £6,600. For the first time in its history the party nominated presidential electors in every State. The candidates for President and Vice-President spoke every evening after September 1, and sometimes in the afternoon. The Debs meetings were extraordinary. The largest halls were engaged; admission was charged to all the meetings; and yet, rain or shine, the halls were packed and people left over for another meeting of the same size. The candidate travelled from Maine to Oregon, and addressed probably 250,000 people. It is said that Senator Depew had an audience of less than 200 people on the night that Debs spoke in Carnegie Hall, when the morning papers said 6,000 people were turned away. The only States where the vote did not increase materially were Colorado and Massachusetts, and this is attributed to local causes—the desire of the labouring classes to defeat Peabody in the former State, and to elect Douglas in the latter.

In 1898, only three Socialist papers in English were published in the United States, and their combined circulation was less than 50,000. There are now half-a-dozen papers having what might be called a national scope, and about 100 smaller papers. The largest circulation is that of the "Appeal to Reason," a four-page weekly propaganda sheet, published at Girard, Kansas. Its paid circulation is more than 250,000. During 1904 the editions averaged more than 400,000, several exceeded 700,000, and one touched the million mark. In December, 1905, the "Appeal" issued the so-called trust edition, of which the paid advance orders, as certified under oath, were more than 3,000,000 copies. This was the largest edition of any paper ever printed. The "Appeal" declined £5,000 worth advertising for it. This paper has a monthly income of about £2,000, the surplus of which is turned over to the campaign fund. Another journal of interest is "Wilshire's Magazine," a monthly edited by Gaylord Wilshire, a California millionaire, who has expended most of his fortune in building up a magazine which is now taking 1,000 subscriptions a day. It was refused admission as second class mail-matter by the post office, because, in the phrase of the authorities, it was published to advertise "its publisher's ideas." The magazine, was, therefore, published in Canada for two years.

The "International Socialist Review" is edited in Chicago by A. M. Simons, who, with his wife, also conducts a Socialist correspondence school. (There are two other Socialist schools in Chicago, and an endowment of £40,000 has recently been left to found a Socialist college in New York.) The "Review" is published by Chas. H. Kerr Company, a co-operative publishing house which has 1,000 shareholders and sells at cost 500,000 books and pamphlets a year. The "Worker," a weekly newspaper, is the organ of the party in New York. In Milwaukee the organ is the "Social-Democratic Herald," edited by Victor L. Berger.

Another recent and interesting development is the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, of which Jack London is president. This is a society organised for the purpose of interesting college students in the subject. It is now forming study chapters in a number of colleges and high schools, and is planning to edit a College Men's Edition of several of the Socialist papers, and to put a copy of one of these into the hands of every college student in the country.

So much for the organisation and growth of the party; there remains to outline its aims. The Socialist doctrine is, that the evils of present-day Society are the consequences of industrial competition nearing its end and collapse. Just as in France when monarchy became no longer endurable, the people seized the powers of government, the Socialists desire the people to seize, by means of the ballot, the industrial machinery of the country, and establish an industrial Republic. This involes the confiscation, gift, or purchase—for a small sum, in time of panic—of all capital, and its democratic administration for the equal benefit of all. "Capital," as here used, is to be distinguished from "private property," the latter is houses, lands, machinery, etc., owned and used for his own benefit, while "capital" is houses, lands, machinery, etc., not used, but rented to others for wages. The Socialists anticipated that the actual managers of these latter will become Government officers, that prices will be reduced to abolish dividends, the plants being operated as the post-office is now operated, at cost. Ultimately this change would make industrial equality a fundamental principle of government, as political equality has already become. This would mean the abolishing of poverty, and consequently of prostitution and crime, and it would put an end to war, which is now caused by competition for markets, not by race animosities.

"Utopian Socialism," which believed that the Co-operative Commonwealth could be established at once upon a small scale, is now almost extinct. The modern "scientific Socialist" believes that the end of the competitive wage system will come by a revolutionary change affecting the whole of society at once, and coming as the end of a long process of industrial evolution.

## FRENCH POLITICS AND THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Mr. L. Jerrold writes an article on the above in the July "Contemporary Review." He says:—

It is small wonder that the average Englishman has ceased trying to understand French home politics, for France herself does not always know what to make of her own politicians. To any man, even a Frenchman, who comes fresh to the subject, the state of French parties is a Chinese puzzle. Perhaps one reason may be that nowhere else in Europe is "la politique" more thoroughly a game. . . . . The "wave of public opinion" is a stock phrase with us, because the thing is familiar. But in France the depths of national character are stiller and steadier than in England. The people rarely eggs its politicians; they often entice it beyond its own intentions. . . . .

The Chamber of 1902 comprised 46 Socialists, 69 Socialist-Radicals, 157 Radicals, 193 Progressists, 49 Nationalists, 35 Royalists and Bonapartists who had "rallied" to the Republic, and 41 who had not. Parties to-day do not correspond exactly with those of four years ago. The new Chamber, finally returned on May 20 last, consists (three election being still doubtful) of: 54 United Socialists, 22 Independent Socialists, 246 Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, 7 Dissentient Radicals, 77 Republicans, 66 Progressists, 23 Nationalists, 96 Liberals, Bonapartists and Royalists. It must be explained at once that among the above the Liberals are Conservatives and the Progressists are Moderates; that is a typical beauty of French party politics. The word "Liberal" in its present sense is a new invention, and means, substantially, an opponent of the Disestablishment of the Churches, now an accomplished fact. The "Progressists" are an older group which formerly clustered round the champion of Protection, M. Méline, now a Senator. They represent the extreme Conservative wing of the Republican Party. They would probably be in a Republican Opposition under a Monarchy. The "Liberals" might form a Liberal Constitutional Party under an absolute Monarchy. Many of them pretend to be Republican, but they almost invariably vote with the Royalists. The names of the others are less paradoxical. There is no humbug about the ever, though slowly, dwindling group of Royalists and Bonapartists. The Republic to them is "la gueuse," and the aim of their political activity, which they know to be unattainable, is to "strangle the strumpet." One type of leader in the combined Royalist and Bonapartist Party—for opposition to the Republic has made strange bedfellows—was Paul de Cassagnac, truculent, swash-buckling Imperialist, who foamed at the mouth in

print every morning for over a quarter of a century, and now is flabbily succeeded by his son. The Socialist Party would feel lost had it not the small, staunch Monarchist battalion to balance it at the other end metaphorically, for in the present Chamber the Socialists overflow, and some Extreme Left members are installed among the Extreme Right like wolves in the fold.

. . . . .

. . . . Of the mass of 246 Radicals and Socialist-Radicals there is little to say. Their opinion represents the continuous policy of the Third Republic, with developments, but no essential changes. The two main "platforms," resolute adherence to Disestablishment and support of the proposed income-tax, are hardly as revolutionary as the time-serving and rigid principle, human knowledge of the world and inhumanly uncompromising faith. They are opposite poles, and it looks as if the Socialist Party in the Chamber would henceforth be drawn round the Guesde pole. It would be too much to say absolutely that Guesde is the negative and Jaurès the positive, but that would be true enough of their position in the relative world of practical politics.

Jaurès did much more to acclimatise Socialism among the mass of Republican politicians than any other Socialist leader. . . . . The party during the last Parliament gained a position in French political life to which it could never have pretended before. . . . . Royalists ranted and Socialists spoke like Cabinet Ministers. The impression on steady public opinion was deep, and was not forgotten at the elections, though it is true that Guesde has been returned. A country thirsting for common-sense found an unsuspected measure of it in the Socialist Party.

The question now is whether Guesde will not drive it out of the Party. A convinced, consistent, self-denying prophet can do much mischief. He may succeed in calling back the Party into its closed pen of principle and shutting again every gate that opened on to common human life. The Party will then lose all that it gained in outside influence under Jaurès. Even the small French peasant landholder, the most confirmed individualist in Europe for obvious reasons of his own, began to smile less suspiciously than of yore upon the genial Socialism of bonny, bluff, red-faced M. Jaurès, admiring his 'cuteness. Guesde, the prophet, with a prophet's beady, flashing eye and ascetic face, would frighten him almost back into Clericalism again. In the Chamber, Jaurès, with his clarion voice and marvellous gift of the gab, interests and moves the House, while Guesde bores it. On the other hand, Guesde will heckle the Government, and thus may entertain. For while the prophet's influence may be bad for his party, it will certainly be worse for Cabinet Ministers. If the party listens to Guesde—and he commands the respect which goes to all sectarians because of their consistency—there will be no more bloc, or a

reduced one with the Socialists hovering on its extreme left, now backing it up, now letting it unexpectedly and heavily drop.

Already Jaurès, himself, has lost no time in asserting Socialist independence with that full-toned eloquence of his. Of course, this move is partly the result of his great and long quarrel with Clémenceau, which began with Morocco and grew with the mining strikes and his adversary's acceptance of office; but it is also plainly a march stolen on Guesde. Jean Jaurès must not seem less a whole-souled prophet than Jules Guesde.

## THE AWAKENING OF WOMEN IN GERMANY.

Havelock Ellis has an article on the above in this month's "Fortnightly Review." After dealing with the position of German women as she once was and still is supposed to be, Mr. Ellis says:

"The Social-Democratic movement, which has so largely overspread industrial and even intellectual Germany, prepared the way for a less traditional and idealistic way of feeling in regard to these questions. The publication by Bebel, a quarter of a century ago, of a book in which the leader of the German Social-Democratic Party set forth the Socialistic doctrine of the position of women in society, marked the first stage in the new movement. This book has had an enormous sale, and can scarcely fail to have exercised a wide influence, more especially on uncritical readers. It is, indeed, from a scientific point of view, a worthless book—if a book in which genuine emotions are brought to the cause of human freedom and social righteousness may ever be so termed—but it stuck a rude blow at the traditions of Teutonic sentiment. With something of the rough tone and temper of the great peasant who initiated the German Reformation, a man who had himself sprung from the people, and knew of what he was speaking, here set down in downright fashion the actual facts as to the position of women in Germany, as well as what he conceived to be the claims of justice in regard to that position, slashing with equal vigour alike at the absurdities of conventional marriage and of prostitution, the obverse and the reverse, he declared, of a false society. The emotional renaissance with which we are here concerned seems to have no special, and certainly no exclusive, association with the Social-Democratic movement, but it can scarcely be doubted that the permeation of a great mass of the German people by the Socialistic conceptions, which in their bearing on women, have been rendered so familiar by Bebel's

exposition, has furnished, as it were, a ready-made sounding-board, which has given resonance and effect to voices which might otherwise have been quickly lost in vacuity."

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND BIRMINGHAM—THE POLITICAL RIDDLE.

In an interesting article on the above subject in this month's "Fortnightly Review," Mr. George Benyon Harris controverts the popular idea that Birmingham has always been the pioneer of municipal progress :—

". . . . Until recently its public buildings were barns and its shops warehouses; and when, at last, inspired by a sudden and eccentric aspiration to do something really great in the way of building, they told their architect to build a Town Hall, it stood for years, as the Parthenon on a modern coal-pit would stand, as a Puritan in Paradise, or an undertaker at a wedding would stand, anachrostic, white-elephantine and alone. Men are yet quite young who saw their Council-House, their Law Courts, and their General Hospital built, and their Corporation Street driven through a collection of fetid courts and hovels to which even a cottage property-owner would have hesitated to give the name of houses, and these are the only public buildings the city possesses. . . . ."

And, in an appreciation of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he concludes :—

"Like the tallness of the pine upon the Norwegian hills, the political altitude of Mr. Chamberlain is not due to *depth*, but rather to the congenial nature of the soil in which the tentacles are fixed. But the unerring instinct by which, in those early times, he lured and won the reluctant confidence of the men of Birmingham, pales into insignificance before the sagacity by which, during thirty years, he has been able to maintain it against the assaults of his enemies. During a period of thirty years this marvellous relationship has menaced, it has overthrown, it has set up Ministries and rulers, and while it subsists the steps of any party to which, for the ime being, it is opposed, are on the thin crust of a volcano."

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## CATHOLIC SOCIETIES TO COMBAT SOCIALISM.

The German Volksverein, or popular union, was founded some 15 years ago to counteract the growth of atheistic Socialism. As a national organisation it resembles in its perfection and ramifications great systems like Freemasonry or Jesuitism. The French sociologist, M. Eugene Tavernier, has given the Volksverein close study, and publishes in the Paris "Correspondant" the results of his investigations:—

"It is hard to conceive of any organisation more far-reaching as a national influence than the central bureau of the German Volksverein. Secular as well as spiritual in its propaganda, it already controls the thought and frequently the political activities of some 480,000 Germans. With headquarters at Gladbach, in Westphalia, its supreme chief is Pastor Piepier. Its function is to promote the advancement of Christian social reform in its economic and religious aspects. Frankly admitting that the Roman Catholic Church has been remiss in its activities in stemming the tide of atheistic Socialism in Germany, it has undertaken to carry out its programme by showing the working classes that it is possible to co-ordinate popular reform and the practice of the Roman Catholic faith. There is, however, nothing hierarchical in the organisation, which is democratic in every sense.

"The main instruments of the propaganda are literature and oratory. Besides a corps of 3,500 travelling representatives who supervise the general work of the provinces, it also has in small towns and villages some 20,000 active agents known as 'confidential men,' who not only distribute literature on current industrial and religious topics, to local residents of the Catholic faith, but also are zealous proselytisers.

"Membership of the organisation costs but 25 cents. a year, in return for which each adherent is supplied every month with

pamphlets, manuals, and tracts dealing in a lucid manner with all questions that concern the welfare of the workingman. The Gladbach bureau supplies, moreover, 3,800 newspapers with weekly letters. In 1905 7,500,000 tracts were distributed.

"An important department of the organisation is that known as the 'People's University,' consisting of free courses of instruction in economic science delivered during ten weeks of the year by doctors of political economy. Workmen delegates from various centres attend these lectures, the necessary transportation and living expenses being defrayed for each delegate from the fund of the club to which he belongs. On their return home these delegates give their fellow-clubmen the benefit of the instruction they have received at Gladbach."

## AN IDEAL INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

Switzerland with its "initiative" and "referendum" has often been held up as the ideal democracy. Now, in the instalment of Charles Edward Russell's "Soldiers of the Common Good," in the April "Everybody's," Switzerland is held up as the ideal industrial as well as political State. "And by what art? The simplest in the world, the simplest and surest. Direct government by the people, equality, fraternity, the old ideals of Swiss freedom unsmirched and unimpaired, the spirit as resolute against modern as it was against medieval feudalism have wrought these things. The Swiss have perceived that, however names change, the principle of the contest remains the same."

One of the main reasons why the Swiss do so well, industrially, is that everything is done out in the daylight:—

"The hand of the Government is upon every corporation, big or little, public or private, that transacts a dollar's worth of business in Switzerland. Every Swiss corporation must publish at regular intervals in each year a detailed and exact statement of its condition, the amount of business it has transacted, its profits and the disposition thereof—all in plain black and white. The penalties for juggling with the figures are such that the corporation do not dare to lie; for in Switzerland no distinctions are drawn between corporation rascality and individual rascality, and the officers are held personally responsible for the corporation's acts. The Government provides an official periodical for these reports; no stock company can escape its columns. Moreover, a corporation in Switzerland has no chance to play tricks on its stockholders. Any two stockholders can at any time demand to see the books or

know anything they wish to know about the concern. If a corporation should refuse the information, the stockholders would go into court and the court would in an hour have the whole thing into sunlight and some of its officers on the road to jail. In Switzerland they know what corporations are and take no chances."

The working out of the Swiss corporation laws and practice in the case of the railroads is most interesting to us just at present. On January 1, 1901, all but two of the leading Swiss lines passed into the hands of the Government.

"The general plan of the purchase was to capitalise the earning power of the railroads on a 4 per cent. basis. As the value is entirely dependent ultimately on earning capacity, this was the only fair hypothesis upon which to proceed. The average net earnings of the preceding years were, therefore, taken. This multiplied by 25 would determine the capitalisation which would earn 4 per cent. The sum total for the roads involved, by this method of calculation, was about $186,000,000.

"The Swiss believe they have reaped solidly from their bargain. Their railroad service has been increased and extended; about 10 per cent. more trains are run. Rates, passenger and freight, have been reduced, for the Government took the lowest rate in force anywhere on any of the railroads, and made that the standard rate for all the railroads, a reduction of about 4 per cent. The quality of the service has been bettered. Road-beds, tracks, and stations have been replaced and rebuilt. When the Government bought the roads most of them were single-tracked; it is engaged in double-tracking all the important lines. New kinds of reduced fare tickets have been introduced. The system has been unified. New connections have been established.

"Moreover, the investment seems to be profitable. The expenditures required to put the lines into good condition have been large, but they have been met out of the profits of operation. More than $330,000 has been put aside every year for the sinking-fund to cover the purchase-price. The interest on the bonds has been provided. At the same time wages have been increased and more men are employed. All employees have now one day of rest in seven, annual holidays, sick and disabled benefits, increased pay with length of service up to certain limits, and pensions when they are retired.

"There are no rebates, discriminations, nor special privileges in Switzerland. In Switzerland a man buys transportation exactly as we buy postage stamps. It makes no difference who the purchaser is, rich or poor, good fellow or bad, friend of mine or enemy, campaign subscriber or not, manufacturer or day-labourer, he gets exactly the same rate always, invariably, inflexibly the same. And it makes no difference whether he ship one car or a million, he gets the one rate always."—"Public Opinion," New York.

## POVERTY, THE MODERN HEROD.

Children of the poor and children of the rich start with an equal physical chance for life. According to the evidence adduced by John Spargo in his recently published book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children,"* the number born healthy and strong is not greater among the well-to-do classes than among the poorest. The problem is not ante-natal; it is wholly post-natal. What tremendous sociological significance this experience of thousands of obstetricians has is readily seen. The father and grandfather have not to be reckoned with. Were the social programme adequate an entire generation could be taken in hand and elevated at a jump—that is, physically. Deterioration does not begin until the baby life is launched. The modern Herod is not heredity, according to Mr. Spargo; it is environment—poverty of nourishment and air, unsanitary and bad economic conditions.

How appalling is the modern slaughter of the innocents is brought out by Mr. Spargo's figures. "Of a total of 587,830 deaths in England and Wales in 1900, no less than 142,912, or more than 25 per cent. of the whole, were infants under one year, and 35.76 per cent. were under five years of age." Medical authorities testify that this excessive death-rate is due largely to preventable causes, and Mr. Spargo concludes that "there is no good reason for doubting that the present death-rate means that more than 70,000 little baby lives are needlessly sacrificed each year." It is generally supposed that our death-rate of children is far below England's. Deaths under one year in the United States in 1900 were 199,325, and under five years 317,532, not a great difference in our favour.

"If we make an arbitrary allowance of 20 per cent. in America to account for slight improvement shown by death-rates and for other differences from England, and regard 30 per cent. of the infantile death-rate as due to socially preventable causes, instead of 50 per cent. as in the case of England, we have an appalling total of more than 95,000 unnecessary deaths in a single year. And of these 'socially preventable' causes there can be no doubt that the various phases of poverty represent fully 85 per cent., giving an annual sacrifice to poverty of practically 80,000 baby lives"—a number equal to the entire male baby population under a year old of the State of New York. "Poverty is the Herod of modern civilisation."

The two succeeding sections of Mr. Spargo's book deal specifically with two great phases of the child problem, the school child and the working child. The school child is treated in con-

* "The Bitter Cry of the Children." By John Spargo. Pp. 337, $1.50. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

nection with the problem of nourishment, and indeed the investigation which resulted in the book itself was prompted by Robert Hunter's statement last winter that 70,000 school children in New York go to school every morning underfed or improperly fed. This question was treated in "Public Opinion," February 18, 1905. According to Mr. Spargo's summary of investigations in New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago, out of 40,746 school children, 14,121, or 34.65 per cent., had come to school breakfastless or with only bread and coffee or tea. His conclusion is that there are 2,000,000 improperly fed school children in the United States.

The factory system as it applies to the child is very fully and succinctly developed by Mr. Spargo and shows the condition in England to be far worse than in the United States, although every step in advance here is bitterly fought by employers. The two interests employing the greatest number of children are the textile and glass industries, both of which have been treated in "Public Opinion," the most recent article being in the issue of December 16, 1905. Mr. Spargo estimates that in this country there are 2,250,000 child workers under 15 years of age. The textile industries rank first, with 13.3 per cent. of their employees under 16 years of age, of which 60,000 under 14 are in southern cotton mills. The glass industry employs 7,000 boys, mostly at night work, and mines employ a large number of breakers. Tobacco industries employ many, and the number in sweat-shops and at home-work is beyond estimate.

The excuse for child labour is its cheapness. But scarcely a sentence is necessary to puncture the argument that pits cost of production against the value of human life. Nevertheless, it is for his programme of remedial measures that Mr. Spargo will be most criticised. Doubtless, it is so near Socialism as to be indistinguishable from it, and yet until a better programme is proposed who can justly say that this charge invalidates it? Among the reforms that ought to be made, Mr. Spargo outlines a better supervision of bringing the child into the world and a large extension of maternity hospitals; the prohibition of the employment of women six weeks before and after child-birth, and some provision for the mother's support while work is prohibited for her. Pensions to mothers dependent on their earnings and to widows should follow ultimately, but meanwhile we must content ourselves with the establishment of crèches or day-nurseries. Pure milk pasteurized according to the Straus system would save many more lives. There should also be some sort of education for motherhood for working-women, time, if necessary, to be taken from working hours, but not at night after work; school and visiting nurses should be increased in numbers, and a law should be passed by the national Government allowing municipal health departments to frank educational literature on these subjects. In view of an investigation which showed that 51 per cent. of artificially fed children die in the

first year against 8 per cent. of nursed children, State and Federal inspection of patent infant foods should be rigorous. For the school child the programme should be based on "Education after bread," and include school dinners and medical inspection that really discovers defects in eyes, ears, teeth, nerves, and lungs, and remedies them, if possible, as well. A uniform minimum national standard of child labour to be made more stringent by various States if they desire it would solve the problem of the working child. Mr. Spargo proposes that the minimum should be that no child under 15 should be employed at all, and none under 18 in dangerous employments.

"The co-operation of all the constructive forces in society, private and public," concludes the author, "is necessary if the children are to be saved from the evils by which they are surrounded, and the future well-being of the race made possible and certain. Here is the real reconstruction of society—the building of healthy bodies and brains."—"Public Opinion" (New York).

## AGE LIMIT OF INEBRIETY

If a man has not indulged in alcohol to excess before the age of 25, he is not likely to do so at all, we are told by an editorial writer in "American Medicine," who bases his conclusions on the investigations of Dr. Charles L. Dana. Inebriety, he tells us, usually sets in before the age of 20, and few begin to drink to excess after arriving at 30. We read:

"Dana stated that no cases arise after 40 years of age. There is a popular idea, no doubt, that numerous cases do arise after 40, but it is not at all unlikely that investigation into their early histories will bring to light a long series of occasional over-indulgence with some symptoms dating back to childhood. Dana evidently refers to real inebriety in youth, and not to the lapses which so many young men wrongly assume to be a part of their education, nor does he assert that all youthful inebriates are incurable, but merely that old cases began at an early age. Wild oats must be reaped in sorrow and pain, but they do not necessarily choke the whole crop of good seed. These statistics are of such profound significance that it is quite remarkable they have elicited little comment and have not been made the basis of practical measures for the prevention of drunkenness."

The cause of the early incidence of inebriety is not known, but the writer believes that in all cases the craving has a diseased condition as a basis. If a nervously unstable boy is not sufficiently protected until age can bring about greater stability, he will be apt to yield to temptation. But the writer believes that there

are few persons so neurasthenic as to drift into drunkenness or vagabondage no matter what guards surround their childhood. If we can keep a boy straight, then, until he is 20 years old, he is pretty safe, even if he has a tendency to alcoholism. The author, therefore, believes that it is a good plan to pay boys to abstain from alcohol—a "modern movement," as he calls it, which has a "firm scientific basis." He says:

"Every little while we learn of some boy who has been promised a certain sum upon his 21st or 25th birthday or even yearly—the sole condition being abstinence from alcohol, tobacco, or both. The average boy will work for such a price as a matter of course, and it will tide him over the period in which alcohol does the most harm. If it is really true that abstinence until 25 insures a life of sobriety, by all means let the scheme be extended to more boys until it becomes fashionable. Boys are sticklers for custom and will shun drink as soon as it becomes bad form. Happily it is a method which cannot possibly do harm even if it is not based upon a true hypothesis—and its possibilities of good seem so large that it would be criminal not to try it. Should the early incidence of alcoholism really mean that it is due to a pathologic nervous instability—and there is no reason to believe it to be so caused except in the minority of cases—then the boy is apt to be abnormal anyway, if not alcoholically then in some other habit. Yet it is reasonable to believe that many of these cases, after a few years of right living with good food, might become sufficiently stable to be in no further danger, and then they could indulge moderately or not, as they please. Perhaps, also, much of the disease is due to poor nourishment in infancy and childhood, so that there are other things to be done beside inducing abstinence in youth. There are many causes to be discovered and eliminated, so that pledges and bribes are only adjuvants after all. We are drifting in the right direction anyhow. Edward Eggleston says:—'It was estimated early in the 18th century that about one building in every ten in Philadelphia was used in some way for the sale of rum,' and in Massachusetts Governor Belcher was afraid that the colony would 'be deluged with spirituous liquors.' The outlook is not so bad that we need worry. We cannot permit nature to evolve national sobriety by her old trick of killing off all the drunkards, the method explained by Dr. G. A. Ried, in his book on alcoholism. It is too expensive in valuable lives—prevention is the new method in this day and generation."—"Literary Digest" (New York).

## A RUSSIAN AGITATOR.

The Russian Revolution has not up to the present produced any hero, any splendid historical personality, behind which the masses can group themselves; no Robespierre, no Danton, no Marat, whose names will be known for ever. The hair-splitters are right. This revolution is a revolution of the anonymous. The wood of Birnam has started walking, and is marching on Dunsinane.

I will try to sketch the life-history of such a nameless one. He is a member of the St. Petersburg Labour Party, a skilled workman, who a month ago was working in a factory at Putelov. What I am telling here is a true story, though it is told in a fragmentary way, for which I must ask the apologies of the reader.

In the year 1877 Vladimir Petrovitch, a youth of 17 years of age, was working at Cronstadt. There he heard foreign sailors talk English, French, and German; he saw wonderful pictures in a panorama; then he first realised that there were wonderful countries abroad, and he seemed to have a wonderful yearning for knowledge; he would learn foreign languages, and would travel through the wide world. And now, after nearly thirty years, his long-desired wish has become true.

From Cronstadt he went to St. Petersburg, and worked there at the great Baltic shipbuilding yard, and helped to build the Bertha; then afterwards at the no less famous Putelov factory. In the years 1879 to 1881 the hopes of the revolutionaries were high at St. Petersburg. The secret societies, "Ziemlja and Wokja," "Czornyi Peredjel," and "Narodnaja Wolja," sowed the first seeds of Socialist revolt, and furnished the first martyrs to the tyranny of the Czar. Illegal newspapers, such as the "Zerno," smuggled from Switzerland under circumstances of great danger, were eagerly read in the Baltic shipyard. As my informant said, with a laugh, even the advertisements were devoured.

In the year 1881 he was imprisoned for the first time. He was then compelled to live in various parts of Russia, and for a whole

year he was under the supervision of the police. After the end of that time he was summoned before the well-known Sudejkin, who tried hard to demoralise and break up the revolutionary party by getting many of its members to become police spies. Sudejkin told him that he would be banished, but he promised that this would not take place and that he would be well paid if he would only enter the service of the police. Sudejkin was not aware that an intimate friend of Vladimir Petrovitch, also a workman, had quite recently stabbed a dangerous police spy. Vladimir Petrovitch appeared to agree to do the dirty work, but the same evening he told all about it to his friends. For three weeks he fooled Sudejkin, but then he had to give it up. (This Sudejkin might well form the subject of a novel by a second Dostojewski who would do justice to his peculiar characteristics. He was eventually murdered by Degajev.) Vladimir Petrovitch was finally ordered to live in his native town of Kostroma. "I had a bad time of it there," he says, "my father was a very hasty, fiery man, often he got drunk and would then beat me, calling out, 'You are a rascal, a murderer of the Czar.' I could get no work, the people pointed me out in the street, or called out after me 'Sizilist,' which means to them something similar to Antichrist."

In the year 1884 he went back to St. Petersburg. The heavy hand of Alexander III. pressed heavily over the whole of Russia like an Alpine hill. The revolution appeared to be dead. Vladimir Petrovitch was, however, indefatigable in his exertions for the movement. He organised at the Bertha works a workers' circle in spite of all danger, and he founded a fund for granting help to exiles and for the propagation of illegal literature. He also sought to carry out his ideas in a legal way. The ideas of Schulze Delitzsch, which had been introduced into Russia by the novel writer Michailov-Scheller, found in him an energetic exponent, and he tried, in spite of great difficulties, to found co-operative societies among workmen. He thus became in touch with students who held private meetings in order to disseminate knowledge on economic and political questions. It is consoling to know that the students and his comrades always tried to preserve him from the police. "We know," he said, "that the students were often punished with extraordinary severity, and the word 'intellectual' had a very great attraction for us." Never shall I forget the brightness of his eyes as we sat late one night in my study, at Vienna, and he told how a man was tracked by spies, how he fled to a suburb, but was there caught by spies and disappeared in the darkness of despotism. "He was a noble man, an ideal man," he said, thoughtfully.

In 1889 Vladimir Petrovitch was again banished. Revolutionary writings were found in his possession. Though he was married and a father of two children, he had to leave the capital and go to Tula, his assigned place of residence. He sold his furniture for a mere song, but gave his books to his comrades. He said to his

wife, "We must do with as little as we can, only keep what is absolutely necessary, for who knows how long I shall be a free man?" He was a skilful worker and soon found work. There were also at Tula other exiled workers, and they soon did what they could to sow the good seed. The primitive workers of Tula were astonished at the skill and dexterity of the new comers, they were able to do all they set their hands to effect. They earned 1 rouble 60 copecks a day, while the other workers could only earn from 80 copecks to 1 rouble and 20 copecks a day. This, at first, produced some dissatisfaction among the workers, but Petrovitch addressed them, saying: "Brothers, if we had reduced your wages then you would have reason to be angry with us, but it is not so. Why do you not ask for an increase of wages?" A fine-looking man, with long hair and a soft voice, he succeeded in obtaining the love and esteem of all his comrades, and even the employers liked him as well as the officials, for all that was known against him was that he had been sent away from St. Petersburg as a "politician." He distributed among the workers copies of the Liberal newspaper "Rjuszkija Vedomosti," and several popular works on science, especially books which had been passed by the Censor. In the famine war of 1891, the yoke of the reaction had been somewhat lighter, and many works of an advanced character were allowed to be circulated. It is remarkable, as Petrovitch says, that many of the factory workers were particularly eager to read some of the masterpieces dealing with the lives of peasants. They felt quite at home in reading the national lyrical epics of men like Zlatovratski or Zassodenski, they particularly enjoyed the perusal of poems of Nekrassor, who has depicted how the young princesses Welkenskaga and Trubetzkaga, in 1825, followed willingly their husbands into exile after the failure of the conspiracy of December of that year. Slowly Petrovitch formed book-clubs at Tula, which became, in time, very prosperous. He encouraged the men to insist on booksellers obtaining valuable works, and started a fund for that purpose, and in that way advanced ideas were disseminated among a large number of men. But he became too active. So once again he was in trouble with the authorities and he was put in prison. He tells touchingly how he took his last walk near Tula with his devoted wife, how he was greeted kindly by many, even by the Liberal police commissary of the place. When in jail he managed even then to do some propaganda, and talked to the head of the Seminary for Priests at Tula, who visited him in his cell. Petrovitch thinks this was done from kindly motives. Even the thieves in the prison listened to him with eagerness, and, as a child of the people, he could speak feelingly to them and show them the consequences of their acts.

After some time he, in 1892, was sent to Kostroma, for nothing could be found against him, yet he was condemned to depart, and he gave himself with renewed vigour to the work of propaganda.

At Kostroma he suffered so much that all his previous trials appeared to be as nothing. Here in his native place every child in the town knew him, and he was branded by every one as a "political" exile. No employer would give him work, and it looked as if he would die of hunger. In this dire need he determined to set up in business for himself, and with the 60 roubles which he had brought from Tula he started in a small way as a silver plater. His friends sent him from St. Petersburg the necessary utensils and materials. With true will and resolution, he began what was quite a new industry for him. But the results at first were very poor. In order to get bread for his family and himself, he went with his concertina into several public-houses, and he also played at the marriage feasts of rich merchants and at the festivals given by rich provincial "lions." One fine day he was arrested and taken by two gendarmes to St. Petersburg. As cholera was raging in the Volga provinces he had to undergo seven days' quarantine under police supervision; then he was questioned and cross-examined, but without any result. So he was allowed to go free, but was told that he must not stay in the capital, but go back to Kostroma. He protested, argued with the official—it was the well-known Von Wahl—but all to no purpose. However, Wahl allowed him to go and see his friends in the suburbs in order to raise money for the voyage, for Petrovitch had nothing. A policeman was told off to accompany him. On the tramway he saw a doctor whom he had known before when he was working at Putelov (the doctor himself was afterwards exiled for having offended some Cossacks). The doctor at once took in the situation and gave him four roubles. Petrovitch did not go and see any other of his friends, lest he should "compromise" them—to use a technical term. With the four roubles he hoped to be able to get to Bologge, where he knew a friendly engine-driver. When he arrived there, however, he could not find him, and he determined to start on his journey on foot, and late at night he arrived, tired out, at Rybinsk, having walked for seventeen hours and done sixty-five kilometres (about 39 miles). He found the engine-driver there, but his friend was not able to give him a free ticket, but he advised him to hide under the seat of a railway carriage. He did so, and cramped, tired, jeered at by the passengers, the tradesman finally arrived home. The next day an angry colonel called on him and indignantly wanted to know why Petrovitch had been so long in replating a samovar which the officer had brought before the artisan was marched off to St. Petersburg. Often at home he had not even a bit of bread, and his neighbours would scornfully say, "Look, you wanted to be clever, and now your children have no boots, and run about the streets barefooted." When he was telling me this, the tears ran down his rugged cheeks. But the brave man never lost heart. In the public-houses listeners would come to his table, and even gendarmes took part in these improvised

characteristic Russian evening discussions. They spoke of the misery of the peasants, of the tricks of the officials, and of the state of the workers in Russia and in Europe. Vladimir Petrovitch never lost an opportunity of obtaining knowledge, and he never failed to impart what he knew to his hearers, and he acquired the art of interpreting what was intended by the newspaper writer, who has skilfully to conceal his meaning so as to pass the Censor: he became a great adept at reading between the lines. He was of great assistance to his hearers, and made great use of the "illegal" pamphlets. He is a born agitator, speaks slowly, sedately—as the Russian always does—avoids all dangerous snares, and tries to make the masses understand. As I was writing this he said, "These pamphlets are certainly very valuable. I, for example, read many of them when I was young, but I did not always understand them. Intellectual persons think they have accomplished their work when they give pamphlets to the people. This reminds me of missionaries who think they have converted the heathen when they have distributed bibles among them." This hard saying is certainly true, but now times have altered. *Agitators, like Vladimir Petrovitch, know how to influence the minds of the people.* He has taught many workers. The first worker, Senga, was his pupil, at whose funeral there was a great demonstration in St. Petersburg, and he has had many others.

Vladimir Petrovitch after some time became more prosperous; he had acquired a certain reputation in his provincial town. The police-master, an enlightened man, would shake hands with him in the street, Radical members of the middle-class, architects, engineers—those known in St. Petersburg as dangerous men—were his friends. They would bring him their samovars to mend, and would take advantage of the opportunity to have a little political conversation. Once he was busy in the club-house of the nobility and he was doing some repairs in the billiard-room. "Gentlemen," said he to them, "you might surely find something else to do than always to play billiards." The Marshal of the nobilty opened his eyes wide. "Ah, gentlemen," said Nikolski, a general of gendarmerie, "you do not know with whom you have to deal. I know him very well, he is an exile, a very intelligent man." And no one called Petrovitch to task for his speech. He also used to do repairs for the local bishop, and Petrovitch was a kind of ruling spirit of Kostroma in all matters relating to the workers. He organised a strike among the weavers, and his workshop was a kind of revolutionary club. Men went in and out, ostensibly on business, but really to talk about the strike and its organisation. He did not dare openly to engineer the affair, not because he was personally afraid, but because he feared that he might do the cause harm, for once five workers were arrested because they associated with him. But with help he accomplished much; he was in correspondence with friends in St. Petersburg,

and he directed agitation in many towns of the Empire. He also organised co-operative societies, trade unions, etc.

In 1900, a congress of Russian workers, under the patronage of the Grand Duke Michael, was held. The poor chose Vladimir Petrovitch as their delegate, but it was sought to cancel the choice. He was called before the Governor, the Police-master, and the head of the gendarmerie, who all tried to intimidate him, but he remained quite firm. His friends collected 20 roubles and he went to St. Petersburg. He took a prominent part in the Congress, and it seemed almost like a Parliament, as debates were held. His footsteps were dogged by spies, and he dared not go and see his friends lest he should betray them. Often he had to sleep on a seat on one of the boulevards. This does not look very promising for the new constitution.

Meanwhile a secret printing press was discovered at Kostroma, and Nikolski was forced to resign. The new head of the gendarmerie, B. Kempen, went to work very energetically, and Vladimir Petrovitch was imprisoned. He was charged with belonging to the Social-Democrats, with having founded a secret press, and with having organised the demonstration on the First of May. He was taken from prison to prison, and finally in 1903 he was banished to Archangel, where he had to live on an allowance of eight roubles a month. A year later he was allowed to return to St. Petersburg, where he played an important part in the agitation of 1904, and he escaped to Vienna, where he now is.

A. T. KAPELUSCH (in "Wiener Arbeiter Zeitung").

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Russian Revolution.**—Another stage in the Russian Revolution was reached when, late in the day of July 21, the Czar arbitrarily dissolved the Duma. When that body was first called into existence it was the hope of the counter-Revolution. Every possible precaution was taken to ensure that it should be nothing more than a sham representative institution and a pliable instrument in the hands of the bureaucratic autocracy. So clearly and generally was this understood, and so brutal and stringent were the measures adopted to secure this result, that it was regarded as useless to make anything of a body so created, and the Russian Social-Democrats, as a rule, boycotted the elections. Yet in spite of all the Duma turned out to be quite a revolutionary body. Our comrades were as delighted as astonished to find themselves so much stronger than they had imagined, and that, in spite of their indifference, some of their number had actually been elected to the Duma. How

much stronger they might have been had they taken an active part in the election it is impossible to say; but the composition of Russia's first Parliament served to show how widespread was the revolutionary sentiment, how strong the revolutionary movement, and how hopeless the efforts of the autocracy to oppose its march. Angry and desperate, Nicholas effected a coup d'état and dissolved the Duma. He has taken the fatal leap into a struggle with the irresistible forces of Revolution.

**The Socialist Inter-Parliamentary Conference.**—The event of the month, or for that matter of the year and of the century, from a Socialist standpoint, was the meeting of the Socialist Inter-Parliamentary Conference. This was a quite unique event in the Socialist movement. When the International Socialist Bureau was formed it was also agreed to establish an Inter-Parliamentary Committee by means of which interchange of ideas between the Parliamentary groups of the Socialist Party in various countries might be maintained, and conferences for the purpose of arranging a simultaneous line of action might be held. The first of these conferences was that held on July 17, 18, and 19 of the present year in London. It is the first time in history that a conference representative of Socialist groups in the Parliaments of the civilised world, as such, has ever been held. It is the first time, indeed, that such a conference could have been held. Never before would it have been possible for such a representative gathering to have been got together. The pity is that, with such an unique opportunity, so little should have been made of it.

**Internationalism and Organisation.**—The fact is that the international movement needs organisation. Never before was it so important that the

Socialist Party should exercise its full influence in international affairs. To-day the organised Socialist Party in all countries is infinitely stronger than ever before; yet it does not exercise international influence in proportion to its increased power. In the days of the "old International"—the International Working Men's Association—the strength of the organised working-class party was infinitesimal compared with what it is to-day. Yet that association caused kings and Governments to tremble, and was the terror of despots all over the civilised world. We need to organise the international movement in relation to the Socialist Bureau at Brussels, so that any pronouncement coming from thence shall be the pronouncement of the whole international Socialist Party, and shall have behind it the whole organised force of that party. All international action should be taken by and with the sanction and co-operation of the International Bureau, and no international business should be transacted through any other channel, and no international conference should be held under any other auspices. Never was it so important as now that the international movement should be consolidated. We cannot afford to have disunity internationally; we cannot afford that the party should speak with different voices; we cannot afford to have fiascos. The International—the new International—must make itself heard, and make itself feared.

**Army Reform.**—The latest scheme of Army Reform, that of Mr. Haldane, is now being discussed by the critics, who do not appear to be at all agreed either as to what should be done, or what the present Secretary of State for War proposes to do. Briefly, Mr. Haldane has had set him an impossible task; that is to place the land forces of the Crown in a state of efficiency and readiness, and at the same time to

reduce expenditure, while avoiding anything in the nature of compulsory service or training. In essaying this impossible task he proposes to create an expeditionary force of 150,000 men—50,000 regulars with the colours, 70,000 reservists and 30,000 volunteers—to reduce the number of men with the colours by 20,000 —the "Times" military correspondent says it means an actual loss of 42,000—and a reduction in the expenditure of £1,000,000, and ultimately £2,000,000. It is clear, however, that the reduction of men is not to be a real reduction to begin with, or the saving would be much greater, and where there are actual reductions it cannot be said, from a military standpoint, that the forces to be reduced have been well-chosen. The expeditionary force, again, it will be seen, is to be a composite one, made up mainly of reservists and volunteers. That being so, it is difficult to see why a still larger proportion of this force should not be made up from the same sources, and the 50,000 men with the colours reduced to a much smaller number, or, better still, to the mere cadres of a military organisation. Beyond this expeditionary force, moreover, Mr. Haldane's scheme makes practically no provision. Anything further is to be supplied by the volunteers. He places great faith in the volunteers, and proposes to give them every encouragement; but no more money is to be spent upon them, or there could be no reduction in expenditure. They are not even to have guns with which they can take the field. The whole scheme simply illustrates the impossibility of maintaining military efficiency with economy, except on the basis of the armed nation.

**South African Atrocities.**—Great indignation has been expressed by the yellow press and the jingo mob over the condemnation of the atrocities of which the natives of South Africa have been the victims.

There have been the usual shrieks about "Little-Englanders," "Anti-Patriots," and all the rest, and the customary efforts to divert attention from the crime by abuse of the accuser. In the present instance, however, these efforts have been unavailing. In spite of the obloquy poured upon him on account of his letter to Mr. Bankhole-Bright, condemning the British crimes against native races, Keir Hardie has stood to his guns and has wrung from the Colonial Under-Secretary admissions which have justified up to the hilt our condemnation of Colonial policy in South Africa and elsewhere. That natives have been massacred in cold blood; that quarter in many cases has been absolutely refused; that the dead have been outraged and mutilated; and that expansive bullets have been in general use against the natives, has now had to be admitted. The irony of it all is that this is being done with a Liberal Government in office, which, if it does not approve of, is compelled to acquiesce in these horrible atrocities. Another illustration of how closely the two parties resemble each other, how hopelessly they are committed to continuity as the underlying principle of their foreign and Colonial policy.

**A Notable Achievement.**—We Socialists can, however, claim to have saved the Government, in spite of its policy of continuity and its cowardice, from a shameful piece of tomfoolery and the nation from being disgraced. Whoever may have been responsible for the initiation of such a scheme, the Government had decided upon sending the British Fleet on a voyage of courtesy to Kronstadt, to do homage to the Muscovite despotism, reeking with the blood of slaughtered peasants and proletarians. We protested, and our protest was given voice to in the House of Commons by Will Thorne and Keir Hardie. Others joined in,

and the protests grew in force and volume. Still the Government remained obdurate. Everything had been settled, the ships had been selected, the plans made, and the visit must be paid. But we persisted in our protest, and at last the Government climbed down. But it had held out too long to do so gracefully, and so it had to be pretended that the suggestion came from the Czar that, in view of the objections raised by certain parties here, it was desirable that the visit of the Fleet should not be paid at this juncture. By this means Sir Edward Grey sought to "save his face," but we have the gratification of having saved the nation from the disgrace of paying homage to the arch-enemy of the Russian people.

**The Brunner Bill.**—Another victory upon which we Socialists have reason to congratulate ourselves is the withdrawal of the Brunner Bill. This Bill, under the specious pretext of amending the Education Acts and extending the means of education, sought to perpetuate and extend the present mischievous system of exemption from school at an early age by making compulsory attendance at evening schools a substitute for attendance at day school. In short, it was a Bill to extend child labour and to facilitate the transfer of children from the school to the factory. Unfortunately, in this case several "Labour members" had foolishly put their names to this mischievous measure, and so in fighting it we had to contend with their opposition. But the feeling we managed to evoke against it was too strong, and the Bill was dropped. It is not at all likely that Sir John Brunner will essay another venture of the kind, but the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and we shall do well to be on guard against similar efforts to enslave and exploit the children.

**Help for the Unemployed.**—On July 19 the President of the Local Government Board made his promised statement of the Government's intentions on the Unemployed question. He dealt at length with the working of the Unemployed Workmen Act, and with the results of the experience gained under that measure. The only good word he had to say in this connection was that the money which had been spent to the best advantage was that which had been devoted to emigration. It is well to remember that every man emigrated had been subjected to the most thorough investigation as to character, antecedents, etc., and only the very pick of those applying were considered eligible to be sent out of the country. Surely it is a peculiar kind of statesmanship which selects the very best to be sent over-sea, and then mocks at the remainder as being lacking in initiative, energy, and independence. Mr. Burns enlarged on the inadequacy of the Act passed by his predecessor, but instead of bringing in a much better one he said he was going to do the best he could with it as it stood, and announced that the Government would set aside £200,000 out of the Consolidated Fund for this purpose. This is but a drop in the ocean, but it will enable him to pose before the country as making an attempt to solve the unemployed problem.

**Sneering at the Workless.**—Very much out of place were the sneers at the men whom Mr. Burns once led in the days before he sold himself to the Liberal Party. He said there were two classes of unemployed: one class that took part in processions, and the other that did not ask for aid from rates and taxes. The first were, of course, the worthless; yet they have forced two capitalist Governments to take up the question of the workless worker. A sentence in his speech claimed our attention: "What they had got to

do was to have the old methods, the old works, reorganised, redistributed, and made more productive, with the higher wages and profits resulting therefrom more wisely spent with better results to all concerned." This sounds very wise: so wise that we may class it with that kind of wisdom usually called claptrap. The President of the Local Government Board knows as well as we do that only when labour is so reorganised, and its products so distributed, as to give to the labourer its full product, instead of being robbed of the greater part of it, will "better results" accrue to the working class. Still, "he would spare no effort to grapple with the temporary problem." Since when has it been temporary? We may rest assured that a man who unstintedly praises emigration, and sneers at the unemployed as wasters and loafers, never will, and never intends, to really grapple with the problem.

**A Labour Victory.**—Congratulations to Mr. Robert Smillie on his gallant fight for Cockermouth. Mr. Smillie is one of the best of the Scottish Miners' leaders, and that is saying a good deal, for they have good men among them. This was his third Parliamentary contest, in each of which he has had to fight both Liberal and Tory opposition. He deserved to win; but although he has not won, he has scored a victory for Labour by the defeat of the Ministerial nominee. The election proves that while the Government is certainly losing in popularity, the Tories are not gaining, but the working-class movement is winning adherents from both sides. We are glad that the Liberal candidate was defeated, and we hope and believe that he owed his defeat to the intervention of the Labour candidate; but it is by no means certain that he would have won even if there had been no Labour candidate in the field. It is a cool assumption

on the part of the Liberals that every vote given to a Labour candidate rightly belongs to them, and would be given to them were there no Labour candidate in the field. On the contrary, the votes given to a Labour candidate, as in the present instance, prove that there are many electors who prefer not to vote for the Liberal, and who only do so for want of a better. Even then, with a third candidate in the field, the Liberal gets many votes which would go to the third man, but for the fear of "letting in the Tory." Of course, with the Second Ballot this fear would be inoperative, and in order to keep their majority, therefore, the Liberals refuse to concede this most important political reform. A few such defeats as that of Cockermouth, however, in which their opponents win with a minority of votes, may convince the Liberals that even from this standpoint the Second Ballot would be useful.

## SOCIALISM AND PARLIAMENTARISM.

In the Socialist movement, as in other human affairs, there frequently arises a tendency to attach disproportionate importance to certain matters, and to give too much attention or consideration to some particular phase, to such an extent that the part comes to be regarded as greater than the whole. Recent events suggest the possibility of a danger of undue importance being given to the Parliamentary side of the Socialist movement. We of the S.D.F. have often been accused of being too Parliamentary and of attaching too much importance to political, to the neglect of other means. But at any rate we have never lost sight of the fact that there are other means, and that in any case and at the best Parliamentary action is only a means to the end, and a Parliamentary group is but the instrument of the Socialist Party, and not the Party. The function of a Parliamentary group is to give voice and expression to the principles and doctrines of the Party, and to carry out its mandate as formulated in the Party congresses and conferences. Such a group must necessarily meet to confer and decide as to the best means and opportunities for giving effect to its mandate, but it is not called upon to formulate its own programme nor to furnish itself with a mandate. That is the rightful function of the Party.

Recent events appear to have made it necessary to

emphasise this point. Here in London there has taken place an event unique in the history of the Socialist movement: a Socialist Inter-Parliamentary Conference. A Conference of Socialist members of the various Parliaments of Europe has been held, for the first time, to consider what steps, simultaneous or other, could be taken by the various groups in their respective Parliaments to aid the Socialist movement and to further international labour legislation. It was a most excellent purpose. The conference owed its origin to the International Socialist Congress, which established an Inter-Parliamentary Committee for the purpose of holding such conferences. It is to be regretted, however, that the Conference should have been called in such a fashion as to leave the Socialist Party as a whole out of its counsels, and in ignorance of the fact until a few days beforehand that such a conference was to be held. As a consequence, that most unique event—a Socialist Inter-Parliamentary Conference—which should have attracted world-wide attention, and might have been productive of great and lasting good for the Socialist movement, passed almost unnoticed. Not only so, but a public demonstration, held in Hyde Park to manifest popular sympathy with the Russian revolutionary movement, at a moment when popular attention and popular sympathy were specially awakened on the side of the Russian people in their struggle with autocracy, received so little advertisement as to be insignificant.

It is not suggested, nor is it conceivable, that this unfortunate mismanagement was deliberately designed, or was the result of anything but oversight or blunder. But such oversights or blunders ought not to occur, and we believe that, in this connection at any rate, they will be avoided in the future. This instance, however, we feel, is in a measure indicative of a tendency to attach undue importance to Parliamentarism, and to regard it as a movement in itself, self-ordering and self-contained, and independent of and superior to

the great movement of which really it is only one of the manifestations.

Nationally, here in the United Kingdom, this tendency is more definitely manifest. So much attention has, necessarily and naturally, been recently paid to Parliamentary affairs and to the election of Socialists to Parliament, that these matters have somewhat overshadowed others, and there is not wanting evidence of a tendency to regard the election of a Socialist to Parliament as of more importance than the propaganda of Socialist principles. Yet Socialism is of vastly more importance than Parliamentarism, and the making of Socialists than their election. The greatest work that a Socialist member of Parliament can do is to help Socialist propaganda, and that, in only a slightly lesser degree, the most obscure member in our ranks can do. The election of a Socialist to Parliament is not so important in itself as in what it signifies. In itself it is simply the outward and visible sign—or should be—of the growth of Socialist thought and knowledge in the hearts and minds of the people. We do not say: The end is everything; the movement is nothing. But we do say that the end is the chief consideration and the movement only secondary. That is the correct view, but it is sometimes obscured by the idea that, because it is important, from a party standpoint, to get a man elected, a member of Parliament is a quite wonderful creature, and totally different from what he was before his election.

Here, for instance, we have the L.R.C.—now known as the Labour Party. The inception of that combination was the principle, pure and simple, of independent Parliamentary representation. It was recognised that there were various bodies of opinion which were fully entitled to Parlialiamentary representation but which were, under the two-party system, systematically excluded. The idea, therefore, was to form a combination to secure such representation. That was a principle upon which we Social-Democrats

could combine and co-operate with people of the most divergent opinions in general politics. In the same way we could co-operate with Radicals, Catholics, Teetotallers, and Salvationists in defence of the right of public meeting. In co-operating with these various bodies in defence of a right which we all desired to exercise in common, we should not, however, be supposed in any way to endorse the general opinions held by the various bodies co-operating for the one specific object. That, obviously, would be impossible. In the same way we might co-operate with various bodies to secure Parliamentary representation, and to prevent mutual, self-destructive, hostility. That was, briefly, our position in relation to the Labour Representation Committee when it was first formed. We recognised the need for independent working-class representation in Parliament, and were prepared to co-operate with the various bodies working for that end. When the first conference, at which the L.R.C. was formed, was called, therefore, we entered heartily into the project. At that first conference we endeavoured to get Socialist principles and a Socialist programme adopted. This would have constituted the new combination the definite political expression of the Socialist movement. Our proposals were rejected; but that did not prevent us working loyally with the new combination on its original basis of an agreement between various bodies, otherwise in disaccord, in furtherance of the principle of Parliamentary representation, just as we should work loyally with any other body in favour of the extension of the franchise or of the secularisation of our common schools. When, however, the L.R.C., not content with being a sort of eirenicon between various sections, sought to arrogate to itself all the functions and rights of a party without accepting any of its responsibilities, it was time for the S.D.F. to withdraw. As already pointed out, even where the Parliamentary group is definitely Socialist, it is simply the Parliamentary group, the manifestation

of the party, and not the party itself. But that is still more true when the Parliamentary group is not even avowedly Socialist, but is simply bound together by the sentiment of working-class representation and vague hostility to existing parties. Yet the L.R.C., while refusing to adopt the definite principles and programme which might constitute it a party, has not only sought to arrogate to itself all the functions of a party, but of a Socialist Party to boot. Parliamentarism, inspired by Socialism, is not the whole of Socialism nor yet of the Socialist movement; but Parliamentarism of itself, with no more than a "pale cast" of Socialism about it, is a very thin compound indeed.

The L.R.C., the new Labour Party, might have fulfilled, and may still fulfill, one of two useful functions. It could stand for an agreement between various divergent sections having for a common object independent Parliamentary representation—such a position, for instance, as is now filled by the joint committee from the L.R.C., the Trades Congress, and the Federation of Trades; or it could be a definite Socialist political party, the Parliamentary expression of the Socialist movement. In either case it would not be the Socialist Party, and would have no mandate to speak for that party except in so far as authorised by the party as a whole. We may rejoice in the fact that at last we have an independent group in the British House of Commons, while we may regret that it is not the political manifestation and expression of a United Socialist Party in the constituencies. At the same time we shall do well to remember that Parliamentarism is not the whole of Socialism, and that the L.R.C. Group in Parliament is not the Socialist Party of this country.

H. QUELCH.

## ROMAN CATHOLICISM *v.* SOCIALISM.

The judgment of the French Cour de Cassation, which was delivered on July 12, rehabilitating Major Dreyfus, is the final defeat of the great Jesuit conspiracy which, though taking the form of an attack on one individual, had as its real object the entire subjugation of the French General Staff to a bigoted Royalist-Catholicism, which was aiming at the overturning of the French Republic.

It is unnecessary, fortunately, to discuss the Dreyfus case, as that tragic incident is settled and done with. It is important, however, to draw attention to this fact: that in the first great struggle between Jesuitical Roman Catholicism, representing the narrowest tyranny, and Socialism, representing freedom and equal opportunity for all creeds and persons, the Jesuit body has been routed. The hostility of the Roman Catholic Church towards Socialism is becoming more and more clear, a fact which is entirely to be regretted. Only a few months ago the Pope issued a letter denouncing Socialism in unmeasured terms as being likely to subvert the State, and to upset religious institutions. This letter created considerable indignation among Catholic Socialists in Australia, but they were soothed by the intimation that the Pope was only referring to Italian Socialism. The Roman hierarchy is extremely adroit in all its

dealings with its vast flock, but one may be permitted to remind the Pope and the Australian Socialists that the Roman Catholic Church and Socialism are international in every respect.

No doubt the bitterness of the head of the Roman Catholic Church towards Socialism is partially due to the fact that the French religious associations have been given such short shrift, Socialism being completely at one with Liberal-Radicalism in France on this question. A second cause of enmity is that the Roman Catholic Church, like all churches, is parasitic, in so far as its spiritual campaign depends on its temporal funds, which are derived from the pockets of the working classes. The Pope fears, and he must be congratulated on his foresight, that the pomp and dignity of the Vatican will become things of the past when Socialism seizes the reins of power in Italy.

Many people believe that, nowadays, the Society of Jesus ("I.H.S.") is so scattered and broken up that it can have little effect in practical politics. The Dreyfus case should be a warning to us all that the Society of Jesus is at work, silently and steadily; always actively engaged in hiding some iniquity, or protecting those who are endeavouring to suppress the truth, no matter what it may cost. The guiding motive of the Jesuits is the end, not the means. Providing the end, if gained, will benefit the Jesuits, and through them strengthen Roman Catholicism, the Society of Jesus does not examine too scrupulously into the means.

In Griesinger's "History of the Jesuits," there is set out a number of quotations from books on Religion and Moral Conduct, written by prominent Jesuits, which does not give one a very high opinion of the moral teaching of the Jesuit fathers; in fact, one cannot imagine a more detestable and revolting series of precepts. In considering these quotations, it should be borne in mind that the Jesuits profess to be bound to observe the Ten Commandments. The first book we desire to cite is Father Moullet's "Compendium of

Morals," in which this peculiar passage occurs in a discourse on unchastity and adultery: "If anyone enters into a guilty relationship with a woman, not on account of her being married, but on account of her being beautiful, the sin of adultery is not chargeable in such a case, even although she may be married, but simply that of impropriety." Father Escobar, in his Moral Theology, discussing this subject from another aspect, states: "What a married woman gains by adultery she may look upon as well-earned property, only she must allow her husband to participate in her gains." On the crime of theft, the Jesuitical teaching has something in common with Socialism; for instance, Antoine Gabrielle in "Theologie Morale Universelle" lays down this proposition: "A man may repeat the theft as often and as long as he finds himself in want; also a person is not at all bound to replace what, from time to time, he has taken, even when the total may amount to a large sum." Father Zaver Tegeli ("De Confessore") agrees with Antoine Gabrielle, but adds: "It is, indeed, allowable to steal by compensation, from one's master, but under the condition that one does not allow one's self to be caught in the act."

On the point of bearing false witness, J. de Cardenas in his "Crisis Theologica," page 214, contends thus: "It is allowable to take an oath, as well in important matters as in unimportant matters, without having the intention of keeping it, as soon as one has good grounds for so acting." As to adulteration, the Jesuits were clearly the forerunners of the Chicago meat packers and the Australian wine growers and bonders, for Father Tolet in "The Seven Mortal Sins" says: "When one cannot sell his wine at the price he considers it to be worth, because it is considered too dear, he can give smaller measure and mix with it a small quantity of water, in such a way, of course, that everyone believes he has the full measure, and that the wine is pure and unadulterated." Father

Tolet demands our praise for his plain-speaking; but we venture to think it would be difficult to find any author who has equalled Father Tolet for cynical and shameless advocacy of the meanest knavery. Of all trade crimes, adulteration is the worst, because the poor, having a limited choice, are at the mercy of the dishonest rogues who seek to increase their profits by poisoning the customers, while the wealthy are able to pay for purity.

On bribery, we find Father Taberna, in his "Sketch of Practical Theology," pointing out: "It is asked whether a judge is bound to repay what a party has given to him, in order that he might record a decision in his favour. I answer that he must restore what he has received if he obtained it in order that he might pronounce a righteous and proper judgment; should he, however, have acquired the money or valuables in order to propound an unrighteous sentence, he can retain the property, as he has deserved it." Benedict Stattler, in volume 1 of "Moral Ethics," deals with another branch of bribery: "When, on account of the selfishness and factiousness of the higher authorities, there is no way left open to our obtaining public offices by our own merit and our own worth, it is not only allowable, but indeed serviceable, from the motive of the love of God and of our neighbour, to obtain by presents or flattery the favour of those who have it in their power to bestow these offices." Comment on these precious doctrines is superfluous, so we only will remark that a terrible moral turpitude would be rapidly produced by such a course of teaching as would be given to pupils by Fathers Taberna and Stattler. We recommend these quotations to President Roosevelt's attention when he deals in his next Congress message with the charges relating to contributions to his campaign fund by big insurance companies and corporations.

Sufficient has been set forth to indicate the real nature of the Jesuitical teaching, so we will only refer to one other passage, which we cull from Father

Gobat's "Œuvres Morales," page 228: "A son who has become intoxicated, and in this state has killed his father, is not merely no criminal, but he may rejoice, indeed, at the circumstances of the murder which he has committed, if, that is, a great fortune which he inherits is in question, as large riches belong in every way to those things much to be desired, especially when one understands how to make good use of them."

Coming to more modern times, as an instance of the Christian feelings of the Jesuits towards the Jews, we may refer to "Fleurs de L'Histoire," by Théophile Valentin, a book blessed by the following French ecclesiastics: The Archbishop of Toulouse, the Vicar-General of Paris, the Bishop of Meude, the Vicar-General of Puy, and others. This book is a school-book which is in circulation at the present time, and it contains "A Note upon the Jews" to this effect: "The Jews are a cursed race. By their religion and their politics they tend to enslave and ruin all nations, and in particular the French, on whom they have alighted like vultures on a rich quarry." For the purposes of this article it is unnecessary to defend the Jews, but there can be no doubt that the above note is historically inaccurate if applied to the Jews; but if applied to the Roman Catholic Society of Jesus, equally there can be no doubt that the note is historically accurate.

We have thought it worth while to dwell on certain of the teachings of prominent Jesuit fathers, because we believe that the Society of Jesus is being supported by Governments—which previously hounded it out their countries—as a useful weapon with which to combat Socialism. Already, in Belgium, the Jesuits have succeeded in inflicting a somewhat severe check on Socialism, for, at the recent elections, the whole influence of the Society of Jesus was exerted on behalf of Catholic candidates against Socialist candidates, with the result that the Socialists, instead of gaining

seats, had great difficulty in maintaining their position. In Italy, at the present moment, a number of Cardinals are stumping the country denouncing Socialism and all its works.

In our own Parliament, during the debate on the Foreign Office Vote, there occurred a singular incident, which is not without significance in reflecting on the international influence exerted by the Romish Church. It will be remembered that Mr. McKean, a Nationalist member, spoke at inordinate length on the Congo question, and he dilated with much eloquence of the first primer of oratory kind on the wonderful work which had been carried out in the Congo Free State by King Leopold and his gang. The Nationalist Party, hitherto, have gallantly attacked every form of native exploitation, so it was a little strange to find them praising the Congo Free State, which has a record of infamy which even England has not exceeded. However, King Leopold is one of the bulwarks of the Jesuits, so that it looks as if the Assistancy of Germany, which incorporates England and Ireland, had invoked the aid of the Irish members to protect the Congo Free State and King Leopold from the wicked Englishmen, who venture to criticise the results of the happy combination of the rubber merchants, King Leopold, and the Roman Catholic Church.

It may be that to accuse the Roman Catholic Church of attacking Socialism is doing it an injustice, but recent events in Belgium, France, and Italy tend to force on one's notice an apparently general movement by the Roman Catholic leaders against Socialism.

In conclusion, the writer of this article would like to make clear that he has not even a mild antagonism towards any particular creed. The rushing torrent of sectarianism leaves untouched the peaceful backwater on which he gently floats.

C. H. NORMAN.

## CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

Previous to the revolution of 1789 the Roman Catholic Church was supreme in France. The clergy were not paid directly by the State but their income, as that of the Anglican clergy at the present day, was derived from tithes, and also from the rent of land which belonged to the Church. This has been estimated variously at different times, but taking a moderate estimate we may put it at £8,000,000, and we must remember that if we wished to express that amount in figures to-day, it would have to be considerably increased. There were a great number of bishops, in all 134. The incomes of these varied considerably; they were all appointed by the King, who also had in his gift many important livings. The parochial clergy were numerous and their incomes also varied. The nobles had the right of presenting clergymen to livings, and sometimes this right was also in the hands of religious orders.

In addition to these bishops and clergy, secular clergy as they are called, there were a large number of monastic orders—both of men and women, some of which were very wealthy, but of this branch of the subject I do not propose to say anything on this occasion.

It was not till 1787 that the Protestants—who by the revocation in 1685 of the tolerant Edict of Nantes

(of 1598) had been deprived of the liberty of public worship—were allowed to have some legal rights, but their ministers were not paid.

The revolutionary assembly soon began to reform matters. In August, 1789, tithes were abolished, and on November 2 of the same year the land belonging to the clergy was declared to be public property. Unfortunately the Assembly did not decide that the Church should be disestablished and disendowed, but it voted what was called the civil constitution of the clergy. By this law of July 12, 1790, it was decided that the number of bishops should be reduced to 83, that they should be elected by the priests of their dioceses, and that the parish priests should be elected by the electors of the parish. The bishops, as well as the clergy, were to be paid; the first were to have £400 a year and a house, the others £48 a year, a house and garden. It was not without considerable hesitation that the King gave his sanction to the law, but, as might be expected, it met with considerable opposition from the bishops. Nearly all refused to accept it, stating that the Chamber had no power to legislate on this subject, and many of them left France, joining the ranks of the emigrés—a great many came to this country. The Chamber also, on November 27, 1790, decided that each bishop and each priest should take an oath declaring that he accepted this law, and would cheerfully obey it. Naturally nearly all the bishops refused; only four out of 134 took the oath, and 46,000 priests also refused to take it. The Pope then also declared that the law was invalid. It must be readily agreed that the Chamber made a great mistake in passing a law of this kind; it was quite within its powers to decide to appropriate the lands of the Church, but it was quite a different matter when it wished to legislate as to the way of appointing priests and bishops. That was a purely spiritual matter, which the Church should have been allowed to settle in its own way.

Meanwhile the religious orders had been suppressed in 1790 and their property sold. At first some attempt was made to consecrate bishops, and Talleyrand even consecrated two in 1791, but after a while it was determined to leave matters alone, and in 1794 no more salaries were paid to the clergy. The Church organised itself in its own way, and for some years there was no State Church in France.

When, however, Bonaparte became all-powerful, towards the end of the eighteenth century, this did not suit his purpose. He thought that if the Church were a State Church that it would be more under the control of the Government, and that he would be able to use the priests as a kind of civil service to teach the people to obey his Government. So when he became First Consul he opened negotiations with the Pope. Commissioners were appointed by the French Government and also by the Pope, and they assembled in Paris. After a long discussion an agreement was come to, and signed on July 15, 1801. This is what is known as the Concordat; it became law on April 8, 1802.

It comprised 17 Articles, the most important of which were that the number of bishops should be reduced, that new bishops should be nominated by the French Government and given their spiritual powers by the Pope. The bishops were to take an oath "on the holy Gospels" of fidelity to the Government, and were to promise to make known to it any conspiracy of which they might hear; the parish priests were to be appointed by the bishops, and prayers were to be said at each service for the Government. The Government was to pay both bishops and priests, and was to allow churches to receive endowments; while the Pope, on the other hand, was not to try and get back ecclesiastical land which had been sold during the Revolution. (It should be remembered that most of this land had passed into the hands of the peasants, having been sold during the Revolution.)

At the same time as this Concordat became law

what are called the organic articles were promulgated. These regulated the position of the Churches, assigned yearly salaries of £600 to archbishops, of £400 to bishops, and of £60 and £40 to priests. It also directed that the Pope should not communicate directly with any bishop, but through the French Government, and also that no bishop should leave his diocese without its permission.

Bonaparte also later on organised the worship of the Protestants and of the Jews, assigning also salaries to these religious bodies.

His hope that he would be able to use the Catholic clergy as a civil service to inculcate reverence and respect for him was doomed to disappointment; they became his bitter enemies, and he is said to have regretted that he ever meddled with the subject.

This organisation, however, practically remained in force till the present time, though certain articles of the law fell into disuse; for instance, the bishops no longer took the oath of fidelity, the Pope communicated directly with them, and if they felt inclined to leave their diocese they naturally did so without asking anybody's permission.

Occasionally there were quarrels between the Government and the Church, but it was not till after the French Republic was established in 1870 that the crisis became acute.

Partly owing to the fear and dread of Socialism and of Liberalism generally, the French upper middle class, which was formerly of a mildly free-thinking type—Voltairean, as the French say—had become Clerical. I do not mean to say that they were really believers, but they were glad to use the Church as an ally against Socialism and against the improvement of the position of the workers. Still, the majority of French Republicans were upholders of the system of a State Church; many thought that an Established Church was less dangerous than a free church, and that if they paid the clergy they would have them more under their

control. Then, too, it was thought that the fear of Clericalism was a thing of the past, and that the Church was no longer animated by the same dangerous intolerant spirit as before. It needed the exposure of the Dreyfus case to open their eyes. When Republicans saw that the Catholic clergy—or, at all events, the immense majority of them—were on the side of oppression and injustice, they began to see that the Catholic Church was a danger to liberty.

The Prime Minister of that day, M. Waldeck Rousseau, was a man of moderate opinions; but he brought in a Bill on associations in 1901 which was designed to suppress the religious orders, which had become a source of danger to the Republic. After a sharp struggle the Bill was passed, but it was reserved for M. Combes, the successor of M. Waldeck Rousseau, to carry out its provisions. He prevailed on the Chamber to refuse certain religious bodies to be authorised, and he dissolved them along with many others. He also passed laws forbidding religious orders to teach in schools. He was twitted with being inconsistent in at the same time being in favour of an established clergy, and it must be acknowledged that his attitude was not consistent. But, then, a statesman rarely is logical; but, fortunately for the cause of religious freedom, M. Combes was much aided by the action of of the present Pope, Pius X. His predecessor, Leo. XIII., was a very clever man, who saw that it would never do to quarrel with the French Republic. Years ago he published an encyclical showing that a Republic was not necessarily antagonistic to the Catholic Church, and he ordered the French Royalists to submit to the Republic. They, however, did nothing of the kind, and some of them in fact had masses said for his conversion. Again, when in 1899 there could be no doubt of the innocence of Dreyfus, he deprecated the Catholic Church associating itself with his persecutors, but here, too, his counsels were not listened to. But Pius X. is a simple soul—a good man, but very

ignorant and very obstinate. When M. Loubet paid a visit to the King of Italy in 1904, his Holiness issued a circular commenting in strong terms on this insult to him, as he holds that the King is an usurper. This naturally made the French feel aggrieved, and, to make matters worse, the Pope compelled two French bishops to resign, accusing one of being a Freemason and one of being a libertine. This, M. Combes argued, was contrary to the Concordat, and Pius X. should have complained to him. In passing, it may be remarked that M. Combes was right in law, yet it was a proof of the absurdity of a State Church if the head of that Church had to call on a Freethinker to decide a purely ecclesiastical matter.

Public opinion was roused in France, and a Bill for the separation of Church and State was introduced. After considerable discussion it was passed by both Houses and became law on December 9, 1905.

The law states that all religions are free but that none can receive any money either from the State, Departments or Communes. It requires an inventory to be made of all the possessions of any church, and then this property is to be handed over to an association formed for that purpose. The law grants pensions and allowances to the existing clergy. Those who are 60 years of age and have held office for 30 years are to receive two-thirds of their salary for life; those over 45 years of age and who have held office for 20 years are to receive half for life. All others are to receive their full salary for one year, two-thirds for the next, half during the third year, and a third for the fourth year. But in small parishes of less than 1,000 inhabitants, this period of four years may be doubled. All buildings used for public worship are to be handed over free of rent to the religious associations which have been formed, and are to remain in their hands unless public worship is no longer held in them. The residences of the bishops are to remain in their hands free of rent for two years, those of the clergy and the

seminaries* for five years. The associations are allowed to hand over part or the whole of their surplus income to other associations, the idea evidently being that the rich churches will help the poor. Political meetings are not to be held in churches, nor are the ministers to preach political sermons. These are the chief items of the Bill, and it will be seen that the provisions are very liberal, all existing interests being safeguarded, and, indeed, the clause granting the use of churches free is far too liberal.

It will be remembered that riots have occurred on the taking of the inventories, and that up to the present no Catholic associations have been formed to carry out the law. A congress of bishops was to meet in Paris at the end of May to consider the point, and I think that the Republican victory at the polls would probably incline the bishops to counsels of moderation.†

It was predicted during the discussion of the Bill that its passing would damage the Republican Party, but such does not appear to have been the case; in fact, it has been clearly shown that Clericalism is not popular among the mass of Frenchmen. It has left too many unpleasant memories in the past to be accepted except among the very ignorant.

It is difficult to say what will be the results of this Bill. It will probably be disastrous as far as the Pope is concerned, for till now a large sum of money has been sent to Rome under the style of "Peter's pence," but the French Catholics will most likely now give this to their own churches. There will, of course, be no difficulty of keeping up the religious services in large towns, but it will not be so easy to do so in the

* These are training colleges for clergymen.

† No official report of this meeting has been published, but it is generally thought that the Pope will—while denouncing the proposed religious associations as contrary to canon law—yet acquiesce in their formation, for if he does not do so the churches will become public property.

villages, for the French peasant, though he has many virtues, has a great objection to putting his hand in his pocket. It may, too, not be so easy to get men to enter holy orders, though on the other hand it is only fair to remember that those who do become priests will be more zealous than those who formerly entered that career. M. Sabatier thinks that there will grow up a French clergy which will be more enlightened than the old, and he has written a very eloquent pamphlet on this subject. But it may be noticed that in England and in Ireland, where the Catholic Church is not connected with the State, those results have not followed, nor do I think there is much likelihood of the new clergy in France being less ultramontane than the old. It is, however, early yet to prophesy, but we may feel glad that France has shown such a good example to the West, and hope that it will be followed by other countries.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

There's a light a-top of the clock, and I know that our senators
are at work there,
Framing the laws of the land, anulling, renewing, amending,
With bootless declaimings and questionings enough as to make the
great dead about them
Turn uneasily round, and shake in their mouldering grave-clothes;
While the world rolls on through the night like this river as strong,
sure, and silent,
Down to the tireless tides of a never-resting old ocean.

Over the Bridge plods One, bowed down, and the heart of him sick
and aweary,
What careth *he* for the Light, and the cackle and clatter be-
neath it?
Landless and labourless he, in a land that cryeth aloud for his
labour,
That yearns for the touch of fruition, starved, fall'n off from the
plough;
Fast turning a fief of the sovereign sea, broad desolate salty
marshes,
Or kept untilled for the pleasure of purse-proud imperious gluttons.

This poor Blind Man—see *him*, whose glance makes quail the stout
heart of a nation,
Hiding his unsoiled, knotty hands at the close of their aimless
day;
Ashamed of the thing he is, and aware of his wife and her four
little children
Who wait in the dark his return—oh, that heart-breaking waiting
and wanting!
First poor pitiful offerings they to the foul fiend Juggernaut we've
fashioned,
Mangled under the Car whose wheels they set in motion.

This poor dumb man—hear him, a voice far louder than all the prophets,
After your patriot parrot cries in terribly stern response:
"The old country must wake up"—*Yea, indeed, if the dead can awaken!*
"Efficiency"—*Ah, God, yet grant us sufficiency first!*
And our rulers all slobbering and jangling o'er monkey-faced allies and helots,
Leave go the muscle and pluck of the race to the devils of hunger and sloth!

Peers, who are heirs unto riches, the price of the shame of your fathers or mothers,
Wake *you*, ere your country wakes, and a vengeance that sleepeth falls!
Bishops, have you forgotten how He, the Master ye serve, fed his thousands;
Parting not good from bad, seeing that *all* "were anhungered"?
And Commons, common enough, will you *never* have done with your jesting and juggling?—
Chopping and changing of party with never a change from folly?

Lo, where the Moon rides out on the clouds like a glorious gospel evangel!
There is a Sign for me and for all of my folk to come!
A Light shines bright atop of the clock, but a *better* Light's shining above it,
And the cause of Labour sails forth from the veil of its many detractions;
Sail on, sail on, brave Orb, reflecting the Will of a People through night-time,
Nor fade, till *Itself*, in splendour and warmth, uprise to its own Bright Day!

G. W. S.

## LABOUR CONDITIONS IN THE BUILDING TRADES IN CANADA.

The "Correspondenzblatt" of the German trade unions recently had a most interesting report on labour conditions in Canada, in the building trade. The following table gives the number of districts in the various provinces, arranged according to the hours worked per day:—

| Province. | The number of districts in which was worked— | | | Cases of a decrease of hours since 1886. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 10 hrs. | 9 hrs. | 8 hrs. | |
| Nova Scotia ... ... ... | 18 | 4 | — | 9 |
| New Brunswick ... ... | 10 | 2 | — | 7 |
| Prince Edward Island ... | 1 | — | — | — |
| Quebec ... ... ... | 23 | 4 | — | 7 |
| Ontario ... ... ... | 34 | 25 | 5 | 54 |
| Manitoba ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | — | 3 |
| North West Provinces ... | 2 | 1 | — | |
| British Columbia ... ... | 3 | 3 | 6 | 12 |
| | 92 | 40 | 11 | 92 |

In Toronto the eight hour day prevails for five days and four hours on Saturday—thus 44 per week.

The earnings of masons are as follows:—

| Province and Town. | | 1899. | 1904. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Daily. | Daily. |
| Nova Scotia ... | Halifax ... | $2.50 | $3.24 |
| New Brunswick | St. John ... | 2—2.75 | 3 |
| Quebec... ... | Quebec ... | 3.50—4.00 | 3.37½ |
| ,, ... ... | Montreal ... | 3.00—3.30 | 3.60 |
| Ontario... ... | Kingstown ... | 2.50—3.00 | 3.00 |
| | | Hour. | Hour. |
| | Ottawa ... | 0.30 | 0.42 |
| | Toronto ... | 0.23½—0.50 | 0.45 |
| | | Daily. | Daily. |
| | Cornwall ... | 1.50—3.00 | 3.50 |
| | St. Thomas .. | 2.50 | 3.33 |
| Manitoba ... | Winnipeg ... | —— | 4.95 |
| British Columbia | ... ... | 5.00 (in 1892) | 4.00—4.50 |

CARPENTERS' HOURS OF WORK.

| Province. | Number of Districts in which is worked per day | | | | Cases of reduction since 1889. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 11 hrs. | 10 hrs. | 9 hrs. | 8 hrs. | |
| Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island | — | 35 | 8 | — | 10 |
| Quebec ... ... ... | 2 | 31 | 2 | — | 9 |
| Manitoba, N.W. Provinces ... ... | — | 38 | 22 | 2 | 22 |
| British Columbia ... | — | 3 | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| | 2 | 109 | 38 | 6 | 49 |

CARPENTERS' RATES OF PAY.

| Province and Town. | | 1887. | 1904. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New Scotland... | Halifax ... | $1.25—1.75 | $2.50 |
| Quebec... ... | Montreal ... | 1.50—2.10 | 2.00—2.35 |
| Ontario ... | Kingstown ... | 1.25—2.00 | 2.25 |
| | Ottawa ... | 1.75 | 2.25—2.43 |
| | Toronto ... | 2.00—2.50 | 2.40 |
| Brit. Columbia | Vancouver ... | 3.30 | 3.20 |

For the plasterers the ten-hour day prevails in 81 places, 36 places nine hours, and in 7 the 8½ or eight-hour day. In Ontario and Toronto, Niagara Falls, and London, as well as in four towns of British Columbia, the eight-hour day or 8½-hour day is worked.

Plasterers' wages in 1904 were $2.70 to $3.00 per day (in 1903, $2.50 to $2.75). In Montreal $3.00 to $3.60 (1889, $2.00 to $2.50). Ottawa, $2.70 (instead of $1.75 to $2.00 formerly). St. Thomas, $2.50 (unchanged). Toronto, the pay per hour, 30½ cents. in 1889, rose to 45 cents. in 1904.

The builders' labourers have somewhat longer hours than the masons. The eight-hour day exists in Toronto, London (Ontario), Vancouver, Rossland and Nelson (British Columbia). Wages were :—

| Province and Town. | | 1889. | 1904. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New Brunswick ... | Moneton... | $1.25 | $1.50 |
| Quebec ... ... | Montreal | 1.50—1.75 | 1.80 |
| „ ... ... | Quebec ... | 1.00—1.33 | 1.35 |
| Ontario ... ... | Toronto ... | 1.85 | 2.00—2.40 |
| | Cornwall... | 1.00—1.25 | 1.25 |

In British Columbia wages of unskilled labour varied between $2.25 and $3.00 per day.

J. B. Askew.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WORKING-MEN.

Mr. J. A. R. Marriott writes in the August "Fortnightly Review" on the above. He says:—

Labour has "arrived." It is proverbially hazardous for the contemporary chronicler to attempt to anticipate the judgment of posterity, and time must elapse before current events can be expected to fall into historical perspective. But it is tolerably certain that when this process is accomplished, when the politics of 1906 have passed into history, there will not be much hesitation in the mind of the historian as to the relative importance of the outstanding events of the year. . . . . One fact will stand out as of permanent and acknowledged significance. It will be said of 1906 that in that year a new force manifested itself for the first time in English politics.

A second point will demand attention. Simultaneously with its political arrival, Labour has begun to concern itself seriously with its higher education. It is some forty years since Mr. Robert Lowe suggested that it might be desirable "to teach our masters their letters." In this, as in many other obiter dicta that fell from the lips of the leader of the Adullamites, there was a mingling of the sardonic and the sagacious. But much water has flowed under London Bridge since then. The superstructure of 1884, 1888, and 1894 has been raised upon the foundations of 1832 and 1867. The "democracy" has been admitted, not merely to a full, but a preponderating share in political control. The British people have deliberately decided to try an experiment which is without precedent and without parallel in the history of the world. They have determined to attempt to rule, not merely a great kingdom, but a world-wide empire, by means of a democratic machinery. . . . . With political reform has come educational reform—an attempt to

work out a coherent system of national education. Prudence might have suggested the advisability of allowing education to take precedence of political enfranchisement; but perhaps no really sound system of education is likely to be evolved except from the realised and conscious need of the people most immediately concerned.

Educational experts are at least as likely to err as any other experts if they allow themselves to be guided entirely by à priori considerations. There is no fact of the existing situation so full of significance and of encouragement as that the demand for higher educational facilities for working-men should come to-day from the workers themselves. Twelve years ago Professor Richard Jebb told a Cambridge audience that "elementary education, unless crowned by something higher, is not only barren, but may even be dangerous. It is not well to teach our democracy to read unless we also teach it to think." In the same thoughtful address Sir Richard Jebb demonstrated the inadequacy of technical and scientific instruction (using the latter term in its narrower sense) to crown the edifice of citizen education. The essential accuracy of his contentions is now generally admitted, and is even coming to be emphasised, not least strongly by those to whom the working classes look for leadership, alike in education and in politics. In the minds of the more thoughtful of the latter there is, and can be, no divorce between these two ideas. "Politics," said Wendell Phillips, "is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics under the responsibility of great present interests." This is to-day the dominating conviction of the aristocracy of labour. To the working-class leaders the end of education is primarily —in this broader sense—"political," to give to the citizen rulers of the Empire an adequate equipment for the fulfilment of their vastly responsible duties; the end of "politics" is essentially educational. Thus, in the forefront of the objects avowed by the Rochdale Pioneers in 1844, we read: "That as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the powers of distribution, education and government."

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The first point of interest is to asertain to what extent the working classes have made any organised efforts to obtain for themselves the advantages of higher education. The second will be to inquire how far those efforts have been encouraged and stimulated, how far their requirements have been met by the great national institutions to which they might naturally look for guidance and help.

In any review of such efforts, however cursory and incomplete, the place of honour must undoubtedly be given to the Co-operative movement. Much criticism has been levelled at the co-operative societies for their failure to maintain the lofty educational ideals which inspired the earlier leaders of the movement. Some of

this criticism is just, some of it is the reverse. It is perfectly true that in the matter of education many co-operative societies have done little or nothing. Half a century ago the Rochdale Pioneers inserted in their rules a provision that 2½ per cent. of their profits, or of the sum which would be distributed as "dividend," should be devoted to educational purposes. The example of the Pioneers was largely followed by the better societies; but by no means universally. From the report of a special committee appointed at the Annual Congress in 1896, it appears that out of 402 societies which responded to inquiries, 269 had "educational funds," and in the year 1895 expended £36,336* under the head of "education." In view of the fact that no less than 1,616 societies made returns to the Congress of last year, and that those societies showed profits amounting to over ten millions sterling, these educational returns must be regarded as meagre. Moreover, as all friends of the co-operative movement are aware, much of the money expended by the Educational Committees might with equal propriety be described as devoted to propaganda and entertainments. Finally, it is affirmed by competent critics that there is a marked tendency to diminish expenditure on education.

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The trade unions had not in their origin any direct concern with education. Nor, indeed, have they now anything in the nature of a defined policy or a general scheme. But it is a fact of no ordinary significance that some of the leading unions should be taking very great interest in the higher education of the workman. Not less significant is the precise direction which their enthusiasm in this matter is taking. For the last three years some 100,000 working men, members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, have made three levies of one penny each to help on the work of Ruskin College at Oxford. This levy produces over £300 a year, and by means of it six engineers are maintained for a year's course of study at the college. Small but substantial sums have been contributed to the same institution by the London Society of Compositors, by the Lanarkshire Miners' County Union, by the Amalgamated Association of Beamers, Twisters and Drawers, by the Derbyshire Miners and the Durham Miners, while a large number of other societies appear among the donors and subscribers.

Ruskin College is an institution which has been established in Oxford for six or seven years with the object of enabling the working classes to study in a scientific spirit "the great social and political problems of the day." Its work is carried on partly by means of a correspondence school, and partly in a residential hostel at Oxford. Nearly three hundred students have passed through the

* In 1904 the amount so expended appears to have been £80,000.

college, most of them having resided for one year, and there are at present 36 in residence. All are working men. Among them are nine engineers, nine miners, four weavers, three railway servants, a bricklayer, a chainmaker, a brassworker, a docker, a blacksmith, and so on. The sum of £1 a week covers all charges for bread, lodging, and tuition. The latter is mainly given in economics, industrial history, and sociology, but, in accordance with the Ruskinian ideal, a small portion of the day is given to manual labour, as the "house-work" (with the exception of cooking) is done by the students themselves. Ruskin College has no organic connection with the University, but University men, both senior and junior, are beginning to take a considerable amount of interest in the "Labour College" planted in their midst.

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. . . . I know of no more significant symptom of this awakening activity than the remarkable success attained by the Workers' Education Association. Founded precisely three years ago, this Association has now affiliated to itself 280 societies—mostly working-class organisations—and has enrolled 2,500 members. The hope of the Association, as expressed by itself, is "to co-ordinate existing societies, and to devise fresh means by which working people of all degrees may be raised educationally, plane by plane, until they are able to take advantage of the facilities which are and which may be provided by the Universities."

## THE POLITICAL POWERS OF LABOUR: THEIR EXTENT AND THEIR LIMITATIONS.

Under the above title Mr. W. H. Mallock, in the "Nineteenth Century" for August, discusses "What is Meant by Labour in Current Controversy" as follows:—

The presence in Parliament, for the first time in any considerable numbers, of a party claiming par excellence to represent what is called labour, is a fact whose significance has been thus far very inaccurately understood both by the Labour members themselves and by others who either sympathise with them or are hostile to them. This misunderstanding has in each case the same origin, which consists of the looseness of the ideas associated with the word "labour." Labour, of course, means some form of human activity, or it means nothing, but it is evident also that, as used in the present connection, the form of activity meant by it must be of some special and limited kind. Otherwise a party which claimed to represent labour would not be specifically distinguishable from

a party, for example, which represented the interests of active capital. What, then, in the minds of the Labour members themselves does labour stand for as that which is specially and distinctly represented by them ?

It would be difficult to give a definition of this which did not require qualifications in respect of exceptional cases, but, broadly speaking, we may say that it means for them first and foremost what is commonly called manual labour. But here at once the need for exceptions arises. The writing of a book, the drafting of an Act of Parliament, the painting of a picture, all involve labour of the hands. The painting of a picture is essentially inseparable from this. But the Labour members in Parliament certainly do not claim to represent the interests of a Millais or an Alma Tadema. The root idea which the Labour members form of labour may be best described as those forms of muscular and manual activity of which all normal men are capable to an approximately equal degree, and which the majority of men in all ages have, from the nature of things, been obliged to exercise. Such labour, no doubt, approximately equal though it may be in a general way, admits of, and requires, different degrees of skill; and we find in labour consequently certain different grades, which are elicited in accordance with the talents of the individual labourers. So much our Labour members would, without doubt, concede; but all forms of labour, according to their conception of it, are alike in this—that each is an exertion of manual and muscular energy on the part of the men as individuals, which is applied to the performance of separate industrial tasks. That such is the conception of labour prevalent among the party as a body is illustrated by the occupations of the great majority of its members. According to an interesting statement published in the "Review of Reviews" for June, eleven of them are coal-miners, six are mechanics employed in various metal industries, four are mill hands, four are farm labourers, three are railway employees, there is a barge-builder, a bootmaker, a stonemason, several printers' employees, and a maker of watch-cases, and in men thus occupied we have the bulk of the Party, and it is in virtue of occupations such as these that they make their claim to represent labour directly.

Labour, then, translated from abstract into concrete terms, means that section of the population whose one distinguishing characteristic consists in this—that its members individually devote to individual industrial tasks these manual and industrial energies which such tasks demand, and in respect of which all normal men are, approximately at least, equal. Members of this class may have other faculties also, as, indeed, of course, they have; but in so far as such faculties are those which are possessed and exercised by the human race generally, these faculties are in no way distinctive of the labouring classes as such. They belong to its members as representative, not of labour, but of humanity.

On the other hand, if members of the labouring class, as many doubtless do, possess, in addition to the average faculties of labour, faculties of other kinds, which are above the average and exceptional, such men represent in virtue of these, not the labour which makes the whole class one, but some kind of superiority which separates a part of that class from the rest of it. Thus the mining population in Wales enjoys the reputation of possessing exceptional gifts of music; but the miners who have been sent to Parliament by the Welsh mining constituencies lay no claim to represent the distinctive interests of musicians. If Labour stands for anything distinctive of any comprehensive class, and if the Labour members represent this class in any distinctive sense, the word labour, as used in current political discussion, means the application of ordinary hands and muscles to tasks of the kind just indicated, such as the extraction of so much coal, the hammering of so many rivets, the setting up of so much type, the ploughing of so many furrows. It is only by using the word labour in this specific sense that such phrases as "the Labour members," "the Labour Party," or "the cause of Labour" can have any specific meaning. And such is the sense, though for the most part not consciously defined, which is actually attributed to the word in the political discussion of to-day, both by the public generally and by the Labour members themselves.

He next tilts at "The Illusions of Labour as to the Nature of its own Importance":—

What, then, is the real significance of the rise of the Labour Party? Within what limits does it stand for a legitimate political force, with reasonable and practical ends, and how far do its own ambitions and the fears of those who are out of sympathy with it, lie beyond the region of what is inherently possible? We shall find that for a party representing the interests of Labour, as such, there is a very distinct and legitimate field of action; but the more clearly we realise what the character of this field is, the more clearly shall we realise how far outside its borders the aspirations of many of the Labour members lie, and how much smaller is the efficient force at the back of them, than they themselves, or than those who fear them, suppose.

The intelligible and legitimate functions which may conceivably be fulfilled by a party representing the interests of the labouring as distinct from other classes, are obvious enough, as a few examples will show us, and arise from the broad fact that a variety of social questions really do concern the labouring classes either exclusively or in a special way. Thus the fencing of machinery in factories, the construction of factories, with due regard to sanitation, the obligation of employers to compensate employees injured in their service, the limitation of the normal labour day, the recognition of such rights as are incident to collective bargaining—all these are matters which concern the labouring

classes in a special and direct way in which they concern no others. There is, therefore, in Parliament a legitimate locus standi for a party which distinguishes itself from all other parties by representing, as distinguished from the interests of all other classes, the peculiar interests of the classes who live by manual labour.

Such being the case, then, the presence in Parliament of a party which differed from other parties, only in this one particular, that it concerned itself more specially than they with matters of the kind just indicated, would not be in itself a feature in our political life to which, on general grounds, it would be possible to take exception. But the claims of the Labour Party, and the ideas of its members and their supporters, are far from being limited by this sober view of the situation. Mixed with claims and ideas which will generally be admitted as reasonable are others of a more ambitious and also of a more disputable character. Thus, with the idea that the special interests of labour require to be represented by members who make them their main concern is associated the idea that the members who represent these can only do so adequately if they are themselves manual labourers. Again, with the idea that the special interests of labour require more consideration than they have generally received hitherto is associated the idea that these interests are entitled to some special privileged position—as though because such and such men belong to the labouring classes acts should be legal on their part which are not legal for others. The vitality of this idea has been illustrated in an interesting way by the demands of the Labour Party with regard to the right of picketing. They and their friends in the Government disguise the nature of these demands under the plausible doctrine that it ought not to be illegal for men to perform any act collectively which is legal for each singly; and one of the spokesmen of the Government elicited uproarious applause by what was supposed to be an absolutely convincing illustration. No one, he said, would maintain that an upper housemaid was committing an illegal act if she left her situation on the ground that she did not like the butler. Would anyone, the speaker continued, be foolish enough to maintain that what was legal for one housemaid, so long as she acted for herself, ought to be made illegal if the other housemaids were to join her? A far closer parallel to the practice of picketing would have been the following: It is legal for any member of Parliament to walk by himself down Parliament Street; it is also legal for any two to walk down it arm-in-arm; but if ten members were to walk down it linked together, sweeping the pavement and thrusting everyone else into the roadway, such a corporate act, were it not illegal already, would certainly be made so with very little delay. The hollowness of the arguments put forward in this connection by the Labour Party and their friends would have been plain to everybody—indeed, the arguments could hardly have been used—if it had not been for the

underlying idea that any claim advanced in the special interest of Labour is prima facie a just claim, and that any arguments supporting it must be for that reason sound.

But the disputable ideas of the Labour Party do not end here —with the idea that the interests of manual labour as such have a right to preferential treatment. They are reinforced by one of very much wider scope. This is that the classes whose one class distinction is that they live by labour whilst other classes do not, ought to possess, and will possess in the future, a preponderant control over the entire affairs of the nation. The ideal Government, which, more or less vaguely conceived, the Labour Party have in view, is, indeed, a Government consisting of labouring men—of men generally distinguished from the statesmen of all other types by the fact that their normal occupation is the performance of manual tasks. An American writer has recently illustrated this fact by solemnly observing, with a mixture of alarm and sympathy: "The Government of Great Britain will, at no distant date, be administered exclusively by men working with their hands."

Ideals, ambitions, and prophecies, such as these, though they may seem absurd to some and dangerously insane to others, cannot profitably be dismissed or met by ridicule, or by crude defiance. However false, and consequently dangerous, they may be, their significance, great or small, can be properly estimated only by a careful and calm examination of the sources from which they spring.

## THE PARIS NATIONAL WORKSHOPS OF 1848.

Dr. Karl Blind has a very interesting article on the above in the current issue of the "Nineteenth Century and After." He writes:—

I.

"We are all Socialists now!" the late Sir William Harcourt said, a few years ago, with the customary exaggeration of epigrammatic speaking. This had, of course, to be understood with more than one grain of salt. For, men to whom the name of Socialist truly applies—that is, those who advocate the nationalisation not only of the land, but of all means of production, distribution, and exchange—were not much impressed by the genuineness of the offered companionship.

On his part the Right Hon. John Morley clings with strange persistence to the other extreme—namely, to the individualistic doctrine of the old Manchester school. Being in the Cabinet with Mr. John Burns, these two men represent exactly the opposite type of views about political economy. . . . . I will not discuss these differ-

ences here, beyond saying that the question of the workless, which has recently given rise to colossal demonstrations in Hyde Park and elsewhere, is not one to be treated by a mere non possumus. The vast increase of a proletariat in the overgrown great towns of England is certainly a phenomenon of much significance. Here, we come upon a subject which, in such discussions, often turns up, but which, for ever so many years, has been curiously darkened by the most extraordinary misrepresentations. I mean the so-called National Workshops (Ateliers Nationaux), established in Paris in 1848, in the wake of the Revolution of February, which overthrew Louis Phillippe and founded the Second Republic.

During the recent elections, Mr. Morley said that he had "no remedy to suggest for the great problem of the unemployed," and would not propose a quack medicine. He added: "The formation of National Workshops in France, in 1848, ended in a terrible catastrophe." Being afterwards called upon by a deputation of the various Labour and Socialistic bodies at Arbroath, he again spoke of what is generally alleged to have been a Socialistic experiment, but which turned out an utter failure.

The speaker of the deputation, who opened the discussion, began by asserting that "it was the right of everybody born to have an opportunity of earning their living in their country, and further declared that when private enterprise failed to supply that opportunity it was the duty of the State to secure it." Incidentally I will here only remark that this "Right to Labour" (Droit au Travail), as it was called in France, has been acknowledged even in Germany, in centuries gone by, by Prussian kings, and is virtually inscribed in their Landrecht, or Law-code of old.

Now, in answer to the Labour and Socialist deputation, Mr. John Morley said: —

Their proposal really meant that the State was bound to provide work at a living wage ("Yes!"), at a standard wage ("Yes"). They were quite right in shaking their heads defiantly at him (laughter). That experiment was tried in France in 1848; and what was the effect? There they set up public workshops and the rest of it; and they paid a wage at a very high rate. The result was, that private enterprise was drained dry. The end was wreck and ruin in six months; private workshops were injured; the men were no better off; and it ended in a bloody and sanguinary catastrophe. He did not say that it would end so here.

So Mr. Morley thinks that the National Workshops were a Socialist experiment. He will be astonished to find, when studying the subject from the sources, that the very contrary was the case. He is known as an ardent student of French literature, and has written important works on Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and the Encyclopædists. But, evidently, he is unacquainted with the facts concerning the National Workshops and the terrible insurrection of June, 1848.

II.

So far from the Ateliers Nationaux having been established as a Socialist measure, they actually owed their special organisation to the antagonists of Socialism. They were positively intended to be used against the very leader of that party—namely, against Louis Blanc; nay, even against simple advanced Republicans like Ledru-Rollin, both of whom were members of the Provisional Government, and both of whom were not even consulted on the subject of organisation. Anyone who has had personal experience in a revolution will easily understand how such things happen in a time of popular upheaval, when the power of various groups often fluctuates from day to day; sometimes from hour to hour.

I will pass by the mistake made by Mr. Morley when he said that the National Workshops lasted six months; they barely existed for four months. In the first flush of the revolutionary movement, on the 27th February, there was only an announcement of a few lines inserted in the "Moniteur," saying:—"The Provisional Government decrees the establishment of National Workshops. The Minister of Public Works is charged with the execution of the present decree." All details were, however, left to the future.

When it came to the question of how these workshops should be instituted, M. Marie, a most determined antagonist, or, as Louis Blanc says, in his "Historical Recollections," one of the fiercest adversaries of Socialism, framed a corresponding decree after a discussion held, not in the Council of the Provisional Government, as it ought to have been for so important a measure, but independently of the Council. That decree is dated the 6th of March, 1848. Here, Louis Blanc, the falsely-reputed organiser, says:—

"MM. Bouchez, Flottard, Barbier, Tremisot, Robin, Marie' Michel, Baude, Ouffroy de Bréville: these were the persons who were summoned to decide that terrible question which, as the event proved, bore the seeds of the insurrection of June. M. Marie was there, of course, and M. Garnier Pagès, Mayor of Paris, presided. As for myself, I had neither been consulted, nor even informed, of the meeting; it was too well known how opposed I was in principle to the ideas which they sought to carry out."

. . . . . .

Again, M. Emile Thomas, the director of the National Workshops, deposed before the Committee of Inquiry on the same day: "I always went along with the Mayoralty of Paris, in opposition to MM. Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, and others. I was in open hostility to the Luxembourg. I *openly contested the influence of M. Louis Blanc.*" The Luxembourg was the place where Louis Blanc expounded his own views before the working classes.

So it was a mere section of the revolutionary Government, wholly antagonistic to Socialism, which organised the so-called national workshops. In them, as Louis Blanc shows, men of the most different trades, or of no trade at all, were put to the same kind of work, or manual labour—a "prodigious absurdity"! It was utterly unproductive work, besides being such as the greater part of them were unaccustomed to. This action of the State was simply squandering the public funds; its money, a premium upon idleness; its wages, alms in disguise.

The object of the men who set up this scheme under the high-sounding title of National Workshops was simply to gather together, pell-mell, a "rabble of paupers," as Louis Blanc calls them in the English edition of his "Recollections." . . . They were men "whom it was enough to feed, from the want of knowing how to employ them, and who had to live together without any other ties than a military organisation, and under chiefs who bore the name, at once so strange, and yet so characteristic, of serjeant-majors, brigadiers." In case of need, secret service funds were to be supplied, and on the day coming for action against the more advanced Republicans, this tumultous crowds of proletarians was to be launched into the streets.

What a different picture from the one drawn by Mr. John Morley.

## III.

All that is said here is proved up to the hilt by a number of official documents; by the extensive evidence brought out before the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the National Assembly; by the fullest avowals of the men implicated in the intrigue; by the "Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux," whose author was then Director; by the public declaration of Lamartine, the head of the Provisional Government, and of Arago and Garnier Pagès, its most prominent members.

There is an instructive account of a secret conversation held in a low tone between M. Marie and the Director of the National Worshops as to the ultimate use to which these oddly collected men were to be put. M. Emile Thomas himself gave the account. The number of men gathered together had become so great that the Director confessed he had not so firm an influence over them as he could wish.

"Don't be uneasy about the number!" the Minister (M. Marie) rejoined. "If you hold them in hand, the number can never be too large. But find some means of attaching them to you sincerely! Don't spare money; if necessary you may be supplied *with secret funds*. . . . . The day is, perhaps, not far distant when it may be necessary to march them into the street."

In other words, the idea was to use, some day, a well-paid mass

of proletarians, accustomed to little and quite useless work, and formed into a kind of brigades, against both Socialists and advanced Republicans of the type of Louis Blanc, Albert, Flocon, and Ledru-Rollin.

What does Lamartine, otherwise also an opponent of Socialism, say? He was originally in favour of employing those enrolled in the National Workshops for productive agricultural labour on a large scale. Nothing of the kind was, however, done. Of those hastily collected proletarians he says in Louis Blanc's translation:—

"They were merely an expedient for preserving order—a rude auxiliary summoned on the morrow of the Revolution by the necessity of feeding the people, and not feeding them idle, in order to avoid the disorders of idleness. M. Marie organised them with skill, without any useful result as regards productive labour. He formed them into brigades; he gave them chiefs; he communicated to them a spirit of discipline and order. Instead of being a force at the mercy of Socialists and insurrectionists, he, for the space of four months, made of them a Prætorian band—inactive, indeed, but at the disposal of Power. Commanded, directed, sustained by chiefs who were *in secret concert with the anti-Socialist part of the Government*, the workshops served, until the appearance of the National Assembly, as a counterpoise to the sectarian operatives of the Luxembourg and the seditious operatives of the Club. They scandalised Paris by their numbers and the inutility of their labour; they more than once protected and saved Paris without its being conscious of it. So far from being in the pay of Louis Blanc, as has been said, *they were the device of his enemies*."

So Lamartine. Surely, when reading such testimony, Mr. Morley may be expected, with his usual fairness of mind, to revise his opinion as to the National Workshops having been a Socialist experiment. For my part, I can state all this with the greater impartiality, because, though an intimate friend of Louis Blanc down to his death, I do not share all the views he held on matters of political economy during his earlier career—views which, in later days, he himself did not lay stress to their former extent.

I know, however, how deeply he was affected all through life, whenever the old misstatement, as to the National Workshops having been his product, cropped up again with that persistence of "a lie which, once born, is immortal," as Napoleon the First used to say. Napoleon understood that well, for he was the author of many similar fabrications.

Often Louis Blanc came to me in great mental distress when the allegation in question was once more revived in England, asking me for help to refute it.

IV.

When at last, in June, 1848, owing to the scandal spoken of by Lamartine, the National Workshops were dissolved by M. Trélat, the successor of M. Marie, it was done in a way apt to give rise to dangerous disturbances. A decree was issued by the Ministry of Public Works, in these words:—

"The unmarried working-men (in the National Workshops), between the ages of 18 and 25, will be invited to enrol themselves under the banners of the Republic, to complete the different regiments of the army. Those who refuse to enlist as volunteers will be immediately removed from the listes d'embrigadement of the National Workshops. Masters may call upon as many of their working-men (of the National Workshops) as they may declare wanted for the resumption or continuation of their business. Those who refuse will be immediately removed from the general list of the National Workshops."

Thus all those unwilling to "make themselves food for powder," as Louis Blanc says (there was then no universal compulsory service), or who could not find re-engagements for work, were, all of a sudden, thrown helpless and hungry into the streets. They were joined by other proletarians and a rising in arms was the result. Thus the terrible insurrection of June began.

But it was not even an exclusively working-class or proletarian rising, as is generally, but erroneously, believed by those who do not know all the facts. The truth is, that Bonapartist and Legitimist agents had already for some time tried to get influence among the suffering toilers. The National Workshops themselves had been tampered with by them. The Bonapartist Pretender, who later on was elected, by the mass vote of the ignorant rural population, to the Presidency of the Republic, and who in December of 1851 perpetrated his murderous midnight State-stroke, had already, in June, 1848, shown his hand in a notable intrigue. It is said that a letter of his, addressed to general Rapatel on June 22, in the midst of the rising, was couched in this sense:—

"General! I know your sentiments for my family. If the events which are in course of formation turn out in any way favourable to it, you will be appointed Minister of War.

"(Signed), NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

So great was the danger of Bonapartist and Royalist intrigues, that the delegates of the workmen of the Luxembourg (that is, Louis Blanc's adherents), with some delegates of the National Workshops, issued a warning manifesto.

The masses were told:—

"We pray you, in the name of that liberty so dearly bought, in the name of the country regenerated by you, in the name of Fraternity

and Equality, neither by word, nor act, to lend your arms and your hearts to encourage the partisans of the throne which you lately burnt. . . . The reaction is at work and in movement. Its numerous emissaries will entice you, brothers, with irrealisable and senseless dreams. It is sowing gold broadcast. Beware, brothers, beware! Wait yet a few days with that calmness which you have already shown, and which is your true strength. . . . Believe us; listen to us! Nothing is possible now in France but the Democratic and Social Republic! . . . . No more *Emperors*, nor Kings. Nothing but Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

By this appeal, a number of prominent Social-Democrats sought to prevent the rising, but in vain. Hunger would not listen to advice. A three days' sanguinary street battle followed.

Finally, the movement was drowned in blood by General Cavagnac. A terrible system of drumhead law, of indiscriminate shooting of captives, and of proscriptions followed. Louis Blanc himself, falsely charged, sought safety in flight.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## AN APPEAL TO WORKINGMEN.

We take the following from Upton Sinclair's great book, " The Jungle ":—

To you, workingmen! To you, the toilers, who have made this land, and have no voice in its councils! To you, whose lot it is to sow that others may reap, to labour and obey, and ask no more than the wages of a beast of burden, the food and shelter to keep you alive from day to day. It is to you that I come with my message of salvation; it is with you that I plead. I know how much it is to ask of you—I know, for I have been in your place, I have lived your life—there is no man before me here to-night who knows it better. I have known what it is to be a street waif, a boot-black, living upon a crust of bread and sleeping in cellar stairways and under empty wagons. I have known what it is to dare and to aspire, to dream mighty dreams, and to see all the fair flowers of my spirit trampled into the mire by the wild beast powers of the world. I know what is the price that a workingman pays for knowledge—I have paid for it with food and sleep, with agony of body and mind—with health, almost with life itself; and so, when I come to you with a story of hope and freedom, with the vision of a new earth dared, I am not surprised that I find you sordid and material, sluggish and incredulous. These are the obstacles that lie before; and that they do not tempt me to despair is simply because I know also the forces that drive behind—because I know the raging lash of poverty; the sting of contempt and mastership; the " insolence of office and the spurns." Because I feel sure that in the crowd that has come here to-night, no matter how many may be dull and heedless, no matter how many may have come out of idle curiosity, or in order to ridicule—there will be some one man whom pain and suffering have made desperate, whom some chance

vision of wrong and horror has startled and shocked into attention and readiness; and to whom my words will come like a sudden flash of lightning to one who travels in darkness, revealing the way before him, the perils and the obstacles—solving all problems, making all difficulties clear! And the scales will fall from his eyes, the shackles will be torn from his limbs—he will leap up with a cry of thankfulness, and stride forth a free man at last! A man delivered from his self-created slavery! A man who will never more be trapped, whom no blandishments will cajole, whom no threats will ever frighten; who from to-night on will move forward and not backward, who will study and read and understand, who will gird on his sword and take his place in the army of his comrades and brothers! Who will carry the good tidings to others, as I have carried them to him—the priceless gift of liberty and light, that is neither mine nor his, but is the heritage of the soul of man! Workingmen, workingmen, comrades! Open your eyes and look about you! You have lived so long in the toil and heat your senses are dulled, your soul is numbed—but realise once in your lives this world in which you dwell—tear off the rags of its customs and conventions—behold it as it is, in all its hideous nakedness! Realise it, *realise it!* Realise that out upon the plains of Manchuria to-night two hostile armies are facing each other—that now, while we are seated here, a million human beings may be hurled at each other's throats striving with the fury of maniacs to tear each other to pieces! And this in the twentieth century—nineteen hundred years since the Prince of Peace came down to earth! Nineteen hundred years since his words were first preached as divine, and now two armies of men are rending and tearing each other like the wild beasts of the jungle! Philosophers have reasoned, prophets have denounced, poets have wept and pleaded—and still this hideous monster roams at large! We have schools and colleges, newspapers and books—we have searched the heavens and the earth, we have weighed and probed and reasoned—and all to equip men to destroy each other! We call it war, and pass it by—but do not put me off with platitudes and conventions—come with me, come with me—*realise it!* See the bodies of men pierced by bullets, blown into pieces by bursting shells! Hear the crunching of the bayonet, plunged into human flesh; hear the groans and shrieks of agony; see the faces of men crazed by pain, turned into fiends of fury and hate! Put your hand upon that piece of flesh—it is hot and quivering—just now it was a part of a man! This blood is still steaming—it was driven by a human heart! Almighty God! And this goes on—it is systematic, organised, premeditated—and we know it, and read of it, and take it for granted—our papers tell of it, and the presses are not stopped—our churches know of it, and do not close their doors—the people behold it, and do not rise up in horror and revolution!

Or perhaps Manchuria is too far away for you—come home

with me, then, come here to Chicago. Here in this city to-night ten thousand women are shut up in pens, and driven by hunger to sell their bodies. And we know it, we make it a jest! And these women are made in the image of your mothers, they may be your sisters, your daughters; the child whom you left at home to-night, whose laughing eyes will greet you in the morning—that fate may be waiting for her! To-night in Chicago there are ten thousand men, homeless and wretched, willing to work and begging for a chance, yet starving, and fronting in terror the awful winter cold! To-night in Chicago there are a hundred thousand children wearing out their strength and blasting their lives in the effort to earn their bread! There are a hundred thousand mothers who are living in misery and squalor, struggling to earn enough to feed their little ones! There are a hundred thousand old people, cast off and helpless, waiting for death to take them from their torments! There are a million people, men and women and children, who share the fate of the wage-slave—who toil every hour they can stand and see, for just enough to keep them alive; who are condemned till the end of their days to monotony and weariness, to hunger and misery, to heat and cold, to dirt and disease, to ignorance and drunkenness and vice! And then—and then! There are a thousand—ten thousand maybe—who are the masters of these slaves, who profit by their toil. They do nothing to earn what they receive, they do not even have to come for it—it comes to them of itself, their only care is to get rid of it. They live in palaces, they riot in luxury and extravagance—such as no words can describe, as makes the imagination reel and stagger, makes the soul grow sick and faint. They spend hundreds of dollars for a pair of shoes, a handkerchief, a garter; they spend thousands and tens of thousands for gowns, and flowers, and dogs. They spend millions for horses and automobiles and yachts, for palaces and banquets, for little shiny stones with which to deck their bodies. Their life is a contest among themselves for supremacy in ostentation and recklessness, in the destroying of useful and necessary things, in the wasting of the labour and the lives of their fellow creatures, the toil and anguish of the nations, the sweat and tears and blood of the human race! It is all theirs—it comes to them, just as all the springs pour into streamlets, and the streamlets into rivers, and the rivers into the ocean—so, automatically and inevitably, all the wealth of society comes to them. The farmer tills the soil, the miner digs in the earth; the weaver tends the loom, the mason carves the stone; the clever man invents, the shrewd man directs; the wise man studies, the inspired man sings; and all the result, the products of the labour of brain and muscle, are gathered into one stupendous stream and poured into their laps! The forest is cleared and the land settled and civilised; railroads spread over it; mighty cities arise upon it; machines are devised, industrial systems are organised—and all for them. The whole of society is in their grip,

the whole labour of the world lies at their mercy—and like fierce wolves they rend and destroy, like ravening vultures they devour and tear! The whole achievement of man belongs to them, for ever and beyond recall—do what it can, strive as it will, the human race lives for them and dies for them! They own not merely the labours of society, they own the Governments. In nations like America, which were once democracies, and in which the people's will stood in their way, they have accomplished a revolution by bribery; and everywhere they use their raped and stolen power to entrench themselves in their privileges, to dig wider and deeper the channel through which the river of profits flows to them! And you, working men, working men! You have been brought up to it, you plod on like beasts of burden, thinking only of the day and its pain—yet is there a man among you who can believe that such a system will continue for ever—is there a man here in this audience so hardened and debased that he dare rise up before me and say that he believes it can continue for ever, that the product of the labour of society, the means of existence of the human race, will always belong to a few idlers and parasites, to be spent for the gratification of vanity and lust—to be spent for any purpose whatever, to be at the disposal of any individual will whatever—that somehow, somewhere, the labour of humanity will not belong to humanity, to be used for the purposes of humanity, to be controlled by the will of humanity? And if this is ever to be, how is it to be? What power is there that will bring it about? Will it be the task of your masters—will they write the charter of your liberties, will they forge the sword of your deliverance, will they marshal the army and lead it to the fray? Will their wealth be spent for the purpose—will they build colleges and churches to teach you the way, will they print papers to herald your progress, organise political parties to guide and carry on the struggle? Can you not see that the task is your task—yours to dream, yours to resolve, yours to execute? That if ever it is carried out it will be in the face of every obstacle that wealth and mastership can oppose—in the face of ridicule and slander, of hatred and persecution, of the bludgeon and the jail? By the force of your naked bosoms opposed to the rage of oppression! By the grim and bitter teaching of blind and merciless affliction! By the painful gropings of the untutored mind, by the feeble stammerings of the uncultured voice! By the sad and lonely hunger of the spirit—by seeking and striving and yearning, by heart-ache and despairing, by agony and sweat of blood! By money paid for with hunger, by knowledge stolen from sleep, by thoughts communicated under the shadow of the gallows! By a movement beginning in the far-off past; a thing obscure and unhonoured—a thing easy to ridicule, easy to despise; a thing unlovely, wearing the aspect of vengeance and hate—but to you, the working man, the wage-slave, calling with a voice insistent, imperious—with a voice

that you cannot escape, wherever upon the earth you may be! With the voice of all your wrongs, the voice of all your desires. With the voice of your duty and your hope—of everything in the world that is worth while to you! The voice of the poor, demanding that poverty shall cease; the voice of the oppressed pronouncing the doom of oppression! The voice of power, wrought out of suffering—of resolution, crushed out of weakness—of joy and beauty, born in the bottomless pit of anguish and despair! The voice of Labour, despised and outraged! A mighty giant, lying prostrate—mountainous, colossal, but blinded, ignorant of his strength. And now a dream of resistance haunts him, hope battling with fear; until suddenly he stirs, and a fetter snaps; and a thrill shoots through him, to the farthest ends of his huge body —and in a flash the dream becomes a resolution! He starts, he lifts himself! The bands are shattered, the burdens roll off him He rises, towering, gigantic! He springs to his feet—he shouts in his new-born exultation.

He conquers the world.

## THE LABOURER IN PACKINGTOWN.

In the hubbub over the unsanitary methods in the preparation of packing-house products, Upton Sinclair complains, public attention has entirely neglected the "wage-slave," as he calls him, the immigrant, the labourer whose lot in Packingtown is by all accounts a hard one. His main purpose, Mr. Sinclair says in an article in the New York "Evening World," was not to expose "the condemned meat industry," but rather to "make the average American sympathise with the story of the foreign-born wage-slave in Packingtown." "I do not wish to be ungracious," he adds, "but I fear that 'The Jungle' would have been much longer in doing its work had its appeal been simply to the hearts and consciences of its readers and not at all to their stomachs." He goes on:

"And yet we are tied up in the same country with these strangers, and their fate is our fate; the way our country goes in the future depends upon what opportunities and what life we give them. They are coming here at the rate of a million a year, and if we think that we can allow them to be beaten and degraded without limit, and not pay a fearful penalty for it ourselves, we make a great mistake.

"The whole country is at this moment struggling against the power of the trusts. You yourself are suffering from their encroachments and are fighting fo free yourself. And it is the power of the political machine which holds your down; and the power of the machine is founded upon the foreign vote, which is bought. . . . .

"About twelve years ago old P. D. Armour, at the close of a great strike, had declared with an oath that he would fix the population of Packingtown so that it would never call a strike upon him again; and so he had set his agents at work to bring out hordes of emigrants from Eastern Europe—Lithuanians, Poles, Bohemians, and Slovaks. I met dozens of men who had come as a direct result of his endeavour. Strangers had come to their village—men who spoke their own language and were familiar with their ideas, and who told wonderful tales about free America and about the great packing-factories and the tremendous wages that were paid there. One could get over for almost nothing, for arrangements had been made with the steamship company, and so they had sold out all that they owned and come, sometimes whole families of them, sometimes half-a-dozen families from a single village. They had poured into Packingtown, one swarm after another; and as a result old P. D. Armour had had all the labour he could use and had beaten down wages to the starvation point and made himself one of the richest men in America and his son one of the half-dozen masters of the destiny of the American people."

These ignorant strangers, he adds, "had been plundered from the moment they left their native village." On every hand they are cheated and preyed upon by grafters, real-estate sharks, and what not. Mr. Sinclair condenses a section of "The Jungle," showing how houses are sold to immigrants on the instalment plan and then taken from them, after hundreds of dollars have been paid in, for inability to pay an instalment at a certain time. He continues:—

"The typical tenement-house in Packingtown is a two-storey frame building having four small rooms on a floor. A floor will be rented by a family, which will then take in boarders to help make expenses. Single men, of whom there are large numbers, occasionally rent a flat for themselves. Most of the Poles and Slavs with whom I talked said that they were saving up money to get away from America because the work was too hard for them to stand. They live sometimes as many as 13 in a room, renting a room and employing a woman to cook for them co-operatively. They have mattresses spread on the floor, covered with blankets which are never changed until they wear out; and frequently the same mattress is owned by a day man and a night man and thus never gets a chance to get cold. The filth and vermin in these rooms are, of course, beyond any words; and, needless to say, in the winter time no fresh air ever gets into the building. Living in homes such as this, and working ten or twelve hours a day under terrific pressure—and liable to work 14 in rush season—the men have very little vitality left, and know no way to spend their money except in drink. . . . .

"When I had finished 'The Jungle' I went through it and cut out everything that sounded like preaching. Here is one of the

paragraphs which I cut out—the best statement I can make upon this question:

"'Once upon a time a great-hearted woman set forth the sufferings of the black chattel-slave and roused a continent to arms. She had many things in her favour which cannot be counted on by him who would paint the life of the modern slave—the slave of the factory, the sweatshop, and the mine. The lash which drives the latter cannot either be seen or heard: most people do not believe that it exists—it is the cant of the philanthropist and the political convention that it does not exist. This slave is never hunted by bloodhounds; he is not beaten to pieces by picturesque villains nor does he die in ecstasies of religious faith. His religion is but another snare of the oppressors, and the bitterness of his misfortunes; the hounds that hunt him are disease and accident, and the villain who murders him is merely the prevailing rate of wages. And who can thrill the reader with the tale of a man hunt, in which the hunted is a lousy and ignorant foreigner, and the hunters are the germs of consumption, diphtheria and typhoid? Who can make a romance out of the story of a man whose one life adventure is the scratching of a finger by an infected butcher-knife, with a pine box and a pauper's grave as the dénouement? And yet it may be just as painful to die of blood-poisoning as to be beaten to death; to be tracked by bloodhounds and torn to pieces is most certainly a merciful fate compared to that which falls to thousands every year in Packingtown—to be hunted for life by bitter poverty, to be ill-clothed and badly-housed, to be weakened by starvation, cold and exposure, to be laid low by sickness or accident—and then to lie and watch while the gaunt wolf of hunger creeps in upon you and gnaws out the heart of you, and tears up the bodies and souls of your wife and babies.'"

"The Appeal to Reason" (Socialist), of Girard, Kan., in commenting along the same line upon the scant attention paid to the labourer in Packingtown, observes:

"It seems that the public becomes enraged only when deliberate murder is planned and actually done upon itself. It seems to me that not less important and alarming are the conditions which indicate the existence in America of a serfdom not less abject than in Darkest Russia. If such a slavery were possible in packing-houses under our blessed capitalism, then it is certainly possible in all our corporate industries, and the contention of Socialists that there does exist under the present system of wages and profit a tyranny as oppressive as ever welded shackles to limbs of freemen is justified."

In looking for arguments or statements from the packers' side we have examined Mr. J. Ogden Armour's recent book, "The Packers, the Private Car lines, and the People," but Mr. Armour does not treat the subject of labour.—"Literary Digest," New York."

## SOCIALISM IN THE PULPIT.

Although Charles Kingsley and Frederick William Robertson were never disciplined or even reprimanded for their alleged leaning toward Socialism, the opinion is abroad in some quarters that no preacher of the Gospel should advocate or even indirectly favour the doctrine or influence of Socialists. This we learn in the first place from an article in "Die Nation" (Berlin), which relates and comments upon the case of Pastor Korell, the Liberal candidate for the representation of Darmstadt in the Reichstag. According to the journal cited, this Protestant pastor was mistakenly accused of supporting the Social-Democrat Berthold in a certain contest for a seat in the Reichstag, by opposing his antagonist in the election —the reactionary Stein. For this the Church authorities, as represented by the Central Consistory of Hesse, passed a vote of censure upon him. Even in the eyes of the Consistory his fault was merely a fault by implication. To quote "Die Nation":—

"The Consistory itself admits that Pastor Korell 'did nothing positive' to secure the election of the Social-Democrat Berthold. He did nothing, in fact, from which anyone could suppose that he preferred the return of Berthold to that of the reactionary Stein. His offence consisted in the fact that he promoted the cause of the Social-Democrat 'by neglecting an opportunity to oppose Social-Democracy which he ought not to have neglected.' It was presumably considered his duty as pastor to speak out against the election of Berthold. His silence had done injury to the Church, and by his silence he had shown a disposition of mind 'which was quite out of keeping with the ministerial profession and was likely to impair the respect and confidence which his calling demanded from the people.'"

The writer quoted from denies in the first place that the course taken by Pastor Berthold was prejudicial to the Church, and argues as follows:

"Would Korell really have served the interests of the Church if he had openly declared himself against Berthold, and thus indirectly supported Stein? Mr. Stein's programme includes the shelving of universal suffrage, and the consequent confiscation of the working-man's most important political right. Whoever supports him thereby necessarily announces himself to be the enemy of labour. By declaring that it is the duty of the pastor to aid the election of a man who opposes the extension of the franchise, is the Church doing anything more than alienating the working-man from the Church?"

But the broader argument on which the "Nation" stigmatises the action of the Church in condemning Socialism in the Christian

ministry is that it implies an invasion of the minister's political rights. In the words of this writer:

"The minister does not forfeit his citizenship by entering the ministry. The strongest protest should therefore be uttered against the attempt of the Consistory not only to bring odium upon Korell by their sentence of condemnation, but also to create a general impression that no minister of the Gospel has any right to take part in politics."

It is interesting to note in this connection that the Rev. Frederick Preston writes to "The Christian Register" (Boston) to remark that he considers as over-scrupulous the resignation from the Unitarian ministry of the Rev. Mr. Ruess, of Alameda. This resignation resulted from the circumstance that Mr. Ruess had become a Socialist and consequently belonged to a school of political thought which was incompatible with the proper exercise of his ministerial profession. Mr. Preston writes that he does not believe that "the clergyman's robe" would be "a masquerade garb" for a Socialist, and adds:

"Personally I am far from being a political Socialist or a Socialist in any way, but I should suppose that a political Socialist as well as a political Democrat or a political Republican might do good service in the ministry of a Unitarian church. We can hardly preach the responsibility of citizenship unless we take sufficient interest to have definite views about public issues. There are parishioners who have all the more regard for ministers because they are politically something, although the very opposite of their own views."—Translations made for "The Literary Digest."

## SCIENCE AND SOCIALISM.

We take the following extract from "New Conceptions in Science," by Carl Snyder:—

Physical science will not stop short of a reduction of the universe and all it contains to the basis of mechanics; in more concrete terms, to the working of a machine.

Meanwhile the scientific spirit will penetrate yet deeper. The same methods which have taken from us the childish and fantastic notions of our ancestors, and brought in their stead clear and rational conceptions of this world, will help us further. They will make possible the scientific organisation of industry, of politics, of morals—in brief, of the whole scheme of our daily lives.

In one great field the conquest is already complete. We may

now change the tense of Tyndall's famous phrase and say: "Science has claimed, and it has wrested from theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory." There is not an intelligent man on the whole wide earth who longer believes that the Mosaic account of creation is true, or that the world was created in the year 4004 B.C., or that the sun stood still in Gibeon. We are past all that. This is something.

The scientific organisation of industry, illustrated in the great trusts, is going on under our eyes. It should give no alarm. When the work is complete, public utility will necessitate governmental control, and from this to the complete unification of the whole machinery of production and distribution will be but a step. With this will come, too, the disappearance of the leisured and parasitic class generally. The invidious distinctions of wealth, with their attendant vulgarity and their inevitably debasing influence, will disappear. Under a rational régime, men and women will satisfy their natural instinct for activity and work, while they will have ample time for that recreation and change which alone make life agreeable or supportable. Ostentatious riches and depressing poverty, greed and want, crime and prostitution, will cease to exist, and with it the physical and moral maiming and stunting of the children of the poor.

This alone will permit of more of genuine progress in a century than in three millenniums before. The general conditions of society have changed but little within a long time. For the more obvious form of chattel slavery we have substituted another of practically the same effect. And now, as in the antique days, the lower classes are the breeders. If the propagation of the race were left to the cultured and intelligent the race would die out, because, in general, the cultured and intelligent have few children, or none. With the present death rate, from four to five children per family are required to maintain the population. As the well-to-do classes have rarely more than one, two, or three, it is easy to see that the bulk is recruited from below. Families which struggle up from an inferior place to a higher level tend steadily to become infertile, like the nobility in monarchical countries. There is, then, a sort of a breeding level, and that level is low. Undoubtedly it is this which explains why it is that ten thousand years of history disclose so little improvement, so little real change.

With better industrial arrangements these conditions should disappear, and with them much else. We shall have—we are gaining slowly—a new criminology, more humane, and, at the same time, possibly more rigorous. The Hebraic scheme will be banished; we shall not *punish*, but we may not spare. The deformed, the defective, and diseased must be incessantly weeded out. Doubtless, too, present marriage relations will be greatly altered, for their present basis, the support of the woman and her offspring, will have ceased to be a necessary consideration.

Finally, we shall have a healthier morality. I quote an admirable passage from Professor Loeb's recent volume:—"The analysis of the instincts, from a purely physiological point of view, will ultimately furnish the data for a scientific ethics. Human happiness is based upon the possibility of a natural and harmonious satisfaction of the instincts. One of the most important of the instincts is not usually recognised as such, namely, the instinct of workmanship. Lawyers, criminologists, and philosophers frequently imagine that it is only want that makes man work. This is an erroneous view. We are instinctively forced to be active in the same way as ants or bees. The instinct of workmanship would be the greatest source of happiness if it were not for the fact that our present social and economic organisation allows only a few to satisfy this instinct."

And he adds, in a footnote:—

"It is rather remarkable that we should still be under the influence of an ethics which considers the human instincts in themselves low and their gratification vicious. That such an ethics must have had a comforting effect upon the Orientals, whose instincts were inhibited or warped through the combined effects of an enervating climate, despotism, and miserable economic conditions, is intelligible, and it is perhaps due to a continuation of the unsatisfactory economic conditions that this ethics still prevails to some extent."

In some such wise one may vaguely conceive the society of the future. Is it afar off? No doubt. Is it but a chimera? I do not find it so. Probably its realisation will be slow, and it will not be forwarded by hysteria.

But the foundations have been laid; and they are firm. The achievements of the last three hundred years are secure. We shall never more go backward. If the light of science die out from one land, it will be kept burning in another, for it extends now throughout all the earth. The slender band that bore it through the days of Athens and Alexandria has become an army. The Age of Darkness—the days when cannibals of holy mien had power hideously to torture, fiendishly to burn some of the noblest intellects that ever existed—will never return.

Modern progress, planted firmly upon machinery, upon the steam-engine, the steamship, the dynamo, the telegraph, the printing-press, and all manner of mechanical contrivances, will suffer no serious check. These priceless inventions, while adding infinitely to the variety and interest of life and lessening the hours of human toil, have bred a larger humanity and higher aims. Bringing a new industrial order, they have served to banish the distinctions of class, to make labour noble, to break down the barriers between nations, to extinguish race hatreds, to abolish creeds, to bring together in conscious solidarity, all the peoples of all lands.

These inventions, these discoveries, are the offspring of the

scientific spirit; they form to-day a bulwark for its defence. To add to their number, or to the number of their applications, is the highest good towards which any man may strive. Shall we soon forget the glowing pages of Buckle, wherein this truth found such impassioned expression: "The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil; the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal; they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards, one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them that we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than at the moment of their promulgation." ("History of Civilisation," vol. I.)

Not, then, to the Cæsars and Alexanders, not to the bandits and plunderers who have reddened history, neither to the dreaming Messiahs whose hallucinations have filled men's minds with empty fancies—not to these should rise our pantheons; but rather to those who, in the pursuit of science and of truth, have added to the intellectual wealth of mankind.

For they are the true gods, the real gods. Eos salutemus, et secuti laboremus!

## "COMRADE."

All in that city was strange, incomprehensible. Churches in great number pointed their many tinted steeples toward the sky, in gleaming colours; but the walls and the chimneys of the factories rose still higher, and the temples were crushed between the massive façades of commercial houses, like marvellous flowers sprung up among the ruins, out of the dust. And when the bells called the faithful to prayer, their brazen sounds, sliding along the iron roofs, vanished, leaving no traces in the narrow gaps which separated the houses.

They were always large, and sometimes beautiful, these dwellings. Deformed people, ciphers, ran about like grey mice in the tortuous streets from morning till evening; and their eyes, full of covetousness, looked for bread or for some distraction; other men, placed at the crossways, watched with a vigilant and ferocious air, that the weak should, without murmuring, submit themselves to the strong. The strong were the rich; everyone believed that money alone gives power and liberty. All wanted power because all were slaves. The luxury of the rich begot the envy and hate of the poor; no one knew any finer music than the ring of gold; that is why each was the enemy of his neighbour, and cruelty reigned master.

Sometimes the sun shone over the city, but the life therein was always wan, and the people like shadows. At night they lit a mass of joyous lights; and then famishing women went out to the streets to sell their caresses to the highest bidder. Everywhere floated an odour of victuals, and the sullen and voracious look of the people grew. Over the city hovered a groan of misery, stifled, without strength to make itself heard.

Every one led an irksome, unquiet life; a general hostility was the rule. A few citizens only considered themselves just, but these were the most cruel, and their ferocity provoked that of the herd. All wanted to live; and no one knew or could follow freely the

pathway of his desires; like an insatiable monster, the present enveloped in its powerful and vigorous arms the man who marched toward the future, and in that slimy embrace sapped away his strength. Full of anguish and perplexity, the man paused, powerless before the hideous aspect of this life; with its thousands of eyes, infinitely sad in their expression, it looked into his heart, asking him for it knew not what—and then the radiant images of the future died in his soul; a groan out of the powerless of the man mingled in the discordant chorus of lamentations and tears from poor human creatures tormented by life.

Tedium and inquietude reigned everywhere, and sometimes terror. And the dull and sober city, the stone buildings atrociously lined one against the other, shutting in the temples, were for men a prison, rebuffing the rays of the sun. And the music of life was smothered by the cry of suffering and rage, by the whisper of dissimulated hate, by the threatening bark of cruelty, by the voluptuous cry of violence.

In the sullen agitation caused by trial and suffering, in the feverish struggle of misery, in the vile slime of egotism, in the subsoils of the houses wherein vegetated Poverty, the creator of riches, solitary dreamers full of faith in Man, strangers to all, prophets of of seditions, moved about like sparks issued from some far-off hearthstone of justice. Secretly they brought into these wretched holes tiny fertile seeds of a doctrine simple and grand—and sometimes rudely, with lightnings in their eyes, and sometimes mild and tender, they sowed this clear and burning truth in the sombre hearts of these slaves, transformed into mute, blind instruments by the strength of the rapacious, by the will of the cruel. And these sullen beings, these oppressed ones, listened without much belief to the music of the new words—the music for which their hearts had long been waiting. Little by little they lifted up their heads, and tore the meshes of the web of lies wherewith their oppressors had enwound them. In their existence, made up of silent and contained rage, in their hearts envenomed by numberless wrongs, in their consciences encumbered by the dupings of the wisdom of the strong, in this dark and laborious life, all penetrated with the bitterness of humiliation, had resounded a simple word:

Comrade!

It was not a new word; they had heard it and pronounced it themselves; but until then it had seemed to them void of sense, like all other words dulled by usage, and which one may forget without losing anything. But now this word, strong and clear, had another sound; a soul was singing in it—the facets of it shone brilliant as a diamond. The wretched accepted this word, and at first uttered it gently, cradling it in their hearts like a mother rocking her new-born child and admiring it. And the more they searched the luminous soul of the word, the more fascinating it seemed to them.

"Comrade," said they.

And they felt that this word had come to unite the whole world, to lift all men up to the summits of liberty and bind with new ties, the strong ties of mutual respect, respect for the liberties of others in the name of one's own liberty.

When this word had engraved itself upon the hearts of the slaves, they ceased to be slaves; and one day they announced their transformation to the city in this great human formula:

*I will not.*

Then life was suspended, for it is they who are the motor force of life, they and no other. The water supply stopped, the fire went out, the city was plunged in darkness. The masters began to tremble like children. Fear invaded the hearts of the oppressors. Suffocating in the fumes of their own dejection, disconcerted and terrified by the strength of the revolt, they dissimulated the rage which they felt against it.

The phantom of famine rose up before them, and their children wailed plaintively in the darkness. The houses and the temples, enveloped in shadow, melted into an inanimate chaos of iron and stone; a menacing silence filled the streets with a clamminess as of death; life ceased, for the force which created it had become conscious of itself; and enslaved humanity had found the magic and invincible word to express its will; it had enfranchised itself from the yoke; with its own eyes it had seen its might—the might of the creator.

These days were days of anguish to the rulers, to those who considered themselves the masters of life; each night was as long as thousands of nights, so thick was the gloom, so timidly shone the few fires scattered through the city. And then the monster city, created by the centuries, gorged with human blood, showed itself in all its shameful weakness; it was but a pitiable mass of stone and wood. The blind windows of the houses looked upon the street with a cold and sullen air, and out on the highway marched with valiant step the real masters of life. They, too, were hungry, more than the others, perhaps; but they were used to it, and the suffering of their bodies was not so sharp as the suffering of the old masters of life; it did not extinguish the fire in their souls. They glowed with the consciousness of their own strength, the presentiment of victory sparkled in their eyes. They went about in the streets of the city which had been their narrow and sombre prison, wherein they had been overwhelmed with contempt, wherein their souls had been loaded with abuse, and they saw the great importance of their work, and thus was unveiled to them the sacred right they had to become the masters of life, its creators and its law-givers.

And the life-giving word of union presented itself to them with a new face, with a blinding clearness:

"Comrade!"

There among lying words it rang out boldly, as the joyous harbinger of the time to come, of a new life open to all in the future—far or near? They felt that it depended upon them whether they advanced towards liberty or themselves deferred its coming.

The prostitute who, but the evening before, was but a hungry beast, sadly waiting on the muddy pavement to be accosted by someone who would buy her caresses, the prostitute, too, heard this word, but was undecided whether to repeat it. A man the like of whom she had never seen till then approached her, laid his hand upon her shoulder and said to her in an affectionate tone, "Comrade." And she gave a little embarrassed smile, ready to cry with the joy her wounded heart experienced for the first time. Tears of pure gaiety shone in her eyes, which, the night before, had looked at the world with the stupid and insolent expression of a starving animal. In all the streets of the city the outcasts celebrated the triumph of their reunion with the great family of workers of the entire world; and the dead eyes of the houses looked on with an air more and more cold and menacing.

The beggar to whom but the night before an obol was thrown, price of the compassion of the well-fed, the beggar also, heard this word; and it was the first alms which aroused a feeling of gratitude in his poor heart gnawed by misery.

A coachman, a great big fellow whose patrons struck him that their blows might be transmitted to his thin-flanked, weary horse; this man, imbruted by the noise of wheels upon the pavement, said, smiling, to a passer by: "Well, comrade!" He was frightened at his own words. He took the reins in his hands, ready to start, and looked at the passer by, the joyous smile not yet effaced from his big face. The other cast a friendly glance at him and answered, shaking his head: "Thanks, comrade; I will go on foot; I am not going far."

"Ah, the fine fellow!" exclaimed the coachman enthusiastically; he stirred in his seat, winking his eyes gaily, and started off somewhere with a great clatter.

The people went in groups crowded together on the pavements, and the great word destined to unite the world burst out more and more often among them, like a spark: "Comrade." A policeman, bearded, fierce, and filled with the consciousness of his own importance, approached the crowd surrounding an old orator at the corner of a street, and, after having listened to the discourse, he said slowly: "Assemblages are interdicted . . . . disperse." . . . . And after a moment's silence, lowering his eyes, he added, in a lower tone, "Comrades."

The pride of young combatants was depicted in the faces of those who carried the word in their hearts, who had given it flesh and blood and the appeal to union; one felt that the strength they

so generously poured into this living word was indestructible, inexhaustible.

Here and there blind troops of armed men, dressed in grey, gathered and formed ranks in silence; it was the fury of the oppressors preparing to repulse the wave of justice.

And in the narrow streets of the immense city, between the cold and silent walls raised by the hands of ignored creators, the noble belief in man and in fraternity grew and ripened.

"Comrade."—Sometimes in one corner, sometimes in another, the fire burst out. Soon this fire would become the conflagration destined to enkindle the earth with the ardent sentiment of kinship, uniting all its peoples; destined to consume and reduce to ashes the rage, hate, and cruelty by which we are mutilated; the conflagration which will embrace all hearts, melt them into one—the heart of the world, the heart of beings noble and just—into one united family of workers.

In the streets of the dead city, created by slaves, in the streets of the city where cruelty reigned, faith in humanity and in victory over self and over the evil of the world, grew and ripened. And in the vague chaos of a dull and troubled existence, a simple word, profound as the heart, shone like a star, like a light guiding toward the future: Comrade!

MAXIM GORKY.

(Translation from the "Papyrus" for "The Worker.")

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Trades Union Congress.**—In spite of the predictions, to which we have been treated of recent years, of the decay and early demise of the Trades Union Congress, the 39th anniversary of that assembly has found it stronger in numbers and vigour than ever. This is not at all surprising, except to those who imagined that its functions could be undertaken by the Labour Representation Conference and that of the Federation of Trades between them. But the Congress is a much bigger affair than either of the others, and its functions much more extensive. It was possible for the Trades Congress to have exercised the functions of the other two bodies—indeed, we think it was a very grave blunder ever to have allowed the work of federation and of promoting Labour representation to be separated from the Congress—but it would be clearly impossible for bodies specially formed for the promotion of federation or Labour representation to cover the all-embracing field of the Trades Union

Congress. Besides, the Trades Union Congress can and does formulate a programme for the working-class movement, both political and economic. The Federation of Trades is perfectly right in declaring that to be entirely outside its province; while the Labour Representation Conference, which, it might be supposed, would regard political initiative and the formulation of a political programme, at least, as among its duties, has explicitly declined any such work. Its resolutions are expressly stated to be merely the expressions of opinion of the delegates, and to have no bearing whatever upon the policy or action of its Parliamentary representatives, to whom is left the formulation of any programme which may be agreed upon from time to time.

**A Working-Class Programme.**—The Trades Union Congress, on the other hand, does give very clear and definite instructions to its Parliamentary Committee, as to the legislative measures to be promoted and supported and the Bills to be drafted; and no candidate is supposed to receive the official support of the Parliamentary Committee who does not agree to support the trade union programme, as formulated in the resolutions of the Congress. It is true that the Parliamentary Committee often falls short of its duty; but in such case it has to answer for it to the Congress, which is generally pretty outspoken in its criticism and condemnation of the Committee. It is true also that some of the resolutions of the Congress appear to run counter to others; but in the main they make for progress in a Socialist direction; and when it is borne in mind that they embrace the whole Socialist object, it will be seen that the Trades Union Congress has gone very far. We could ask nothing better of a Labour group in the House of

Commons than that it should have for its programme one based upon the co-ordinated resolutions of the Trades Union Congress. On the present occasion, for example, the Congress has adopted resolutions which furnish very useful planks in such a programme, as, for instance, the nationalisation of railways, mines, minerals and canals, and for compulsory State insurance for workmen's compensation, among others. It would be well if the Labour Representation Conference would imitate the Congress in thus giving instructions to its Parliamentary representatives. It will be better still, however, if the functions of federation and Labour representation can be consolidated with the general functions of the Trades Union Congress.

**The Russian Revolution.**—The mad act of the Russian autocracy in dissolving the Duma has had the result which might reasonably have been anticipated. While the Duma existed the people were patient, hoping for some redress and anticipating reforms. We did not look for much from the Duma, nor did we suppose that it could stem the revolutionary torrent for long. That it would act as a moderating and temporising element was quite certain; but with all its moderation it was too extreme and revolutionary for the Czar; and so he, with deliberate recklessness, brushed it aside, and so destroyed the only possible barrier between his throne and revolution. It may be that the time had already passed for any such barriers or breakwaters. At any rate, the Duma has gone, and the two forces of revolution and reaction are left face to face with each other. And both are active. The brutal acts of repression on the part of the autocracy are vigorously responded to by the revolutionists by terrible reprisals. The Prime Minister has been struck at, his house wrecked, his children

seriously injured and many of his guests killed and wounded in the fierce battle now waging between the people and their oppressors; while scarcely a day passes without the news of the execution of some general or other high official who has been prominent in organising or carrying out the reactionary campaign.

**The Cry for Help.**—It has been suggested that the attack on M. Stolypin's residence may have been the work of the Czar's "black bands," and not that of the revolutionists at all. It might be supposed to be to the interest of the autocracy to show the impossibility of any form of constitutionalism, and it would be a mistake to imagine that it would display any scruples as to the means to be employed or the persons to be sacrificed. But Stolypin is more reactionary than moderate, and we should say that it was rather to the interest of the Czar's Government to placate foreign Liberal opinion just now. It is absolutely bankrupt, its resources are exhausted; the loans raised at extravagant interest for the relief of distress have been frittered away in administration, and now fresh loans are necessary if the Government is to continue to exist. There is reason, therefore, for a show of moderation and of constitutionalism, and for the convening of another Duma. But the success of the revolution at this juncture depends upon frustrating these efforts of the Government. The revolutionists want no more sham constitutionalism, which will enable the autocracy to obtain further supplies from Europe. On the contrary they desire to stop those supplies, and they want all the help that the workers and the Socialists in other lands can give them. Thus from both parties to the struggle in Russia comes a cry for help. It behoves the Socialists of Europe to respond to the cry of their Russian comrades, reiter-

ated by the International Socialist Bureau, as liberally and as speedily as possible. He gives twice who gives quickly, and funds are urgently needed. But it is necessary not only to give to our comrades; we have also to use every effort to stop the supplies of their enemies. It has been stated that the Governments of Germany and Austria have been appealed to for armed assistance. The Socialist Parties of all countries must do their best to stop this. But above all the Czar's Government needs money, and the money-lenders of Europe must be warned that money lent to the Russian autocracy will be absolutely thrown away, as the present Government can never repay it and the Russian Republic assuredly will not do so.

**Cockermouth and its Consequences.**—We Social-Democrats have much to rejoice over in the result of the contest at Cockermouth. Naturally, we regret that Smillie was not returned, but the defeat of the Liberal was a victory over which we rejoice and are exceeding glad. Then, again, we are pleased by the demonstration, already afforded us by Norwich, Jarrow, Dewsbury, Leicester, and other places, in the General Election, that there is no special virtue, or mysterious essence, in affiliation with the L.R.C. so far as success at elections goes, and that, fighting on a definite Socialist programme, in a straight fight against both Liberal and Tory, the S.D.F. candidate has as good a chance as anyone else. Further, we were glad to have clearly manifested, even to the indignation and disgust of our good pro-feminist friends of the I.L.P., what we have always maintained, that the ultra-feminists, who regard the extension of the franchise to propertied women as of more importance than any Socialist measure, will never hesitate, at a pinch, to sacrifice Socialism to feminism. Now, lastly, we have occasion

to rejoice that the Cockermouth contest has provoked strong expressions of hostility to the Labour Party and its policy on the part of leading Liberals—expressions which, it is to be hoped, will clear the air, and make the relative positions of the Labour Party and the Liberals more clearly defined.

**A Disappointed Whip.**—The Master of Elibank, in his declaration of war against the Labour Party and against Socialism, betrayed considerable chagrin and disappointment. And we cannot help, to a certain extent, sympathising with him. He thought that the Labour Party really meant to be friendly with the Liberal Party. Its object was to promote Labour Representation, and with that object he and many other Liberals cordially sympathised. He understood, of course, that it was to be "independent" Labour Representation, but the independence was to be "on Labour questions only," and it was not reasonable to suppose that it would ever be used against the Liberal Party. Still more preposterous was it to suppose, after the electoral concessions made by the Liberal Party, that there would be actual conflict in an election. Yes, we certainly think the Master of Elibank has reason to feel hurt, disappointed and angry. The Labour Party has not treated the Liberals fairly. They have never claimed to be a Socialist Party, between whom and the Liberals there is essential, fundamental antagonism; they are just a Labour Party, and, as many of them have always been Liberals, the Liberal Whips naturally supposed that, notwithstanding the new declaration of independence, their support and co-operation could be relied upon. It remains to be seen how far the members of the Labour Party will justify the new estimate which has been

formed of them, by declaring for Socialism and against Liberalism. It will be impossible for them much longer to occupy their present anomalous and negative position.

**A Step Towards Free Maintenance.**—The Report of the Select Committee on the Bill for providing meals for school children comes at an opportune time. It should give a stimulus to an Autumn campaign on behalf of complete State Maintenance for all school children, and certainly affords many an argument in support of our proposals. This report, and the measure with which it deals, are characteristic of all social legislation in this country. We never do anything in that direction here, because it is right, and just, and neccessary, but simply because it cannot be avoided. Our individualists rail against Socialistic measures, against the extension of public business and of public property, and the growing area of public enterprise and public supervision. But they forget that all this growth in a Socialist direction has been effected under the administration and control of vehement anti-Socialists. They have moved towards collective ownership and social organisation, not because they desired to do so—quite otherwise—but because they could not help themselves; because the force of economic and social development was too strong for them. Therein lies the strength of our Socialism, it is in unison with the development of human society. Thus, in this matter of the children, we have seen the most strenuous advocates of the theory that parents should educate their own children—like the late Henry Fawcett—supporting a system of national compulsory education; we have seen bitter opponents of free education voting for the abolition of school fees; and we now see opponents of the principle of public

maintenance, forced grudgingly to admit that there are cases in existing circumstances in which it becomes a public duty to supply school children—the children of mere workpeople—with food. Not too much food, just one meal a day. But that is something. It is the thin end, the very thin end, of the wedge. It will be our work to drive the thick end home.

**State Capitalism and Socialism.**—In an article on "Indian Affairs," under the title of "The Socialism of the Indian Government," "The Times" of September 4, says: "It is curious that the most Socialistic Government in the world should find its most vigorous opponents among the Socialists of England. The time that Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Hyndman can spare from the propagation of Socialism in England they devote to the repudiation of their principles in India." This conclusion is the result of a misapprehension of what the principles of Socialism are, a misapprehension which has so general acceptance that it is frequently necessary to correct it. What too often passes for Socialism is nothing more nor less than State capitalism, which, although it disposes of the objections urged against collective ownership, and in favour of private enterprise, is productive of precisely the same social evils, otherwise, as any other form of capitalism. Says the "Times": "Socialism is of course a very general term, which may be used to cover the opinions of Red Communists or mild-mannered Fabians, but there are two doctrines which form the intellectual basis of all varieties of Socialism; these may be briefly labelled the nationalisation of land and the nationalisation of capital." The article then goes on to assert that the land of India is nationalised and the tendency there is towards the nationalisation of capital. The misapprehension arises from

the confusion of nationalisation with State ownership. The term nationalisation no doubt lends itself to that confusion, and for that, among other reasons, it is generally discarded by Socialists for the much more clear and definite term "socialisation." We may call State property national property, but it is only national when the State is national. The property of a class State is the property of the class which owns the State. The State in India, as the "Times" says, "has never parted with its proprietary rights in the land." But the State in India is the British Raj, and its proprietary rights are simply a means for exploiting the ryots of India in the interests of the plundering classes of this country. It is only a system of State landlordism or State capitalism, in which certain means of production instead of being held by the master class individually for their profit, are held by them collectively through the State with the same object. That is not Socialism. Socialism means social ownership for social use and the abolition of rent and profit altogether.

## THE SHAM ARMY.

The other day there was published a singularly interesting book to those persons, of whom the writer is one, who are somewhat incredulous of the advantages conferred on the unemployed class by the various social-religious associations or armies, which are financed by a non-critical public in the belief that they are helping such associations to solve a serious social problem. By far the largest of these organisations is the Salvation Army, controlled by Mr., or "General," William Booth. Mr. John Manson, the author of the book* we refer to, has been at considerable pains to gain an insight into the methods and working of the Army, and we venture to think that the public will be greatly startled at the revelations which Mr. Manson makes, if they ever become aware of them. This is a necessary limitation, because there are signs that Mr. Manson's book is being boycotted by the Press; no doubt, the reason for this boycot is that the Salvation Army has become a recognised institution, patronised by Royalty, and is, therefore, sacred. However that may be, the present writer has not observed that the Press, as a whole, has paid the slightest regard to the book, though giving a large amount of space to Mr. William Booth's tour round the seaside resorts of

* "The Salvation Army and the Public."

England, and to his emigration solution for the "unemployed" question, the ridiculous character of which it is unnecessary to deal with here, except to say that there is an enormous quantity of work of all sorts and kinds crying out to be done in England, so it would be extremely bad national economy to export a mass of available labour to Canada or other colonies. However much our colonies need labour, England needs it more.

As there are many people who honestly believe in the efficacy of these social-religious organisations, it may be worth while to dwell a little on one or two of the salient facts which Mr. Manson presses on his readers. In the first place, on the religious part of the Salvation Army's work, there are set out some remarkable figures, which go to show that the Salvation Army is not justifying its existence. Taking four of London's poorest districts, in Poplar the persons attending religious services between November, 1902, and November, 1903, for all sects, amounted to 13,579; of that number, the Salvation Army claimed 370, a percentage of 2.7; in Stepney, out of a total of 27,274 for all sects, the Salvation Army claimed 200, a percentage of 0.7; in Bethnal Green, out of a total of 9,691, the Salvation Army claimed 61, a percentage of 0.6; in Shoreditch the figures show a little improvement in favour of the Salvation Army—all sects 8,097, the Salvation Army 470, a percentage of 5.8. As a further deduction, it must be borne in mind that out of these percentages there should come the staff, or corps, in attendance at every service. As all persons assisted by the Salvation Army have to attend the various services held for the "conversion" of the evil-doer, it will be seen that the Army's reclamation work, in these four poor districts, is quite ineffective, and out of all proportion, in its inutility, to the vast sums contributed by the public towards the cost of transforming the "unemployable" into the "employable," which the said public imagines to be a successful

branch of the Army's work. These figures indicate clearly, that, notwithstanding all the shouting in praise of the Salvation Army, there is slender foundation for indulging in enthusiastic plaudits over its much-vaunted work in the East End of London.

Probably, the most serious part of Mr. Manson's book, and the part the most calculated to alarm one, is where he relates the position of the Reliance Bank, Limited, which has succeeded the Salvation Army Bank as the banking institution of the Salvation Army. The Reliance Bank, Limited, was formed on December 28, 1900, with a nominal capital of £100,000 in £1 shares. This company was formed to acquire "a banking business, heretofore carried on by General Booth under the style of 'The Salvation Army Bank.'" The vendor to the company was Mr. William Booth, the price paid him being £40,000 in the form of 39,993 £1 shares, fully-paid up, and £7 in cash. Seven directors were appointed, each holding a £1 share, and all being officers in the Salvation Army. "In 1901 William Booth held 39,991 shares, and nine directors—among whom was Mr. Bramwell Booth, the chairman—held the remaining nine shares among them. In September, 1902, William Booth held 59,991 shares, Mr. Bramwell Booth one share, and eight other directors eight shares among them, 5s. per share having meanwhile been called up on the 20,000 additional shares then held by the General. . . . . General Booth is substantially the Reliance Bank, Limited, his directors and chairman being entirely subject to him. He enters into an agreement with himself to do certain things, and to refrain from doing certain others. He undertakes not to compete with himself. . . . . He allots himself all the shares except nine. As banker he borrows money from the public and lends a large portion of it to himself as General of his religious organisation; as General he receives from public contributions to his corps money wherewith to pay himself interest in the capacity of lender, and it is this

money which enables him to pay his investors their interest at the starting point" (page 82). The liabilities of the Reliance Bank in 1904 totalled £239,481. The total assets were £286,455, nominally, but that figure has not a very substantial basis, as it includes the enormous sum of £40,000 for "goodwill." It is difficult to conceive how there can be any "goodwill" in a banking institution of this kind. Such an asset, in a winding up, would not be worth 40s., let alone £40,000. Another doubtful asset is "loans on mortgage of Salvation Army property amounting to £94,370." Considering that the head of the Salvation Army borrows money from himself as the Bank, one wonders whether that mortgage security would have been regarded as a sufficient security for loans of £94,370 if the directors of the Bank had been independent persons. The reserve fund is £1,180, which is hardly a dazzling or re-assuring figure. Then there is a society called the Salvation Army Assurance Society, Limited, which is administered on the same lines as the bank, General Booth again holding the vast majority of shares. The bankers of the Assurance Society are the Reliance Bank, Limited. The whole of this story smacks too much of City finance of the peculiar character which is associated with the floating of bubble companies.

In the interests of the depositors in this Bank, it is the manifest duty of the Board of Trade to investigate the financial stability of these banking and insurance branches of the Salvation Army. The rate of interest paid by the Reliance Bank varies from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent., which is an unusually high rate.

Again, on economic grounds, the danger from the Salvation Army is obvious when one appreciates that General Booth's solution of the unemployed problem consists in employing a number of people on certain work and paying them such low wages that the Army is enabled to tender for contracts at a less price than private firms, who employ workmen and pay them at the

standard rates. Hence these private firms lose their contracts and business, and naturally have to discharge their workmen, who then swell the ranks of the unemployed. Therefore, General Booth's remedy for the unemployed problem is to create more unemployed!

Mr. Manson deals with the treatment of officers in the Salvation Army, and cites the cases of ex-officers Sundqvist and Cameron. Both these men faithfully served the Army for fourteen years, and were then turned adrift, without any means of support, except a trifling sum of money. The Salvation Army treated these men abominably and disgracefully, but, unhappily, their misfortunes are only gross instances of an iniquitous system.

As everyone knows, the Salvation Army believes in sound workers, but the following question may convey some idea of the lengths to which the exclusion of persons likely to run up doctors' bills is carried: "(2) Are you short of any teeth? If so, will you get others put in if accepted?"

The field officers of the Salvation Army must have a bad time, because they are expected to meet all the expenses of their congregation before they receive any salary. This is entirely opposed to public policy, for it is a well-understood rule that Labour should be rewarded before the expenses of administration are paid.

A few quotations from the list of 86 questions included in a document entitled "Field Officer's Engagements" may be useful, as bringing home the autocratic nature of Salvation Army government: "Question 54. Do you perfectly understand that no salary or allowance is guaranteed to you, and that you will have no claim against the Salvation Army, or against anyone connected therewith, on account of salary or allowances not received by you? 55. Do you engage not to publish any books, songs, or music, except for the benefit of the Salvation Army, and then only with the consent of Headquarters? 56. Do you promise not

to engage in any trade, profession, or other money-making occupation, except for the benefit of the Salvation Army, and then only with the consent of Headquarters? 85. Do you promise never to marry anyone, marriage with whom would take you out of the Army?"

The Salvation Army, judging by these questions, is perfectly willing to take the benefit of every talent that its members possess, and to exploit those talents in the interests of the governors of the association. Without here imputing any corrupt motive to the Booth family, one cannot but be impressed by the circumstance that they are the persons chiefly advantaged by the prosperity of the Salvation Army. Except the higher officials, everyone connected with the Army is, more or less, underpaid, half-starved, and overworked. They are kept together by an ignorant belief in the crudest form—"Heaven and Hell"—of religious fanaticism. The teaching of the Army, tested by its religious statutory beliefs, openly suggests that the Army is directly inspired by God to do battle in His warfare against evil. The inference from the Statutes is strong that General Booth has a hankering after some sort of recognition from his followers that he and they have a divine mission.

The Salvation Army can be impeached on the three specific grounds of financial, economic, and humanitarian unsoundness, and on the general ground that its continued existence, as at present constituted, is absolutely opposed to public policy, so that there is ample room for a searching public inquiry.

In the writer's opinion Mr. Manson has done a public service in tearing off the veil which has enshrouded the Army from the public gaze for so long a period.

C. H. Norman.

## TRADE UNIONS AND COMPETITION.

"Just as absurd as the indifference of many trade unions to a Socialist Party, would be the opposition or indifference of the latter to the trade unions. In the trade unions we have the most capable portion of the proletariat organised, that which has to form the backbone of a Socialist Party; and the Socialist movement has only succeeded in striking firm root where it includes the mass of the trade unionists. To win these, despite all the machinations of a conservative or a corrupt trade union bureaucracy, and to see that no occasional friction with this bureaucracy ever becomes antagonism to the trade union movement itself, is, in my opinion, one of the most important, in Anglo-Saxon countries, certainly, one of the most difficult, problems for a Socialist."—Kautsky's preface to English translation of "Social Revolution."

English trade unionism is in a bad condition at the present time. The recent judge-made laws threatens its very existence. The danger from within is greater than that from without. Trade unionists have, to a very great extent, ceased to believe in the principles upon which their organisation is founded; to a great extent they are ignorant of the existence of such principles, faith in their fellow workmen and unionists is gone, and solidarity is conspicuous by its absence. It was not always like this. Readers of S. Webb's "History of Trade Unionism" will know that the most virile period of English trade unionism was the first half of the nineteenth century, when to be a unionist was

practically to be a criminal, when persecution was keen, and the antagonism between the workers and the masters was unmistakable. The workers dared to hope at this time that they could wrest political power from the hands of their masters, and to use it to further their own well-being. The end of Chartism only took place after the middle-class agents succeeded in eradicating this idea from the workers' minds, and in persuading them that the interests of capital and labour were identical.

S. Webb's "History" tells us that the prominent trade unionists known as the "Junta," who carried through the agitation for the legalisation of the unions, had come under the influence of the Manchester school of politicians, to such an extent that they used the arguments of that school against the principle of State interference between capital and labour, in order to gain their ends. If the principle of the non-interference of the State is sound, they said, Why does the State interfere to prevent Labour making the best bargain it can with the employers. The right of collective bargaining was won, or supposed to be won. Looking back from the present to that time, are we not justified in assuming that the House of Lords of that day, who were supposed to have legalised trade unions, contained lawyers who knew very well that they could interpret these laws in the way that the interest of their class required when it was necessary to do so. Under the influence of the "Junta" and their disciples, trade unionism degenerated into mere sick and out-of-work societies until the Socialist movement started and commenced to put new life into the movement. Socialists are to-day within the unions doing all they can to get them to accept the Socialist position. The best method of doing this is worthy of our consideration in order that our tactics may be improved. Socialist trade unionists have a great advantage over non-Socialists in their greater knowledge of the principles upon which trade unionism is

based, and their application to industrial affairs. This is due to their economic studies. We ought to use this knowledge to show how far they have fallen away from their principles; how idiotic it is for them to cling to positions which are no longer tenable; how they are simply existing to-day upon the traditions of the past; and that as effective organisations for the raising of the workers to a better position—political, social, economic—they are of little importance, and can make no progress until they get out of the old ruts, and find a new inspiration or ideal which will then enable them once more to become effective fighting organisations for the workers. I now propose to discuss "Collective Bargaining, and What it Implies," believing that present-day trade unionists are ignoring everything that it implies, and competing madly with one another, as if their organisation did not exist to prevent that.

The first thing that collective bargaining aims at is the establishment of a minimum wage. We can admit that the unions have been fairly successful on that point. The next thing to be considered is the amount of work to be done in return for the minimum wage. Surely this should average about the same amount of work from those who receive the same wage.

Workmen must understand that what they sell to the employer is their Labour Power, and that this is only treated as a commodity to be bought, like any other commodity, as coal, iron, or anything else required to turn out any article for sale. If we find that some persons who receive the same wage as others through the collective arrangement give in return an amount of labour above the average, the advantage of collective bargaining is at an end. In all workshops there is, roughly speaking, an average day's work. The trade unions recognise this through their rules, bye-laws, written or unwritten, and heavy fines are supposed to be inflicted on those who will persist in doing more than is considered a reasonable average

day's work. We find, however, that the rules for securing this desirable end are honoured more in the breach than in the observance, and we find men continually doing work in less time than the understood average. Others follow at the same rate or faster, and thus the intensification of the conditions of labour goes on. The rules are not put into operation because the one who puts rules in force is a marked man and loses his job, confidence and faith in their fellow-unionists is destroyed, and this pacing has grown to such an alarming extent that it is useless to deal with individual offenders. Our only hope, in my opinion, is to attempt to get trade unionists to reconsider their position and endeavour to get back to fundamental principles. The law of supply and demand applies to labour in the same way as to other commodities. If there is a slight deficiency of the commodity required, the price goes up to a greater extent than seems justified by the slight deficiency; if there is a surplus, the same tendency forces the price downwards. Take cotton, for instance. During the late serious state of affairs in the cotton trade, caused by the deficiency of raw cotton, the deficiency amounted to 1-11th, the supply being 10-11ths of what was required. The price of raw cotton did not go up 1-11th, but it nearly doubled, rising from 4½d. per lb. to 8d. per lb. (Hyndman). The corner in cotton helped to keep the price up, but Hyndman was of opinion that the influence of the corner was over-rated. We find that the buyers of raw cotton did combine to reduce the demand, running their mills on short time by mutual arrangement. We find that in Brazil recently the coffee crop was so plentiful that a considerable portion of it had to be destroyed, in order to keep the supply level with the demand and prevent the slump in prices. The world's demand for coffee was about 200,000 bags, the crop was estimated at about 260,000.

Having considered these commodities, cotton, where the sellers combined to keep prices up, the

buyers to prevent it going still higher, and coffee, where the sellers deliberately destroyed the surplus in order to save themselves from ruin, let us consider two cases where the sellers of commodities in their attempt to capture the markets for themselves, sold their commodity below cost price. I now refer to the late oil war between Rockefeller and the Jewish firm. Again, there was the Atlantic passenger war, where we had the spectacle of international firms that had been in combination to keep up prices, falling out and reducing their passenger rate to the unremunerative £2 and £1 10s. rate. That war is now ended, and we may expect greater combination among the firms in order to recoup losses, and gain still greater profits.

The capitalists all over the world are taking steps to prevent competition among themselves in the sale of the commodities which they produce by forming cartels or pools, combines and trusts. The wealthy classes are very indignant at the trade unions' attempt to force non-unionists into alliance with them for mutual benefit, but for the thorough application of this principle we must look to the capitalists. Hyndman in his lecture, which was given at the Queen's Hall, London, on April 14, 1904, and subsequently published, gives us some splendid examples of how these people persuade unwilling colleagues to combine. The final argument, when all else fails, is to undersell those who will not combine, and continue doing so until the one who refuses is either ruined or is glad to come over. (He mentions Coates, Clark, and Brooks, cotton thread manufacturers.) The case of Carnegie is also worth mentioning. Rockefeller, with his huge income, experiencing a difficulty in finding an investment, put some of it into the steel trade. Enormous works were built, with the latest improvements. Carnegie threatened competition, so he had to be persuaded. It was pointed out to him that Rockefeller controlled his chief ore supply and the railways which led to them. £40,000,000 bought him out, and the American Steel

Trust was complete. Hyndman also points out those who deal in the commodity money, viz., the banks, form practically a trust, because immediately the Bank of England announces its rate of discount all the other banks adopt the same rate of interest and discount, and these concerns are growing larger and larger. The railways also have no competition in rates to the same termini. In fact almost every commodity that you can think of is manipulated in this way in order to benefit the sellers thereof. We thus see how our employers go on in practice; when dealing with us they are anxious to persuade us to compete with one another in order to benefit them as buyers. The fundamental principle that our trade unions are founded upon is that we insist upon collective bargaining in order to avoid this competition, and it is only so far as we are true to this principle that our unions are of any use to us. If we find that this principle is ignored, and that a good many of our members are acting in such a way as would lead us to believe that the organisation did not exist to ensure to us that for a certain price, a certain amount of labour should be given and no more, if we find this, and are unable to check it, then our organisation is a fraud, our collective bargaining a myth, and our conduct, which would be intelligible if we openly acted on the principle of the devil take the hindmost, is disgraceful while we pretend to be organised, because, in the long run, the amount of labour which we have to give is decided by the amount that the weakest seller gives. This also applies to all commodities.

This is shown plainly enough in the panics that take place on the Stock Exchange, in connection with the markets, in cotton, copper, steel and other commodities which these people deal with. We see that at a certain time weak holders of stock are forced to sell, at a time when there is not much demand; down goes the price, others holding the same stock are anxious to realise on their holdings

before the price gets lower, with the result that people lose their heads, a panic ensues and the newspaper reports very often describe these people as madly tumbling over one another in their anxiety to sell, the general result being the ruin of the weak, the still further strengthening of the strong. Likewise in the retail market. If one dealer lowers his price, the others follow rather than lose their trade. The tradesmen, however, tire of this, and combine instead of competing.

The same panic is to be plainly seen in the workshops. When trade is fairly good and the men generally have an idea that if they were discharged from one shop they would very soon get work in another, the competition is not so noticeable; but with the slackening of the work in the shop and the prospect of discharges, the competition is at once intensified in various ways, with the result that more men are put out of employment than would have been the case if the men had kept to their normal rate of working. A case came recently before me which illustrated the fact that the employers are alive to this, and naturally desire to keep it up. A certain shop was very slack, discharges had been taking place, until the only ones left were those who were regarded as being pretty well established there. The foreman desired to avoid further discharges, and arranged for the men to work every other week. The manager, however, vetoed this arrangement. Why? It is clear to my mind that he did so because he wished these people to clearly understand that they had no security of tenure, but that they were expected to compete with one another until the end, the fittest to survive. Evidently an organisation which is meant to carry out the principles of collective bargaining, and finds fel its unable to prevent these panics in the workshop, has ceased to serve the purpose for which it exists. All legitimate means should be used to prevent this stampede of the members of the union. In a case of a fire

at a theatre, reported from America, the audience were on the verge of panic. A police captain, with a number of his subordinates, placed themselves in the passage leading from the building, and the captain gave the audience to understand that any of them acting in a way that would be likely to produce a panic would be clubbed. The audience got out safely, and we will doubtless agree that it was a case of justifiable terrorism. Some restraining influence is required in our unions. The great bulk of our members are, I believe, anxious to conform to the letter and spirit of collective bargaining, and it is quite time that steps were taken which will enable us to clear those men out of the society who persistently break through these rules. Can we imagine for an instant that a combination of sellers of any other commodity would tolerate such men in their ranks, men who persistently give a bonus, varying up to 50 per cent. or more, to the buyers of the commodity which they dispose of after agreeing with the combination that they should not do so? Our present system is simply putting a premium upon the conduct of the most unprincipled and immoral of our members, men who have no scruple in sacrificing the interest of the trade collectively, in order that a little individual benefit should accrue to them; because the more honourable portion of our members, while being perfectly competent to hold their own with these individuals at their own game, abstain from doing so because they recognise the meanness, the imbecile and suicidal nature of such dishonourable conduct, conduct which should not be allowed in any person who desires to remain a member of a trade union, because if it is allowed to continue with impunity and the perpetrator is still allowed to retain the privileges and benefits of the organisation, the loyal members will be put to such a disadvantage that they will be compelled to go on the same lines, with general disastrous results.

R. Davies.

## THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

I have received the report of the proceedings of the National Conference on Infantile Mortality, held recently at Westminster and attended by a large number of representatives from all over the country, including many medical officers of health, scientists, and specialists. The prime reason for calling the Conference was to help forward the efforts being made to stop the frightful mortality amongst infants. It was shown by almost everyone who took part in the proceedings that, whatever advance sanitary science has made in improving the health of the people and of lowering the death-rate, it has left the infants quite untouched, for whereas the *general* death-rate has steadily declined, the infantile mortality has remained stationary.

The mere recital of the titles of papers read will show the wide field covered by the Conference: "The Teaching in Schools of Elementary Hygiene in Reference to the Rearing of Infants"; "The Appointment of Qualified Women, with Special Reference to the Hygiene and Feeding of Infants"; "The Public Supply of Pure or Specially-Prepared Milk for the Feeding of Infants"; "Premature Birth in Relation to Infantile Mortality"; "Alcoholism in Relation to Infantile Mortality"; "Ante-Natal Causes of Infant Mortality, including Parental Alcoholism"; "The

Teaching of the Hygiene of the Expectant and Suckling Mother"; "Earlier Notification or Registration of Births"; "Infant Life Assurance"; "Infantile Mortality and Life Assurance"; "Infant Mortality and the Employment of Married Women in Factory Labour before and after Confinement"; "The Regulation of the Placing of Infants out to Nurse"; "The Amendment of the Infant Life Protection Act"; "The Chemistry of Infant Foods"; "Increase of the Powers of Local Authorities with Regard to Milk Supply"; "The Operation of the Midwives Act in Relation to Infantile Mortality."

It is evident that there are a number of causes tending to the high death-rate among infants, but certain leading facts stand out as incontrovertible. The first great fact on which there was abundant evidence was that no method of rearing infants could compare for one moment with the natural one of a mother suckling her child. That this should be so coincides with common sense. "The proportion of deaths," said Alderman Broadbent, Mayor of Huddersfield, "under ordinary industrial conditions, of infants fed by the mothers, as compared with the deaths of infants artificially fed, has been shown by Dr. Hope, of Liverpool, to be as one to fifteen, and if there is such an enormous difference in the deaths, it may be taken as an indication of an equally important difference in the health and stamina of those who survive." True, some mothers cannot suckle their infants, but from Mr. James Knight's paper it appears that "At the Rue Oudinot only 9.3 per cent. of mothers were physically incapable of nursing their children. Dr. Blacker, of University College Hospital, London, found no milk in only 24 women out of 1,000 cases, and insufficient milk in other 92, and he maintains that mammary failure is to be regarded as *absolutely exceptional* among the London poor," and additional evidence is given to the same effect. Cows' milk and various prepared foods are used for rearing infants, but it is important to know

that bacteria is absent from the human milk and always present in cows', whilst starch and maltose exist in the prepared foods and never in human or, indeed, any mammalian milk.

Cows' milk, it is true, is "humanised," "sterilised," etc., but is never an adequate substitute, whilst Mr. Knight, after exhaustive analyses of the much-advertised prepared foods—Neave's Food, Ridge's Food, Savory and Moore's Food, Benger's Food, Mellin's Food, Nestlé's Milk Food, Frame Food, Horlick's Malted Milk, Allen and Hanbury's—says: "If I were asked which of these artificial foods I should recommend for children, the answer would be, unmistakably, *None*." The difficulty of getting a pure milk supply under present conditions was made abundantly clear, and one speaker actually went so far as to say, "he was convinced that until the community took over the milk supply, as it had successfully taken over the water supply, there would be no complete solution of the problem at all," but the Conference was not so progressive as to adopt this view, as on being put as a motion it was rejected.

We have it, then, clearly established that the best and proper way to rear infants is the natural one of the mother suckling her young, and, secondly, that there is no real substitute for the mother's milk. We come now to the fact that a considerable number of mothers do not suckle their children, and we have to find the cause. There can be no doubt whatever that to a very large extent it is an economic one. Mr. John Burns, who delivered the presidential address at the Conference, had laid considerable stress on drink being the cause of much of the infantile mortality, but Alderman Ben Turner, of Batley, challenged this, and said "The bedrock of infant mortality was not, as Mr. John Burns had been trying to show, altogether drink, but poverty was one of the biggest factors," adding that there were scores of families in which the parents and grandparents did not drink but in which the children died at

a speedy rate. Better housing, and teaching the children in school how poverty could be abolished, would improve the conditions of the children at large. From the evidence adduced in the two papers on Alcoholism, it would be absurd to deny that this is the cause of a good deal of the mortality among children, but what is lost sight of is that poverty is the *cause* of a large amount of the drinking and not an effect. Again, Dr. Spottiswoode Cameron said, "It has been made pretty clear to us that the infantile deaths are to a large extent connected with weakness or poverty on the part of the mother," and Dr. Newton, of Newcastle, after agreeing as to the ignorance of women in domestic duties and that modern education did not equip girls for the duties of maternity, added, "But underlying even this there was the great economical question. If people had not a living wage, what was the use of attempting to bring about impossible conditions? Sixty or 70 per cent. of the population were existing on less than a living wage; on the Tyneside there were thousands of families eking out an existence on less than 15s. a week. How could such people be expected to carry out the instructions of nurses and health visitors? Give a living wage to every workman in the country and then they could hopefully adopt other measures."

A large proportion of the children are not suckled because the mothers have to go out to work. This means that the children, being hand-fed, will be more likely to die. In addition to this, there are many occupations in which women are engaged, which directly tend to produce sterility, premature births, still-births, and abortions. Burns, in his address, stated he had been looking through one of the reports of the Home Department and found this: "In one district—we need not name it—77 married women were engaged in work that was liable to give lead-poisoning, and here are the simple, the tragic annals of those 77 married women, the mothers of children. Of 77

married women suffering from lead-poisoning 15 were childless, 8 had 21 still-born children, 35 had miscarriages, and of 101 children who lived, not all of them a long while, 40 died in infancy." Dr. Ballantyne, in his valuable paper, said, "Again, I do not think that the risks of causing abortions which certain trades carry with them are sufficiently recognised and guarded against by women expecting to become mothers. Workers in lead, such as type-founders and pottery-glazers, are specially liable to abortion, premature labours, and dead-births." Laundry work and many other callings conduce to bring about neglect and death of the children.

Various palliatives were dealt with, such as municipal milk depôts, instruction of the mothers as to their health and hygiene before and after childbirth by the careful distribution of leaflets and the giving of lectures, the appointment of women inspectors and visitors, better qualification of midwives, &c., yet at bottom they all hinge on the economic question. We are face to face with the fact that many women have to earn their own livelihood and that of their children. Many a cupboard would be emptier if the woman did not earn something whilst her husband was unemployed or only in casual work. Set right the economic wrong, and many of the other wrongs will right themselves. If the nation's industry were organised so that each man had regular and well-paid work, there would be no necessity for a large proportion of the women to go out to work at all. Then, again, those poisonous trades should be absolutely prohibited to women, and when industry is properly organised it will be possible to do many things, such as this, that are hardly practicable under capitalism. Women should also be prohibited from working months before and after lying-in. It is inhuman to demand of women that they shall perform the double duty of the arduous and exhausting function of bearing and rearing children, and engage in industrial labour as well.

If this policy were pursued, there would be little necessity for the prepared foods and "humanised" milk; women and their unborn children would not be poisoned in vile industrial surroundings, and the mother would be nourished sufficiently to suckle her offspring in a natural and proper manner. But this condition of things is not in immediate view, and meanwhile remedial measures must be adopted so that the "coming race" are not prematurely killed, or starved and poisoned after their births. I am glad to learn that nourishment for the expectant mother is regarded with much favour. The Conference practically said, "No matter all other circumstances, motherhood has claims which imperatively demand attention." Said Dr. Sykes in his paper, "Madame Coulet, under the inspiration of Professor Coulet of Caen, was at that time (unknown to me) commencing to put into practical effect in Paris the feeding of necessitous suckling mothers, now carried on at a number of free restaurants, the only qualification for admission to which are poverty and breast-feeding." So in this, as in feeding school children, Paris is in advance. Mr. Theodore Dodd (of Oxford), who has made a study of the Poor Law, maintained that a married woman had a right to relief on her own account, and that Guardians would only be carrying out their duty in relieving women, under medical relief, whose husbands through unemployment could not properly maintain them. I do not know how far Mr. Dodd is correct. My inquiries up to now only lead to the belief that the case is not as he states it regarding married women, but doubtless, many Boards of Guardians would relieve, but through the man, putting it under the heading of medical relief.

It must also meet with general support that efforts should be made to impart to young women some necessary knowledge connected with their own health, the functions of motherhood, and the proper feeding of children. The following extract from a London

daily paper of September 7, shows a terrible state of ignorance and carelessness, accentuated by poverty:

**1,300 Children Die in Three Weeks.—Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, the East London coroner, who held several inquests yesterday on the bodies of children whose deaths were accelerated by improper feeding, declared that 1,300 children had died within the last three weeks. The mothers, it was stated, fed them on bacon rind and similar "foods." "After these admissions," said the coroner, "it is not surprising to know three weeks ago about 300 children died, the next week there were 400 deaths, while last week the number rose to 600."**

In this article I have done little more than state the case, to bring it to the notice of readers of the "Social-Democrat." The report (price, 1s. 6d.) is published by King and Son, Orchard House, Westminster, and is well worthy of attention, there being many points on which I have not been able now to touch. The whole subject of child life is of great importance in all its phases, and of the keenest interest to Socialists, and everything we learn about it helps to damn capitalist society, and urges us to work strenuously for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

A. A. Watts.

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The following resolutions were passed by the Conference:—

1. That the Education Department be urged to add instruction in elementary hygiene with reference to the dietary and rearing of infants to their present scheme for systematically training girls in the senior classes in the practice and principles of personal hygiene and the elements of dietary.

2. That, in the opinion of this Conference, immediate legislation is required enabling sanitary authorities to establish or support depôts for the supply of pure, or modified, or sterilised milk, and to defray any cost out of the moneys available for public health purposes.

3. That, in view of the information submitted, the Conference is of opinion that all still births should be notified within 48 hours to the medical officer of health of the district in which they occur, and that no burial should take place without a medical certificate.

4. That notification of all births be given within 48 hours to the medical officer of health of the district in which they occur.

5. That, in the opinion of this Conference, the question of the insurance of infant lives under twelve months is one demanding serious consideration, and, with a view to receiving reliable information, the Government should be asked to appoint a Departmental Committee of Inquiry on the whole question.

6. *(a)* That the period of one month's abstention from factory work away from home now imposed on mothers be extended to at least three months, and that, on their return to work, evidence must be produced satisfactory to the local authority that proper provision has been made for the care of the child.

*(b)* That no employer of labour shall permit a woman advanced in pregnancy to engage in factory labour unless her ability therefor has been certified to the satisfaction of the local authority.

7. *(a)* That, having regard to the ascertained fact that in centres of industries where women are largely employed away from their homes, an excessive number of deaths of infants takes place, and that this is contributed to by the improper conditions existing at the houses in which infants are placed out to nurse, it is necessary that the persons by whom and the places into which infants are received should be under supervision by the local sanitary authority.

*(b)* That the Infant Life Protection Act be amended to remedy abuses which are not at present provided against.

8. That all preparations offered or sold as food for infants should be certified by a Government analyst as non-injurious, and that each packet should contain its analysis.

9. That the Dairies, Milkshops, and Cowsheds Order is defective, and that any amendment should extend the definition of disease as applied to animals, and should make the provision of regulations by local authorities compulsory. That the scope of the regulations should be extended to cover dirty milk, and should enable local authorities to prohibit the sale of any milk which fails to comply with the conditions of purity agreed upon.

10. That in the opinion of this Conference the appointment of qualified women specially trained in the hygiene of infancy is necessary as an adjunct to public health work.

11. That in the opinion of this Conference the Midwives Act, 1902, should be extended to Scotland and Ireland.

## AGRICULTURAL LABOUR.

The capitalists have discovered that the labourer on the land is better off than either the landlord or the farmer.

Professor Wrightson, a very able agriculturist, but badly informed on the economics of labour, says "that the labourer is, *for his position*, better off than either the landlord or the farmer, and that he is very much better off than he was fifty years ago, are both undeniable facts."

We have heard of labourers being "figuratively" better off; we have also read that the best thing for the country and the labourers would be for them to emigrate to Canada or the United States. That many did emigrate we know, and that they worked with a will in the new countries, and that they cheapened corn by opening up new sources of supply, and that this new supply, together with cheaper freights, reduced the price of corn to such an extent that hundreds of the migrated labourers' old masters in England were ruined, is a matter of history. Now we find that the migration of labourers was a mistake; the very people who shouted loudest to get the labourers off the land are now wailing to get them back again. Notwithstanding all the inducements, amongst which may be enumerated allotments, small holdings, and economical superi-

ority to the old tyrants—the landlords and the farmers—the labourers don't go back. That there is a movement back to the land we know, but it is a movement composed of the worn-out tools of the town factories, men and women who earn a precarious existence in the summer at hay-making, and fruit and pea-picking. This army, when it moves into a rural district, completely disorganises the police and Poor Law forces of the district. There have been an unprecedented number of casual labourers about this season. One farmer, who ordinarily gives employment to about a dozen strangers in the summer, has had about 200 men and women seeking work.

Agricultural labour is like any other labour, it is subject to the fluctuations of trade—from 1898 to 1902 the labourers were fairly independent—trade was good all over the country; last year was a terribly hard year, it was very wet, and last winter the country workhouses were full. This winter promises to be even worse.

On the whole, from the bread, beef and bacon standpoint, the labourers, notwithstanding their reduction by nearly a-half in number, are not any better off then they were 50 years ago, and they are not nearly so well off as they were during the triumphant days of the Labourers' Union 30 years ago.

The old generation of farmers, who knew what high prices for corn were, are nearly all dead. The new generation of farmers have been raised since the competition of foreign countries became acute; these present-day farmers are not doing badly, they must not shout aloud when they have a good year for fear of the landlord pouncing down upon them for more rent.

In the year 1898, one farmer, who is about 40 years of age, informed the writer that he had made a clear gain to his capital of £600 on a farm of 640 acres.

Notwithstanding the disastrous season last year, and the cheapness of all the products of the farm,

there are in some districts, and those the poorest, farmers who are breaking up grass land to grow corn. Corn-growing farmers inform the writer that they can make wheat-growing pay at 28s. a quarter.

There is no question about it, the English agricultural labourer could, under the extensive system of agriculture which the Socialist State will inaugurate, grow enough corn to feed nearly the whole of the people.

The agricultural labourer is stolid, he has no sentiment; the cash nexus, and all that it means, has made him understand the position occupied by his pastors and masters. Who can tell the part the labourers will play in bringing about the revolution?

AGRICOLA.

# THE REVIEWS.

## OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

Thomas Burt has an article on the above in the "Nineteenth Century and After." After contending that the present Parliament "is the most progressive and the most democratic in history," he goes on to say :—

Great is the need for social reform, and the expectations are great. Already important Labour measures, such as the Trades Disputes Bill, and the Amendment of the Workmen's Compensation Act, have been introduced and bid fair to become law this Session.

Multitudinous and clamorous are the social reforms which demand the attention of Parliament. In this article I shall confine myself to one of these—the supreme importance of old-age pensions and the urgent need that we should make better State provision for our aged poor.

Even when thus narrowed, the subject is still large, complex, and by no means easy of solution. But whatever the difficulties, they must be courageously faced and overcome. The problem is not a new one. The brilliant author of "Robinson Crusoe" outlined a pension scheme to provide "subsistence for the poor and infirm whenever age and disablement should reduce them to the necessity of making use of it." Thomas Paine, and other eminent publicists, including several members of Parliament and statesmen, pressed the subject upon public attention in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Well nigh two hundred years have elapsed since Daniel Defoe wrote, and it is nearly a century since Paine died. In the interval our country has been transformed from a small community, almost wholly agricultural, into a great manufacturing, mining, industrial nation—one of the greatest on the face of the globe. In population, in national income, in accumulated wealth, we have made enormous strides. Within living memory,

too, the general condition of our working people has greatly improved, wages have increased, the hours of labour have been shortened, the standard of living has been raised. But this general prosperity has been accompanied by the black shadow of periodical, if not of chronic, unemployment, and, worse still, by a steady continuous increase in the unemployable. Beyond all question the strain and stress, the rush and pressure of our modern industrial life, bear more and more hardly upon the infirm and aged. Though our average longevity increases, the age of most effective work in many industries steadily and gradually diminishes. Year after year it becomes more and more difficult for the aged and the ageing to obtain and retain their employment. In the vicissitudes and fluctuations of trade they are the first to be dismissed, and the last to be re-employed. Hence the urgent and admitted necessity that something shall be done to heal this sore malady in the body politic. The next great reform in our Poor Law system must include old-age pensions.

Few persons, except those who have most carefully examined into the subject, can be aware to what an enormous extent pauperism is due to old-age. In the prime and vigour of life our work-people are, in the main, self-reliant and self-supporting. Decade after decade pauperism has been decreasing until, relatively to population, it is only about one-half of what it was 50 years ago. Meanwhile, the poverty and dependence, due to age, is stationary if not increasing. I do not wish, needlessly, to trouble the reader with figures, but I must give a few. They are grim and incontrovertible. In 1890 a Parliamentary Return, for which I moved, showed that on August 1 of that year 41,180 persons, between the ages of 60 and 65, and 245,687 over the age of 65, were in receipt of parish relief. My Return of 1890 was, in the main, confirmed by another Return which I obtained in 1904. So far as aged poverty is concerned, these results are slightly worse than those revealed by the earlier Return.

Mr. Charles Booth, a very high authority, after a careful analysis, inferred from these official figures that "not less than one-third of the working-class over 65 years of age were to a greater or less extent dependent on public relief in 1890." Another eminent authority, Sir Spencer Walpole, in a striking memorandum which he laid before Lord Rothschild's Old-Age Pension Committee, of which he was a member, stated that "one person out of every five, of 65 years and over, had received public relief on a particular day in 1892; and that one out of three of that age had applied for relief in the course of the year; and that, deducting the well-to-do, one working man or woman out of every two are more or less dependent on the rates in their old age."

Action rather than further investigation is, therefore, now imperatively required. From 1895 to 1900 there were no fewer than four Royal Commissions and Committees of Inquiry. Of

the Royal Commission in 1895, his Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, was a member, and he took the keenest interest in the investigations. No sooner had the Commission reported than a committee, of which Lord Rothschild was chairman, was appointed. That again was quickly followed by Mr. Chaplin's Committee, which again was succeeded a year afterwards by a Departmental Committee on the aged deserving poor. No practical recommendations emanated from the Royal Commission. But the inquiries were not in vain. The crying evils of the Poor Law system were exposed, grevious sores were laid bare, the need for action was confirmed. The facts elicited showed conclusively that poverty in age is not wholly or mainly due, as is often so cruelly alleged, to vice, intemperance, and thriftlessness. It was proved beyond controversy that great numbers of our population have incomes so scanty that it is practically impossible for them to make provision for their declining years. It has been stated on high authority that about one-third of our workers have to live upon a pound a week. Thrift does not necessarily mean saving. It means good management, and with the meagre incomes of our agricultural labourers, and of large numbers of our unskilled workers, there is unmistakable thrift when they rear their families in anything like decency, without saving for their old age. Contributory schemes for old-age pensions are, therefore, ruled out by the stern logic of facts.

While we in Great Britain have been investigating, debating, passing resolutions, making election promises, other countries have been acting. Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Denmark, our own New Zealand and Australian colonies have all, in recent years, done something practical by legislation and administration to provide for their aged poor. Claiming, as we do, to be ahead of other nations in social reforms, we certainly, in respect to care for the aged, lag far and discreditably behind nearly every civilised nation in the world.

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In referring to other countries, I do not say, or imply, that we can in every respect follow their example. We cannot, nor ought we to do so. From them we may learn something, but we must solve our own problems in our own way. Many of these countries are necessarily acting tentatively. It cannot be pretended that their schemes are working with entire smoothness or complete satisfaction. Many of them are amending their Acts by the light of further experience, but nowhere is there a suggestion that they should go back on their past, and abolish their Old-Age Pension legislation.

The Royal Commission, whose examination into the facts was most careful and searching, considered more than a hundred different proposals for old-age pensions. None of these met with their approval, nor were they able, "after repeated attempts," to

formulate a scheme of their own which was "free from grave inherent disadvantages."

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The Select Committee of 1899 recommended an old-age pension scheme to give not less than five shillings, or more than seven shillings, a week to persons of 65 years of age who fulfilled certain specified conditions. No estimate of the cost of carrying out the scheme was then given, but the Departmental Committee of experts who subsequently inquired into its financial side estimated that in 1901 the amount required would be £10,300,000, and in 1911 it would rise to £12,650,000. Mr. Asquith, answering a question put to him early this Session, said that on this basis the present cost would probably not be far short of £11,500,000.

The plan which has taken the strongest hold of the work-people is that put forward by Mr. Charles Booth. Mr. Booth is no mere dreamer and theorist; he is a trained economist and a practical commercial man. Like all true social reformers from Robert Owen to General Booth, he combines love of his fellow men with shrewd business faculty. Universality is the essence of Mr. Booth's scheme. Speaking roughly, every naturalised British subject legally certified to be over 65 years of age, who had resided continuously in the United Kingdom for twenty years previous to the date of application, who was not a criminal, a lunatic, an imbecile, or a hopeless drunkard, would be entitled to claim a pension of five shillings per week. Mr. Booth's proposals have been approved by many large representative conferences of trade unionists, co-operators, members of friendly societies in all the great industrial centres throughout the country, as well as by the Trades Union and the Co-operative Annual Congresses. The scheme has the merit of simplicity, but the cost certainly would be very large, even for one of the richest countries in the world. According to the census of 1901 there were 2,018,716 persons in the United Kingdom who were over 65 years of age. To give five shillings per week to all would mean the expenditure of £26,255,000 a year.

From this total there would, of course be large deductions. The pension having to be formally claimed in person, the rich and well-to-do would not be likely to apply. Those already in receipt of pensions would be excluded; the large amount now spent on pauperism would be diminished, outdoor relief being practically abolished. Still, let it be frankly recognised that any effective scheme of old-age pensions must inevitably mean large expenditure. And when we speak of fifteen or twenty millions a year, unless it be to slay and destroy men, many worthy people are apt to be startled and appalled. Every scheme yet put forward, every conceivable scheme, indeed, may doubtless be riddled by the expert

critic. Criticism is proverbially easy. "A man must serve his time to every trade save censure; critics all are ready made."

It is alleged that a general old-age pension system would destroy thrift; that it would tend to lower wages, and would produce universal pauperism. No proof is advanced to sustain these sweeping statements. Much of the evidence given before the Royal Commission and the Committee of Inquiry negatives them. On the face of it the assumption is absurd that the competition of persons over 65 years of age could have any appreciable effect on the general rate of wages.

The high moralists who are so fearfully perturbed lest the aged workers should be demoralised by the payment to them of five shillings per week seem to be unaware or forgetful of the fact that some eight million pounds a year is now paid in pensions to certain specially favoured individuals. It is never suggested that these fortunate recipients, many of them fairly well to do, and not a few of whom are paid hundreds or thousands a year, are pauperised, degraded, or rendered thriftless by what they receive from the State. Oh, but these persons, it is replied, have served their country on the battle-field, in the legislative chambers, or as Government officials. No doubt that is true of many of them. But when service to their country is justly enough advanced as a reason for a special reward, on what principle is the worn-out toiler, who has contributed to the production of the nation's wealth, to be excluded from participation in a similar reward? "A labourer serves his country with his spade just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with his sword, his pen, his brain, or his lancet. If the service be less, and therefore the wages during health less, then the reward when health is broken may be less, but not less honourable." John Ruskin, from whom I quote, goes on to say that it "ought to be quite as natural and straightforward for a labourer to take his pension of his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man of higher rank to take his pension from his country because he has deserved well of his country." That is our contention, only we should include the woman as well as the man, and we should substitute country for parish, an alteration which does not invalidate the principle laid down by Ruskin.

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. . . . It has been established beyond all controversy that hundreds of thousands of our people, after having spent the best years of their life in the service of their country as wealth-producers, are left destitute in their old age through no fault of their own; that, though much is done by their friends and relatives, by trade unions, friendly societies, and other thrift agencies, these benefie cent efforts scarcely touch the great mass of poverty which is du- to age, and to the infirmities which accompany age. It is further

recognised alike by supporters and opponents, that the subject can be adequately dealt with only by a universal pension scheme, which will draw no cobweb distinction between the deserving and the undeserving poor. Moreover, leading statesmen of both the great political parties have at one time or another promised legislation on the subject of Old-Age Pensions.

The present Government, I have reason to believe, will earnestly endeavour to solve the problem. In some respects the time is opportune for action. The Labour members, now happily a force in Parliament, are united and earnest in their support of Old-Age Pensions. The majority of Liberals, as well as many Conservatives, take the same view. In sentiment, therefore, there is general if not complete agreement. The difficulties are admittedly great, but they are mainly, if not entirely, financial. With unity and courage these difficulties can be surmounted. There must be, and there will be, I hope, important retrenchment, especially in naval and in military expenditure. New sources of income must be found, without throwing added burdens upon the workers and upon the producers of wealth. After negative criticism has said its strongest word, there remains urgent need for prompt, effective action.

## THE TAXATION OF SITE VALUES.

In view of the recent discussion that has taken place in "Justice" on the land question, the following article, which appears in the September issue of the "Fortnightly Review," from the pen of Mr. A. C. Pigou, should not be without interest. He writes:—

The programme of the present Government includes the Taxation of Site Values. That policy has behind it a large, and apparently growing, body of opinion. Though, however, sentiment on the subject is crystallising, it is not so evidently becoming clarified. All questions of taxation are difficult, and in this particular question the complications are unusually great. It is not surprising, therefore, that, alike in the advocacy of, and the opposition to, the new policy, there has been a large element of confusion. Before detailed discussion can be useful, it is essential that this should be cleared away. The proper instrument for that important, if subordinate, task is general economic theory.

When a new tax is suggested there are two erroneous plans on which its merits are apt to be canvassed. Sometimes a part of its effect is left out of account; sometimes it is judged absolutely instead of relatively. . . . . Both arguments are fallacious; the

merits of a tax can only be determined when account is taken of the whole body of its effects. The second error is equally prevalent. A tax is thought to stand condemned when it is shown to have bad consequences. But practically all taxes have bad consequences. To condemn a particular tax it is necessary to show that its consequences are worse than some alternative means of raising the same revenue. The problem for statesmen is to compare taxes with one another, and not to weigh them against an absolute standard.

In this country the bulk of the funds required for local purposes is at present raised by rates. These are, in general, levied upon the occupier and assessed in respect of the whole or part of the rateable value.* Rateable value means the annual value of the land, together with the buildings, if any, standing upon it. The annual value of the land means the sum for which it could reasonably be let for employment in the use to which it is actually put, whether or not that use is the most profitable to which it *could* be put. Thus, uncovered land in towns is rated on its agricultural value, and not on the rent it would earn if let for building sites.

The Bills which Mr. Trevelyan and others championed in the late House of Commons were designed to alter this system in two respects. They aimed first, at transferring rates from rateable to site value; secondly, at rating all land on the value it would have in its most profitable use. Details apart, these two proposals constitute the kernel of the new rating policy. They do not, be it noted, imply the transference of *all* local taxation from buildings to sites, nor shall I consider the effects of a transference so large that some sites would be mulcted of *more* than their annual value. To transfer rates from rateable to site value means to transfer them from buildings to sites; for rateable value is, by definition, building *plus* site value. Apart, therefore, from the case of uncovered land, the relative merits of the proposed and the existing system would depend simply on the question whether it is better to raise a given revenue from buildings or from sites. Uncovered land, however, introduces a difficulty, and necessitates a more complex formulation of the problem. I shall, therefore, ask the two following questions:—First, is it better to raise a given revenue by a rate on buildings or on sites, when the value of the sites is taken to mean their value in the most profitable use open to them? Secondly, is it better to raise a given revenue by a rate on site value when value

* Buildings, pleasure-grounds, parks, and so on, are always rated on the whole rateable value. Land used for agricultural purposes is, in general, rated on half, and for some purposes on a quarter, of its rateable value. (*C.f.* Final Report of the Royal Commission on Local Taxation, p.p. 5 and 36.) Such differentiations do not affect the broad argument of this paper, and need not, therefore, be discussed.

is interpreted as above, or when it means value in the use of which the sites are actually put?

If both these questions are answered in the same sense, our problem is completely solved. It is only if they are answered in different senses that further questions will need to be asked.

## WASTED RECRUITS.

A. Francis Walker has a striking article under the above heading in the current "Nineteenth Century and After." He says:—

In this review of July, 1883, General Sir Lintorn Simmons wrote concerning the waste of the British Army, which he aptly likened to the pouring of water on a sieve. He stated that men joined, and within twelve months were gone again. It was direct desertion in some instances, but in the majority of cases recruits, after nine months' training, were pronounced unfit by the same medical officers who previously had "passed" them into the regular ranks. Sir L. Simmons pointed out that the general result for the whole army was that out of 186,469 men who had enlisted during the previous eight years, 47,648, or one-fourth, had disappeared before the end of the year succeeding that in which they enlisted; and 54,993 before the end of the second year, with an average of little more than ten months' service. These men had cost the country the enormous sum of £3,150,000, without yielding any return, the whole sum having been entirely wasted. After making due allowance for death and disease, and for dismissal for misconduct, General Simmons estimated that 45,000 fewer recruits would have been required during these eight years to keep the army up to its strength. And if the waste at subsequent periods of service were included, it could be conclusively proved that from 7,000 to 8,000 fewer recruits would be required annually if the men remained in the service during the periods for which they engaged to serve. As the actual number of recruits enlisted below 19 years of age during the period of nine years was only 58,898, General Simmons contended that it was evident that if this costly and useless waste could have been prevented it would not have been necessary to have enlisted any of these youths, and the army still would have been complete to its establishment. Again, Sir Lintorn Simmons said: "The young soldiers by thousands yearly purchase their discharges or desert, while many break down under training and return to their homes without pensions, to drag out a miserable existence, and earn their living as best they can as invalids."

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Recent contributions to the daily newspapers, from miscellaneous authorities who have taken part in recent controversy on the subject

of the course of training best suitable for recruits, have indicated that the proportion of recruits who desert or are invalided within the first twelve months after they have joined is greater to-day than it was when public attention was first drawn to the matter by Dr. Davy and others. . . . . The point is this, that Medical Officers pass men as recruits for the service who are expected to become efficient soldiers, but it would appear to be a settled matter in the military mind that the civilian shape will not do in uniform. The men must be altered somehow to fit their new clothes. They must be provided with an appearance—and a condition of heart—which would have caused their rejection had they presented it when being examined for enlistment. Can the required soldierly bearin g not be attained without prejudice to the well-being of the soldier? The answer to this depends upon what the authorities regard as a soldierly bearing; or whether the dilated prominent thorax—for this is the sole evil—is a sine quâ non.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## MUNICIPAL LABOUR CONDITIONS IN BERLIN.

Our comrades in the Berlin Municipal Council have introduced the following labour regulations. Workers must have paid their sick and accident insurance dues. The department overseers engage men. A copy of the rules, etc., is to be given to every worker. Workers are to be punctual, and are not allowed to do other work than that prescribed during their hours. Cupboards for clothes and tools are to be provided for the workers. All injuries and accidents, however slight, must be reported. Hours of labour and rest to be regulated by a fixed plan, and made known to the workers. Eight hour day. Overtime compulsory in special cases with extra pay. Sunday labour only allowed under special circumstances, and with special pay. Wages, and alterations of same, to be by schedules, agreed to by Labour Committees. Pay day on Friday. Complaints as to wages paid to be brought within three days to the overseer of department. Full pay for holidays. When work is necessary on holidays, double pay is to be paid. Overtime 50 per cent. extra pay. Night-work, when necessary, 100 per cent. extra. Sick workers get, for 13 weeks, difference between sick pay and wages, or, if already employed for over twelve months, for 26 weeks. During military service wages are to be paid minus military pay. Leave to be granted for various family or social reasons. Overseers of departments alone dismiss workers; appeal against dismissal to the magistrates; for a worker employed three years, dismissal only with consent of deputation. A week's holiday in summer for workers employed one year; 14 days after five years, both with full pay. Workers' Committees to be formed to represent workers and express grievances. No member of the same to be dismissed except with consent of deputation.

## GERMAN LABOUR SECRETARIES.

The Labour secretaries in Germany have just published a report. These are for the most part officials appointed by the trade unions and Councils in the various centres to give advice and information, and to start legal proceedings for them. Fifty-six such secretaries take part in the report published by the "Correspondenz-Blatt," of the German trade unions. Of these three are maintained at the cost of the General Council of German Trade Unions, three by the Miners' Union, and the others by the Trades Councils, with subventions from the party organisations. Out of 67 reporting, 26 are subventioned by party organisations, two get subventions from newspapers, three from co-operative societies, four from various working-class societies, two from Government sources. The subscription paid by the organisations per member varies from 40 pf. (5d.) to 1 mk. 20 pf. (1s. 2½d.) per year—average probably about 90 pf. Twenty-eight were controlled directly by the Trades Councils, 36 by special commissions. The activity of the secretaries was divided between judicial proceedings, investigation of settlement of grievances, collection of statistics, and agitation. The expenses were divided thus:—Salaries, 148,342 mks. (£7,417 2s.); office rent, 16,838 mks. (£841 18s.); lighting, etc., 12,758 mks. (£637 18s.); books, etc., 24,703 mks. (£1,235 3s.); sundries, 31,105 mks. (£1,555 5s.); total, 233,772 mks. (£11,688 12s.) Legal cases dealt with were 283,767. Of these 221,190 were male workers, and 40,921 female workers. Information was given to employers and others in 11,585 cases and Government authorities in 872 cases. Of these 160,264 persons, or 59 per cent., were trade unionists and 10,804 were politically organised. In 295,374 cases advice was given, and in 38,102 written advice. The questions dealt with were 21,377 accident insurance, 3,344 sick insurance, 6,872 trade agreements, etc. Legal cases were dealt with of "giving notice," 9,820; wages demanded, 21,785 cases; apprentice questions, 3,168; and also many questions of labour and common law, purchase, labour protection, guardianship questions, bankruptcy, etc. The development of the Labour secretaryship all over Germany has enormously increased the strength, especially of the trade unions, and also of the party. And the governing classes have been driven to attempt to substitute for them offices for gratis information in legal questions, etc. The Ministers have recognised in Parliament that they were an excellent means of propaganda for the trade unions, and consequently dangerous to the capitalists. No doubt the German Labour movement has had a great source of strength in the fact that it has developed so completely independent of, in fact in antagonism to, the bourgeois State, and hence has been obliged to create practically all its own organs.

## "WHEN?"—A WAIL.

We take the following without comment, from a recent issue of the "Liberty Review," the organ of the Propertied Anarchists' League":—

"Socialism is spreading rapidly throughout Europe. In proof of this, let a few facts be enumerated. The German Socialists have no less than 76 party organs for disseminating their ideas, and it is said that they are now the strongest political party in that country. In an election that took place in 1903 their candidates received 3,010,771 votes, and 82 of these candidates were returned as members of the Reichstag. In France, in 1902, 139 avowed Socialists were elected in a total of 587 members. In addition to these, there were also elected 129 Radical Republicans of strong Socialist leanings. In Austria and Italy, the Socialist parties wield great political power, and their weight in Parliament is very considerable. In Belgium universal suffrage enabled 34 Socialist members to be returned to Parliament in 1902. Fifty-two branches of the Socialist League are now established in the Netherlands. In Norway there are now 56 Socialist organisations, with a total membership of 6,000 persons. Here, as in every other country where Socialists exist, each of these members is a centre from which radiate Socialist influences, and round which revolve Socialists who are not yet members of any organisation. The Social-Democratic Federation have now in Englnad over 150 branches, and a total membership of nearly 10,000 persons. The Independent of Labour Party numbers 15,000, and it has over 200 branches in the country. In London there are four Socialist Sunday-schools, and eight in Glasgow. At the General Election in 1900 only one avowed Socialist was elected to Parliament. Now, no less than 30, and possibly 50, have just been sent to represent at least 550,000 voters, and possibly a good many more; for it is well known that those Labour members who are not supported by the Socialistic body known as the Labour Representation Committee are saturated with Socialist sympathies and ideas; and, in addition to this, many men who have been returned as Liberals are thoroughly Socialist at heart, and ready to go as far as they possibly can in the direction of the Socialist ideal. Equally significant is the fact that Mr. John Burns, who was once a violent Socialist, a red-flag waver, and a Trafalgar Square orator, has been made a Cabinet Minister in the so-called Liberal Government now in power. But, in truth, both Liberals (so-called) and Tories appear to be afraid of tackling Socialism. They prefer to let it grow and grow from strength to strength, from thousands to millions. They waste their energies and resources in attacking each other while the common enemy under-

mines their positions. When will they wake up to what is going on? When will they cease to halt between two opinions? When will they make up their minds to fight on one side or the other?

## THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF WEALTH.

"It is admitted," said Mr. Cleveland Moffett, in an article in the "Success," on "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth in the United States," "that we are the richest people in the world to-day—the richest people the world has ever seen. The vaunted wealth of Crœsus is estimated at only eight million dollars, but there are 70 American estates that average 35 millions each.

"New York is beyond comparison the richest city in existence; the 'New York Herald' estimates its wealth at 13,000 million dollars. And to the country at large the last annual report of the controller of the currency shows that the stock of gold in the United States (1,320,400,000 dols.) is greater than that of any other land, while our banking power aggregates nearly fourteen billions as against less than twenty billions for all foreign countries. We produce one-third of the world's coal, one-third of its grain, one-fifth of its wheat, and three-fourths of its cotton. We produce more steel and iron than England and Germany together, and our manufactures are nearly double those of Great Britain and Ireland combined. Our railroads carry twice as much merchandise every year as is carried by all the railroads of all the other nations of the earth put together. Our general working power in 1895 was estimated at 129,306,000,000 foot tons daily, or nearly as much as the combined working power of Great Britain, Germany, and France. From all of which it results that our wealth is increasing at a prodigious rate. Josiah Strong, in his 'Social Progress,' says at the rate of eight million dollars a day, and experts declare that nearly two-thirds of this increase goes to swell the possessions of those who are already rich.

"James Bryce, in 'The American Commonwealth,' observes that up to 1830 or 1840 there were no great fortunes in America, few large fortunes, and no poverty. But, writing of the later eighties, he says: 'Now there is some poverty, many large fortunes, and a greater number of gigantic fortunes than in any other country in the world.' That was 20 years ago! What would Mr. Bryce say to-day if he could read statistics showing that there are three million officially recognised paupers in the United States? That a million and a half children between the ages of ten and fifteen are employed in our mines and factories? That one person in every twelve who dies in New York City is buried in the potter's field?

"As showing the rapid growth of individual fortunes in this

country there is interest in a list of rich men printed by the 'New York Sun,' in 1885, according to which New York City at that time boasted only 28 millionaires. And a pamphlet published some years earlier says that in 1845 Philadelphia could show only ten estates valued at a million or more, the richest being that of Stephen Girard, which reached seven millions. In contrast to which in 1892, acording to the 'New York Tribune,' there were then over two hundred millionaires in Philadelphia."

Without mentioning the names Mr. Moffett offers the following estimate of the 5,000 leading fortunes in the United States: —"It is only an approximation, but it has been approved as reasonble by the statistical expert of R. G. Dun and Co., and by Byron W. Holt, editor of 'Moody's Magazine,' a monthly review for investors, bankers, and men of affairs, also by several financial authorities in New York City to whom I have submitted it. I have seen higher estimates, but, after careful consideration, I believe that this one may be accepted as well within the truth :—

| Number of Fortunes. | | Amount. Dols. |
|---|---|---|
| 10 aggregating | ... ... ... | 2,000,000,000 |
| 490 aggregating | ... ... ... | 3,000,000,000 |
| 4,500 aggregating | ... ... ... | 10,000,000,000 |
| 5,000 aggregating | ... ... ... | 15,000,000,000 |

"So that 5,000 men in this country actually *own* (without counting what they control) nearly one-sixth of our entire national wealth, money, land, mines, buildings, industries, everything, which sixth if put into gold would give them all the gold in the world, and leave *more than nine thousand million dollars* still owing to them! All this for 5,000 men, absolutely theirs, whether they work or not, whether they deserve it or not, whether they use it well or not, all this in a land where, according to Waldron's 'Handbook of Currency and Wealth,' 'more than four million families, or nearly one-third of the nation, must get along on incomes of less than 400 dols.; more than one-half the families get less than 600 dols.; two-thirds of the families get less than 900 dols.; while only one in 20 of the nation's families is able to secure an income of over 3,000 dols. a year. So, if present conditions continue one looks ahead vainly for some brightening in the picture of our poverty and wealth, our misery and affluence, our luxury and want. Things will be worse, not better, and every year will show a more painful contrast between the few who have everything and the many who lack everything."—"Public Opinion," New York.

## VOLTAIRE.

I have no intention of writing a life of Voltaire, nor do I think that if I wished to do so the editor could spare the space necessary to describe, even in the briefest manner, his long life of 84 years from 1694 to 1778; but it is as well to say a few words which may serve as a preface to his tale of "Candide," here presented to the reader.

It was published in 1759 (in March), and purported to be a translation from the German of a Dr. Ralph—a purely mythical person. That was only a trick, of which Voltaire was very fond, but it is extremely doubtful if anyone was ever taken in by that statement. It is curious that in the same year, in February, Dr. Johnson published his story of "Rasselas," of which the moral is the same as that of "Candide," though there the resemblance between the two works ends.

The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 had made a great impression throughout Europe, and it troubled people very much how to reconcile such a calamity with a beneficent Creator. Not only were Christians perplexed, but the Deists of the century, who were always representing their god as one of great benevolence, were staggered at such a calamity. Voltaire wrote a poem on the subject, in which, dealing with the suggestion that this had occurred in order to punish the wickedness of the people, he asked the very pertinent question why, in that case, Paris should be spared? He gave no answer to his query, nor is there apparently any to be given, or any explanation, from a theological point of view, of the disasters at San Francisco and Valparaiso and of the escape of Paris—and, may I add, of London? Brooding on this point, he,

as was his custom, often refers to it in his letters; and finally he put his ideas in the form of a tale, of which my readers may read to-day the first instalment. The work was very successful, and it is admitted by all competent writers that in it we have the very style of Voltaire. Unfortunately, I am afraid that these excellencies disappear in the translation, though I can at least assure the reader that it is an honest translation. It is bad enough to spoil the crispness and brightness of an author by translation, though I fear that that is inevitable. But it is simply criminal to leave out or alter passages because one does not happen to like them or disapproves of what has been written. It is to be hoped, however, that the reader will not be content with the translation, but will look at the original. He will then, I think, agree with Dr. Johnson, an arch enemy of Voltaire, who was only not quite certain who was the most wicked of Voltaire or Rousseau, but who told Boswell that "Candide" was the best thing that its author had written.

The story is not a pleasant one, but then, after all—except for a small minority—the world is not yet exactly an ideal dwelling place for the human race. Though the difficulties to be encountered are not quite the same as in Candide's time, the moral as given in the last chapter still holds good, and if carried out would, at all events, help to lead us not, perhaps, to the best of all possible worlds—which is a very long way off—but to a world which, as Voltaire says in another of his stories, is "passable."

It might be thought from some passages in "Candide" that Voltaire was a cynic. But this was far from being the fact. In concrete cases he again and again laboured indefatigably to redress wrongs done, as for example in the cases of Calas, of Sirven, of La Barre, of Lally, of the serfs of Gex; and the woman of the people who in Paris greeted him as the defender of Calas, was only voicing the opinion of the people of France.

No man, perhaps, was more level-headed, and none could use with more deadly effect the power of ridicule. True, he did not always argue with men, he only laughed at them; but when we see the strange fantastic things which now pass for serious arguments, we could wish that Voltaire could return to earth for a little while.

He has been very unpopular with many good people because he made fun of some venerable doctrines of Christianity, but in justice to him it should be remembered that the majority of the

high priests of his day were a very strange set of men, very unlike the early Christians. Voltaire, however, could praise good men when he found them, and in proof of this the reader should look at what he said about the Quakers.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

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There are innumberable editions and selections from Voltaire. A good volume of selections was published in 1878, in Paris, at a low price.

## CANDIDE.

### CHAPTER I.

HOW CANDIDE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE AND HOW HE WAS DRIVEN THEREFROM.

There was in Westphalia, in the castle of the Baron von Thunder-ten-tronckh, a young man to whom nature had given the most gentle morals. His face revealed his soul. He had good powers of reasoning with, at the same time, a most simple mind, and that is why, I think, he was called Candide. The old servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the Baron's sister, and of a good and worthy gentleman of the neighbourhood whom the young lady had always refused to marry because he had only been able to prove 71 quarterings, as the remainder of his genealogical tree had been eaten away by damp.

The Baron was one of the most powerful noblemen in Westphalia, for his castle had a door and windows. There was even tapestry in the large rooms. All the dogs of his farmyard could form, if necessary, a pack of hounds, his farm servants were his huntsmen, the village priest was his grand almoner. They all called him "My lord," and they all laughed at his witty stories.

The Baroness weighed about 25 stone, which ensured her a great reputation, and she did the honours of the house with a dignity making her still more respectable. Her daughter, Cunegonde, was 17 years old, her complexion was red and fresh, she was fat and jovial. The Baron's son was worthy of his father. His tutor, Pangloss, was the oracle of the house, and young Candide listened to his teaching with all the good faith of his age and character.

Pangloss expounded a theologico-cosmological system of metaphysics. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause, and that in the best of all possible worlds the castle of my lord, the Baron, was the most beautiful of all possible castles, and my lady Baroness the best of all possible Baronesses.

"It is proved," he said, "that things cannot be otherwise, for as everything must have a purpose, everything is necessarily for

the best purpose. Notice that noses are made to wear spectacles, and that therefore we have spectacles. Legs are evidently made for trousers, and therefore we have trousers. Stones have been formed to be dressed and to build castles, that is why my lord has a very fine castle, because the most important baron of the province must have the best house. Pigs are made to be eaten, and we therefore eat pork all the year round; therefore, those who have argued that all is well have said a foolish thing, they ought to have said that all is for the best."

Candide listened attentively and innocently believed, for he found Mlle. Cunegonde extremely pretty, though he had never dared tell her so. He thought that after the happiness of being the Baron von Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Mlle. Cunegonde, the third was to see her every day, and the fourth to listen to Dr. Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province, and, therefore, of the whole earth.

One day, Cunegonde, walking near the castle, in the little wood, which was called the "park," saw between the undergrowth, Dr. Pangloss, who was giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's maid, a very pretty little docile brunette. As Mlle. Cunegonde had much natural bent towards the sciences, she watched silently the repeated experiments, she saw clearly the sufficient reason of the doctor, the effects and the causes, and she came back quite agitated and thoughtful, very desirous of becoming learned, and dreaming that she might be the sufficient reason of young Candide, who might also be hers.

She met Candide in returning to the castle, and blushed. Candide blushed too. She spoke to him in faltering accents, and Candide spoke to her, not knowing what he said. The next day, after dinner, as they were leaving the table, Cunegonde and Candide were behind a screen; Cunegonde let her handkerchief fall, Candide picked it up, she innocently took his hand, the young man as innocently kissed the hand of the young lady with a quite particular liveliness, sensibility and grace, their mouths met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands forgot themselves. The Baron von Thunder-ten-tronckh passed near the screen, and seeing that cause and that effect roughly kicked Candide out of the castle. Cunegonde fainted and had her face slapped by the Baroness as soon as she came to, and all was consternation in the finest and best of all possible castles.

## CHAPTER II.

### What Happened to Candide among the Bulgarians.

Candide, driven from the terrestrial paradise, walked for a long time without knowing where he was going; he cried and lifted his eyes towards heaven, and often turned them towards the finest of castles where lived the most beautiful daughter of a baron. He

went to sleep supperless in a field between two furrows, while the snow fell in large flakes. Candide, numbed with the cold, dragged himself the next day to the neighbouring town, which was called Waldberghof-trarbk-dik-dorf; he had no money, and he was dying with hunger and fatigue. He stopped, sadly, at the door of an inn. Two men, dressed in blue, noticed him: "Comrade," said one, "there is a very well-built young man who is quite tall enough." They advanced towards Candide and asked him very politely to dinner. "Gentlemen," said Candide to them, with charming modesty, "you do me too much honour, but I cannot pay my share of the reckoning." "Ah! sir," said one of the men dressed in blue, "men with your figure and merit never pay anything. Are you not five feet five inches in height?"

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," said he, bowing to them.

"Ah, sir, sit down; not only will we pay your expenses, but we would never let a man like you be in want of money. Men should help each other."

"You are right," said Candide, "that is what Dr. Pangloss has always told me, and I see that all is for the best."

He was asked to accept a few crowns; he took them, and wished to give his note-of-hand for them, but they would not take it, and they sat down to table.

"Are you not madly in love?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I love tenderly Mlle. Cunegonde."

"No," said one of those gentlemen, "we ask you if you do not love tenderly the King of the Bulgarians."

"Not at all," he said, "for I have never seen him."

"Why, he is the best of kings, and we must drink his health."

"Oh, very willingly, gentlemen," and he drinks.

He was told, "That is enough; you are now the help, the champion, the hero of all Bulgarians. Your fortune is made, and your fame is assured."

At once irons are put on his legs, and he is taken to the barracks. He has to turn to the right, to the left, to lift the ramrod, to lower it, to aim, to fire, to march, and he gets thirty strokes with a stick. The next day he goes through his drill a little less badly, and he only gets twenty strokes; the day after he only received ten, and he is looked upon by his comrades as a prodigy.

Candide was rather startled, and he did not very well understand why he was a hero. One spring day he went for a walk, walking straight before him, thinking that it was a privilege of the human race, as of animals, to use one's legs at one's will. He had hardly gone two leagues when four other heroes, six feet high, caught him up, tied his hands and feet, and took him to a dungeon. He was asked whether he would prefer being flogged thirty-six times by the whole regiment or receiving twelve balls of lead in

his brain. In vain he argued that the will is free, and that he wished for neither, yet he had to make his choice. Therefore, in accordance with the gift of God called *liberty*, he decided to walk thirty-six times before the regiment; he walked twice. There were two thousand men in the regiment; that meant four thousand blows with sticks, which took off all the skin from his back. As Candide was going to walk a third time he felt he could not do so, and he asked, as an act of grace, that they would be good enough to shoot him; they graciously agreed, his eyes were bandaged, and he was ordered to kneel down. The King of the Bulgarians* happened to pass at the time; he asked what crime had been committed, and as that king was a great genius he understood by all that he heard about Candide that he was a young metaphysician very ignorant of the things of this world. He therefore pardoned him in a magnanimous way, which will be praised in all newspapers and for all time. A good doctor cured Candide in three weeks with some ointment first used by Dioscorides. He already had a little skin on and could walk when the King of the Bulgarians led his army against the King of the Abares.

## CHAPTER III.

### How Candide fled from among the Bulgarians, and what Happened.

There is nothing so beautiful, so lively, so brilliant, so well ordered as two armies. The trumpets, the fifes, the hautboys, the drums, the cannons form a harmonious whole which could not be equalled in hell. The cannons first threw down about six thousand men on each side, then musket shots took away from the best of worlds about nine to ten thousand wretches who polluted its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason of the death of some few thousand men. The total would mount up to about thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery. Finally, when the two kings were each having the *Te Deum* sung in their camps, he determined to go and reason elsewhere concerning cause and effect. He walked across heaps of dead and dying men and first reached a neighbouring village. It was in ashes; it was a village of the Abares that the Bulgarians had burnt in accordance with international law. In one place old men pierced with wounds saw their wives die with their throats cut holding their children to their bloody breasts. In another spot girls, after having been subject to infernal outrages, were dying, while other women, half-burnt, were begging for death. Brains littered the ground side by side with arms and legs.

Candide hastened away to another village belonging to the Bulgarians which had been treated in the same way by

* Frederick the Great.

Abarian heroes. He, walking on palpitating limbs or through ruins, finally got away from the seat of war, carrying a few provisions in his knapsack and never forgetting Mlle. Cunegonde. He had no more provisions when he got to Holland, but having heard that everyone was rich in that country and that it was a Christian land, he did not doubt that he would be as well treated as he had been at the Baron's castle before he had been driven away on account of the beautiful eyes of Mlle. Cunegonde. He begged from several grave men, who answered, that if he persisted in those practices he would be shut up in a reformatory to teach him how to live.

He then spoke to a man who had spoken alone for an hour to a large assembly concerning charity. The orator, looking at him angrily, said, "What are you doing here? Are you for the good cause?" "There is no effect without a cause," modestly answered Candide, "everything is necessarily connected and all is for the best. It was necessary that I should be driven away from Mlle. Cunegonde, that I should be flogged, and I must beg my bread until I can earn it otherwise; all that could not have happened otherwise." "My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is Anti-Christ?" "I had not heard anyone say so yet," replied Candide, "but whether he is or not, I want some bread." "You do not deserve to eat any," said the other, "go away, you rascal, you wretch, do not ever come near me." The orator's wife had put her head out of the window, and seeing a man who doubted that the Pope was Anti-Christ, she emptied the chamber over him. Great God, how zealous women are in the cause of religion.

A man who had not been christened, a good Anabaptist, called James, saw the cruel and ignominious manner in which they treated one of his brethren—a featherless biped who had a soul. He took him home, cleaned him, gave him bread and beer, presented him with two florins and wished to teach him to work in his factory of Persian damask made in Holland. Candide fell down before him, crying out, "Dr. Pangloss said rightly that all is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more touched by your great generosity than by the harshness of that gentleman in a black coat and by that of his wife."

The next day, when he was walking, he met a beggar all covered with pimples, his eyes running, half his nose gone, his mouth full of sores, his teeth black, speaking with a husky voice, having a violent cough and spitting out a tooth after each attack.

## CHAPTER IV.

### How Candide met his old Master, Dr. Pangloss, and what Followed.

Candide, more struck by compassion than by horror, gave to that loathsome beggar the two florins which he had received from James, the honest Anabaptist. The phantom gazed intently at him, shed

tears and embraced him. Candide drew back terrified. "Alas!" said one wretch to the other, "do you not recognise any more your dear Pangloss?" "What do I hear? You, my dear master; you, in that horrible state! What misfortune has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the most beautiful of all castles? What has happened to Mlle. Cunegonde, that pearl of women, the masterpiece of nature?" "I am too exhausted to answer," said Pangloss. At once Candide took him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread, and when Pangloss felt a little better he said to him: "Well, how is Cunegonde?" "She is dead," the doctor replied." Candide fainted, his friend brought him to with a little bad vinegar, which was by chance in the stable. Candide reopened his eyes. "Cunegonde is dead! Ah! is this the best of worlds? But what fell sickness killed her? Was it because she saw me being kicked from the beautiful castle of her father?" "No," said Pangloss, "she was stabbed by Bulgarian soldiers after having been violated; they broke the Baron's head because he wished to defend her; they cut the Baroness in pieces; my poor pupil was treated just like his sister; and as to the castle, not a stone has been left, not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree. But we were avenged, for the Abares did the same to a neighbouring barony which belonged to a Bulgarian nobleman."

Hearing these words Candide again fainted, but having come to and having said all which he ought to say, he inquired for the cause and effect and the sufficient reason which had reduced Pangloss to such a pitiable state. "Alas!" replied he, "It is love, love the consoler of the human race, the upholder of the universe, the soul of all tender beings, it is pitiful love." "Alas!" said Candide, "I, too, have known love, that monarch of hearts, that soul of our soul; it has only given me one kiss and twenty kicks. How has this beautiful cause been able to produce in you such terrible effects?"

Pangloss replied in these words: "O, my dear Candide, you knew Paquita, that pretty maid of our illustrious Baroness I felt in her arms the joys of paradise which have produced these hellish torments now torturing me; she was a mass of corruption, she is probably dead. Paquita had received that gift from a very learned cordelier, who had received it from its source; for he had had it from an old countess, who had got it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marchioness, who had obtained it from a page, who had caught it from a Jesuit, who as a novice had been infected with it by one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. As for me, I shall not give it to anybody, for I am dying."

"O, Pangloss!" exclaimed Candide, "this is a strange genealogy! Was not the devil the cause of it?"

"Not at all," replied the great man, "it was an indispensable necessity in the best of worlds, a necessary ingredient; for, if Columbus had not caught in one of the West Indies this illness

which poisons the source of life and often even renders a man impotent, and thus is opposed to the great aim of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It ought also to be noticed that this illness is, like religious controversy, confined to Europe. For neither Turks, Hindoos, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, or Japanese are afflicted with it; but there is sufficient reason for them to have it, in their turn, a few centuries hence. Meanwhile, it has made marvellous progress amongst us, and especially in those large armies composed of well-organised mercenaries who decide the fate of nations, for it may safely be said that, if thirty thousand men are engaged in battle against an equal number, there are at least twenty thousand suffering with this disease on either side."

"That is admirable," said Candide, "but we must get you cured."

"And how can that be done?" said Pangloss, "I have not a penny, my friend, and in all this world you cannot be bled or purged without paying, unless someone pays for you."

This last speech made Candide go and throw himself at the feet of James, his charitable Anabaptist, and he drew such a touching picture of the state to which his friend was reduced that the good man did not hesitate to help Dr. Pangloss, and he had him cured at his expense. In the process the Doctor only lost one eye and one ear. He could write well, and was a good arithmetician. The Anabaptist James made him his book-keeper. After two months, being compelled to go to Lisbon on business, he took with him in his ship the two philosophers. Pangloss explained to him how all was for the best. James did not agree to this.

"It seems to me that men must have corrupted nature a little, for they have become wolves, though they were not born so. God gave them neither twenty-four pounders nor bayonets, and they have made both. I might talk about bankruptcies, and of the law which takes the assets of bankrupts in order to defraud creditors."

"All that was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and particular misfortunes help to make the happiness of the many, so that the more individual misery there is the better it is for the world."

While he was thus reasoning it became dark; the winds blew from the four corners of the world, and the ship encountered a most horrible hurricane just off the port of Lisbon.

## CHAPTER V.

### Hurricane, Wreck, Earthquake, and what happened to Dr. Pangloss, to Candide, and to James the Anabaptist.

Half the passengers, weakened and feeling half-dead by the terrible pain and discomfort due to the intolerable agitation caused by the rolling of the ship, did not even realise the sense of danger

The other half cried out aloud and prayed; the sails were carried away, the masts had gone by the board, the ship was sinking. The captain lost his head, confusion reigned everywhere. The Anabaptist helped as much as he could; he was on the poop, a seaman pushed him roughly and he fell down, but the aggressor also stumbled forward and fell overboard holding on to part of the rigging. The good James rushed to his assistance, helped him on board, and, over-balancing himself, was carried overboard before the sailor's eyes, who let him perish without even looking at him. Candide came near, saw his benefactor rise to the surface for a moment and then disappear for ever. He wished to throw himself overboard, but Pangloss, the philosopher, prevented him, assuring him that Lisbon roads had been specially created in order that the Anabaptist might be drowned there. Whilst he was demonstrating this—à priori—the ship sank and all were drowned except Pangloss, Candide and that brute of a sailor who had been the cause of the drowning of the virtuous Anabaptist. The rascal swam safely to the shore, which Pangloss and Candide reached by means of a plank.

When they had slightly recovered they walked towards Lisbon; they had a little money left with which they hoped to stave off hunger, after having been saved from the storm.

Scarcely had they set their feet in the town, weeping over the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet; the sea rose in the harbour and drove the anchored vessels ashore. Flame and ashes covered the streets and squares, the houses tottered, the roofs were shattered, thirty thousand of the inhabitants were crushed to death in the ruins. The sailor swore and whistled. "There will be something to be got here," he said. "What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "Here is the last day of the world," cried Candide. The sailor rushes wildly into the ruins, faces death to find some money, steals some, gets drunk, and, having recovered from his debauch, finds a girl and forgets all in the midst of the dying and the dead. Pangloss pulled him by his sleeve. "My friend," said he to him, "this is not right; you are wanting in respect to universal reason, you are choosing your time badly." "Death and blood," replied the other, "I am a sailor and was born at Batavia; I have walked four times on the cross* in four voyages to Japan; why do you bother me with your universal reason?"

Candide had been wounded by some falling stones and was lying down in the street wounded and bloody. He said to Pangloss, "Alas! get me a little wine and oil, I am dying!" "This earthquake is no new thing," replied Pangloss. "The town of Lima felt the same shocks in America last year. The same causes produce the same

* It is said that after the expulsion of the Christians from Japan in the seventeenth century, this had to be done by the sailors of any ship arriving in Japan.—J. B.

effects. There is certainly a train of sulphur under ground from Lima to Lisbon." "Nothing is more likely," said Candide, "but for God's sake bring me a little oil and wine." "What do you mean by likely," rejoined the philosopher, "I hold that the thing is proven." Candide fainted, and Pangloss brought him a little water from an adjoining fountain.

The next morning, having found some food, they felt a little stronger, and like the others they worked in helping those who had not been killed. Some men, whom they had saved, gave them a dinner which, under all the circumstances of the case, was fairly good; it is true that the meal was sad; the guests watered their bread with their tears, but Pangloss consoled them, assuring them that things could not be otherwise, for, said he, all this is for the best, for, if there be a volcano at Lisbon it could not have been anywhere else, as it is impossible that things be not where they are, for all is good.

A little man, dressed in black, an official of the Inquisition, was sitting next to the doctor. He politely began to speak, saying, "Apparently, sir, you do not believe in original sin, for, if all be for the best, there is neither fall nor punishment."

"I very humbly beg your Excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss, still more politely, "for the fall of man and the primeval curse necessarily play a part in the best of all possible worlds."

"You do not then believe in free will?" said the gentleman.

"Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss, "free will can co-exist with absolute necessity, for it was necessary that we should be free, for the determined will——" Pangloss was in the midst of his phrase when the man made a sign to his servant who was pouring out for him a glass of port wine.

## CHAPTER VI.

### How a fine Auto-da-fé was made to Prevent Earthquakes, and how Candide was Flogged.

After the earthquake, which had destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country had found no more efficacious way of preventing the total ruin of the country than to organise a fine auto-da-fé for the edification of the people. It was decided by the University of Coimbra that the sight of a few persons burned in state, by a slow fire, is an infallible remedy for preventing the earth from quaking.

Therefore they seized a man from Biscayia who had married a lady who had been godmother to a child to whom he was godfather, and two Portuguese, who, when eating a chicken, had refused to eat any bacon with it. After dinner they came and led away Dr. Pangloss and Candide, his disciple, because the former had spoken and the latter had listened with approval. Both were taken into separate rooms, which were very cool, and in which one is never troubled by the heat of the sun. A week afterwards they were clothed with a san

benito,* and paper mitres were put on their heads. The mitre and the san benito of Candide were adorned with flames upside down, and with devils hornless and tailless. But the devils of Pangloss had tails and horns, and the flames were straight. They thus walked in procession, and they heard a very pathetic sermon, followed by fine Gregorian music. Candide was flogged while the music was being chanted. The man from Biscayia and the two men who would not eat bacon were burnt,† and Pangloss was hung, though it was contrary to the usual custom. On the same day the earth trembled again with a dreadful noise.

Candide terrified, bewildered, lost, bleeding and panting, said to himself, "If this be the best of all possible worlds, what must the others be like? I do not mind being flogged, that already happened when I was with the Bulgarians; but, O, my dear Pangloss, the greatest of philosophers, to think that I have seen you being hanged without knowing why! O, my dear Anabaptist, the best of men, why should you have been drowned off Lisbon? O, Mlle. Cunegonde, the pearl of all maidens, to think of you having been murdered!"

He was going back, being scarcely able to drag himself along, having been preached to, flogged, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman came to him and said to him, "My son, be of good courage and follow me."

## CHAPTER VII.

### How an Old Woman Took Care of Candide and how he Found Again her whom he Loved.

Candide did not take courage, but he followed the old woman into a hut; she gave him a pot of ointment to rub himself with, left him some food and drink, showed him a little bed, fairly clean, near which there was a suit of clothes.

"Eat, drink, sleep," said she to him, "and may Our Lady of Atocha, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. James of Compostella take care of you. I shall come back to-morrow."

Candide, still astonished at all which he had seen, at all which he had suffered, and still more at the charity of the old woman, wished to kiss her hand.

"It is not my hand that you should kiss," said the old woman, "I will come back to-morrow. Rub the ointment over your wounds, eat and sleep."

Candide, in spite of so many misfortunes, ate and slept. The next day the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it with another ointment. She then brought him his dinner; she came back towards evening and brought him his supper. The day after she did the same.

"Who are you?" Candide always said to her. "Who has made you so good? How can I thank you?"

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* A peculiar dress which persons condemned by the Inquisition had to wear.

† In 1781—the last person burnt by the Inquisition—Buckle, p. 600.—J. B.

The good woman did not reply; she came back in the evening and brought no supper.

"Come with me," she said, "and say nothing."

She took him by the arm and went along a country road for about a quarter of a mile. She came to a detached house surrounded by gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door. The door was opened; she led Candide by a narrow staircase into a pretty little room. He sat down on a fine sofa; she shut the door and went away. Candide thought he was dreaming, and that all his past life was a bad dream, while the present time was a happy one.

The old woman soon reappeared; she held up with difficulty a trembling woman, with a fine figure, veiled and adorned with many precious stones.

"Remove that veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man approaches, he lifts the veil with a timid hand. What a moment! what a surprise! He thinks he sees Mlle. Cunegonde. He really sees her—it was the lady. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word, he fell at her feet. Cunegonde fell on the sofa. The old woman brought them to with smelling salts; they speak to each other, first only isolated words were heard, questions and answers, sighs, tears and cries. The old woman begs them to make less noise and leaves them alone. "What, it is you," said Candide to her, "you are alive and I find you again in Portugal. You have not been violated and stabbed, as Pangloss assured me." "Yes, I have," said beautiful Cunegonde, "but one does not always die from those two accidents." "But were your father and mother killed." "It is only too true," said Cunegonde, crying. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed too." "And why are you in Portugal, and how did you know that I was here? and by what strange adventure have you had me brought into this house?" "I will tell you all that," replied the lady, "but you must first tell me all that has happened to you since you gave me an innocent kiss, for which you were kicked out."

Candide obeyed her with deep respect, and though he was dazed, though his voice trembled and he was feeble, though his back still hurt him a little, he told her in a most innocent way all that had happened since they had been separated. Cunegonde lifted her eyes towards Heaven, she cried when she heard of the death of the good Anabaptist and of Pangloss, then she spoke in these words to Candide, who did not lose a word and devoured her with his eyes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### History of Cunegonde.

"I was in my bed and I was fast asleep when it pleased God to send the Bulgarians to our fine castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; they slaughtered my father and my mother and cut my brother into little pieces. A big Bulgarian, six feet high, seeing

that I had fainted on account of those proceedings, began to ravish me; that brought me to. I cried, I fought, I bit, I scratched, I wished to pull the eyes out of that big Bulgarian, not knowing that what happened in my father's castle was the usual thing. The brute struck me with a knife in my left side, and it has still left a mark." "Alas! I should like to see it," said simple Candide. "You shall see it," said Cunegonde, "but let us go on." "Go on," said Candide.

She then took up the thread of her discouse: "A Bulgarian captain came in; he saw me all bloody, and the soldier was not disturbing himself. The captain was angry at the little respect shown to him by that brute, and killed him on my body. Then he had me attended to and took me to his quarters. I washed the few shirts which he had, I cooked for him; he thought I was very pretty, and I will not deny that he was a handsome man with a white and soft skin; he was not witty and had little philosophy, so that it was easy to see that he had not been brought up by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months, having lost all his money and being tired of me, he sold me to a Jew called Don Isaacar, who traded in Holland and in Portugal and was passionately fond of women.

"This Jew cared a great deal for me, but he could not get the better of me. I resisted him better than I did the Bulgarian soldier; a person of honour may be ravished once, but her virtue then becomes stronger. The Jew, to tame me, brought me into this country house which you see. Till then I had thought that there was nothing so fine on earth as the Castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I was undeceived.

"The Grand Inquisitor saw me one day at mass; he ogled me a great deal, and told me that he wished to speak to me about secret affairs. I was taken to his palace; I told him the secret of my birth; he showed how much it was beneath my rank to belong to an Israelite. It was proposed on his behalf that Don Isaacar should give me up to his lordship. Don Isaacar, who is the banker of the King and a man of means, would not agree. Then the Inquisitor threatened him with an auto-da-fé. Finally, the Jew was frightened, and agreed to an arrangement by which the house and myself should belong to the two in common; that the Jew should have for himself the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, and that the Inquisitor should have the other days of the week. This convention has been in existence for six months. It has not been without quarrels, for often it has not been decided whether the night from Saturday to Sunday belonged to the old or to the new law. As for me, till the present I have not given in to either of them, and that is why I have always been loved.

"Finally, to prevent the plague of earthquakes and to frighten Don Isaacar, it pleased my lord the Inquisitor to celebrate an auto-da-fé. He honoured me with an invitation. I had a good seat;

refreshments were handed to the ladies between the mass and the execution. I was, it is true, struck with horror in seeing those two Jews being burnt and that good Biscayan, who had married the lady that had been godmother when he was godfather; but how shall I depict my surprise, my terror, my dismay, when I saw a man in a san benito and a mitre who was like Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I looked with attention, I saw him hanged, I fainted. Scarcely had I come to when I saw you quite naked; it was the height of horror, of consternation, of grief, of despair. I must tell you, in truth, that your skin is still whiter and finer than that of my Bulgarian captain. This sight renewed all the feelings which overcame and overwhelmed me. I cried out; I wished to say, 'Stop, barbarians,' but my voice failed me, and my cries would have been in vain. When you were well flogged, How can it be, I said to myself, that the friendly Candide and the wise Pangloss should be at Lisbon, one to receive one hundred lashes, and one to be hanged by order of my lord the Inquisitor, who loves me tenderly? Pangloss must have cruelly deceived me when he used to tell me that everything goes well in the world.

"Agitated, lost, beside myself, ready to die of weakness, I thought of the massacre of my father, of my mother, of my brother, of the insolence of my ugly Bulgarian soldier, of the blow he gave me with his knife, of my slavery, of my cook's place, of my Bulgarian captain, of my ugly Don Isaacar, of my abominable Inquisitor, of the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, of that grand Gregorian miserere during which you were flogged, and especially of the kiss which I gave to you one day behind a screen on the day when I had seen you for the last time. I thanked God who gave you back to me after so many trials. I asked the old woman to take care of you, and to bring you here as soon as she could. She has done very well what I asked her to do. I have had the great pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, of speaking to you. You must be very hungry. I have a good appetite; let us begin by having some supper."

So they both sat down to table, and after supper they went back on the fine sofa of which I have already spoken; they were there still when Senor Don Isaacar, one of the masters of the house, came in. It was Saturday; he came to enjoy his rights and to speak of his tender love.

## CHAPTER IX.

### What Happened to Cunegonde, to Candide, to the Grand Inquisitor, and to a Jew.

That Isaacar was the angriest Hebrew that has ever been seen in Israel since the Babylonish captivity. "What," he said, "you Galilean bitch, my lord the Inquisitor is not enough — that wretch must also share with me?" Saying this, he drew a long dagger which he always carried, and thinking his adversary was

unarmed, he rushed at Candide, but the latter had received a fine rapier with his clothes from the old woman. He drew his rapier, and though his manners were very gentle, he pierced the Israelite through, who fell stone dead on the floor at the feet of beautiful Cunegonde.

"Holy Virgin!" she cried, "what is to become of us? a man killed in my house! If the police come we are lost." "If Pangloss had not been hung," said Candide, "he would give us some good advice in this difficult question, for he was a great philosopher. As he is not here let us consult the old woman." She was very prudent and began to give her opinion, when another little door opened. It was one hour after midnight, it was the beginning of Sunday. That day belonged to my lord the Inquisitor. He came in and saw Candide, who had been flogged, with a rapier in his hand, a dead man on the carpet, Cunegonde afraid, and the old woman giving advice.

This is what Candide thought at the moment: If that holy man calls for help, he will infallibly have me burnt; he may do the same with Cunegonde. He has had me unmercifully flogged, he is my rival, I am in a killing mood and there is no time to hesitate. This reasoning was clear and quick, and without allowing the Inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he runs him through and throws him down next to the Jew. "Here is a fine affair," says Cunegonde, "nothing can save us, we are excommunicated, our last hour has come. How have you managed, you who were born so gentle, to kill in two minutes a Jew and a prelate?" "My dear young lady," replied Candide, "when a man is in love, jealous, and has been flogged by the Inquisition, he is beside himself."

The old woman then spoke, saying, "There are three Andalusian horses in the stable; let the bold Candide saddle and bridle them. Madame has money and diamonds; let us get on horseback, though I can only ride on one of my buttocks, and let us go to Cadiz. It is very fine weather, and it is very pleasant to travel in the coolness of the night."

So Candide saddled the horses at once. Cunegonde, the old woman and he rode thirty miles without stopping. While they were going away, the Holy Brotherhood entered the house; my lord was buried in a beautiful church, and Isaacar was thrown on a dungheap.

Candide, Cunegonde and the old woman were already in the little town of Avacena, in the midst of the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and they were talking in an inn.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

*(To be continued.)*

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Sad Case of Mr. Bell.**—We cannot but regret that Mr. Richard Bell should have allowed himself to be made use of by the capitalist press as a sort of stalking-horse in its attack on the working-class movement. For that is all that he has accomplished by his foolish posing as a martyr to Socialist intrigue against him in his union. As a matter of fact, the A.S.R.S. has behaved with great consideration and leniency towards their General Secretary. Having originated the Labour Representation Committee, it was only reasonable that the Railwaymen's Society should expect their candidates to conform to the constitution of that combination. This, Mr. Bell, mindful of the fact that he owes his seat for Derby largely to the Liberal Party, has refused to do. So far the society has bowed to his will and has refrained from compelling him to sign the Labour Party's constitution. Even now, the society has not

insisted upon his doing so; its delegates have simply said that, in future, all candidates of the society must conform to the constitution to which the society is, and has been, a party, and that any member who may be a Parliamentary candidate and does not so conform, cannot reeeive the support of the society. That is a perfectly reasonable position to take up, and to suggest that it is the result of a Socialist move against Mr. Bell personally is absurd. The members of the Labour Party are not all Socialists—some of them, indeed, are less so than is Mr. Bell himself—and to represent the controversy at Cardiff as a Socialist struggle for supremacy in the union, is only another attempt on the part of the enemies of the working-class to sow dissension in the union, and to divide the members into hostile camps of Socialists and anti-Socialists. This attempt will certainly not injure or weaken the Socialist movement, but it may be very injurious to the trade unions, and for that reason it is to be regretted that Mr. Bell should have so readily fallen into the trap and allowed himself so to be made use of.

**Socialism and the Trade Unions.**—As has already been pointed out, this is purely a question of trade union discipline and has nothing whatever to do with Socialists. We of the S.D.F. withdrew from the L.R.C. long ago, because it was not a Socialist Party, and because its constitution—for a non-Socialist body—was too rigid. The Gasworkers' Union, of which our comrade Thorne is General Secretary, is, however, affiliated, and insisted upon Thorne signing the constitution as one of its candidates. It would be just as reasonable for us to say that this action of the Gasworkers' Union was the result of a successful attempt on the part of anti-Socialists in that body to "capture the union, as

for the press and Mr. Bell to say that the demand the A.S.R.S. is making for all its candidates to sign that constitution is due to the undue ascendancy of the Socialists. The A.S.R.S. has as much right to compel its non-Socialist candidates to conform to a constitution to which it is a party, as the Gasworkers' Union has to compel its Socialist candidates to do so. That, as we have said, is a matter of discipline for the unions themselves, and one for which Socialists, as such, are in no way responsible. We have reason, however, to rejoice at the progress which Socialism is making in the trade unions, which are rapidly becoming Socialist in spite of themselves, so to speak. We can afford to smile at the denunciations of Socialists and Socialism to which trade unionists are being treated just now. We do not anticipate that all this will have any appreciable effect on the minds of those to whom it is addressed; but even if it had; if they all got nervous and frightened over the Socialist bogey and expelled all Socialist members of the unions and made a repudiation of Socialism a condition of membership; that would greatly injure the unions, without a doubt; but it would not hinder the progress of Socialism a bit, and the trade unions would continue to display their tendency to Socialism and to clamour for Socialist measures and Socialist legislation.

**The Miners and Socialism.**—As a case in point, at their final sitting the Miners' Congress at Swansea *unanimously* passed a resolution in favour of the nationalisation of all the means and instruments of production, and pledging themselves to support only those candidates for Parliament who were in favour of this principle. Very little notice has been taken of this resolution by those organs of the press which are endeavouring to

show that the question now exercising trade unionists as to whether they should or should not affiliate to the Labour Party is a question for or against Socialism. As we have repeatedly pointed out, it is nothing of the kind. By repeated resolutions the trade unions have declared in favour of the principles of Socialism. They see that there is nothing else for them. They are not always logical, and do not always vote for the men who champion the principles they endorse, or against those who are opposed to them, but they are committed to Socialist ideas and principles all the same. It is not, as those who are trying to make mischief in the trade unions are trying to make out, that the unions are being "captured" by Socialists, but that the trade unionists are becoming Socialists, sometimes unconsciously and in spite of themselves. This resolution of the miners, adopted on the very day that the ballot against joining the Labour Party was made known, is additional evidence of the fact. But what will Mr. Haldane and the other anti-Socialists do about it? It will be interesting to see them crossing swords with the respectable chiefs of the Miners' Federation, who are now pledged to nationalising all the means of production.

**Labour's Diminishing Share.**—Last year was the fifth in succession in which the total charges in wages resulted in a net reduction. In 1901 the net reduction amounted to £76,587 per week; in 1902 to £72,595; in 1903 to £38,327; in 1904 to £39,230; and in 1905 to £2,169, that is to say that in the five years the rate of wages has fallen by £228,908 per week as compared with 1900, or a total reduction in 1905 of £11,445,400 for the twelve months. But these figures, it should be remembered, only relate to the reduction in the rate of wages; they give no information as to the amount of wages actually received. That is to

say that assuming that the same number of people were employed, and as fully employed in 1905 as in 1900, they would have received about eleven and a half millions less in wages. But a falling rate of wages is indicative of a superabundant supply of labour, and a slackening of the demand. In other words, employment was not so good in any one of the subsequent five years as in 1900, otherwise the general rate of wages would not have fallen. Now, then, if employment was slacker it is quite clear that the actual loss of wages was much greater than that represented by the reduction in the rate of wages, and if we take into account the increase in the numbers of unemployed and the general slackness even for those in employment, it would not be overstating the case to say that the loss of wages in 1905 as compared with 1900 was no less than twenty-six millions sterling, and yet 1905 was a year of unparalleled national prosperity!

**The Railwayman's Risks and Rewards.**—The Grantham railway accident should give an impetus to the "all grades" movement of the railway men for higher wages and shorter hours. It is said that in no place in the world is life more secure than in a railway carriage on an English railway. The disaster at Grantham serves to illustrate how entirely that safety is due to the vigilance of the men who are engaged in the detail routine of railway work. The slightest error, the most momentary relaxation of vigilance, or an instant's absence of mind, may hurl hundreds of people to destruction. Surely it is not too much to ask that men engaged in such nerve-trying work, upon whom such a strain and such responsibility are imposed, should be properly paid, and should not be overworked. The more so when the tremendous toll in life and limb which the men them-

selves have to pay is considered. Some 500 of them are killed every year—an average of ten per week—yet their average wages do not exceed 25s. per week, and the total wages they receive is less than the profits paid to the shareholders. The cause of the Grantham accident is still a mystery. Conjecture, however, is busy, and the most generally accepted theory is that it was due to an inexperienced man being employed as fireman. Whatever may have been the cause, if the disaster has the effect of arousing public opinion on behalf of the men, and securing the redress of their worst grievances, those who perished will not have died in vain.

**The Movement in America.**—State elections are now being fought in the United States. Our comrades there were never in a stronger or more excellent position. In New York great meetings are being held, 8,000 persons being turned away from one of the big indoor meetings. In Arkansas the balloting has already taken place, and the official returns of the Socialist vote showed gratifying results. In 1904, the vote polled for our Presidential candidate, Debs, was 1,816, the vote for comrade Penrose, our candidate for Governor the same year, was 1,364. The vote for comrade Hogan for Governor in the recent election was 2,104. This shows an increase of 251 over the Debs' vote and 740 over the gubernatorial vote in 1904, and represents an increased percentage of 13½ per cent. and 55 per cent. respectively. In all the other States there is the promise of a big increase. Our comrades Moyer and Haywood are still in prison. Steve Adams, one of the men who is supposed to have been employed by our comrades to murder Ex-Governor Steuenburg, has made a statement to the effect that he has had no dealings whatsoever with either Moyer or Haywood.

# MR. WELLS'S BABIES.

## I.

In opening these reflections on Mr. Wells's remarkable book, "Mankind in the Making," it may be well to state that this criticism of Mr. Wells's baby-perfecting Republic is not based on a belief in "the sentimentalised affinities of young people in the spring," nor on any regret at seeing Cupid dethroned from his present high position in the scheme of creation, but it is founded on the carefully-formed opinion of the writer that Mr. Wells is seeking to entice us from the road to real reform, by inviting us to join with him in a vain chase after the beckoning phantom of Physical Regeneration, to capture which we are to transform the world into a huge baby manufactory—in fact, that the production and perfection of babies should be the Alpha and Omega of the future Anglo-Saxon polity. Here are Mr. Wells's own words: "Any collective human enterprise, institution, movement, party, or state is to be judged as a whole and completely, as it conduces more or less to wholesome and hopeful births, and according to the qualitative and quantitative advance due to its influence made by each generation of citizens born under its influence towards a higher and ampler standard of life." Again, he says, "Life is a texture of births," which is the point of view guiding the development of the book. If this theory of a pro-creative State had been put forward by the dullest rioter in sexuality, its delightful insolence would have justified granting it a full hearing; but when one of the most original English thinkers brings into the world a new suckling-polity which is grounded entirely on babies—a morning of babies, an evening of babies, a horizon of

babies, a howling wilderness of babies—it is time for us to collect our scattered wits and examine into the proposal with care. From the seed contained in the following sentence Mr. Wells's wonderful idea of the supremacy of procreation has taken its growth: "Take away this fact of birth and what is there remaining? A world without flowers, without the singing of birds, without the freshness of youth, with a spring that brings no seedlings, and a year that bears no harvest, without beginnings and without defeats, a vast stagnation, a universe of inconsequent matter—Death. Not only does the substance of life vanish if we eliminate births," etc. Well and admirably put! Thus expressed, Mr. Wells seems to have stated an unanswerable proposition until criticism follows it to its logical conclusion, when the fallacy stands revealed in all its nakedness. Surely, it is impossible to assume that the world is peopled by that erratic wanderer of the night, a "daddy longlegs," as this strange insect, a seeker after light, by whimsical fancy of the countryside, is titled, so that it may procreate! It would be more reasonable to demand of a second Diogenes or Romulus that they should bless Pomponius Laetus, as to expect the enlightenment of this age to accede to the ideal of a social polity saturated with, and enwrapped in, the multiplication table. Behold! the sweet rose, the fair lily, the glorious rhododendron, the gay buttercup and the elegant bluebell—do they exist to procreate, or to enchant? Mr. Wells, in the passage we are analysing, and Ignorance march arm-in-arm to herald the pronouncement that Life is more wonderful than Death. Knowing nothing of the spiritual mystery of Death, Mr. Wells invites us to worship at the shrine of Life! The magnificence and intangibility of Death, though they may not attract like the wonder of Life, are more splendid than the solidarity of the progress of life. Death is the apparent victor in the combat of the world. The spear of Hela pricks the Tree of Ygdrasill, claiming a

victim with each stab; but, then, fresh shoots spring up to replace the dead twigs, and the battle is renewed. Life and Death are in eternal conflict. It may be that Death gains the day, but the triumph is merely temporary, for the legions of Life are innumerable. Still, in awarding the prize to Life (or birth), Mr. Wells has arrogated unto himself the office of umpire or judge of the universe. He has promulgated a decree without hearing the merits of the contending parties; because, what can we poor humans appreciate of these enormous issues? A human being is the shuttlecock tossed between the battledores of life and death. In presuming that "birth" is the most important "fact" of the universe, Mr. Wells has fallen into an error which vitiates the whole argument of his book. Birth is only *incidental* to the scheme of the universe; it is not, and cannot be, *the* scheme of the universe. Science chatters vaguely of the law of gravitation and flirts with the Darwinian theory; but, when we have implicitly accepted all these various theories and laws, how much nearer are we to understanding the flight of a daddy longlegs, or the utility of a black beetle? Again, the objectivity of birth illuminates the subjectivity of Life, Death and Time—in short, the riddle of creation—about as much as the grasping minginess of a Harpagon, or the vindictive savagery of a Barère, illuminates the generous prodigality of a Goldsmith or the noble chivalry of a Chevalier de Maison Rouge.

II.

Having shattered the vital foundation of Mr. Wells's Doll's House, we will return to the path which he has marked out for us. "Any collective human enterprise . . . . is to be judged as a whole and completely, as it conduces more or less to wholesome and hopeful births," etc. Here we have the heart of the thesis. Our author frankly admits* that the principle of heredity is but dimly understood, and he agrees that

* See chapter on "The Problem of Birth Supply."

the mating of two noble beings will not necessarily result in a perfect child. The offspring of the virtuous Marcus A. Aurelius and the beautiful Faustina was the wretched, maleficent weakling, Commodus. Schopenhauer would have been hard pressed to explain why the combination of the austere virtues of Marcus Aurelius and the winsome gallantries of Faustina turned out so miserably. We cannot tell what the second generation will be, however rigorously we mate the first generation, yet Mr. Wells urges us to adopt his baby-improvement scheme, at once, in the existing order of society. To do so would be sowing the wind. The betterment of the stock will automatically follow from the beneficial change in society demanded by the Socialist Party. Away with these myths of "wholesome and hopeful births," and on with the social revolution. Mr. Wells invites us "to reject . . . . all such ideas as Right, Liberty, Happiness, Duty or Beauty, and to hold fast to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." We submit the contrary view that procreation is quite secondary, and the provision of the legacy of happiness for those who succeed us should represent the primary ideal towards which we should strive. When the New Republican improves on his contemporary standard of happiness and joy, then he should be entitled to regard himself as having played a truly heroic part in the advancement of the New Republic towards the perfect; not merely by fulfilling the natural duty of fathering children.

## III.

Leaving the main argument, we are bound to comment severely on some of the curious paragraphs which appear in the volume before us. On page 11 we read thus: "I would even go so far as to suggest that it is only within the last hundred years that any considerable number of thoughtful people have come to look at life steadily and consistently as being shaped

to this form, to the form of a series of births, growths and births." Perhaps so; also, "it is only within the last hundred years" that the regulation *and limitation* of families have become an important factor in family life in both Europe and the United States. Quite apart from the Malthusian theory of population, it is undeniable that the leisured classes of the Anglo-Saxon Empire have decided to indulge in a less number of children; yet these are the classes to which Mr. Wells is compelled to look for his multiplication table of babies, since the working classes, at the present time, are unable, for economic reasons, to do much towards amending the conditions under which their children live.

At this point, we note an astounding omission. Mr. Wells has absolutely failed to appreciate that this limitation of families is coincident with the emancipation of women. He roams at large in the realm of motherhood, spinning pretty phrases and vague commonplaces about the duty of women to be mothers, winding up with this inimitable futility: "It is only the young fool and the brooding mattoid who believe in a special separate science of 'women.'" Such is Mr. Wells's swan-song on the rapidly vanishing and misused supremacy of men over women. It harmonises well with the general tone of other parts of the book which will come under our review. Women, naturally, as they obtain economic freedom, will work towards the lessening of families, because they will decline to submit, too frequently, to the pain and suffering which they undergo in the agonies of childbirth.*

Reformers should endeavour to silence the canting rot that is always being preached to women as to what they should do, and what they should not do. It is an age of male windbags, but a protest must be voiced against their expanding their air balloons of rhetoric and

* M. Brieux has severely condemned the selfishness of men on this aspect of the "births" question in his powerful play, "Maternité."

blowing their bubbles of commonplace on the *woman* side of the multitude of questions affecting the welfare of subject and State. The utterances of Mr. Wells on the woman question remind us of the speeches of modern politicians in which there is a great display of epigrams and witticisms, which the industry of a secretary has collated from Swift, La Rochefoucauld, Oscar Wilde, or even the Duke of Belle Isle—they ring false. They pretend to beautiful ideals, but, if we follow them, smirking and grinning, we shall find our women condemned to a worse fate than the Circassian slave or the Japanese geisha. We place ourselves in stern opposition; for ourselves, we boldly contend that the number of children each woman should bear is the concern of each individual woman; certainly not of the man, nor of the man-governed State.

In a foot-note on page 41, Mr. Wells "exposes" what he describes as "a very popular misconception about the (falling) birth rate." He quotes the birth rate for the two periods of 1846-1850 and 1896-1900, which shows a fall of 5.8 in the latter period, as compared with the former; next, he quotes the death rate for the same two periods, which shows a fall of 5.6. For the purpose of convincing us of the absurdity of thinking that there has been any real fall in the birth rate, or effective decrease in population, Mr. Wells proceeds to subtract the lower death rate from the lower birth rate, thus arriving at a mean fall of .2.

As a jugglery of figures, this requires a good deal of beating. It does not call for any unusual knowledge of mathematics, so far as we are aware, to understand that a falling death rate should postulate an increased birth rate, unless some *other* change has caused a drop in the ratio of births. It would have been fairer for Mr. Wells to have added the fall in the death rate to the fall in the birth rate, but then the calculation would have laid bare to the public gaze Mr. Wells's misapprehension instead of the "popular misconcep-

tion." The figure of 5.8 fall in the birth rate remains untouched by the fire of his criticism, and the lesson it teaches is that the policy of limiting the family has gained enormously in the last 50 years, during which period the woman question has become an urgent and pressing problem.

IV.

Certain passages in this book lead us to wonder where Mr. Wells studied politics. He dilates on the enthusiasm at the time of the coronation of the King, and ponders on "the unobtrusive but sterling moral qualities" of the King. The King's moral qualities are decidedly "unobtrusive," but . . . . ! Writing before the King's accession, Mr. Andrew Carnegie in "Triumphant Democracy," when discussing English Court ceremonial, opined that the kissing of the Sovereign's hand by the Ministers of State might be a light burden of servility while Queen Victoria reigned, but the rendering of this homage assumed an uglier aspect when an upright and honourable gentleman like the late Lord Salisbury had thus to acknowledge the majesty of the present King. The aristocratic band-playing and the *bourgeois* flag-wagging at these coronation and Jubilee pageantries are all part of the game by which the working classes are reconciled to the existence of the harpies and rascals who rob them every day of their earnings; the rogues look picturesque when decked out in their finery, and much is forgiven for a display of brilliant colour and swishing flounces. One suspects that Mr. Wells's yielding to the torrent of adulation which has engulfed the country's reasoning faculties in regard to the King is an unworthy concession to the susceptibilities of a section of his readers, partially resultant from the Fabian atmosphere of autocratic glibness which so strangely pervades this work.

On page 99, we are informed that "while the greater mass of our English-speaking people is living under the profession of democratic Republicanism,

there is no party, no sect, no periodical, no teacher either in Great Britain or America or the Colonies to hint at a proposal to abolish the aristocratic and monarchical elements in the British system." Really! Has Mr. Wells never heard of the Socialist Party, or of "Reynolds's Newspaper," or of "The Clarion," or "Justice," or "The Labour Leader"? "The great mass of the present generation on both sides of the Atlantic takes hardly any interest in this issue at all." Well, the explanation for this apathy is, that the working classes are exploited whether the State is ruled by a President representing a plutocracy, as in the United States, or by a King representing a commercial aristocracy, as in this country, or by a President representing a Cabinet, as in France, or by a President representing a Senatorial Council, as in Switzerland, or by a Dictator, as in Mexico, so that it would be wasting precious time to challenge the shadow of government while the substance of capitalism remained untouched or unshaken.

## V.

We now reach a passage which, in common decency, should be deleted from future editions. Mr. Wells drags in, on page 40, a reference to the Boer War which is couched in rancid and ignoble language: "The same men who spouted infinite mischief because a totally unforeseen and unavoidable epidemic of measles killed some thousands of children in South Africa, who, for some idiotic or wicked vote-catching purpose, attempted to turn that epidemic to the permanent embitterment of Dutch and English, these same men allow thousands and thousands of avoidable deaths of English children close at hand to pass absolutely unnoticed." It is no use mincing words over this sort of stuff. Mr. Wells does not choose his words, so he cannot claim any mercy from his critics. The latter part of the sentence is a downright falsehood. The "Pro-Boers" (Socialists and Radicals) are perpetually dinning into the public's ear the tragedy of infant mortality. The first portion of the sentence is

equally false, and, in addition, is a cruel and wicked libel on many honourable and noble men and women, many of whom are Socialists. The "spouters" against the concentration camps spouted the excellent common-sense that if you herd a lot of children together in a camp where the sanitary arrangements are very primitive an epidemic of some kind is bound to ensue. Anyone outside a lunatic asylum knew that some calamity would occur, and occur it did. In charity to Mr. Wells, one must attribute this regrettable outburst to the baleful influence of the sectional "patriotism" of the Fabian Society. Not only are Mr. Wells's insinuations baseless in fact, but it was the steady opposition of the "Pro-Boers" to the South African War and Chinese Labour which has hastened the solution of the social problem in Europe by ten years, at least.

VI.

Mr. Wells, of course, has a scheme of political and administrative reform. He questions the efficiency of the present electoral system, and hints at the abolition of the polling test of candidates, replacing this by a trial by jury. In the new republic, Parliamentary candidates are to be selected by juries instead of by the electorate as a whole.

Speaking from four years' continual experience of jury cases, we should view with alarm the adoption of any such proposal as this. It is common knowledge that the list of causes triable by jury is shrinking every term, as solicitors advise their clients that the risk of a perverse verdict is an important factor in jury cases. Whatever success trial by jury has had is largely due to the want of personal interest in the dispute to be adjudicated upon. An election jury could not balance the scales evenly, since they would be bound to have a leaning, either personal or political, towards one or other of the candidates who appeared before them. Nowadays, in trade union cases, juries invariably bring in verdicts against the union. The hardship of disagreements would be multiplied a thousandfold in the

political field, for juries would rarely conclude unanimously to elect one candidate out of three or four; there would always be a minority. It is a fundamental maxim of trial by jury that the gentlemen of the jury should be unanimous in the conclusion they arrive at, otherwise the trial is abortive. Like an attack on the monarchy, such an alteration in the electoral system would involve us in irksome and windy wrangling, which would end in nothing at all. Mr. Wells and practicality have once more parted company.

## VII.

Limitations of space preclude us analysing Mr. Wells's far-reaching educational reforms, which will reflect great credit on him, if ever carried into practice. He condemns the modern education, root and branch, citing the press as an appalling lesson of the evil wrought by bad teaching. Our education consists of a morning of the nominative case and its misfortunes, an afternoon of the relative pronoun and its vagaries, and an evening ot the gerund and its habit of appearing at the wrong moment in parsing a sentence. We breakfast on Greek and Latin, lunch on German and French, dine on Italian and Spanish, and yet never get a square meal of English. In our own wording, that is the picture Mr. Wells sketches. Someone has called the English education a mixture of idiotic stupidity and stupid idiocy, leavened with a few sane pauses, an impeachment which few readers of the press would resist very strongly at certain periods of the year.

However, Mr. Wells himself is not guiltless in this matter of writing with academic correctness. The following sentences, picking them out at random, would not fetch very high marks in a paper on English composition: "And that is the preservation and expansion of the body of human thought and imagination, of which all conscious human will and act is (*sic*) but the imperfect expression and realisation," etc. (page 75). "Though that community have (*sic*) cities

such as the world has never seen before, fleets and hosts and glories, though it (*sic*) count its (*sic*) soldiers," etc. (page 156). "Now the point of view which will be displayed in relation to a number of wide questions in these pages is primarily that of the writer's (*sic*)" (page 1). "And one forgets that this present German efficiency was paralleled in the 18th century by Prussia, whose aristocratic system first winded Republicans at Valmy," etc. Gen. Kellermann defeated the Prussians at the cannonade of Valmy, so saving the French Republic from an invasion on all sides. Unless there is some magic concealed in the word "winded," Mr. Wells's history has mixed itself up a little. His style varies in a wonderful manner. On page 78, he commits himself to this sentiment: "Make your State healthy, your economic life healthy and honest, be honest and truthful in the pulpit, behind the counter, in the office, and your children will need no specific teaching; they will inhale right. And without these things all the ethical teaching in the world will only sour to cant at the first wind of the breath of the world." On page 79, he slanders Atheists*: "That is the downright atheist, the man who believes sensual pleasure is all that there is of pleasure, and virtue no more than a hood to check the impetuosity of youth until discretion is acquired, the man who believes there is nothing else in the world but hard material fact, and who has as much respect for truth and religion as he has for stable manure." It is deplorable that a book of this rousing originality should be stained by irrelevant vulgarities on Atheists and Pro-Boers. For all its faults the public and the critics have long ago judged that the book should be studied by all, and we hasten to affirm that judgment, notwithstanding the severity of some of our criticisms.

C. H. NORMAN.

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* On merits, I may remark that I am not an Athiest.

## NOTE TO "WELLS'S BABIES."

I. DEATH.—Modern thought assumes that death is necessarily inevitable. Is this so? Is it quite inconceivable that, by carefully tending and watching over a selected batch of persons, after a period of some generations (say, 200 years), the problem of mortality might not be solved? It is the fact that deaths from "old age," or natural decay, in all civilisations, have been exceedingly rare. Surely, if the organs of the body were properly cared for, the body would not degenerate more rapidly than the spirit, thus bringing about a disintegration of soul and body, and terminating the corporal existence. Assuming there is a spirit world, the riddle of the universe might explain itself, if science could evolve some means of preserving the body organically, so that it could develop harmoniously with the spirit or consciousness. Our belief is, that Death may be a solvable enigma; unfortunately, science, having rejected the "rib theory," has fallen a victim to the allurements of the Darwinian theory, and we are at a standstill. However, this is not the place to develop the relation of Life to Death, or to consider whether Life and Death, are mainly fatalistic subjectivities, derivable from the religious superstitions of the past. Unhappily, as mankind has chosen to glorify murder, because the social life of to-day is a complicated ant world in which the science of moral and physical suicide predominates, nothing has been done towards testing the immutability of Death, nor can be done until society returns to its senses, and the morality of Rationalism is substituted for the immorality of Superstition.

II. WOMAN.—Mr. Wells's latest book, "In the Time of the Comet," obscures still further his opinions on this most entrancing problem of modern political science. Are women to have economic and political freedom in the New Republic, or are they to remain in sex bondage? Has Mr. Wells gone over to the camp of Dr. Otto Weininger?

III. THE FABIAN SOCIETY.—We have made some uncomplimentary reflections on the Fabian influence on Mr. Wells, but these do not militate against the opinion that we also hold—namely, that we should much rather see Mr. Sydney Olivier at the Colonial Office, Mr. Sydney Webb at the Board of Education, and Mr. Bernard Shaw at the Home Office in preference to Lord Elgin, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone. We complain that the Fabian mountain only produces a few mouse-like pamphlets. The brilliant intellects of Clement's Inn remain flickering stars, and do not combine into a brightly shining sun, which would irradiate the murky political horizon, so enlightening the people of England to the healthy possibilities and warming influences of a Socialist atmosphere, as compared with the wintry discomforts of the Liberal and Tory atmosphere. In other words, is not it time that some alternative Government was imagined out of the Radical, Fabian, Social-Democratic, and Independent Labour materials, a plenitude of which are at hand?

C. H. NORMAN.

## NOTES ON OXYGEN.

Karl Marx, in what is perhaps one of the most incisive pieces of criticism of modern times, "The Jewish Question," quotes from Thomas Munzer: "It is intolerable that every creature should have become private property—the fishes in the water, the birds in the air, the plants upon the soil," etc., and in these last days it seems that capitalism desires, and, alas! has virtually succeeded in making, the very air a monopoly also. But still we think that this evil can, to a certain extent, be combated by scientific recognition of it as such.

It is a very favourite objection that no reform is of any use before the fundamental one in the distribution of economic wealth is achieved. This, we venture to think, is putting the case too crudely, for, while never losing sight of the first aim, we can surely do much to improve our present condition by saner living, thus equipping ourselves for the fundamental task efficiently. To women, as the mothers of the future generation, hygiene is a question of primary importance, and though there is, alas! undoubtedly an economic level, or *un*economic level, at which the mere suggestion of any subsidiary reform is mere mockery, the more intelligent, and consequently more class-conscious, portion of the proletariat are rising above these pitiful depths, and are consequently ready to envisager the

question. It is a scientific fact that human beings, as the pre-eminently adaptive animals, have the faculty of becoming habituated to any circumstances within the bounds of living. Consequently, the lack of sufficient space, and especially of proper warmth, has fostered the ignorant prejudice against a sufficiency of oxygen.

Just alas! the most important of all elements, not to the nostrils only, but to every pore of the skin. No one who has not experimented on the joy of being without for, at least, some portion of the day, our more or less ill-fitting and generally entirely hideous coverings has any idea what miracles air is capable of working, especially upon the over-fatigued and diseased system.

The late Dr. Lahmann, one of the most distinguished and successful of modern natural healers, laid more stress on the curing properties of fresh air to *all* the pores of the skin than to any other principle, and effected the most wonderful cures thereby in his enormous sanitarium at Dresden. Himself a vegetarian, he has been much criticised by others of the same opinions for allowing his patients, who, of course, were of the wealthy classes, to eat meat if they preferred it. But on the air cure he relied and insisted, and even quite old people derived the greatest benefits; amongst others, total freedom from the nuisance of catarrh, from walking out entirely naked for some portion of every day and at all seasons, and in all weathers, in his great gardens enclosed for the purpose. I, myself, have found its tonic effects extraordinary when fatigued, getting off all clothes and either sitting or doing a few simple gymnastic exercises entirely restoring one's spent energy; and the habit of doing gymnastics, if only for five or ten minutes, before an open window at all seasons on first rising in the morning, produces a most wonderfully refreshing and not at all *chilling* effect.

Upon children, of course, the effect of liberty in their natural element is marvellous, and simply makes new creatures of them; to play absolutely naked out-

of-doors in warm weather and in a well-warmed and ventilated room in winter, restores their flagging spirits in a way delightful to behold. In summer the least possible clothing is desirable even in our sham-stricken streets.

Well did Mr. Shaw remark, shame is our prevailing characteristic. We have made laws condemning ourselves to hide so entirely our own bodies, till it is no exaggeration to say we are all literally more or less dying of suffocation. But even under our present false ideas of decency, a good deal can be done, at any rate for the children's *better* being, by the opening of windows in all sleeping rooms and at least a few moments every day of freedom from garments and enjoyment of fresh air all over the body with the aid of a cheap paper screen. A great movement towards simpler and more natural living is taking place amongst the more intelligent mothers of the wealthy classes. I am sure the question must appeal to any of us who endeavour to study the health of our children, noting, as we do, how tired and irritable their delicate nervous systems cause them to become under the constrained and straining conditions of modern life, augmented in the case of poverty. I implore them to take courage and try the experiment of allowing themselves and their children a little nudity.

FREDA ASKEW.

## THE MARXIAN METHOD.

During the last few years some of the writers in Socialist organs have been saying that the Marxian theories have become somewhat antiquated owing to the facts of economic science, and that therefore it would be necessary to proceed to a complete revision of the theories expounded by Karl Marx, and also of the second part of the Erfurt programme which is based upon them. It is as well, therefore, to submit these new theories to criticism, on account not only of the romance of revolution, but also because of the bearing which it will have on the class struggle of our party. There is a reluctance on the part of these men to openly advocate the orthodox theories of Marxism, and there is an eagerness to promote theories of revisionism, but it must also be admitted that sometimes the defenders of Marx urge his claims in such a manner as to make us understand Marx when he said that in that sense he was not a Marxian.

In a certain sense such appeals and tactics are really due to the political necessities of the moment, so that in the struggles of the Labour Party it is not always possible to adequately estimate the value of Marx's teaching as compared with the revisionist reading of his doctrines. But the ignorance of Marxian methods is also due to the fact that much of the sociology of the day does not rest on a biological basis, and indeed because the modern science of political economy stands in marked contrast to it. The methods of the political economy of to-day, which are taught at most of the universities and expounded by the chambers of commerce, are based on purely empirical considerations, often indeed on very crude empirical reasons; that is to say, that the phenomena of political economy are treated as if they were independent of observation, they are considered as extraneous matters, not in connection with other outside matters, and indeed often only so far as they appear to have reference to commercial matters. Thus, if, for instance, a student of political economy notices that as soon as there is a commercial crisis then there is a demand for gold and the rate of discount rises, and he draws the inference that the crisis is the cause

of the scarcity of gold, another one observes that during the time when there is a sudden expansion of trade the wages and the demands of the workers are increased, and that more is consumed, and he concludes that this upward tendency of trade is due to there being more consumed by each individual, and that in that way capital has not been able to increase at so great a rate. A third one has remarked that in the beginning of the crisis there was an over-production of certain articles consumed, and he infers that the crisis is due to a previous deficiency of production. Very often these observers go a few steps further, and by means of their precious analogies and such-like discoveries they enunciate the discovery of beautiful laws.

The Marxian method stands in marked contrast to these processes.

To draw conclusions from a few casual facts, or still more, to try and enunciate laws of political economy from a few scattered facts, would have seemed a task of pure imbecility to Marx. According to him, such laws could only be arrived at by a proper method of logical deduction. Daily practical knowledge, he said, only gave one a glimpse of the real bearing of things. The outward import of economic relations which is apparent to the scrutiny of our observation is, in fact, quite different from the inner fundamental but true meaning, and this cannot be so readily ascertained. The object of science is by means of external appearances to penetrate more into the true nature of things and to ascertain thus their mutual relations. More than once Marx in his "Capital" complained that popular economics—that is to say, the science of political economy which to-day more than before is dominant in the official seats of learning, and rules the press—only took into account outward signs and only considered them from a mercantile and industrial point of view. He referred to them when speaking—in the first volume of his "Capital"—of the national economists when he complained that they bragged about things, taking appearances for laws. "All scientific men," he said, "except political economists think that you cannot in experiment rely solely on what you see." And in Volume III., Part II., page 352, Marx says:—

"The ordinary political economist sees in facts nothing but the systematisation of the means of middle-class production, and the ways by means of which this production may be increased, systematised and apologised for. We must not, therefore, be astonished if he has codified, so to speak, into proverbs everything relating to this. All knowledge would be superfluous if things could be done in this way, and really the more the inner meaning is hidden, the more the economist claims to have arrived at the truth."

Marx deals with the investigation of political economy in the same way as a physicist refers to the setting forth of physical laws. Just as the latter tries to arrive at the discovery of a law by eliminating from his path all disturbing causes which can in any

way affect the result, so does Marx endeavour clearly to isolate the pure economical law from the discordant facts. And as the economist is not able to put economic facts under the microscope, nor to treat them chemically, he must do the best he can to deal with them from an abstract point of view.

Kautsky, in his very valuable work, "The Economic Teaching of Karl Marx" (4th edition, pages 24-25), thus speaks of this method: "A law, whether of the physical sciences or of sociology, is an attempt to explain facts in nature or in society. But it is very rare that any of these facts appear singly. The causes are not always simple, nor are the facts, but they are often curiously intermingled with one another. The man who tries to interpret nature or Society has, therefore, to make use of a double method. He must first try to isolate the different phenomena, then he must try and isolate the causes which produce these phenomena, the apparent from the real, the casual from those which are persistent. Both these operations are only possible through abstraction.

"By abstraction the experimenter may arrive at the discovery of a law which will account for the facts. Without this knowledge the various facts cannot be satisfactorily accounted for. One phenomenon may be weakened by another, or even it might give an entirely different result, and it would be false to conclude therefore that the first phenomenon did not exist. The law of falling bodies, for instance, is not merely dependent on weight; a piece of lead and a feather fall through space at the same rate of speed. Much will, however, also depend on the density of the medium through which the body falls, but the law of falling bodies is nevertheless correct."

Marx, for instance, founds his law of value not only on the surplus value as compared with prices, but much more on the logical deduction of methods of exchange, and his law of the accumulation of capital was not due to his observation of capitalists, though he did not fail to take that also into account, but to a thorough-going analysis of the methods of the growth of capital, the changes in the surplus value of capital, and of the necessary consequences which were due to the relations of individual capitalists to each other.

These results due to abstraction and to the laws obtained by logical deduction were called by Marx "pure" or "absolute" laws, not meaning by absolute a law which could never be changed, but using the word in the meaning given to it in the philosophy of Hegel; that is to say, he implied by an "absolute" law one which under various different forms contained in itself certain immanent tendencies. That these "pure" laws or tendencies were not present in economics in their purest form was always made abundantly clear by Marx. In political economy a law was seldom found to act by itself alone, nor was each law able always to exert its full effect. Economics are really the resultant of many laws, some of them of no great power, yet, on the whole, working

together, though this fact is often somewhat obscured. It is, therefore, possible, as Kautsky has remarked, in the passage which we have just quoted, "that one cause may be weakened by another cause and may even produce quite a different effect." It is often true, too, that an economic law does not act in a "pure" way, but its working may be hindered through the effects of another law, or it may be directed into quite a different channel. Therefore, if the full import of all these economic facts has to be properly grasped, it is highly desirable that all these laws should be properly analysed. If it be necessary, in order to understand physical phenomena to understand clearly the laws of physics, and then to allow for the effect which will be produced by other laws, so according to the expression of our old Master* it is still far more important to understand the "pure" or "absolute" laws of economics.

Marx declares the same thing in various places in his "Capital" —that laws in political economy produce at times different effects to what might at first have been anticipated, as, for example, speaking of the law of the accumulation of capital (Vol. I. 4th edition, page 609): "This is the absolute, universal law of capitalistic accumulation. Like many other laws, it may be modified through many secondary causes which we need not analyse here."

As a matter of fact, the above-mentioned method is that of the whole of the English classical school of economics, except that Marx is far superior to his predecessors in power of abstraction and keenness of analysis. While the theoricians of the classic schools enunciate economic laws as if they were laws of nature and eternal laws, having existed from all eternity, and while they work out their conceptions in certain very primitive ways, Marx speaks of economic laws as laws illustrating the progress of society and as laws of sociology. As society does not always remain the same, but is constantly changing, therefore each period of development has its own proper economic laws. It follows from this that political economy is mainly an historic science. It deals with matters which are changing, and its decisions cannot therefore be for all time and all places, but have to be constantly reconsidered in the light of the events of the period under review.

These methods have been misunderstood by many critics of the Marxian system. To them, the present capitalist method of production, as well as its laws, appears to be something which will last for ever. They do not understand how a thinker of genius like Marx can enunciate economic laws of which he himself said that their influence might through many other causes be hindered or prevented. "What!" they say, "Marx first talks about an absolute law, and then tries to diminish the force of his assertion by saying that in its working it may be modified. How very frivolous this is! What a sheer waste of power!" Professor Lorin

* Karl Marx.

has even cleverly discovered that Marx in composing his "Capital" was guided by some evil spirit in order to get the better of his readers. And Böhm-Bawerk writes, in his criticisms of Marx, as follows: "The fundamental thesis which Marx wishes his readers to believe, is that the exchange-value of commodities—to which he devotes the greater part of his analysis—depends on the mass of labour expended in their production. Instead of basing his thesis on experience, due to the working empirically or psychologically of motives, he adopts a third method, and tries to arrive at a conclusion resting on its own clear proof of a dialectical deduction of the way of value."

What is really the strength of the Marxian method is, according to Herr Böhm-Bawerk, a weakness and an "error in method."

Not only do many opponents misunderstand the Marxian method, but also for many revisionists who are going to modify the teachings of Marx his works are books sealed with seven seals. For instance, it is often said that his theories referring to the accumulation and concentration of capital must be wrong because in certain countries or in certain callings—as, for example, in agriculture—there are no traces of this concentration. The man who argues in that way only shows that he has failed to comprehend the Marxian method in the slighest degree, and the best thing he could do would be to write as an epigraph to his revision studies the words of Dante: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate" (All hope abandon, ye who enter here).

The Marxian law of accumulation—and the same applies to the other laws—can only be regarded as permanent in so far as it is the basis, the ground work, on which Marx built his system. And it is impossible to find faults in his logical deductions. It must not, however, be assumed that the laws of political economy will never vary, for, as Marx himself said, in practical working these "absolute" laws may be greatly modified or even entirely set aside.

Therefore the critics of Marx greatly err who in this way impugn the accuracy of his teaching and who assail him by quoting comical proverbs. For example, one has made the discovery that the concentration theories of Marx were correct as far as English agriculture was concerned till about the middle of the last century, but are no longer true now. Another finds that up to the last 40 or 50 years this concentration went on in Germany but that now it has been arrested. A third has discovered that there is no longer any concentration in Germany but that it exists in Hungary, and in certain parts of Russia and the United States. All these comments are beside the question from a Marxian standpoint. A law of capitalist production holds good wherever this production takes place, and not only for certain countries and certain times, though it is quite possible that its working in some countries owing to various causes may be accelerated or diminished, as for example

through tariffs, laws relating to inheritance, mortgage, competition, etc.

The understanding of the Marxian method is the first step necessary in order to comprehend the great work on economics of our old Master. He who misunderstands his method cannot follow its applications, and for them the work on "Capital" is only an exemplification of logical abstraction and is for the most part only an example of wasted analysis.

(From "Vorwaerts," Sept. 16, translated by JACQUES BONHOMME.)

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NOTE.—The references throughout are to the German edition of Marx's works.—J. B.

## INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST BUREAU.

### REPORT OF THE SECRETARIAT FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST 1906.

The International Secretariat reminds the comrades, who are secretaries of affiliated parties, that, in the interest of the good organisation of the International Congress at Stuttgart (August, 1907), it is of importance to publish *before* that congress, in three languages, all reports upon the respective activities of Socialist and working class organisations of all countries for the period between the Amsterdam Congress (August, 1904) and January 1, 1907. Hitherto, this volume has always been published *after* the Congress, and the delegates have not been in a position to grasp the real situation of international Socialism. This error should not be repeated. Hence the Executive Committee will be glad to receive the above-mentioned reports before February 1, 1907, so that the texts thereof can be conveniently reviewed and translated, and their printing and distribution superintended. This work will absorb some time, so much the more as events in Russia will give great weight to the reports which should reach us from the various parties of that country connected with the Congress.

The International Socialist Bureau having decided to meet in October or November, for the purpose, chiefly, to definitely adopt the method of procedure of the Congress and of the Bureau itself, and to take the necessary steps for the successful carrying out of the Congress, it is of importance that a date should be fixed upon.

As the convenience of the various members seems to favour November, the Executive Committee suggest a date in that month. (The 10th has since been agreed upon.)

The Executive Committee will also be glad to receive from secretaries or delegates, information as to the decisions taken by their respective parties to realise the hope expressed in the last proclamation of the Bureau, relative to the subscriptions organised to aid, pecuniarily, our comrades in Russia. Autumn approaches!

We have received from the Parti Ouvrier of Spain the following letter in response to the Vaillant proposition, and to a request for information about the Socialist organisations of Havana, one of which had asked for affiliation (see previous reports):—

"As to your communication relative to citizen Vaillant's proposition as to the approaching reunion of the Bureau and of the Socialist Inter-Parliamentary Conference, we have to remind you that we have no representative in Parliament. However, we are in accord with the substance of the proposition.

"We are unable to supply you with any information as to the state of the two Socialist organisations of Havana, but we are writing to our friends of that island asking for the information, which will be sent to you when it reaches us."

We have received from the Roumanian Socialist organisation the following telegram:—

"Bucharest, August 25, 1906.

"This Conference of Roumanian Socialist workers sends, through the International Socialist Bureau, its fraternal greetings to the workers of the world. Hurrah for the workers' International! Hurrah for Socialism!

"For the Bureau, Dr. RACOWSKI."

We have received the following letter:—

"Yassi, June 5, 1906.

"DEAR CITIZEN,—I shall be obliged if you will place before the next reunion of the International Socialist Bureau the following proposition: 'That the Bureau shall bring out a book containing the programmes of all Socialist parties in French and German.' The utility of such a book will be evident; it will be an indispensable guide for the founding, or for the reorganisation, or for the fusion of Socialist parties, and it will considerably aid in the unification of the working-class political movement.—With fraternal greetings, "(Signed) MAX VECALER."

The Luxembourgian Socialist Party has sent us the following:

"The Luxembourg delegates of the International Socialist Bureau are Dr. Welter and Citizen S. G. Probst, Advocate, both deputies residing at Luxembourg. The delegate for the International Socialist Parliamentary Conference is Citizen X. Brasseur, Advocate and deputy at Luxembourg. Kindly address anything relative to the International Socialist Bureau to Citizen S. G. Probst, Advocate deputy, Luxembourg."

We have received from the Lettish Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrate the following letter:—

"Riga, August 17, 1906.

"To the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels.

"In your report, for the months of May and of June, we read a fantastic communication, signed Skubik, on the development and

the self-styled activity of the 'Lettish Social-Democratic Union' (L'Union Socialdemocrate Lettone), which, so says its author, considers itself entitled to call upon the solidarity of comrades to give it help in the struggle that it is carrying on. Not only does 'L'Union' ask that a helping hand be extended to it, but it also claims to be entitled to affiliation with the Bureau, so as to gain representation in the heart of that organism.

"As 'L'Union' declares that its activity extends over the Lettish area, we think it our duty to make the following declaration :—

"1. The statements made in the said communication are either absolutely without foundation or most extraordinary exaggerations. We will not dwell on what its author has to say of the programme of his *party*. But we are amazed to learn that his organisation has nearly 10,000 members. This number is more than an exaggeration, for, at the most one could only speak of 'some hundreds.' It would indeed be very desirable for 'L'Union' to indicate where and notably in what industrial centres and from what districts of the Baltic Provinces its members are recruited. The group, which has given itself the title of 'Union Socialdemocrate Lettone," has sprung up almost in a year. Even at the International Socialist Congress of Amsterdam 'L'Union des Socialdemocrates Lettones' was still unknown in the Baltic Provinces, and the delegate sent to Amsterdam by the Eastern union said at the reunion of the Bureau that his group only comprised five comrades. The special activity of 'L'Union' consisted in erecting obstacles to the successful outcome of the revolutionary Social-Democratic struggle, by demagogic acts and by all kinds of disorganised attempts.

"2. It is untrue that L'Union has taken part in all the struggles or events of the past year. We should state—and all the Socialist organisations that work in the Baltic Provinces will bear witness to the fact—that L'Union has played no part in the economic and political struggle of the Lettish proletariat. As L'Union does not have sway over masses of organised workers, it cannot speak of taking part in the historic General Strike (October, November, December, 1905).

"L'Union has never been known to organise any economic strike more or less heard of. L'Union has never succeeded in establishing syndical organisation. The political and economic organisation, the disciplining and training of the Lettish proletariat is entirely the work of the 'Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrates Letton, which has taken the lead in the struggle against Czarist oppression, against the feudal privileges of the nobles and against the oppression of capital. All the other Social-Democratic organisations represented in our country have marched in concert with the Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrate Letton. L'Union only has not done so. Likewise has not L'Union participated in the

Congress of general unions of teachers and of representatives of the communes, which in the name of the entire Lettish people have sanctioned reforms in teaching and the communal autonomy prepared by the Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrate Letton. It is, again, unknown to us that the members of L'Union have taken part in all the struggles. The armed resistance of Tuckum, the fight near Lenarewarden, where the cavalry of Livonia has been forced to capitulate, the struggle with Cossack bands near Alt Pebulg; all these fights have taken place under the flag of the Parti Ouvrier Sociale-Democrate Letton. Because of the weakness of L'Union, concerning the number of its adherents and concerning the solidarity of the organisation, one cannot allege that the Union would have been able to face the 'ferocious bands.' This task has been accomplished solely by our party. The two or three thousand political prisoners who, at this hour, fill the prisons of the Baltic Provinces, did not know the union from which they could ask aid and succour. And this succour costs the Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrate Letton of Riga more than 800 roubles (£80) per month.

"3. We recall, again, that all the Socialist organisations which were represented at the Conference called by Gapon in April of the past year, recognised, when the two delegates of the 'Union' were questioned, that it was only a fiction.

"4. The full facts as to this self-styled 'Union,' which worked in the Baltic Provinces, could not be given either by the Parti Socialists Polonais (P.P.S.), or by the Socialist Revolutionary Party of Russia, seeing that these parties are not represented in our country. In the Lettish part of the Baltic Provinces the Jewish Bund, and the Parti Ouvrier Social-Democrate of Russia, and in later times the Social-Democrate Lithuanienne, work still with the Parti Ouvrier Letton. These parties are also the only ones which can give you the information as to the absolute insignificance of the 'Union Social-Democrate Lettone.'

"In view of the above exposure, we think it our duty to protest energetically against the possibility of the affiliation of *Verband* to the Union of Socialist Parties, against the contingency of his representation to a seat on the International Socialist Bureau, and against the material aid which would be sent to him at the expense of the Socialist Parties which work in Russia, or to the detriment of our party."

## OUR PARTY AND RELIGION.

H. Salzmann, in a recent number of the "Neue Zeit," has an article on this subject, which, in view of the discussion in "Justice," may be of interest. He says :—

"Declaration of religion to be a private matter," or "Religion is a private matter." This clause of our programme has met with so many attacks lately, justifiable and unjustifiable, from members of the party, that it is necessary to examine it closely.

As an explanation of the clause, our programme says: "We demand the abolition of all raising of public money for ecclesiastical or religious purposes. Ecclesiastical and religious bodies are to be looked upon as private associations, which arrange their own affairs quite autonomously." There is probably no member of the party who does not agree with this demand, and the attacks are not directed against the programme itself, but against its interpretation and use, against the *over neutrality* in religious matters, which, however, it is true, almost result from the clause, "Religion is a private matter."

While many members of the party look upon religion as the little flower "Touch-me-not," because they do not wish to offend against the programme, nor to seem intolerant or offend and hurt the religiously educated masses, others are easily led away by their feelings to "empty out the child with the bath," and demand open religious war.

How is this contradiction to be explained? The work of enlightenment has doubtless not been sufficiently carried on, or the misunderstanding could not have assumed such proportions. In order that the breach should not be widened the omission must be made good.

The neutrality towards the ecclesiastical religion resembles the neutrality of the trade unions towards the political parties. It was thought that if the trade unions were declared perfectly neutral, the workers, regardless of political or religious views, would join the

unions en masse more quickly. This was a mistake. It is, to-day, a well-known fact that those trade unions are the strongest which lay the most stress on their "class point of view." The "tactical" manœuvres of individuals who try to wash off every tinge of Socialism from the unions, are very soon seen through by their opponents, and rewarded with mockery and ridicule.

Wherefore this comedy? In spite of it all the free trade unions are daily—hourly—represented as Social-Democratic by the employers and their friends. Every denial of alliance only brings discredit on both the unions and the party.

Success is on the side of truth—that truth, according to which independent trade union action leads to Socialism, and party and union are one.

The neutrality is self-evident in so far as regards receiving members, etc. Through the activity in the union and the illumination of economic and political matters, the individual becomes a conscious Social-Democrat.

Parallel to the relation of the trade unions to the party is that of the party towards religion.

Religion is the private matter of each member of the party. We ask nobody if he is a Jew, Christian, Mahommedan or heathen. We are tolerant with our whole heart and soul. But as disciples of the teaching of development we know that as trade unionism leads to Socialism, Socialism leads to Atheism. Just as the political arrangements are always the reflection of the manner of production and economic condition of the age, so are also the religions. "Religion is nothing but the fantastic reflection in the minds of men of those exterior forces which govern their daily life, a reflection in which the earthly powers assume a supermundane form."—F. Engels, in the "Anti-Duhring," 3 v.

The more the economic development comes to a head and presses forward to the realisation of Socialism, the more evident is the turning away of the proletariat from religion.

This recognition by the masses must not be confused with the denial of God on the part of some philosophers. When comrades point out that men like Haeckel, Nietzsche and others stand, in spite of their philosophical and scientific investigations, on the capitalist side—and deduce therefrom that one can be anti-religious and yet support the present system of society—they overlook the fact that the freethinker need not be a Socialist, but the Socialist must be a freethinker.

Marx's saying that no man can get out of his skin, proves more true every day. "Each individual is the product of his environment." The point of view of the individual is not determined by this or that science, but by the condition of his class. This fact is more evident among the employing class, the capitalist class. The majority in this class are Atheists. Their principle is: "For us, in our service—science; for those (the workers) the

Church!" or, another version of the latter phrase, "Religion must be preserved to the people."

The capitalists, in spite of the "illumination" of their atheism, are still so short-sighted that they think they can save their position and their super-humanity by brutality and by stupefying the masses. Religion, like political power, is an instrument to hold the masses down. Brute force in alliance with Clerical trickery wants to put a drag on the march of development. The Socialist intervenes. The moving forces of progress, which he examines, he makes serviceable. Capitalism is pregnant with Socialism, and the birth will be more quickly accomplished if all the means at hand be used to assist it.

Enlightenment, the revolutionising of people's minds in all departments, is necessary! The demand for the separation of Church and State is not sufficient. America shows us that the religious bodies cut off from State revenue blossom out all the more luxuriantly in their harmful activity.

Our neutral reserve must be discarded, the masses demand it. It is no use saying: That would be religious war, matters in this respect are better than formerly. No, they are worse! The national schools are more than ever in the power of the Church, that the children's brains may be quite atrophied.

The clause, "Religion is a private matter," must not, through carelessness, give rise to: "Stupefaction through religion is a private matter." The economic struggle is inseparable from the political struggle and from the struggle to free the mind from *all* kinds of tyranny. Let us, therefore, come more out into the open!

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To this George Roller replies as follows:

In No. 45 of the "Neue Zeit" comrade H. Salzmann comes to the conclusion that we ought to take up a more radical position, and come more "out into the open" on the above subject. But at the same time he omits to suggest that the item of the programme, "Religion is a private matter," be deleted or altered. He only says that this item is to-day understood, explained, and made use of in different ways, which in most cases contradict each other, and that this is caused by insufficient clearness on the subject.

Now, the Social-Democratic Party, the party of the class war, which fights against all exploitation, and therefore against any means of exploitation and oppression, has had till now no reason to lay special stress on the fight against religion, which is one of these means. Comrade Salzmann admits this when he writes: "The more the economic development comes to a head, and forces itself towards Socialism, the more evident is the turning-away of the proletariat from religion." He had before quoted a sentence of Frederick Engels, which describes all religions as the "influence on man of the fantastic reflection of those external forces which govern his daily life."

Thus: Man is the product of the economic conditions which surround him; these conditions determine, not only his economic state, they determine also to a great extent his religious and philosophical outlook on life. Let us, therefore, seek to change the economic conditions in which man lives, and man's religious ideas and philosophy of life will change with them—as Salzmann himself says in the above quotation, thereby admitting the correctness of the tactics hitherto followed by the Social-Democratic Party towards religion.

That Haeckel, Nietzsche, and others who deny religion yet stand on capitalist ground is accounted for by the fact that they only studied nature, and not human society and the economic laws which govern it. That "one can be a freethinker without being a Socialist," but "the Socialist must be a freethinker," is true except that the word "must" is not true of the Socialist. Let us suppose that a religious person, with all his class prejudices, has his attention drawn by someone or something to the class contrasts of the present order of society, begins to study social science, and finds the political and economical demands of Social-Democracy justified, and joins our movement—he can do this without first becoming a freethinker in the religious or philosophical sense. "Brute force combined with clerical trickery, tries to put a drag on development, the Socialist opposes this," says Salzmann. That is to say: the brute force of the class-State, allied to the might of religion, of the Church, is reactionary, wishes to preserve the present state of society; the Socialist as pioneer of a new advancing state of society opposes the reactionary force; it is a war of two worlds, one sinking, the other developing. This war which demands from the Socialist his whole devotion would not cost him less sacrifices, would bring him no sooner to the goal if he took up another stand towards religion than he does now. Religion is not the social order, it is only a means, perhaps the most effectual, next to wage-slavery, to keep humanity in subjection and dependence.

Neither can we see that if we took up a sharper attitude towards religion, as Salzmann demands, it would be a means to precipitate the birth of Socialism out of capitalism, because the point to concentrate our agitation on is not to be found in religion but in the economic contrasts. Should we occupy ourselves more with the religious question than our Socialist literature already does? Should we make war especially on religion as being an effectual means to the exploitation and oppression of mankind? Should we drag it more to the front, we should not only thereby withdraw a great part of our strength from the class war, but it might happen that we should get indeed a great many freethinkers but very few Socialists.

"The neutral reserve must be thrown off, the masses demand it," cries Salzmann. Which masses? Surely only those who are

already won for Socialism; the others, the still larger masses, we have yet to win. The call of the (already won) masses to "throw off the neutral reserve," is explained by the fact that these masses have become freethinkers through Socialism, and are now impatient for all religious lumber to be cleared away.

But we shall do best for the present if we treat those who are not yet with us as we did those whom we have now won. We shall do better and realise greater success if we say to the impatient "demanding masses," "Continue enlightening people about the social contrasts, about the causes of wage-slavery, about the aims of Socialism,"—than if we were to precipitate the impatient enlightened masses on to the religious convictions and religious prejudices of the patient, unenlightened masses.

As a proof of the correctness of his theory Salzmann points to the increasing power of the clergy in the schools. Certainly, this is a fact, but what does it prove? Only the sharpening of the class war, the efforts of the ruling classes to make use of every and any means to support the present condition of society. Could these attacks be staved off by fighting against religion? There are many organisations with this object in Germany and Austria, but they have not the power to combat successfully the superior strength of reaction.

The clericalising of schools is not the result, not the product of an increase of religious feeling among the rulers, it is only used as a means of warfare against the ever-increasing power of Social-Democracy. We have therefore to deal almost exclusively with the economic and political power of the whole reaction. Let us, therefore, stick to: "Religion is a private matter." We will not tamper with the religious feelings and convictions of humanity. But in so far as religion is used by the ruling classes as a means of subjection and exploitation, in so far as the fanaticism of misled masses of people is hindering Socialism, we shall, through pointing out the class war, showing up the class contrasts, even to-day to a great extent alter the economic environment of mankind and thereby change their religious and philosophical view of life and their prejudices. Let us first educate the people to be Socialists—they will then become freethinkers of their own accord.

# THE REVIEWS.

## "LIBERALISM, SOCIALISM, AND THE MASTER OF ELIBANK."

The war cry of the Master of Elibank calling Liberals to a campaign against Socialism and the Labour Party has spread consternation in the Liberal ranks. Most Liberals know that their party is only kept together by its promises of palliative measures tending to Socialism, and that once these are repudiated the Liberal Party will be shattered. An article by Mr. Chiozza Money, in the "Independent Review," under the above heading, is only one of the many cries of alarm which have been raised at the prospect of the consequences to Liberalism of such a campaign as the Master of Elibank desires. Mr. Money says:—

It is clear that Socialism is no longer a bogey to the majority of those who call themselves Liberals. It may be added that if it were not so—if such a speech, at the opening of the twentieth century, had any considerable following in the ranks of the Liberal Party, then, indeed, there would be the gravest danger that, to use the Master of Elibank's phrase, "its very vitals would be consumed," and it would "disappear as an active force in British politics."

It is to be feared that the Master of Elibank has realised his position too late. Collectivism was not introduced into British politics by the Labour Party. It was chiefly introduced by men who, esteeming themselves individualists, and calling themselves variously Liberals, Radicals, Conservatives, Unionists, found by practical experience that man is a social animal, and that, wherever two or three men are gathered together for mutual help, Socialism is in the midst of them. A crusade against Socialism would be a crusade against the better part of human nature; it would be a crusade against the greater part of the legislation of all parties in the past half-century.

A junior member of a Liberal Government discovers his party making for the shoals and rocks of Socialism in 1906. It was in 1881 that Mr. John Morley wrote :—

"It cannot be seriously denied that Cobden was fully justified in describing the tendencies of this legislation (the factory laws) as Socialistic. It was an exertion of the power of the State, in its strongest form, definitely limiting in the interest of the labourer the administration of capital. The Act of 1844 was only a rudimentary step in this direction. In 1847 the Ten Hours Bill became law. Cobden was abroad at the time, and took no part in its final stages. In the thirty years that followed, the principle has been extended with astonishing perseverance. We have to-day a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labour. . . . . But all this is one of the largest branches of what the most importunate Socialists have been accustomed to demand, and if we add to this vast fabric of labour legislation our system of Poor Law, we find the rather amazing result that in the country where Socialism has been less talked about than any other country in Europe, its principles have been most extensively applied."

But if British labour legislation in 1881 was Socialistic, what shall be said of the labour laws of the twenty-five years that have elapsed? Collectivism has triumphed at every point, although it cannot now be said, unfortunately, that it is in the United Kingdom that Socialist principles have been most extensively applied to the protection of the labourer. Turning from protective law to endeavours to equalise advantages and distribute wealth, we have the establishment of free education and the remarkable Socialistic experiments of municipalities. The former, once "the bitter cry of outcast Radicalism," and eventually enacted by a Unionist Government, is, as Professor Dicey says, "conclusive proof that, in one sphere of social life, the old arguments of Individualism have lost their practical cogency." The latter bears directly upon the Master of Elibank's declaration that: "Liberals do not believe in the public ownership of the means of production." If this be true, then they do not believe in accomplished facts. The municipalities have now employed in waterworks, gasworks, electrical works, tramways, baths and washhouses, working-men's houses, harbours, piers, docks, and other directly reproductive undertakings, as much as £125,000,000 of capital.

The Liberal Party contains heterogeneous elements, truly, and of a truth, also, it is largely unconscious of the forces which impel it. Within its ranks in the House of Commons are more avowed Collectivists than can be boasted of by the Labour Party, a few conscious Individualists, and many professional and business men who have never, in all probability, searched their hearts upon the principles of collectivism and individualism. Without the House, the Party is for the most part composed of members

of the various poor, who are rapidly beginning to interest themselves in social questions, and who readily subscribe to socialistic proposals when placed before them in concrete form. A Liberal crusade against Socialism would, therefore, not merely thin the Liberal ranks. It would transfer the bulk of the Liberal voting strength to the Labour and Protectionist parties, and leave the crusaders high and dry in the company of a not very distinguished band of landlords, shareowners, money merchants, short-sighted "bitter criers" of the middle-class, and belated economists. The Tariff Reformers would be foolish indeed if they missed such an opportunity. They would hasten to coquet with Socialism, and, following the hint of Professor W. J. Ashley of Birmingham, compound a prescription which would give the capitalist employer his import duty and the workman his old age pension. Let us imagine the three parties joined in battle for the General Election of 1910. A Liberal Party proudly bearing on its banners the inspiring war cry of Laissez Faire. A Unionist Party, for Protection and Social Reform. A Labour Party, preaching a vigorous Socialism. Then to the polls—and exit the Liberal Party.

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF POLAND.

Mr. B. J. Baskerville writes in the October "Fortnightly Review," on the above. He says :—

Of the many problems confronting the Russian Government to-day, that which concerns Russian Poland is probably the least understood outside the Empire. This is natural enough, for no country presents such a multitude of opinions, such conflicting elements, or such chaos of party strife, as the Kingdom of Poland. The outside world hears of the oppressed Pole from one source, of the dangerous Pole from a second, of a national rising from a third, of a corrupt local administration from a fourth, and last, but not least, of liberal Russia extending her hand to the sister race, whom centuries of war and hatred have estranged.

Before this entanglement of rumours can be unravelled, it is necessary to remember that no portion of the Russian Empire is of Europe. The Slav, whether he be Muscovite, Pole or Rus, is of Asia, with his share of the characteristics, prejudices and traditions of the mysterious East ; whatever European civilisation he possesses is exotic, uncertain, and extraneous ; it is, therefore, impossible to rule or judge him by Western standards of political and social morality.

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The question now arises—which of these rumours is true? Is the local Government correct in affirming that the Poles contemplate organising a rebellion ; that the horrors of '63 are about

to be repeated; that the tchinovnik who serves amongst them lives in daily terror of assassination; that he must retire to rest hung about with weapons because the rebellious Poles, mad with patriotism and revenge, are hatching plots against him, his family, and his faith? These questions must be answered partly in the affirmative, partly in the negative.

It is true that the average Russian official in Poland has the fear of death constantly before him; but there are two reasons for this fear. The first is, that he is too ignorant of the real condition of the country to perceive that his superiors send alarming reports to St. Petersburg because their position and his would deteriorate as soon as reforms were granted in Poland. The second is that every inhabitant of the country, whether Pole or Russian, Roman or Greek, who has money in his purse or good clothing on his back, is liable to fall a prey to the depredations of bands of ruffians whom years of misgovernment have encouraged to increase and multiply. It is also true that plots are hatched in Warsaw; that the Pole is inclined to violent fits of patriotism; that he bears no love towards the Russian. But it is not true that plots are hatched against the Russian alone, or that his family and faith are in greater jeopardy than the family and faith of his Polish next-door neighbour, whom the present state of anarchy and the strikes have ruined; and whose children have become imbued with agnostic doctrines. The revolution in Poland to-day is as widely different from the revolution of '63 as the Socialism of Count Tolstoi differs from that of the Bundist who shoots a man in the back for refusing to contribute to the Bund. It is not the revolution of Pole against Russian, of the conquered against the conqueror; but of caste against caste; of the proletariats against the so-called "privileged classes."

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The number of political parties into which the Polish and Jewish elements are divided is between twenty and twenty-five. Only five are of importance. They are "The Realists," who find adherents amongst the aristocracy, the richer gentry, and a few wealthy Jews; the "National Democrats," who have a large following amongst the aristocracy, gentry, intellectual proletariat, and peasants with land; and three Socialist parties. Of these the ranks of the "Social-Democratic League," and of the "Polish Party of Socialists" are recruited from the Polish proletariats—intellectural, urban and rural, whilst the Bund is entirely composed of Jews.

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Polish Socialism dates from 1876. After many vicissitudes, it is now represented by the Social-Democrats with their International Socialism, the Polish Party of Socialists, demanding a Polish democratic republic, and the Jewish Bund, which is striving to overthrow autocracy and obtain Jewish political ascendancy.

To these three parties Poland owes the economical and political strikes of 1904-5, and the disorders of the spring and autumn of the latter year. Their joint programme includes the arming of the proletariat, the financial ruin of the country by means of strikes, and the conversion of the Russian naval and military forces to Socialism. Neither effort nor gold has been spared in order to carry out this programme; and to-day the united Socialists have attained such power that they can achieve the liberation of their imprisoned leaders and punish those who disobey their demands.

## THE STORY OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C., M.P., writes in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century and After," the following, under the above heading:—

The creation in the House of Commons of a Labour Group, equipped with the appropriate symbols and machinery of a political party, marks a new and interesting epoch in the Parliamentary history of our country.

To the superficial observer it seems strange that the greater enlightenment of the working classes; the favouring conditions of a democratic franchise, and the growth of great and wealthy trade societies have not much earlier resulted in the formation by Labour of a distinct Parliamentary organism; but to the more diligent student of political and social phenomena many conclusive reasons present themselves, not only to explain its belated appearance, but to suggest doubts as to its probable continuity.

A political party can possess little vitality unless it be representative of opinion in favour of, or hostile to, some definite policy. If it have identical or generally similar aims to those of another association of men, it is only a section or division of that other association, and generally the vitality of each must be impaired by the existence of the other.

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The purely political aims of Labour are almost attained, and the Labour leader of to-day no longer seriously concerns himself with questions of franchise, the machinery of elections, the constitution of the legislature, or even payment of members. He is satisfied that the workman enjoys paramount political power, and with that power can make Parliament—i.e., the House of Commons—which is his creature, the executor of his will.

The problem of which he seeks solution is economic. It may be stated in the form of a question, as propounded by the late Henry Fawcett in one of his lectures on "The Economic Position of the British Labourer": "How is it the vast production of

wealth does not lead to a happier distribution? How is it that the rich seem to be constantly growing richer, while the poverty of the poor is not perceptibly diminished?"

The dreamer of dreams finds an immediate solution in a system of State Socialism, and absolute extinction of individual rights, and, in substitution for these, the unlimited power of society to employ and direct human energy. The Jacobin of France kindled his incendiary torch at the sacred fires of idealistic philosophy, and compassed the ruin of the mediæval noble, only to witness his rule superseded by the more oppressive and firmer domination of "the economic man." But the Labour leader of to-day has profited by the errors of his predecessors; he may, indeed, fire the imagination of the proletariat by revealing to them visions of a perfected social state, but, on the whole, his policy is practical, definite and moderate.

The title "The Labour Party" has been assumed by an organisation under the leadership of Mr. Keir Hardie, and its creation was coincident with the development of a movement for co-operation among trade unions in order to further by political or Parliamentary action the common interests of Labour; it is a movement to substitute the national combination of trade unions for the sectional action which has hitherto characterised their policy. The movement is not, indeed, of recent origin. It was against this sectional and purely economic action of trade unions that the Chartists, whose legitimate successors the Labour Party claims to be, unsuccessfully strove; for, until recently a trade union has been little more than the concrete expression of those employed in a particular trade to regulate wages, working hours, and other details of their industry, and the outcome of the effort of the labouring classes to counteract the policy of employers to reduce wages and increase hours.

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The institution of household suffrage in the boroughs under the Reform Act of 1868, aroused the political activity of the working classes, and in 1869 trade unions to some extent abandoned their attitude of laissez faire in political affairs, and were instrumental in founding a body called the "Labour Representation League," formed for the purpose of promoting the return of working men to Parliament. It met with some success, and in 1874 two working men were elected—Mr. Burt for Morpeth, and Mr. Macdonald for Stafford.

The extension of household suffrage to the counties resulted in a considerable increase of Labour representatives. The coal-mining industry was exceptionally active, and from the coal-fields of Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, and South Wales leading trade unionists of conspicuous ability entered Parliament. Until the formation of the "Labour Representation Committee" in 1900, the Labour Members, with one or two exceptions, belonged

to the Liberal Party, and were subject to its discipline. They entered Parliament as Liberals, with a special mandate from those who sent them to promote the interests of the particular trade to which they belonged, and generally assist the cause of Labour.

In 1893 an organisation came into existence destined to play a conspicuous part in awakening political activity among the working classes, and directing the energies of trade unions towards political combination. The Independent Labour Party was formed at Bradford. Its members were for the most part in sympathy with Socialism, but its immediate and definite purpose was to form in Parliament a Labour Party wholly independent of the Liberal or Conservative parties, but ready to act with or against either, as the interests of Labour might dictate.

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But it was obvious that the Independent Labour Party, whether by itself or in combination with other Socialist groups, could do little towards the construction of a Labour Party in the House of Commons. Its financial resources were unequal to the task, and without the co-operation of trade unionists it could not hope to secure suitable candidates. It set itself with energy to the task of capturing the trade unions, and carried on throughout the country an active propagandism.

For some time its efforts in this direction met with little success. Trade union leaders, for the most part strong individualists, regarded with disdain the wild talk of the "scientific Socialist," and looked askance at the leaders of the movement, many of whom had never been associated with manual labour. It is probable, indeed, that the efforts of the Independent Labour Party to promote political action on the part of the trade unions would have been as futile as those of the Chartist fifty years earlier, had it not been for the alarm created among trade unionists by a series of judicial decisions that threatened not merely to impair the right of combination among workmen, but even to imperil the continued existence of their great organisations. In the year 1899 the Trades Union Congress passed a resolution in favour of the institution of a Labour Party in Parliament, and as a result of this action the "Labour Representation Committee," now entitled the "Labour Party," was formed. At its inauguration in 1900, it consisted of representatives of trade unions and trades councils, the Independent Labour Party, the Social-Democratic Federation, and the Fabian Society. Later on local Labour Representation Committees became entitled to representation on the committee, but the Social-Democratic Federation seceded because Socialism did not constitute an integral part of its policy.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## SIR HENRY COTTON AND INDIAN "EXTREMISTS."

The "Indian Sociologist" for October has the following :—

Interviewed by a representative of the "Daily News," on September 10, Sir Henry Cotton said that "the ideal of these leaders of the patriotic movement is not separation from Great Britain, or independence from the general control which they recognise must always be exercised over colonies and dependencies." He added: "Their ideal is that India may ultimately be placed in a position corresponding to that of the self-governing colonies of the Empire." It seems as if some people are impervious to facts and their logical sequence.

### Professor Goldwin Smith on India.

In the August number of this journal we took some pains to point out that this ideal was absurd and impossible of achievement. Sir Henry and his friends will do well to bow to the inevitable, and, since he does not choose to accept our conclusion, we hope he will permit us to refer him to perhaps the greatest authority on Modern History living, Professor Goldwin Smith, who says :—

"The principle of Colonial Emancipation does not apply to India, because it is a conquered country, not a colony."

Sir Henry Cotton looks down upon those who desire separation from Great Britain, and calls them "extremists." At a public meeting held on September 15, for the purpose of expressing sorrow at the death of the Hon. Mr. Justice Badruddin Tyabji and of Mr. Ananda Mohan Bose, he went out of his way to urge young Indians to have "no sympathy with the extreme attitude adopted by some of the present patriots of India, who desired the complete independence of India from England." We have already proved that India has no alternative but an absolutely free

and independent form of National Government as advocated by the late Dr. Richard Congreve, and that self-government as enjoyed by the British Colonies is impossible under the existing circumstances. But none are so blind as those that will not see.

### What is Patriotism?

What an unpardonable perversion of truth it is to call any movement "patriotic" when that movement is professedly for the perpetuation of a foreign domination resulting inevitably in the deterioration of a subject race! We wonder if in the wide world any sane man can be found interpreting patriotism or love of one's own country as consisting in the continuation of a foreign yoke.

### "The Panjabee" on Sir Henry Cotton's Inconsistency.

While commenting on the hostile attitude of Sir Henry Cotton towards our Indian Home Rule movement, "The Panjabee" has admirably brought to light the fact that there was a time when the "Indian Mirror" and other leading papers delighted to write him down as a humbug, who, while acting as Chief Secretary to the most unpopular Lieutenant-Governor that Bengal ever had, signed Sir Charles Elliott's anti-jury Notification, and wrote high falutin' in "New India."

Our readers will remember that we some time ago drew their attention to the Blue Book on Tibet, containing an important despatch, which advocated "*a brusque and high-handed line of conduct*" against the Tibetans, and which appeared over the signature of Sir Henry Cotton, as Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

## "THE FRAUD OF SOCIALISM."

Writing in "John Bull" on the articles in the "Daily Express," under the above heading, Mr. Frank Harris says :—

In the same page of the "Daily Express" on which I find this article on "The Fraud of Socialism," I find an account of the trousseau of Miss Bertha Krupp, the German heiress. The paper tells us that this young lady has got a million pounds sterling a year, which means a fortune of over thirty millions. Now, it is admitted, even by the middle-class economists, that the English workman who manages to save ten pounds a year towards his old age is doing very well indeed. It would, accordingly, take a hundred thousand English labourers, working for the thirty years of their working life, in order to save what this young lady begins life with. "The Fraud of Socialism" indeed: that may need

writing about, Mr. Pearson; but what of the "fraud" of our present individualism?

Economists tell us that for every shilling a workman earned a hundred and fifty years ago, he received back in wages 6½d.; but even in John Stuart Mill's time his productive power had been increased manifold, and as that economist saw, he was hardly better off than his grandfather had been. He certainly does not receive 6½d. now out of every shilling he earns, but barely 4d. "The Fraud of Individualism," Mr. Pearson, that is what you should write about, if you want to get the interest of truth into your paper.

### "The Fraud of Individualism."

The other day Sir George Livesey, in a letter to the "Times," asserted that "the lot of the worker was much harder formerly than now." The virtue of this statement depends on how "formerly" is construed. If Sir George Livesey means that the lot of the worker was worse in the eighteenth century or in the sixteenth century than that of the worker in the nineteenth, he doesn't know what he is talking about. The lot of the worker was at its lowest in England in the first half of the nineteenth century; during the last half of the nineteenth century it has been somewhat improved by Socialistic legislation.

Sir George Livesey was answered in the "Times" by a Mr. Smith from Birmingham, and Mr. Smith gave some remarkable facts about the condition of the English people at the present moment. I shall borrow from him freely, and also from Mr. Booth.

Mr. Booth has proved that there are always about twelve millions of very poor people in this country, people that is to say who are living on the verge of destitution, with the spectre of starvation haunting them like their shadows. Half the wealth of England is held by twenty-five thousand people, the other half is divided unequally among the remaining forty millions. Ten-elevenths of all the land in Britain belongs to two hundred thousand of the population, while the remaining forty millions have to content themselves with one-eleventh of the land. "The Fraud of Individualism," indeed. Does any sane man imagine that such a fraud is likely to continue in these days when all can read?

### The Death-rate of this Fraud.

But there is worse than poverty to be faced by the poor in our time. Among the well-to-do classes 18 per cent. of the children die before they reach five years of age; but 55 per cent. of the children of the working classes are sacrificed: 37 per cent. then of all the poor children born, hundreds of thousands of children, are killed needlessly every year. Is it well to write about "The

Fraud of Socialism," Mr. Pearson, in the face of such a fact as this?

In London even 37.8 per cent. of the whole population receive less than a guinea a week per family. Mr. Albert Smith is right, "the great bulk of the British people are over-worked, under-paid, badly-housed, unfairly-taxed, and exposed to all sorts of serious risks and hardships"; and he goes on, "national and municipal co-operation, not competition, should be the true order of human society . . . . he who would defend the claims of individuals or of classes against the rights of the human race is an enemy of the people. In a really humane and civilised state there should be no such thing as poverty, ignorance, idleness, slavery. . . . . A hungry man, an idle man, an ignorant man, a destitute woman, a beggar, or a pauper child is a reproach to society, a witness against religion and civilisation."

THE TWO IDEALS.

Strange to say, one prefers this Mr. Smith and his slightly-optimistic outlook to Sir George Livesey, who flourishes the bogey of Socialism in our face as if we were rooks to be frightened with empty noise. Sir George Livesey says :—

"Continue on the present lines, adopt Socialist legislation, and let the people find out the frightful mistake they have made."

Now I want to put one plain question to Sir George Livesey. Would he repeal the Factory Acts, which were the beginning of modern Socialistic legislation in England? Does he even know why the Factory Acts were instituted? Does he know that before the Factory Acts, English children—little children from ten years of age—were driven from Devon and Cornwall in hordes to the Lancashire mills, and that the mortality among these children was so great that a commission of celebrated doctors declared that the Factory Act of 1833 was a law "to prevent child murder"? Now, Sir George Livesey, Yes or No. Do you want to institute child-murder again in England in order to increase your income, or the dividends of your shareholders? Is that what you want? If not, why do you write these silly letters?

Or would you repeal the Adulteration Acts and leave us to the mercy of the tradesmen who sell alum in bread, sand in the sugar, water in the milk, and poisoned rats in the tinned beef? Come, Sir George Livesey, tell us some of the "frightful mistakes" of Socialistic legislation in these islands, and in return I will point out to you a few more of the mistakes of that industrial freedom, or rather anarchy, which you seem to admire, in present-day England.

## CHAPTER X.

### How Candide, Cunegonde, and the Old Woman arrived in Distress at Cadiz, and how they went to Sea.

"Who has stolen my money and my diamonds?" said Cunegonde, crying, "how shall we live? what shall we do? where shall I find Inquisitors and Jews to give me some more." "Alas!" said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Father Cordelier, who slept yesterday in the same inn as we did at Badajoz. God forbid that I should form a rash judgment, but he came twice in our room and went away long before we did." "Alas!" said Candide, "the good Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that property on earth is common to all men, that each man has an equal right to it; that Cordelier ought, according to these principles, to have left us enough to finish our travels. Have you nothing left, my dear Cunegonde?" "Not a cent," she said. "What shall we do?" said Candide. "Let us sell one of the horses," said the old woman, "I will get on behind the young lady, though I can only sit on one of my buttocks, and we shall get to Cadiz."

There was in the same inn a Benedictine prior; he bought the horse cheap. Candide, Cunegonde, and the old woman went by Lucena, by Chillas and by Librixa, and they finally arrived at Cadiz. A fleet was being fitted out in order to subdue the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of having caused their hordes, near the town of San Sacramento, to revolt against the Kings of Spain and of Portugal.

Candide having served among the Bulgarians, showed the general in command of the small army how the Bulgarian drill was performed. He did it with so much grace, celerity, address, pride and agility, that he was given a company of infantry, so he became a captain. He went on board with Mlle. Cunegonde, the old lady, two servants, and the two Andalusian horses which had belonged to my lord, the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During the whole voyage they argued a great deal on the philosophy of poor Pangloss. "We are going to another world," said Candide, "doubtless in that one everything is for the best, for it must be admitted that you might complain a little about what goes on in our world, both physically and morally." "I love you with my whole heart," said Cunegonde, "but my soul is still quite terrified by all that I have seen, by all that I have gone through." "All will be all right," replied Candide, "the sea of this new world is already better than the seas of our Europe, they are calmer, the winds are more uniform. It is certainly the new world which is the best of all possible worlds." "God grant it be so!" said Cunegonde, "but I have been so dreadfully unhappy in the old world that my heart is almost shut against hope." "You complain," said the old woman, "alas! you have not undergone misfortunes equal to mine!" Cunegonde nearly burst out laughing, and thought the good woman was very funny in pretending to be unhappier than herself. "Alas!" said she to her, "my good friend, unless you have been ravished by two Bulgarians, unless you have been stabbed twice, unless two of your castles have been destroyed, unless two of your mothers and two of your fathers have been butchered before your eyes, and unless you have seen two of your lovers flogged in an auto-da-fé, I do not think that you can have suffered more than myself. Besides, do not forget that I was born a baroness with seventy-two quarters of nobility, and that I have been a cook."

"Mademoiselle," replied the old woman, "you know nothing of my birth, and if I were to show you my scars you would not speak as you do, and you would suspend your judgment."

This speech gave rise to much curiosity in the minds of Cunegonde and of Candide. The old woman spoke to them in these terms.

## CHAPTER XI.

### History of the Old Woman.

"My eyes have not always been bleary and blotchy, my nose has not always touched my chin, and I was not always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urbain X.* and the Princess of Palestrina. I was brought up till the age of fourteen in a palace of which the stables were finer than all the castles of your German barons, and one of my dresses was worth more than all the wealth of Westphalia. I grew in beauty, in grace, in skill, in the midst of pleasure, respect, and hope; already I kindled the passion of love; my bosoms were taking shape, and they were as white, as firm, and as beautiful as those of the Venus of Medici, and my eyes! my eyelids! my black eyebrows! what flames shone in my two

* I may say that there has been no such Pope.—J. B.

pupils, eclipsing the brightness of the stars, as the poets used to tell me! The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasy, and all the men would have liked to be in their place.

"I was betrothed to the ruling prince of Massa-Carara. What a prince! as beautiful as I was, gentle and good-tempered, brilliant, witty, and madly in love. I loved him as one loves for the first time, with idolatry, with passion. The wedding was prepared; it was an unheard-of pomp and magnificence; it was nothing but festivals, tourneys, and music. The whole of Italy wrote sonnets in my honour, of which one was passable. I was reaching the height of my happiness when an old marchioness, who had been the mistress of my prince, invited him to take a cup of chocolate at her house. He died in less than two hours in dreadful convulsions; but this is nothing. My mother, in despair, and though less affected than me, wished to remove me for some time to a less disastrous spot. She had a very fine country house near Gaeta. We embarked on board a galley of the country, gilt like the altar of St. Peter at Rome. Soon a corsair of Salah espied us and boarded us. Our soldiers defended themselves like soldiers of the Pope; they fell on their knees, throwing away their arms, and asking the corsair for absolution *in articulo mortis*.

"At once they stripped them as naked as monkeys, and my mother too, my maids of honour too, and me too. It was admirable to see with what skill these gentlemen undressed people, but it astonished me still more to see how they searched us to see if we had hidden any diamonds. I found out afterwards that this was an immemorial custom among civilised nations navigating the sea. I have ascertained that the religious knights of Malta never fail to do this when they capture Turks—men and women; it is part of the law of nations which admits of no exception. I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be taken as a slave to Morocco with her mother; you can also easily imagine what we had to suffer on board the corsair. My mother was still very beautiful, our maids of honour—our mere maids—had more charms than are to be found in the whole of Africa. As for me, I was delightful, I was beautiful, graceful, and I was a maid. I did not remain so long. This flower, which had been kept for the handsome Prince of Massa-Carara, was taken from me by the corsair captain. He was a frightful negro, who thought that he did me a great deal of honour. Certainly the Princess of Palestrina and myself must have been very strong to be able to stand all that we underwent before we reached Morocco! But let that pass; these are such ordinary matters that it is not worth while dwelling on them.

"Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived there. Fifty sons of the emperor Muley Ismael had each their party, which produced fifty civil wars, of negroes against negroes, of negroes against mulattos, of mulattos against mulattos, of quadroons against mulattos; it was continual carnage in all the empire.

"Scarcely had we disembarked, when the negroes of a faction opposed to that of our corsair came to seize his spoils. We were, after the diamonds and gold, the most precious possessions. I witnessed a fight such as you never see in your European climates. The Northern peoples have not got their blood warm enough; they are not fond of women as men are in Africa. It seems that you Europeans have milk in your veins; it is vitriol, it is fire, which runs in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighbouring countries. They fought with the fury of lions, of tigers, and of serpents, to know who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, the mate of my captain held her by the left arm, a Moorish soldier took hold of one of her legs, one of our pirates held her by the other. Our girls were nearly all of them thus pulled about by four soldiers. My captain hid me behind him. He had his scimitar in his hand, and killed all who opposed his rage. Finally, I saw all our Italians and my mother torn to pieces, cut up, massacred, by the monsters who were quarrelling over them. The captives, my companions, those who had taken them, soldiers, sailors, negroes, mulattos, quadroons, and, finally, my captain, all were killed, and I remained, dying, on a heap of dead. Such scenes took place, as one knows, throughout the whole of the empire, though the five prayers instituted by Mahomet were duly said.

"I got away with difficulty from the mass of so many heaped-up bloody corpses, and I dragged myself to a big orange-tree at the side of a neighbouring stream. I fell down, overcome by fright, by fatigue, by horror, by despair, and by hunger. Soon my overwhelmed senses caused me to fall into a sleep more like fainting than rest. I was in that state of feebleness and insensibility, between life and death, when I felt someone pushing against me. I opened my eyes, and I saw a white man, rather good-looking, who sighed, and muttered between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

## CHAPTER XII.

### Continuation of the Old Woman's Misfortunes.

"Astonished and delighted at hearing the language of my country, and no less astonished at the words uttered by that man, I replied that there were greater misfortunes than those of which he complained. I told him, in a few words, the horrors that I had undergone, and I again fainted. He took me into a neighbouring house, had me put to bed, gave me some food, served me, consoled me, flattered me, told me that he had never seen so beautiful a woman before, and that he had never so much regretted what no one could give him back.

"'I was born at Naples,' he said. 'Two or three thousand children are mutilated every year, some die, others have a voice finer than that of women, and a few govern States. This operation succeeded very well in my case and I have been a singer in the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina.'

"'Of my mother,' I cried.

"'Of your mother,' he exclaimed, crying, 'What! you are that young princess whom I brought up till she was six years of age, and who already promised to be as beautiful as you are.'

"'It is I. My mother is four hundred feet off, cut in pieces under a heap of corpses.'

"I told him all that had happened to me. He also related his adventures to me, and told me how he had been sent to the Emperor of Morocco by a Christian prince, in order to conclude a treaty by which powder, guns, and ships would be furnished to the infidel monarch so that he might help to ruin the trade of other Christian princes.

"'My mission is over,' said that worthy eunuch. 'I am going to take ship at Ceuta and I will take you back to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*'

"I thanked him with tender tears, but instead of taking me back to Italy, he conveyed me to Algiers where he sold me to the Dey of that province. Scarcely was I sold when that plague, which has gone round Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out furiously in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes but, Mademoiselle, have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," replied the baroness.

"If you had had it," replied the old woman, "you would confess that it is far greater than an earthquake.

"It is very common in Africa. I caught it. Just imagine the daughter of a Pope, fifteen years old, who, in three months' time, had gone through poverty, slavery, had been ravished nearly every day, had seen her mother quartered, had felt the pangs of hunger, had seen the horrors of war, and was dying of the plague in Algiers. And yet I did not die, but the eunuch, the Dey, and nearly the whole of the harem at Algiers, died. When the first ravages of that terrible plague had passed away, the slaves of the Dey were sold. A merchant bought me and took me to Tunis, he sold me to another merchant who disposed of me at Tripoli, from there I passed to Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople. I belonged to an Aga of the Janissaries, who was soon ordered to defend Azov from the Russians who were besieging it.

"The Aga, who was a very worthy man, took with him all his seraglio and lodged us in a little fort on the Palus Méotides, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. A large number of Russians were killed, and they slew many Turks. Azov was given over to fire and sword, neither sex nor age were spared. There only remained our little fort. The enemy wished to reduce it

by famine. The twenty Janissaries had sworn never to surrender. The want of provisions compelled them to eat the two eunuchs lest they should break their oath. After a few days they determined to eat the women.

"We had a very pious and very merciful Iman who gave them a fine sermon by which he persuaded them not to kill us quite. 'Cut,' said he, 'only a buttock from each of those ladies; you will feed well, and if you are compelled you can then, in a few days, cut the other; heaven will reward you for being so merciful and you will be relieved.'

"He was very eloquent, he convinced them. We underwent this terrible operation, the Iman put on our wounds the same ointment which is used when children are circumcised; we were all at the point of death.

"Scarcely had the Janissaries partaken of the meal which we had provided when the Russians arrived in flat-bottomed boats. Not a single Janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state which we were in. There are French surgeons everywhere; one of them, who was very clever, took care of us. He cured us. I shall remember all my life that when the wounds were quite closed he made some overtures to us. Besides, he told us to make the best of it, and assured us that in several sieges the same thing had happened and that it was one of the laws of war.

"As soon as my companions could walk they made them go to Moscow. I fell to the share of a boyard, who made me work in the garden and gave me 20 blows with a whip every day; but that lord having been broken on the wheel with 30 other boyards on account of some conspiracy at court, I determined to run away from Russia. I was for a long time a servant at inns in Riga, then at Rostock, at Wiemar, at Leipzig, at Cassel, at Utrecht, at Leyden, at The Hague and at Rotterdam. I have grown old in misery and wretchedness, having only one buttock, always remembering that I was a Pope's daughter. I have wished a hundred times to kill myself, but I still loved life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of our worst feelings, for is there anything more stupid than to wish to continually bear a burden which one always wishes to throw on the ground; to hate one's being and yet to try and keep it, and to cherish the snake which gnaws us till it has eaten our heart?

"I have seen in the countries through which fate has led me, and in the inns where I have worked, an enormous number of persons who looked on their existence with horror, but I have only known twelve who put an end willingly to their existence—three negroes, four Englishmen, four Genevese, and a German professor called Robek. I ended by being a servant of the Jew Don Isaacar. He entrusted you to me, my pretty lady; I have become attached to you and I have been more occupied with your adventures than with mine own. I would never even have spoken to you about my misfortunes if you had not rather nettled me, and if it

were not customary on a ship to tell stories to pass the time. Now, Mademoiselle, I do not lack experience, I know the world. Please me, ask each passenger to tell you his story and if there be one who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most wretched of men, throw me head first into the sea."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### How Candide was Obliged to Leave the Beautiful Cunegonde and the Old Woman.

The beautiful Cunegonde, having heard the history of the old woman, treated her with all the politeness due to a person of her rank and merit. She accepted the offer; she asked all the passengers, one after the other, to relate their adventures. Candide and she confessed that the old woman was right.

"It is a pity," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hung, contrary to the custom in an auto-da-fé. He would have told us admirable things on the physical and moral evils which rule on earth, and I should feel enough strength to dare to offer him, respectfully, some objections."

While each was telling his story the ship was going on. They arrived at Buenos Ayres. Cunegonde, Captain Candide, and the old woman, went to the Governor, Don Fernando d' Ibaraa, y Figucora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This lord was proud, as befitted a man with so many names. He spoke to men with the noblest disdain, carrying his nose so high, lifting his voice so pitilessly, taking such an imposing tone, affecting such a proud demeanour that all those that bowed to him were tempted to beat him. He madly loved women. The first thing which he did was to ask if Cunegonde was the wife of the captain. The air with which he put that question frightened Candide. He dared not say that she was his wife because, really, she was not; he dared not say that she was his sister, because she was not, and though that officious lie would have formerly been much the fashion among the ancients, and it might have been useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to betray the truth.

"Mademoiselle Cunegonde," he said, "is going to do me the honour to marry me, and we beg your excellency to be good enough to favour us with your company at the wedding."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figucora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza twirled his moustache, smiled bitterly, and ordered Captain Candide to go and inspect his company. Candide obeyed, the Governor remained with Mademoiselle Cunegonde. He declared his passion to her, protested that the next day he would either marry her at church or not, as she preferred. Cunegonde asked to be

allowed a quarter of an hour to think about it, to consult the old woman, and to make up her mind.

The old woman said to Cunegonde, "Mademoiselle, you have seventy-two quarters and not a cent; if you like you can become the wife of the most important lord of South America, who has a very fine moustache. Need you have any scruples about being too particular? You have been ravished by a Bulgarian; a Jew and an Inquisitor have had your good graces.* Misfortunes confer rights. I must say that if I were in your place I would not scruple to marry my lord, the Governor, and make the fortune of Captain Candide."

Whilst the old woman was speaking with all the prudence given by age and experience, a small ship was seen coming into harbour, it bore an alcalde and two alguazils, and this is what had happened.

The old woman had guessed correctly that it was a Cordelier with long sleeves who had stolen the money and the jewels of Cunegonde in the town of Badajoz when she was running away in haste with Candide. That friar wished to sell some of the precious stones to a jeweller. The merchant recognised that they belonged to the Grand Inquisitor. The Cordelier before being hung, confessed that he had stolen them, he gave a description of the party and the road which they had taken. The flight of Cunegonde and of Candide was already known. They were followed to Cadiz, and without loss of time a ship was sent to pursue them. This vessel was already in the harbour of Buenos Ayres. The news was spread that an alcalde would land and that he was pursuing the murderers of my lord the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw at once what was to be done. "You cannot fly," she said to Cunegonde, "and you have nothing to fear. You did not kill my lord, and besides the governor, who is in love with you, would not allow anybody to hurt you; stay here." She hastened at once to Candide. "Fly," she said, "or you will be burned alive in an hour." There was not a moment to be lost, but how could he leave Cunegonde, and where could he hide?

## CHAPTER XIV.

### How Candide and Cacambo were Received by the Jesuits of Paraguay.

Candide had brought from Cadiz a servant similar to many found in the ports of Spain and in the colonies. He was the son of a mulatto from Tucuman; he had been a choir boy, a verger, a sailor, a monk, an agent, a soldier, a servant. He was called

*This does not appear consistent with what is asserted by Cunegonde in Chaper VIII.—J. B.

Cacambo, and liked his master very much because his master was a very good man. He hastened to saddle the two Andalusian horses. "Come, master, let us follow the advice of the old woman, let us go and ride without looking back." Candide shed tears. "O, my dear Cunegonde, must I leave you when I thought that my lord the governor was arranging our marriage? Cunegonde, whom I have brought from so far, what will become of her?" "She will do what she can," said Cacambo, "women are never embarrassed; the lord will see to that; let us be quick." "Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What shall we do without Cunegonde?" said Candide. "By St. James of Compostella,' said Cacambo, "you were going to wage war against the Jesuits; let us go and take their side. I know the roads which lead to their kingdom. They will be delighted to have a captain who knows the Bulgarian drill; you will make a large fortune. If one does not succeed in one place one must try in another. It is a very great pleasure to see and to do new things."

"So you have already been to Paraguay?" said Candide. "Quite so," replied Cacambo, "I was tutor in the college of Ascuncion and I know the government *de los padres* as well as I know the streets of Cadiz. That government is admirable. The kingdom is more than three hundred leagues across, it is divided into 30 provinces. *Los padres* have everything and the people have nothing; it is a masterpiece of reason and justice. As for myself, I know nothing so divine as *los padres*, who here are at war with the Kings of Spain and of Portugal; while in Europe they are the confessors of those monarchs. Here they kill Spaniards, and at Madrid they send them to Heaven; all that delights me. Come, you will be the happiest of men. The *padres* will be delighted to have a captain who understands the Bulgarian drill."

As soon as they arrived at the first outpost, Cacambo told the sergeant of the guard that a captain wished to speak to my lord the officer. The main guard was informed. A Paraguayan officer threw himself at the feet of the commander to tell him the news. Candide and Cacambo were first made to give up their arms, and the two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers were introduced, guarded by soldiers. The commander was standing with his biretta on his head, his gown looped up, his sword by his side holding a musket in his hand. He made a sign, and at once twenty-four soldiers surrounded the two new-comers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the commandant could not speak to them, as the reverend father, the Provincial, did not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth except in his presence, and he lived at a three hours' journey from there. "And where is the reverend father, the Provincial?" said Cacambo. "He is on the parade-ground, after having said his mass," replied the sergeant, "and you will not be able to kiss his spurs before three hours." "But," said Cacambo, "the captain, who is dying of hunger, is not a Spaniard,

he is a German. Could we not have some lunch while we are waiting for his reverence?"

The sergeant went at once to tell all this to the commandant. "God be praised," said that lord. "Since he is a German, I may speak to him; take him to my quarters." At once Candide was taken to a green summer-house, having a pretty verandah supported by pillars of green and yellow marble, and surrounded by an enclosure containing parrots, colibris, birds of paradise and other rare birds. An excellent lunch was served on gold plate, and while the Paraguayans ate maize in wooden bowls, in the full sun in the open air, the reverend father the commandant entered the summer-house.

He was a very good-looking young man, with rather a white face but red cheeks, with uplifted eyebrows, lively eyes, red ears, vermilion lips, with a proud look, but with a pride which was neither that of a Spaniard, nor that of a Jesuit. Candide and Cacambo were given back the arms which had been taken from them, as well as the two Andalusian horses. Cacambo had some oats given to them near the place and kept his eye on them, fearing some plot.

Candide first kissed the hem of the commandant's gown, and then they sat down to table. "You are a German, then?" said the Jesuit to him, in that language. "Yes, reverend father," replied Candide. Both then looked at each other, being much surprised and with an emotion which they were unable to suppress. "And from what part of Germany do you come?" said the Jesuit. "From the dirty province of Westphalia," said Candide. "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh." "Heaven, is it possible?" cried the commandant, "what a miracle!" exclaimed Candide. "Is it really you?" asked the commandant. "That cannot be possible," said Candide. They both fell backward, they embraced, they shed torrents of tears. "What, is it you, reverend father? you, the brother of beautiful Cunegonde! you, who were killed by the Bulgarians! you, the son of my lord the baron! you, a Jesuit in Paraguay! One must admit that this is a strange world. O Pangloss! Pangloss! how happy you would be if you had not been hung!"

The commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans, who were waiting at table and passing round wine in cups of rock crystal. He thanked God and St. Ignatius a thousand times, he pressed Candide to his heart, their faces were wet with tears. "You would be still more astonished, still more affected, still more beside yourself," said Candide, "if I told you that Mlle. Cunegonde, your sister, whom you thought dead, is in good health." "Where?" "Near here, at my lord the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and I was coming to fight against you."

Each word that they uttered in this long conversation seemed to make matters more strange. All their soul passed in their words, was present to their ears, and shone in their eyes. As they

were Germans, they stayed at table for a long time. While waiting for the reverend father the Provincial, the commandant thus spoke to his dear Candide.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### How Candide Killed the Brother of his dear Cunegonde.

"I shall always see again the events of the awful day when I saw my father and mother killed and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians retired, that loving sister could not be found, and they put in a cart my mother, my father, and myself, two maids and three young lads who had been murdered, in order that we might be buried in a Jesuit chapel which was two leagues away from my ancestral castle. A Jesuit threw some holy water over us; it was terribly bitter; a few drops got into my eyes. The father noticed that my eyelid quivered slightly; he put his hand on my heart and felt it beat. I was looked after, and in three weeks I was cured. You know, my dear Candide, that I was a very good-looking boy, and my looks improved, so the reverend Father Croust, the head of the house, was my very good friend. He gave me the novices' habit, and shortly afterwards I was sent to Rome. The General of the Order wanted some young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay receive as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they like strangers better, thinking that they can manage them more easily. The General thought I should make a proper labourer in the vineyard. We set out—a Pole, a Tyrolese, and myself. When I arrived, I was honoured by being made a sub-deacon and a lieutenant. Now I am a colonel and a priest. We are ready to receive with vigour the troops of the King of Spain, and I can assure you that they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence sends you here to help us. But is it quite true that my dear sister Cunegonde is in the neighbourhood at the house of the governor of Buenos Ayres?"

Candide solemnly assured him that nothing was truer. Then their tears began again to flow.

The Baron could not rest from kissing Candide. He called him his brother, his saviour.

"Ah! perhaps," said he to him, "we might together, my dear Candide, enter the town as conquerors and recapture my sister Cunegonde."

"That is all that I wish," said Candide. "I hoped to marry her, and I still hope to."

"You! insolent beggar," replied the Baron, "you would have the audacity to marry my sister, who has seventy-two quarters of nobility! I think you are very shameless to dare to speak to me about such a rash proposal!"

Candide, thunderstruck by that speech, answered him, "Reverend father, all the quarters in the world are meaningless. I have saved your sister from the arms of a Jew and an Inquisitor; she is in my debt, she wishes to marry me. Dr. Pangloss has always told me that men are equal, and certainly I shall marry her!"

"We will see to that, you rascal," said the Jesuit Baron von Thunder-ten-tronckh, and at the same time he gave him a hard knock with the flat of his sword on his face.

Candide at once drew his sword and plunged it to the hilt in the side of the Jesuit baron, but, withdrawing it all bloody, he began to cry.

"Alas! good God!" he said, "I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law. I am the best man in the world, and I have killed three men, of whom two are priests!"

Cacambo, who was standing sentry at the door, rushed in.

"We must sell our lives dearly," said his master, "people will come in. We must die sword in hand."

Cacambo, who had seen a thing or two, did not lose his head. He took the Jesuit's gown, worn by the Baron, and made Candide put it on; he also gave him the dead man's biretta, and made him mount his horse. This was all done in a moment.

"Let us gallop away, master; everybody will take you for a Jesuit who is going to give orders, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they can come after us."

He flew about in saying these words, crying out, "Room, room for the Reverend Father Colonel."*

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### What Happened to the two Travellers with two Girls, two Monkeys, and Savages called Oreillons.

Candide and his servant were beyond the boundaries, and no one in the camp had yet heard of the death of the German Jesuit. The careful Cacambo had not failed to fill his saddle-bags with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and a few bottles of wine. They arrived with their Andalusian horses in an unknown country where there were no roads. Finally, they came across a beautiful well-watered meadow. Our two travellers rested their steeds. Cacambo proposed to his master that they should have something to eat, and he began himself.

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* It is only fair to remember that there is another side to the story of Jesuit colonisation in Paraguay. Justice has been done to their work by Mr. Cunninghame Graham.—J. B.

"How would you have me eat some ham," said Candide, "when I have killed the son of my lord, the baron, and when I shall never see again, in this life, the beautiful Cunegonde? What is the use of my prolonging my dreadful life since I must spend it far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Trevoux† journal say?"

Thus speaking, he went on eating. The sun was setting; the two men heard some faint cries which appeared to have been uttered by women. They did not know whether they were cries of joy or pain, but they rose quickly with that anxiety and that alarm which everything causes in an unknown country. These cries came from two naked girls who were running lightly at the end of the meadow while two monkeys followed and bit them. Candide was touched with pity, he had learnt to shoot among the Bulgarians, and he would have brought down a hazel nut in a hedge without touching a leaf. He takes his two-barrelled Spanish gun, fires, and kills the two monkeys.

"God be praised! my dear Cacambo. I have delivered from a great peril those two poor creatures, and if I have committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have quite atoned for it in saving the lives of these two girls. They are, perhaps, two youug ladies of position, and this adventure may do us a great deal of good in the country."

He was going on, but his tongue seemed to freeze in his mouth when he saw the two girls tenderly kiss the two monkeys, burst into tears over their bodies, and utter the most sad cries.

"I did not expect such a display of tenderness," he said, at last, to Cacambo, who replied, "You have done a fine thing, master; you have killed the two lovers of those young ladies."

"Their lovers! can that be possible? You are making fun of me, Cacambo. How can I believe you?"

"My dear master," rejoined Cacambo, "you are always astonished at everything. Why do you think it strange that in some countries there should be monkeys who obtain the good graces of ladies? They are just as much men as I am a Spaniard."

"Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember having heard my master, Dr. Pangloss, say that formerly such accidents had happened, and that such unions had given rise to fauns and satyrs, whom several great men of antiquity had seen, but I thought that all this was not correct." "You ought to be convinced now," said Cacambo, "that it is true, and you see what happens from being unbelieving. I only fear that these young ladies may do us a bad turn."

These reflections induced Candide to leave the meadow and to go into a wood. He supped there with Cacambo, and both, after having cursed the Inquisitor of Portugal, the Governor of Buenos Ayres and the Baron, fell asleep on the moss. When they awoke they found that they could not move, the reason being that during

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† The Jesuit organ.—J. B.

the night the Oreillons, the inhabitants of the country, to whom the two ladies had complained, had tied their legs and hands with ropes made from the bark of trees. They were surrounded by 50 naked Oreillons, armed with bows and arrows, clubs and stone axes; some were boiling water in a big pot, others were preparing spits, and all were crying out, "It is a Jesuit, it is a Jesuit! We shall be avenged and we shall have a good dinner. Let us eat some of the Jesuit! let us eat some of the Jesuit!"

"I told you so, my dear master," said Cacambo, sadly, "and I was sure that those two girls would play us a nasty trick." Candide saw the pot and the spits, and said," We shall certainly either be boiled or roasted. Ah! what would my master, Dr. Pangloss, say if he saw how the noble natural savage acts? All is well, it may be, but it seems hard to me, after having lost Mlle. Cunegonde, to be spitted by the Oreillons." Cacambo never lost his head. "Do not be downhearted," he said to the sad Candide, "I can understand a little of the jargon of these people; I will speak to them." "Do not fail," said Candide, "to point out to them how inhuman it is to roast men, and what an unChristian act it is."

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you think that to-day you are going to eat a Jesuit? That is quite right, nothing is fairer than thus to treat one's enemies. For natural law teaches us to kill our neighbour, and that is done all over the earth. If we do not eat our brother it is because we have other means of making good cheer; but you have not the same advantages as ourselves, and certainly it is much better to eat one's enemies than to abandon to the crows and ravens the fruits of one's victories. But, gentlemen, you would not eat your friends. You think that you are going to roast a Jesuit, but it is your champion, the enemy of your enemies, whom you wish to kill. As for myself, I was born in this country; the gentleman next to me is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed one; he is wearing the spoils of victory, and that is how you have been mistaken. In order to prove what I have said, take the gown and carry it to the first outpost of the *los padres'* kingdom. Then ask them if my master has not killed a Jesuit. It will not take you long; you can still eat us if you find that I have told a lie, but if I speak the truth you are too well acquainted with the principles of international law, its morals and its laws, not to pardon us."

The Oreillons agreed that his request was a very reasonable one; they sent two of their chiefs at once to make inquiries. These envoys performed their task and came back with good news. The Oreillons untied their two prisoners, were very polite to them, offered them women, gave them refreshments, and escorted them to the frontiers of their State, calling out joyfully, "He is not a Jesuit, he is not a Jesuit!"

Candide could not fail to admire the way in which he had attained his freedom. "What a people!" he said, "what men!

what customs! if I had not been fortunate enough to send my sword through the body of the brother of Mlle. Cunegonde I should have been pitilessly eaten. But, after all, the noble savage is a good man, since these people, instead of eating me, have been very kind to me since they knew that I was not a Jesuit."

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### Arrival of Candide and of his Servant in Eldorado.

When they arrived at the frontier of the Oreillons, "You see," said Cacambo to Candide, "that this hemisphere is no better than the other, believe me. Let us get back to Europe by the quickest road." "How am I to get back," said Candide, "and where am I to go? If I go to my country the Bulgarians and the Abares are fighting there; if I return to Portugal I shall be burnt there; if we stay here we run the risk of being spitted at any moment. Besides, how could I leave a country where Mlle. Cunegonde lives?"

"Let us go to Cayenne," said Cacambo; "we shall find Frenchmen there who go everywhere, they may help us. God will, perhaps, have pity on us."

It was not easy to get to Cayenne. They knew roughly in what direction it lay, but mountains, rivers, precipices, brigands, savages, were terrible obstacles. Their horses were dying of fatigue, their provisions were exhausted. They lived for a month on wild fruit, and at last found themselves by the banks of a little river where cocoanut trees grew, which gave them food and revived their hopes.

Cacambo, who always gave as good advice as the old woman, said to Candide, "We are dead tired, we have walked long enough; I see an empty boat by the side of the river, let us fill it with cocoanuts, get into the boat, and let the current lead us where it will, for a river must always pass by some inhabited place. If we do not find anything pleasant, we shall at all events find something new." "Very well," said Candide, "let us trust in Providence."

For some time they passed through places full of flowers, then the land was barren; the banks were sometimes level, at other times steep. The river grew wider, then it flowed under dreadful high rocks. The two travellers were bold enough to go on, the river grew narrower, and then the current grew more rapid and the noise was terrific. After twenty-four hours they again saw daylight, but their boat went to pieces on the rocks. They had to drag themselves painfully along from rock to rock for more than a league; at last they saw an immense plain enclosed by inaccessible mountains. The land was beautifully cultivated, for pleasure as well as for profit; the roads were well made, and there was a number of carriages built of shining material passing to and fro; they had in them singularly handsome men and women, and were

rapidly drawn by large red sheep, who were much fleeter than the finest Andalusian or Arab steeds from Tetuan and Mequinez.

"This, indeed, said Candide, "is a finer country than Westphalia."

He and Cacambo walked to the first village which they saw. Some village children, dressed in torn golden brocade, were playing at quoits near the entrance of the village; their quoits were rather large, round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which were singularly bright. The travellers had the curiosity to pick up a few; they were gold, emeralds, and rubies, and the least valuable would have been an ornament to the throne of the grand Mogul.

"Doubtless," said Cacambo, "these children are the sons of the king of the country, who are playing at quoits."

The schoolmaster appeared just then to call them back to school.

"There," said Candide, "is the tutor of the Royal Family."

The little boys left their game, throwing their quoits to the ground, with all that they had used in their play. Candide picked them up, ran to the tutor, and presented them humbly to him, making him understand by signs that their Royal Highnesses had forgotten their gold and precious stones. The village schoolmaster smiled and threw them on the ground; then he looked with much astonishment at Candide, and went to his business.

The travellers did not fail to pick up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" said Candide. "The children of the kings of this country must be very well brought up since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. They at last came near to the first house of the village; it was built like a palace in Europe. Many people were going in, and there were still more persons inside; beautiful music was heard, and there was a delicious smell of cooking. Cacambo came near to the door, and heard that they were talking Peruvian, for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, in a village where that tongue alone was spoken.

"I will be your interpreter," he said to Candide; "let us enter, this is an inn."

At once two men and two maidservants of the inn, dressed in golden cloth, and their hair tied with ribbons, invited them to sit down to dinner. They were given four soups made with parrots, a boiled vulture weighing two hundred pounds, two roast monkeys, which were delicacies, three hundred colibris in one dish, and six hundred birds of paradise in another, exquisite stews, and delicious pastry. All this was served in dishes made out of a kind of rock crystal. The men and women of the inn offered them several different kinds of drinks made out of sugar cane.

The guests were mainly merchants and drivers of waggons. They were all very polite, and they asked Cacambo some questions in a most discreet manner, and answered him as well as they could. When the meal was over, Cacambo, as well as Candide, thought he would quite pay his reckoning by throwing on the inn table two of those large golden pieces which he had picked up. The innkeeper and his wife burst out laughing so much that they had to hold their sides. At last they stopped.

"Gentlemen," said mine host, "we see quite clearly that you are strangers; we are not accustomed to see any. Pardon us if we began to laugh when you offered to pay us with stones from our high roads. You have, doubtless, no money of this country, but it is not necessary to have any to dine here. All the inns, established for the advantage of commerce, are kept up by the Government. You have fared badly here, because it is a poor village, but elsewhere you will be received in a proper manner."

Cacambo explained to Candide all the innkeeper's words, and Candide listened to them with great astonishment.

"What is this country," they said to each other, "which is unknown to all the world, and where the whole of nature is of a different kind to anything with which we are acquainted? It is probably the land where all is well, for there must be one like that. And in spite of what my master, Dr. Pangloss, used to say, I often noticed that everything went badly in Westphalia."

VOLTAIRE.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme).

*(To be continued.)*

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Brave Words.**—Speaking at Manchester recently, Mr. Featherstone Asquith said, "that the people of this country had decided that all schools maintained at the expense of the rates and taxes should henceforward be under undisputed and unfettered control. They (the Government), could not if they would, and they would not if they could, infringe upon that decision, by consenting for a moment to anything, in any shape or form, which would limit or fetter the absolute authority of the schools which belonged to the ratepayers." These be brave words, and have been regarded in many quarters as a direct challenge to the House of Lords in reference to their treatment of the Education Bill. But, as the "Times" remarks in the same connection, "the country has got the measure of Mr. Asquith's brave speeches, and no longer places implicit confidence in his announcements." We know our Asquith—and the Liberal Government—and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that they will go

to the country against the House of Lords over the Education Bill. Nobody need have the least apprehension about that. The House of Lords is much too valuable a political asset for the Liberal Government to wish to try conclusions with it. There is no fear of another General Election just yet. The present Government will cling to office with the tenacity of its predecessors. All that is necessary is to make a show of attempting to do something, with an occasional outburst of simulated indignation against the House of Lords for obligingly preventing that something from being done. That policy has succeeded remarkably well so far, and the Government has precious little to show for its eleven months of office. There is no reason why it shouldn't serve equally well during the next five or six years.

**The End and the Means.**—It is a mere commonplace to say that, as Socialists, we are not greatly concerned about mere political reforms. We are, necessarily, democrats, and it is obvious that Socialism involves the most complete and perfect democratic organisation of society. But present-day politics can only be regarded by Socialists as means to an end, that end being the economic and social emancipation of the working class. We are not greatly concerned, therefore, in perfecting these means while those existing are used to so little advantage, and the object itself is so imperfectly understood. It has often been said that our political forms are at least a hundred years behind those of almost every other country in Europe. That is perfectly true, but, antiquated as they are, they nevertheless place, even now, the bulk of political power in the hands of the working class, if only they would use it. It is true that every man has not got a vote; that the residential qualification is too long; that the absence of the Second

Ballot or any system of proportional representation too often confuses the issue and restricts the choice of the elector to "the lesser of two evils," while often securing the majority of representatives to a minority of the electors. All this is true, but still the fact remains that the present Government is in office by the goodwill of the working class; that it owes its steam-roller majority to working-class votes, and that there is little reason to suppose that the result would have been widely different even if every man and every woman had had a vote, official expenses had been met out of public funds, and the Second Ballot had been in operation. While, therefore, we are in favour of improving the political machinery we are much more concerned with the effective use of that we already possess and the development of a clear conception of the end to be attained by its use.

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**Socialism and the Suffrage.**—While, therefore, we are entirely in favour of the extension of the franchise so as to include all men and women, we are much more concerned that those who already possess votes should use them for the redress of urgent social grievances than we are with increasing the number of voters. When we find a majority of the voters voting against all practical ameliorative measures, by voting for Liberal or Tory in preference to the Socialist, and when we know that the bulk of the unenfranchised are of the same political complexion as those who already have votes, it is impossible to get up any burning enthusiasm in favour of an extension of the suffrage. As a matter of principle we believe that every man and woman should have a vote, and have always supported that principle, although we have considered that there are many other questions—e.g., those affecting the starving children and the unemployed—which are of more pressing importance. When, however, it is sug-

gested that, because we are in favour of Adult Suffrage —the extension of the suffrage to everybody—we ought, therefore, to be in favour of *any* extension of the suffrage to *anybody*, we at once enter a demurrer. We have heard it argued by a sturdy democrat, that because he was in favour of Adult Suffrage, he ought to support a proposal to give a vote to the Peers. It would be just as reasonable to support plural voting on the same ground. To extend the franchise to any privileged class is to increase their privileges and is tantamount to disfranchising to a proportionate extent the non-privileged class. For that reason we are opposed to the present agitation for votes for women. It is claimed that the object is to give women the franchise on the same conditions as men now exercise it. But it would not be the same, because the general conditions are not the same. With nominally the same franchise as gives the majority of votes to working men, the bulk of working women would be excluded. Married women among the working class could not vote, neither could unmarried women living at home with their parents. On the other hand, the wife, the daughters, the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the good capitalist would each have a vote; and, whatever lack of class-consciousness there may be among the workers, we know that the women of the capitalist class are fully alive to their class interests. For all that, we cannot but admire the pluck with which the few women who are taking an active part in this movement have fought for their cause. Even here, however, as was shown in the fracas in the House of Commons lobby, women enjoy a special privilege as against men in carrying on such an agitation, and it is a pity they do not turn it to a more useful purpose.

**The Class War.**—There are still to be found men and women in the Socialist movement who ignore,

deny or misunderstand the class war. They will not understand that a recognition of the class war is necessary to Socialism, seeing that the existing antagonism in society is due to the economic domination of the possessing class based upon its ownership of the means of production, and that Soclalism can only be attained by the overthrow of this domination. But, our good friends say, a class war is so horrid; it means envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness; let us hope there isn't any class war, or, if there is, let us pretend there isn't. And all the time the class war goes on, in spite of the efforts of well-meaning people on both sides to disguise it with the rosewater of philanthropy and the incense of moral suasion. Occasionally, too, it bursts out into open conflict and then everybody talks about it as war, as in the present strike of boiler-makers on the Clyde. There we have an engagement between two opposing forces, which has been deliberately planned and plotted for, and eventually provoked, by the employers. They have forced the men to a pitched battle, and are desirous of making it a general engagement, in the hope of completely crushing the organised forces of labour for some time. There is every reason to suppose that their calculations will prove correct, and that the men will be defeated unless they unconditionally surrender. We regret that it should be so; but it is still more regrettable that the men should be willing to continue this state of war, with occasional skirmishes, in which they are almost invariably worsted, instead of making up their minds for a fight to a finish.

**How the Capitalists Fight.**—The class war is no personal matter, it is a struggle due to economic antagonism, and does not necessarily involve personal hatred. We cannot, however, forbear to notice from time to time the brutality and inhumanity with which capitalists carry on the struggle. One of their

favourite methods is to strike at the men through the sufferings of the women and children. A case in point was the Hemsworth Colliery dispute, where, in order to bring the men to their knees, the wives and children were evicted, thrown out of doors in frightful weather to perish, save for the help of comrades, from exposure and want. Scarcely a week passes but a similar case is brought to notice, and every man knows how often a strike has been broken, and the men driven back to slavery like whipped hounds, through the want and misery inflicted upon helpless women and children.

**The Unemployed.**—The official figures show no change in the numbers of the unemployed, and the most optimistic conclusions are drawn therefrom. That, however, does not alter the fact that already great distress is rife in many centres, in consequence of unemployment, and thousands are being driven out of the country from the same cause. To all this the Government appears to be utterly indifferent, while aggravating the evil by discharging men from the national factories, and disbanding a portion of the army. The least it could do would be to take measures to prevent these men from drifting into the ranks of the unemployed.

**The Abolition of Fines.**—Socialists believe that most—if not all—of the crime of to-day is the result of the particular social and economic conditions under which we live; a result of environment. But, under present circumstances, with our noxious penal code as it is, we think the most one-sided way of meting out "justice" is that of fines. Anyone who is rich can pay a fine easily; but the poor man cannot. It simply means that riches provide one with the privilege of commiting innumerable crimes with impunity. It means also that poverty in itself is a crime. The

same may be said of the system of "bail." Persons of wealth are enabled to secure the temporary release of a prisoner, the amount of bail ranking in proportion to the gravity of the offence. It is a ridiculous system, but very acceptable to the dominant faction—the capitalist class. It means that one of their number can commit very heinous crimes and still secure his liberty, while, on the other hand, a workman, for the least punishable offence, has to suffer the full rigour of the law. If we are to have a system of "bail" at all why not let representative citizens—independent of their property qualification—serve as security ?

**One Lesson of the London Municipal Elections.**—The result of the municipal elections in London may be regarded as the consequence of a wave of reaction against Progressive folly, or the vague and blind grasping of the ignorant electorate after a change. Everyone seems heartily sick of the old parties, with their evil traditions, and the trick of the Moderates calling themselves "Municipal *Reformers*" may have counted for something. However that may be, there is satisfaction in the knowledge that the Socialist movement has the great historic Liberal Party practically at its mercy. The startling tale told by the election returns shows that, had it not been for Socialist assertion and interference, the Progressives could still have regarded their position with confidence. Now they are in the depths, and their poor polls are as the handwriting on the wall. In future the Liberals will have to answer for their conduct to the Socialists, or else bring about the extinction of their own political significance.

# SOCIALISM IN SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY.

PAPER READ AT THE CENTRAL BRANCH S.D.F.

Few countries present for the Social-Democrat a more interesting or more fruitful comparison than the two which I have chosen as the subject of my lecture to-night. Few countries, in fact, present a more startling contrast. On the one hand, Germany, autocratic, bureaucratic. On the other Switzerland, the land of the most advanced bourgeois democracy.

To take Switzerland first. The character which I have just given to Switzerland of being the most advanced bourgeois must be given with the following reservation. It is the only land where the old primitive democracy is still to be seen. In many cantons we find institutions which would, at first sight, appear to be most advanced democratic, but which turn out, on closer inspection, to be merely the result of the political and economic stagnation in those cantons. I refer here to the so-called "Landsgemeinde," cantons where legislation is carried out, not by a Parliamentary assembly elected for the purpose, but by a meeting of the qualified citizens of the entire canton. It is obvious to anybody who thinks for a moment that an institution of that kind would be perfectly impossible in a modern industrial State. That is possible where

the entire population is little more than that of a village, and where the issues to be decided are of a simple nature, but it is obvious that it is impossible where the population is numbered by thousands, and the issues are highly complex and obscured by class antagonisms. Besides these cantons, however, where the old democratic forms still assert themselves, there are the modern industrial cantons, such as canton Zürich, Bâle, and so on, where the bourgeois democracy has been carried out as completely as it has anywhere in the world, and which justify the character which I have given to Switzerland as a whole. That was the result of the revolutionary movements of the small bourgeoisie in the last century.

Switzerland, in short, sums up two forms of the small bourgeois rule, both in its most conservative and its most progressive aspects. One, where a primitive democracy of peasant proprietors has held its own; the other where the small bourgeoisie largely in the towns, but also the peasants in the country, have succeeded in getting rid of an aristocracy which had developed in the Middle Ages, as it did develop in the Swiss towns, on the basis of the silk and other industries. You may, in short, say that democracy had only maintained itself where everybody was so poor that there was no surplus for non-workers; where that developed, there developed itself an aristocracy. This aristocracy, however, was got rid of in the course of last century in all the Swiss towns and cantons where it existed, and the consequence has been that in one form or another you see in Switzerland a democracy which is certainly carried as far as, if not further, than anywhere else in the world. For example, in Zürich, not only have we got the direct election by the people of the members of the Government, but that of practically every functionary down to and including the school teachers, and the same thing is to be found in other cantons. The Federal Government, it is true, is not so advanced—

there the direct election of the Government was rejected by the ruling Radical Party, as well as Proportional Representation. But that does not interfere with the general truth of the remark that nowhere is the bourgeois democracy further developed than in Switzerland, taken as a whole, and everywhere it is essentially a peasant or a small bourgeois democracy. In striking contrast to this stands Germany, or Prussia magnified—which is all that united Germany amounts to. Germany, it was obvious to all observers, was only to be united in one of two ways, either on a democratic footing by a virtual sweeping away of all the numerous little Governments or by one of the Governments swallowing up all the rest. The year 1848 saw the first attempted, and the succeeding years saw it fail—thanks to the cowardice of the German bourgeoisie. The German bourgeoisie, in the midst of their rebellion against the feudal system—the feudal aristocracy, the feudal monarchies, which had up to then hemmed in the development of Germany—suddenly became aware of the German proletariat as an independent factor in the situation, and saw in that a more dangerous enemy than the old Conservative forces. Consequently they made an alliance with the Conservatives—against the working man. German unity was achieved not on a democratic basis but by the absorption of the other German States by the most reactionary of all—Prussia. Strictly speaking, the absorption was not complete. The powerful German States certainly obtained considerable concessions to enter the German unity, but with time these concessions have lost their importance, or have been given up—and now Prussia is rapidly becoming Germany. In no respect is that more marked than in regard to the railways. Formerly all the more important States controlled their own. Now, virtually all the railways except the Bavarian are controlled from Berlin—and it is only a question of time how long Bavaria can hold out. The Social-

Democrats have over and over again proposed that these should be transferred to the Imperial Government, so as to bring them within the control of the Reichstag—but the German Governments won't have that. By keeping them nominally in the hands of the individual States, they are able to say when any debate is raised in the Reichstag on an occurrence, say, in Prussia, that it is a matter for the Prussian Government. The fact, in this case, that the Prussian Government and Imperial Government are, to all intents and purposes, the same, does not prevent the Government playing Box and Cox with an unreal distinction. The Prussian Government is answerable only to the Prussian Parliament, and the Prussian Parliament is elected on a suffrage which carefully excludes the workers. Of course, where the State which gives rise to the debate is one where there is a Socialist Party in the Landtag, the question can be raised there, but as things now are, with the exception of Bavaria, the railways are governed not by the individual Government directly, but by a committee on which the individual Government is only represented along with Prussia and other States. Thus even in States where there is a democratic Parliament, the Minister can only reply to all questions that his Government are bound by their agreement with other Governments. They can only promise to bring pressure to bear on the Committee. In Bavaria it is true that the Landtag retains a certain control, but there, unfortuately, the Catholic Party rules the roost absolutely. But, Bavaria apart, and it is certain that Bavaria cannot continue for long to hold out, Prussia, and through her, the German Government, controls the railway system of Germany in a manner which allows it to evade the control of the Reichstag and all other Parliaments.

Naturally, under such circumstances, it need hardly be any cause for surprise when we hear that under the wonderful German railway system, which is often given

to us as an example of State Socialism, sweating prevails such as is fully the equal of any private company, and the wishes of the great mass of the travelling public hardly meet with any consideration at all—less, in fact, in many respects than under the English railway system. The evil lies naturally, not in the fact that they are State railways, but in the fact that the whole institutions of the State are removed from popular control, and exploited in the most unscrupulous manner by a decadent aristocracy, aided by the cowardice of the bourgeoisie, who have long since lost whatever self-respect they ever had, and now can find nothing better to do than in taking on the most idiotic characteristics and aping all the weaknesses of the so-called old families.

I have dwelt on this matter of the railways because, for one thing, the weaknesses of the German railways are always being quoted against railway nationalisation in England, but more because it enabled me to bring into strong relief the marked contrast between the Swiss and the German Governments. Germany to-day forms the citadel of reaction in the truest sense of the word.

To this last assertion striking witness is borne by the brutal manner in which the people in Prussia —the State which comprises two-thirds of the entire area and much more than half of the population—and in Saxony—a State which comprises the most important industrial district of Germany—are excluded from representation in a Parliament which has to decide practically all the questions which vitally interest them. them. Then comes the indescribable barbarism of militarism, which puts the men who are forced to serve their country at the absolute mercy of men who may be nothing else than human tigers, with a cat-like love of torture as such. I may say that some of these charming specimens have not only kicked men in the stomach and performed other similar cruelties, but have forced them to the most disgusting

practices. Of course, the sense of absolute power naturally encourages the growth of all that is brutal in a nature inclined that way—these cases are the natural product of the system. This brutality receives further encouragement by the fact that the severity of the punishment is in inverse proportion to the merits of the case. The officer who brutally illtreats, may be in hundreds of cases, men who are at his mercy receives a light punishment compared with the common soldier who, goaded to desperation, strikes a superior. The cynical openness with which the class war is here proclaimed is almost without a parallel outside Germany. But the same applies to all the branches of the German Government, whether in central or local administration, i.e., in North Germany. In South Germany, it is true, the class war takes a milder form —the Governments generally are more democratic and industry less developed; in fact, now in all the principal South German States, Adult Suffrage (for men only) has been introduced for the Landtag, and in another, Hesse, the Grand Duke has just confirmed the election of a Socialist as a magistrate in an important town.

The most Liberal State in Germany is perhaps Wurtemberg, where the International Congress will meet next year. Even under the Socialist Law Socialists had liberties there which they had not elsewhere. Baden and Bavaria have also in general enjoyed a certain reputation for Liberalism. It must, on the other hand, be said that these States are less industrially developed than North Germany, but now, even sleepy, good-natured Bavaria has given proof at Nuremberg that her police can be as brutal as the Cossacks of the Czar of Russia. Only this summer the Nuremberg police, practically without provocation, instituted a general slaughter lasting over three days, during which time they attacked harmless passers-by with swords, shot wildly and at random into windows of houses, forcibly entered dwellings, etc.; we can only say, in fact, that the force for the preserva-

tion of the public peace disturbed that peace in the most scandalous manner. And the only excuse for it was that a popular festival, usually associated with a certain amount of beer drinking, occurred during a strike. The strikers were very careful apparently to avoid the festival, or to give any ground for the police to interfere, and the police had every reason not to provoke the crowd, but they went on just the opposite tack. They deliberately provoked a blood bath, and there is, I think, reason to think that this is part of the deliberate policy of the German governing classes. A similar blood bath was avoided in Westphalia during the strike of the miners only by the iron discipline of the Socialists and trade union organisations—who persuaded their members to avoid alcohol during the struggle, and organised a police force of their own; and also in Berlin during the great demonstrations of January, for Universal Suffrage in Prussia, the Social-Democrats kept the peace for the police. But in Breslau, the police succeeded in getting up a riot which they put down with unparalleled brutality. Here, an absolutely innocent man—he was, in fact, an opponent of Socialism—was standing in his doorway; seeing what was going on, he retired hastily into his house; too late, however; a policeman followed him in, chased him upstairs, and as he clung to the bannisters the policeman hacked his hand off with his sword. That policeman was seen by many witnesses, but the authorities were unable subsequently to find out who had done it. That was repeated on a milder scale in Hamburg, Frankfurt, and other towns.

In connection with the above stands the fact, that almost every strike now, however unimportant, is answered by the employers with a general lock-out on a very large scale. In fact, even the least concession demanded is made the occasion for a most provocative display of force on the part of the employers' associations. If, elsewhere, the governing classes hope to maintain their power by small concessions, in Germany

they do it with exactly the opposite policy—a policy of open defiance—nay, of provocation. My firm belief, in fact, is that, alarmed by the growth of Social-Democracy, the German governing classes are eagerly trying to force the workers to an open trial of strength, which would possibly enable them to abolish the Reichstag suffrage, the right of coalition, and all liberties, and to institute a blood bath which would paralyse the movement before it grows still stronger, they hope, for some years. But that they won't achieve; the German proletariat, taken as a whole, are much too well organised, and seeing, as they do to a large extent, through their beautiful plans, are determined to give no cause to the enemy. They know that they can afford to bide their time—the future is with them.

Alongside of the above, we have had examples of another policy in Germany, in the increasing disinclination to employ military during strikes. In the enormous Miners' strike in Westphalia of last year, there was hardly a soldier to be seen in the district. Certainly no extraordinary preparations as was the case in the previous strike, when, in the words of a friend of mine, the district literally bristled with soldiers. This withdrawal of the soldiers, no doubt had its ground in the fact that the police are recognised to be far more brutal, and being armed with swords and revolvers, are a far more efficient force even than the cavalry. But also, no doubt, in the fact that there are still some Provincial Presidents in the Prussian Government, who realise that it is not good tactics to provoke the workers too far—especially workers who are still faithful, as the Rhine and Westphalia Miners are, to the Catholic Party. In general, however, it must be said of the German Imperial Government, that there is nothing more characteristic of its general policy than its flagrant contradictions. That is, no doubt, a consequence of the struggles of various parties, and parties who stand behind the throne, with all their competing interests.

To sum up, Germany is that land where the reaction is armed with weapons such as it has nowhere else. A bureaucracy which in the main is not to be bribed and stands absolutely at the disposal of those in power; an army which is as well organised as any that we have seen; professors whose learning is only equalled by their readiness to place that learning at the disposal of the mighty and to obscure the truth in the interests of the existing order; a bourgeoisie which is no less subservient to those above than brutal to those below them, and finally a Church or Churches into whose hands the education of the common people —the proletariat—has now been committed in most German States.

When we compare this with Switzerland—the land of the most advanced democracy—where every public official owes his position not to any supposed divine right but because he is elected by the people, we are struck, in spite of the unmistakeable contrast between the two, by the very remarkable similarities which show themselves in the course of their development. In fact, you may say the contrasts are of yesterday and to-day, the similarities are of to-day and to-morrow. With the growing development of capitalism the differences tend to grow smaller and smaller. Switzerland, cannot, it is true, hope to annex swamps in Africa, or to pour millions of pounds out in the name of a colonial policy which might be usefully spent for social purposes at home. Switzerland has no fleet. But Switzerland is not without militarism, and a militarism which is just as good as that of other countries in wasting money. In contrast to Germany, the Swiss democratic army is constantly being called on to act against strikers. Recently during the builders' strike, Zurich was converted into an armed camp. Men were arrested and knocked about by the soldiers and police for having spoken "in jest" of the army. And finally, a well-known Socialist member of the Cantonal Parliament, Sigg, and other

members of the party, including a woman, were tried before a court-martial for having written and circulated literature inciting the soldiers not to shoot on their brother workers. Sigg alone was condemned, to eight months' imprisonment, but that a woman should be tried by court-martial is certainly a novelty. Shall we describe it as a testimony to the right of woman to take her place in public life?

It has been sometimes said that democracy modifies the class war—Switzerland shows, that under certain conditions, democracy can produce a sharper form of the class war, even than more reactionary forms of government. And why? Switzerland is the land of the small master, and the peasant proprietor. Speaking generally, you may say, Swiss politics are controlled by the peasants in the first place; secondly, by the hotel proprietors. The workers in Switzerland are, to a very large extent foreigners, either Italian, German, or Austrian, consequently without political rights. But in towns like Zurich, you get a very large number of small masters. The peasants control the representation of the country districts, while the small masters have a very great influence in the towns. But just these small masters are the most bitterly opposed of all the capitalists to any rise of wages, and the same applies in very great measure to the peasants; consequently, when the workers begin to strike, they have no more bitter opponents than these classes, i.e., so soon as their strikes begin to raise the general rate of wages. The small bourgeoisie—the small masters, are organised at Zurich into a so-called "Citizens' Alliance," whose impotent ravings over the Social-Democracy and whose infatuated politics are simply the struggles of men whose very existence as a class is doomed. Those of us who had to go among these worthies certainly learned many a most instructive lesson, what we might expect—the way in which men whom one had hitherto looked on as harmless, good-natured folks, developed into enraged turkey cocks,

was very funny. I may add, that foreigners were expelled in the most arbitrary manner—of course, I refer to Social-Democrats and workers. For example, a well-known secretary of a trade union, who had married a Swiss woman, and had children, was given twenty-four hours in which to go—he was given no reasons, he had no chance to find out. His wife was away from home, and he did not know what to do about his home, his little furniture, etc.; the future was equally unknown. To go back to Germany, even if he dared, to get employment there is not so easy, and where then to go? That all means money, money, and more money! And they call that free Switzerland! But, the class war cannot be taken up by one side alone, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that all the reaction has only had the effect of propagating our Socialist press. The Editor of "Volksrecht," a well-known and deeply-respected man, was expelled. The bourgeoisie hoped to hurt us. All our propaganda for "Volksrecht," which is our daily organ in Zürich, was not so effective as that. The circulation went up in a short time from 6,000, I believe, to close on 9,000. Moreover, our friends have resolved now on a special propaganda among the small peasants, and the workers, so far as they are Swiss, in order to see if we cannot win them to a far greater extent than we have hitherto managed, not only the land workers, but the town, into our ranks. The former are exploited under the form of mortages, and it remains to be seen whether we cannot do anything for them. Of course, there is always the danger that to do that we begin to promise to the small peasants to improve their condition at the cost of the community at large—and that we find ourselves on a sloping plane—in doing so we make an endeavour to prop up antiquated forms of industry, which means swimming against the stream, and necessarily absorbs larger and larger sums of money, and is bound, in time, to alienate the workers. Moreover, it remains a fact that we never can promise so

much as those parties who have, frankly, only one aim in view, that is to give the peasant proprietors a privileged position at the cost of the community at large. That is the dangerous side of peasant propaganda.

But, of course, so far as we can persuade them that their hope lies in the development of the community at large, that even as peasant proprietors they have everything to hope from the increased power of the workers to purchase what they, the peasants, produce ; if we can show them, on the other hand, that subsidies and so on only raise the tribute which they have to pay to the mortagees—only raise the rate of interest ; if we can show them that capitalism, with the attendant militarism, is as much their enemy as ours—much may be done.

And the Swiss workers ! Hitherto the great difficulty has been even to get them into the trade unions. The weakness of the trade unions and political organisations was that they were so largely composed of foreigners, who were all the more unsympathetic to the Swiss worker, possibly when they were workers speaking the same German language. To the German worker it is very difficult to place himself at the point of view of the Swiss worker, who, even when a worker, is nearly always half a peasant, and has inherited a bourgeois method of looking at things. The German worker, especially the Prussian, was apt to see everything in the light of his German experience. And thus an antagonism has persisted, much to the weakness of the Labour movement. But thanks to our enemies we are being taught to close up our ranks. The Swiss workers are losing their pride in a fatherland which has long since forgotten all the rights of its children. In common with others, the Swiss workers find that the enemy is not across the frontier, but that their enemy is the capitalists, who have monopolised their country, while their friends are the proletariat of the whole world.

We find, in fact, both in Germany and Switzerland that our party cannot grow without exciting reaction.

Every strike for better conditions naturally touches our opponents where they are most sensitive—their pocket, and social reform is only effective so long as it does the same, and diminishes the fund available for the idle. But this reaction in turn helps us more in the long run than all the alliances which we can form with bourgeois parties.

In Germany the great struggle in the party itself over revisionism has been decided by the fact that it is obviously impossible to bridge over the class war. Those who make the attempt soon find themselves placed before the alternative: To which camp do they belong? Dr. Barth, who looms so largely in the eyes of English Liberals, has no following in either camp in Germany. His is a party of officers without soldiers. Revisionism in the old sense is dead. It has, however, of late been to a certain extent revived in the much-talked-of division between the trade unions and the party; on this, Radicals like Dr. Barth have set great hopes. The friction, such as it was, arose over the general or political mass strike; it was not so much indeed, between the party and the trade unions as with certain of the trade union leaders. Both in the party itself, with its growth, and more so with the trade unions, we must recognise a tendency to develop a bureaucratic way of looking at things.

The trade union official absorbed in the thousand and one petty details of his office is apt to see things too exclusively in the light of building up a big cash reserve fund and to leave all other considerations out of sight but that of maintaining his cash balance, and also to set his duty to his trade union above his duty to the party. And the danger is greater the more conscientiously he performs his duties. The best means of guarding against this lies in the general recognition on the side of officials and members of trade unions that the danger exists. Once it is recognised as such it ceases to be a danger, and the debate at Mannheim had the very welcome effect of removing

all misunderstandings on the question. I myself regretted that Kautsky's resolution, the essence of which was a reminder to certain trade union officials that so long as they were also members of the party they had to submit to the party discipline—I was sorry that this resolution was not carried. But Kautsky himself was so contented with the discussion, and notably with the speeches of the trade union leaders themselves, that he attached less value to the mere formal acceptance of the resolution—the spirit of it had prevailed.

As to the General Strike itself, it has been sought to make out that there was a contradiction on this point between the attitude of Bebel at the Congress of Jena in the previous year and at Mannheim this. The only distinction was this: At Jena the main point was to persuade the party to take a new weapon into its armoury, to be used, as was expressly stated, in the last resort, and the eventuality that was in most minds was, I believe, an attempt to abolish the Adult Suffrage for the Reichstag. Bebel's speech was intended to be a sort of warning to the ruling classes not to go too far with their reaction. But after Jena certain members of the party chose to read into the proceedings what nobody had dreamt of there—the idea that it was proposed to get a General Strike in motion for obtaining Adult Suffrage in Prussia. Now to anybody who knows the conditions of Germany that will appear absurd. In the first place no general strike can be made—it must be a spontaneous movement; secondly, no movement for obtaining Universal Suffrage in Prussia can ever end with that. It means a movement against the German bourgeoisie entrenched in their strongest citadel—a citadel which they have shown that they are prepared to hold to the bitter end. Consequently any movement against that must develop into a general struggle for power between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. It must be a revolutionary movement and can only have a revolu-

tionary end. Thirdly, it must be an end which appeals to the German proletariat as a whole. Now, I don't believe that anybody thought that for a question like the Prussian suffrage, which had only recently been taken up again by the Prussian comrades after it had been allowed to rest for years, it would be possible to get up a general strike in Prussia alone, to say nothing of other parts. Once, however, the misunderstanding had arisen, with however little justification, Bebel considered it his duty to point out the limitations of the application of the general strike. Thus, the two speeches are not contradictory but complementary.

To the same category belongs the talk which has been indulged in by certain friends on the weakness of the party. A contrast has been drawn between the influence of the much smaller French Party in the French Chamber, and the powerlessness of the German Party in the Reichstag. A comparison is again drawn between the success of the Austrian Party, with their general strike for suffrage, and the powerlessness of the German Party to abolish the most reactionary European suffrage—the Prussian and Saxon three-class suffrage systems. As a matter of fact, it is a tribute to the growing strength of the party. The more the bourgeoisie find the waters rising to drown them, the more anxiously do they cling to what remains to them, the more desperately do they entrench themselves. The German bourgeoisie do not make concessions, because they feel that concessions are no good. Too late. It is all or nothing. The policy of the German Party is to avoid being provoked into premature risings. That gives rise to a certain suspicion on the part of foreign comrades, that the party is too legal in its methods. When we say that, we must bear in mind, on the other hand, that the German Party has every reason to be proud of its strict legality. There was a saying of Bismarck about the damned legality of the German Party. The damned legality of the party was its safeguard, even

under the old Socialist Law—and with legal methods they defeated that dastardly attempt. The Congress at Jena showed that the almost pious belief in the efficacy of this method had waned enormously in the party. If that did not come so clearly to expression at Mannheim as at Jena, it was due to the fact that at the former it was felt that it was no longer necessary to say so; the work of conversion was well-nigh complete.

Last of all, the question that will have most interest to foreign comrades is, what action are the German Party likely to take in the event of war. Naturally, I may say, that I am in no way authorised to speak for the German Party, or its executive—but I believe at the same time I am right in saying that our German comrades do not believe in secret plans which only have a knack of falling into the hands of police spies, etc. A democratic party must be open; any other policy only leads to disaster. Moreover, a party which takes its stand on the Marxian position knows that the decision in the class struggle will be sealed, not by the cleverness of statesmen, but by the weight of the economic factor, and that in the event of war a party which numbers the adherents of the Socialist Party must be considered. It is not what the party say that decides—it is what the party will be forced to do by the logic of its own history and the pressure of the class struggle. Bebel's words, that the party will do its duty, have much more significance than appears on the surface. The party which made the bold stand against the infamous war of 1871, which protested against the still worse annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the party which has since, despite all the bitterness and misrepresentation on the one hand, and the clever blandishments on the other, stuck firmly and without wavering to a policy of anti-militarism, which has never voted for a single military Budget, but has religiously fought militarism with all the weapons at its disposal, need not be accused of cowardice if they do not

care to go out with what they consider to be pop-guns against such a well-armed enemy.

How far the resolution of my friend Dr. Liebknecht can be described as a pop-gun I do not know, and whether the individuals can rebel against the iniquitous system of militarism must be judged, in part at least, by the tremendous nature of the penalties which the German penal code has for such offences, and the proportion that that bears to any prospective result. The most hopeful method is, I think, that of making the recruits Socialists. Once we get enlightened Socialists in the army—and the party are now well awake to the necessity of that—I think we can leave it to them to say what they are to do, much as we can leave it to the German Party as a whole to do their duty in the event of a European war being threatened.

The struggle of the Social-Democratic Party in Germany is the struggle of the best organised section of the international army of the proletariat against the meanest and most despicable, but at the same time the most powerful and intellectually the best equipped and organised section of the bourgeoisie. The German proletariat will, with their victory, remove the heaviest of the remaining millstones from the neck of Europe. It will open the way to the emancipation, not only of the proletariat, but mankind, from the barbarism of capitalism.

J. B. Askew.

## H. G. WELLS AND HIS "MANKIND IN THE MAKING."

In last month's "Social Democrat" the book, "Mankind in the Making," is attacked by C. H. Norman. It must have pleased him much when he hit upon the title for his article, "Mr. Wells's Babies." And so, no doubt, he imagines he has handled them, put them into the tub as it were, for washing clean. The result is much pretty froth and no real washing done.

He begins his article by seeking to assure us that his criticism is founded on carefully-formed "opinion" that the author of the book is "seeking to entice us from the road of real reform by inviting us to join with him in a vain chase after the beckoning phantom of Physical Regeneration, to capture which we are to transform the world into a huge baby manufactory—in fact, that the production and perfection of babies should be the Alpha and Omega of the future Anglo-Saxon polity." And for the purpose, as he believes, of supporting the opinion—not *judgment*, let it be noted—he quotes the following from the author. "Any collective human enterprise, institution, movement, party, or state is to be judged as a whole and completely, as it conduces more or less to wholesome and hopeful births, and according to the qualitative and quantitative advance, due to its influence made by each

generation of citizens born under its influence, towards a higher and ampler standard of life." And again: "Life is a texture of births." Then after working himself up virtuously, hot-like, over the theory of a procreative state, according to his way of looking at it, "grounded entirely on babies . . . . a howling wilderness of babies," etc., his fine frenzy at this point expends itself with the information that the procreative seed and growth of Mr. Wells's idea is found in the passage from his work which runs thus: "Take away this fact of birth and what is there remaining? A world without flowers, without the singing of birds, without the freshness of youth, with a spring that brings no seedlings, and a year that bears no harvest, without beginnings and without defeats, a vast stagnation, a universe of inconsequent matter—Death! Not only does the substance of life vanish if we eliminate birth," etc.

"Well and admirably put," says Mr. Norman, but starts out in pursuit of a fallacy therein. He finds and exposes it a creature of his fancy, in the shape of a "daddy longlegs," seeker after light, "that it may procreate!"—which of course is very funny indeed, but quite away outside his quotations from Wells. It would have shown some disposition to go right, understand fairly, had he come close up to Wells's words and denied them. He felt he must not venture on that. It was likely clear enough to him that the whole of the first quotation from "any" to "life" is absolutely indisputable in meaning, fact, and intention. And "Life is a texture of births." What sane person would seek to gainsay the sense of that? None, surely, save Mr. Norman; and in a manner that would be worth giving in full for its manifestation of splenetic fatuousness did the value of space not arrest one's hand at this point.

If one Social-Democrat is called upon to respect another Social-Democrat's shocked modesty—which is Mr. Norman's position—over the all-engrossing

problem of the birth, the life, the death of human beings and States, and solutions of that problem on the way to collective earthly happiness, then I at least must refuse to respect it and prefer the naked truth.

Yet our critic had a chance, and missed it—Ecclesiastes would have put him right: "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and *chance* happeneth to them all"—when he should not have missed it, the chance of showing us the road to "real reform" which the author of "'Mankind in the Making' is seeking to entice us from." That road, Mr. Norman might have known, we all want to find; he does not even indicate its whereabouts, but instead, seeks to flicker our eyes with the irrelevance of a supposititious Diogenes, a Romulus, and a Pomponius Laetus; then breaks out into crescendo: "Behold! the sweet rose, the fair lily, the glorious rhododendron, the gay buttercup, and the elegant bluebell—do they exist to procreate, or to enchant?" Which is pretty, and no flies about it, not even daddy longlegs to enliven the scene. But another mood immediately follows, sad indeed: "Mr. Wells, in the passage we are analysing, and Ignorance march arm-in-arm to herald the pronouncement that Life is more wonderful than Death." The word Ignorance with the capital I, or small one, does not pertain to Mr. Wells, as Mr. Norman might have known had he taken pains to avoid its clear-fitness in this case to himself. No blustering injustice of the kind hurts anybody so much as its perpetrator.

The appearance of such an article in the "Social-Democrat," acknowledged to be the best magazine expression of advanced Socialist thought and tendency in English (wherein Mr. Norman has figured very favourably of late on questions within his grasp), and the probability that some, at least, of its readers might be misled by him, is my reason for not letting it pass unanswered. That reason is, besides, due from me, so

I feel, as it was my privilege to be the first, with Mr. Wells's consent, to propose him as a member of the Central Branch of the S.D.F. a few months ago.

There is not in the whole of Mr. Norman's article any serious attempt at trying to understand, form reasonable opinion, or judgment, of the meaning and scope of Mr. Wells's book, nor of any other of his books in the like line of thought, acquaintance with which is necessary to fair criticism of "Mankind in the Making." That work, together with "The Modern Utopia" are figures in a noble and courageous design and sequence to his "Anticipations," and the noted pamphlet "The Discovery of the Future," and indeed with much besides published since "Mankind in the Making." As, for instance, at certain points, his "In the Days of the Comet," and the whole general trend of his quite remarkable work that appeared a few weeks ago on the invincible growth, politico-economic and ethical present and future of America. The grand conception has been developing more and more it seems for years past in his mind; an impelling conviction there, full of heart and soul, the truth and reasonableness of which will in the main, I believe, have recognition, and to no small extent realisation as time goes on.

Our critical comrade expands, a little further on in his article, and gives us the benefit of some tit-bits from his ample memory by way of inferred learning. Life and death arrest his attention. So he wanders into Scandinavian mythology, thinks Hel (in our Christian persuasion Hell) illuminating; and with passing reference, on his way back, to Harpagon, Barère, Goldsmith, the Chevalier de Maison Rouge, finds his daddy-longlegs once more—this time with a black-beetle—that intended very likely—for his knowledge of English grammar, it will presently be seen, is equal to his reflection on babies—to suggest that the copulative conjunction has infinite possibilities! Having passed through all this, he assures us

that he has "shattered the vital foundation of Mr. Wells's Doll's House." That's it. Yet he does not stop there.

Now we turn to a part of his diatribe that interests because it is true appreciation of the Social-Democratic and the pro-Boer feeling in England during the South African campaign, and since. That Mr. Norman has done his case harm by vulgar abuse and the imputation of "falsehood" to Mr. Wells is regretable, most on account of truth itself. The passage in the book that he loses his head and good manners over, is this: "The same men who spouted infinite mischief because a totally unforeseen and unavoidable epidemic of measles killed some thousands of children in South Africa, who, for some idiotic or wicked vote-catching purpose, attempted to turn that epidemic to the permanent embitterment of Dutch and English, these same men allowed thousands of avoidable deaths of English children close at hand to pass absolutely unnoticed." The latter part of the sentence with the first part are "downright falsehoods," we are told, which means they were written to deceive, that truth was wilfully suppressed. It is an outrage to say so, because error of judgment is all the words express, and no error of the kind has anything of the nature of a lie in it. Besides, as any thinking Socialist will admit, errors of judgment at one time are rectified at another time through the open mind and the love of truth for its own sake. No man seeks truth and lives for it more assiduously than our comrade H. G. Wells.

Considering that "Mankind in the Making" was written while the South African War was at its height, and that then about 95 per cent. of our people were insane with patriotic blood-thirstiness, that many Fabians showed symptoms of the sort, it is surprising how Wells escaped in the casting out of a little devil in the sentence just referred to. His Fabianism of to-day, as we all know, is of the chastening kind not loved of the orthodox who affect it as socialistic.

At their best, not worst, those words of his should be judged, and then we find that they, the whole sentence, and indeed the context, were meant to emphasise what he keenly felt at the time, namely, the "holocaust of children that goes on year by year" in England, and that what in a similar way, aggravated by war, was happening in the concentration camps of South Africa to the Boer children silenced, to a great extent, the cries of our helpless suffering ones at home. Mr. Wells shows how during the same year of dread mortality among the unfortunate Boer children, in Lancashire alone no less than 21,000 died needlessly. Surely that ugly fact might have been put in the balance by his critic; it would have weighed heavily as impartial truth. That portion of "Mankind in the Making" is indignant protest by its author at the perennial massacre of the innocents taking place in our midst. In this chapter on "Certain Aspects of Man-Making," and on the next page to the one from which Mr. Norman quotes, we get at how Mr. Wells feels on this terrible aspect of childhood, starvation, disease, and death.

"These poor little souls are born, amidst tears and suffering they gain such love as they may, they learn to feel and suffer, they struggle and cry for food, for air, for the right to develop, and our civilisation at present has neither the courage to kill them outright quickly, cleanly, and painlessly, nor the heart and courage and ability to give them what they need. They are overlooked and misused. They go short of food and air, they fight their pitiful little battle for life against the cruellest odds, and they are beaten. Battered, emaciated, pitiful, they are thrust out of life, borne out of our regardless world, stiff little, life-soiled sacrifices to the spirit of disorder, against which it is man's pre-eminent duty to battle. There has been all the pain in their lives—there has been the radiated pain of their misery, there has been the waste of their grudged and insufficient food, and all the pain

and labour of their mothers, and all the world is the sadder for them because they have lived in vain."

In another part of his article Mr. Norman finds fault with our author for having a good word to say of the King. It was scarcely worth while raking that up, as many staunch S.D.F. and other Socialists respect Edward VII. very much as a man; which is about all Mr. Wells meant, as may be judged by the fact that his impatience at the seemingly slow realisations, not only of biology and sociology, but of mechanics and general well-being: that is to say, he, for instance, believes that the nineteenth century started the steam engine on its way to the ruin of royalty, the peerage, landowning rulers, and commercial plutocracy. In other words, the machinery that profited the privileged of one kind and another, filled their money bags, is now quick-pacing them on to destruction, and the certain emancipation of Labour. This view, in relation to social elements, he alludes to in "Mankind in the Making," and discusses in "Anticipations" and elsewhere.

"Mankind in the Making" must not be taken as the final word in even Mr. Wells's exceptionally advanced thinking on social matters. His scheme is carefully, modestly put, yet palpitates with hope in the coming of good and the departure of evil as times advance and men grow wiser. But it is to be feared that his philosophy, imagination, eloquence, and mastery of the language he writes—notably of the subjunctive mood, which his critic has still to learn—and that go so far to uphold the "New Republican" idea, will fall short of redeeming it from the unhappy part played in the past and being played still by republican governments. No Republic or Socialist State is possible until it is rooted in justice and Socialist economics. Mr. Wells in his forecasts of the future has gone very near to what is likely to have realisable shape so far as English-speaking people may be affected. It would have been better if he had chosen to fit his scheme to other

races, speakers of other languages, as well as English, because the international spirit, now rapidly growing, is not likely to brook special race dominancy in the Co-operative Commonwealth, or much of that kind of thing on the way to it. "Mankind in the Making" portends—and not only so but scientifically and philosophically expresses a great deal that is going to occur before reaching that state. Mr. Wells all through his different writings has boldly faced the odium scientiæ, and because of that has won his way into the affections of the reading public, and to a considerable extent acceptance by the academically-minded exponents of things as they were, or are.

One could say much more about his teaching, and even point out in Mr. Norman's article a tendency here and there to understand and appreciate it, but space and one's time must be considered. Yet a few words about Mr. Norman's descent from his high and beclouded flight to look after the English of "Mankind in the Making" and I have done. It was discreet of him to quote and leave it to us without his analysis. Some people get to know the language by rote, some by rule, and most writers display their competency in the rote if not the rule. At one period of my life—a personal experience need not be unedifying—I had, like some other folks, the rules of grammar *certain*. So much so that I kept up their practice by correcting the slips made by writers of grammars, and extended that practice to the philosophical disquisitions of the abstruse parts of speech called particles. But I found someone had the audacity to try the domine vocative what-rot argument over me. I resisted, gave them back their own counterfeit, but thought, and that saved me. I found that human speech, English *even*, as a whole, is in a manner anarchistic, not at all times to be governed by authority and rules imposed by men who fancy themselves and should not.

J. M. O'FALLON

# THE REVIEWS.

## LIBERALISM AND LABOUR.

Mr. Masterman writes the following under the above heading in the November "Nineteenth Century and After." He says:—

The General Election of last January was hailed by many as the beginning of a new era in English politics. No feature of that upheaval seemed likely to exercise more disturbance than the arrival of an Independent Labour Party in the House of Commons. For the nine succeeding months public attention has been concentrated upon its members and methods. From the first it was evident to those who saw below the surface that this was a party in the making rather than a party made; that its advent as a conscious and substantial force in the House of Commons was but the commencement of a development whose end no man can foresee.

Two subjects especially have occupied the attention of those who were concerned in a wider outlook than that of the political game. The one was the relationship of this new party to the Liberal Party, which had suddenly returned to power with such enormous strength. The other was the conflict within this party between those who desired a test of class and those who desired a test of principle. In the last month both these questions have flared up into unexpected violence. Two Liberal Whips, in a meeting in Scotland, took upon themselves, somewhat unaccountably, to throw down a challenge of war. The one defied "a body of malignant wreckers who would destroy the Liberal Party if they could; and build up in its place an exacting tyranny under which he hoped the working man would never fall." The other promised "very little quarter" to those who were elected in part by Liberal votes, and yet often refused to go into the Liberal lobby. The Scottish Liberal Association declared its intention of fighting at every election anyone who declared himself a Socialist.

The Liberal newspapers endeavoured, with some anxiety, to cast oil on the troubled waters. The Tory newspapers hailed with glee the first evidences of a split within the dominant majority. Cabinet Ministers and other lesser speakers indulged in pleasant periods concerning the impossibility of Socialism and the desirability of Liberals carrying forward a policy of reform.

On the other hand, within the ranks of Labour itself, the observer has contemplated the somewhat indecent quarrel centring around the personality of Mr. Richard Bell; and the remarkable figures of the voting of the miners whether they should or should not affiliate with the Labour Representation Committee.

Nine out of ten Liberal members of Parliament would probably regret the language of their Whips and desire to avoid all evidences of open conflict with Independent Labour. The Liberal press has been supporting Mr. Bell against his assailants. At best these are but incidents, regrettable or otherwise, but not vital. They may precipitate, they cannot transform the large forces which are working for change. A right apprehension of these forces is the first necessity of political prophecy.

. . . . . .

After dealing with conditions as they were previous to the advent of the Labour Party, the writer goes on to say:—

Suddenly into these pleasant time-honoured courses entered the new Labour Party; pushful, aggressive, organised, independent. Its money and its votes have been largely provided by the trade unions, through the action of the "Labour Representation Committee"— a triumph of skilled organisation. But its energy and driving force have been given by the little group who call themselves the "Independent Labour Party," whose aim is not so much the welfare of trade unionism, as the advancement of a definite policy of social reform, leading in the direction of Collectivism. These men are those whom the Master of Elibank has termed "malignant wreckers." Wreckers they may be; "malignant" would seem to be a strong term to be used against men who have made no secret from the beginning of their intentions; who from the beginning have fought Liberals as violently as they have fought Conservatives. If Liberals had had their own way, none of these particular politicians would to-day be in the House of Commons. Mr. MacDonald was badly beaten by two Liberals in a double-membered constituency in 1900. Mr. Jowett has been opposed by the Bradford Liberals in years of bitter controversy, and finally defeated both a Liberal and a Conservative in a triangular contest. Mr. Barnes, at Glasgow, came in at the head of the poll against a Conservative ex-Minister and a Liberal opponent. Mr. Keir Hardie found a Liberal put up against him last January, and beat him by over 2,000 votes. Mr. Snowden, at Blackburn, in two elections lost no opportunity of pouring his scorn upon the Liberals

and the Nonconformists, and finally was returned with a Conservative colleague, beating the Liberal by over 1,000 votes.

These men have never been Liberals. They have never pretended to be Liberals. They have never supported a Liberal on a public platform, and never asked for Liberal support on their platforms. They honestly disbelieve in the intention of the Liberal Party actively to carry out the policy which they desire. They have climbed into Parliament despite bitter Liberal opposition. . . . . And it is a little surprising to find these Socialists scolded by a Liberal Whip for not marching with docility through the Liberal lobbies.

But one or two storm-centres have been muttering for many months on the horizon. The archaic and undemocratic nature of Parliamentary elections, in the long prevalence of the two-party system, has made it possible for a third candidate to cause considerable annoyance by letting into Parliament a member whom the majority of the constituency would never have chosen. The manifestation of such a deplorable result in the recent Cockermouth bye-election was probably the cause of the latest explosion. And many of the older Labour members have confronted with a deepening repugnance the growth of the new "Labour" Party. They see an active propagandism daily developing, especially among the younger men, in their own unions, designed to squeeze them into joining this new body. They feel the rope tightening round their own necks. They are sometimes angry at the fuss and flattery which the new party has attracted. And they are especially incensed at this party taking upon itself a name which would seem to exclude themselves from the ranks of representative labour.

This name, indeed, has been the greatest source of friction. The party led by Mr. Keir Hardie has had considerable dffficulty in finding a satisfactory title for itself. Some members proposed to call it the "Socialist Party"; but the wisest men within its ranks successfully opposed such a change. Some of its members do not understand what Socialism means. Some understand Socialism and definitely reject it. Some are Socialists, but reluctant to alarm the mass of the English people with a name which has come to have a technical and unpleasant significance. To most of the middle class, "Socialists" are men who have bolted with the municipal funds and their neighbours' wives; or, if they have not yet done so, would do so on the slightest provocation. Even to the more enlightened, a "Socialist Party" too often signifies a party pledged to sudden and violent change, involving confiscation, disturbance of the social order, perhaps revolution. It would cut the world into parallelograms, and equalise the thrifty and the laggard. The Labour Party is a party pledged to evolutionary change. There is nothing revolutionary in its immediate policy. The Social-Democrats, indeed, of a more austere and uncompromising creed, are never tired of girding at the

Socialism of the Labour members, for the lack of this quality of immediate action, and for too confident faith in the gradual processes of change.

Under these circumstances the party fell back upon the rather forlorn expedient of calling itself "The Labour Party." Immediately they were thrown into collision with the older Labour members on the Government side of the House. Members of the present Parliament will remember that one of the few really passionate scenes in the past session was that in which this title was challenged from the Government benches. On a technical question of representation on a Committee, Mr. Keir Hardie demanded that his party should have a member. The Government Whip announced that he had already given a seat on the committee to a member of "one of the Labour parties." Those who sat on the Opposition side immediately claimed that they were the only Labour Party. The Liberal trade unionists, amid the angry approval of the Government supporters, asserted with indignation their right to the claim Labour. Many of them protested that they had for long years toiled for Labour's welfare in the House, and for many years before laboured with their hands in mine or factory.

. . . . The Labour men on the Liberal side are convinced Radicals, who speak at Liberal meetings and receive the Government whips, and who have no wish in any way to dissever themselves from the general body of the new majority. The Labour men on the Opposition side are, in the main, Socialists, who repudiate the Liberal whips, and are not allowed to support in public a Liberal candidate, many of whom have been fought by the local Liberals of their constituencies, and who desire above all things to emphasise their independence of both historic parties.

Within this party, and without it amongst the working men of the cities, especially the trade unionists, two forces are fighting for mastery, and the conflict furnishes the key to the friction of the present situation. The one section desires to keep Labour representation as that of a class; the other desires to create a party which shall endorse a programme. The one is committed to that position that working men shall elect working men to the House of Commons. It desires miners to represent miners, postmen to elect postmen, engineers to stand for engineers. If this is not always practicable, it is at least anxious that the skilled artisan class as a whole shall be represented by skilled artisans. Liberals, Conservatives, and Socialists, and men indifferent to politics, will thus subscribe their united funds in order to send direct representatives of their own class into the House of Commons.

. . . . . .

The other section desires to create a party inspired by a definite political ideal, and pressing forward a definite political programme. The ideal is Collectivism; the political programme is reform lead-

ing towards Collectivism. In order to avoid the present implication of the terms "Socialist," I might, perhaps, call them (in a hideous and barbaric phrase) "Social Reformists." These men wish to make a "Social Reformists'" Party. They are starting to-day with the support in finance and prestige of the trade unions, and they hope to keep the trade unions with them. But they have no wish to confine their policy to questions which affect trade unionists or their membership, to those who work with their hands. They would welcome recruits from all classes of society, who will adopt the Social Reformists' programme. They have with them the younger members of the trade union organisations; and the struggle to make a Party out of the members of all and none is to-day one of the most momentous struggles of modern politics.

. . . . . .

The future of the struggle would seem in part to depend upon the future of another and larger problem. This is the problem of relationship between the Social Reformists and the Liberal Party. . . . . The members of the Liberal Party would probably refuse to the thirty members of the new organisation the exclusive title of "Social Reformists." "Are we not keen and eager," they would say, "on all social reforms?" "Are not the perorations of our speeches embroidered with periods concerning the betterment of the poor?" "Have we not consistently voted in every academic debate for large changes in the amelioration of the condition of the people?" Here, as in the first instance, the question is one of emphasis. It would be quite easy to draw up two programmes, every item of which would be endorsed by both parties. But the attitude of determination and choice in the realisation of these programmes would make a profound chasm in actual political energies. The one might consist of these: the Education Bill, Temperence Reform, One Man One Vote, Reform of the House of Lords, Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, Retrenchment of Naval and Military Expenditure. And for the other we might have the following: Feeding of School Children, Old Age Pensions, Graduation of Income Tax, National Work for the Unemployed, Land Nationalisation.

The difference of the three parties is this: that the official Liberal Party would seem to be pushing forward the first, whilst giving a general approval to the second; the official Social Reformist Party would push forward the second, while giving a general approval to the first; and the official Tory Party would strenuously resist both.

. . . . If the spirit of the Master of Elibank and the Scottish Association is to be carried into the warfare in the constituencies it is exceedingly probable that in many cases the feeling thus engendered would cause the minority Labour vote in the second ballot to be given, not to the Liberal but to the Tory candidate.

No party stands certainly to gain. But, with the break-up of the two-party system in England, the time calls for this immediate change if the democratic nature of the English electoral system is to be preserved.

## SOCIALISM AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Our comrade, H. G. Wells, writes an article on the above in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review."

He writes:—

In this paper I am anxious to define and discuss a little the relationship between three distinct things:

(1) Socialism, i.e., a large, a slowly elaborating conception of a sane and organised state and moral culture, to replace our present chaotic way of living.

(2) The Socialist movement, and

(3) The middle classes.

The first is to me a very great thing indeed, the form and substance of my ideal life, and all the religion I possess. Let me make my confession plain and clear. I am, by a sort of predestination, a Socialist. I perceive I cannot help talking and writing about Socialism, and shaping and forwarding Socialism. I am one of a succession—one of a growing multitude of witnesses, who will continue. It does not—in the larger sense—matter how many generations of us must toil and testify. It does not matter, except as our individual concern, how individually we succeed or fail, what blunders we make, what thwarting we encounter, what follies and inadequacies darken our private hopes and level our personal imaginations to the dust. We have the light. We know what we are for, and that the light that now glimmers so dimly through us must in the end prevail. . . . .

So, largely, I conceive of Socialism. But Socialism and the Socialist movement are two very different things. The Socialist movement is an item in an altogether different scale.

I must confess that the organised Socialist movement, all the Socialist societies and leagues and federations and parties together in England, seem to me no more than the rustling hem of the advancing garment of Socialism. For some years the whole organised Socialist movement seemed to me so unimportant, so irrelevant to that progressive development and realisation of a great system of ideas which is Socialism, that, like very many other Socialists, I did not trouble to connect myself with any section of it. I don't believe that the Socialist idea is as yet nearly enough thought-out and elaborated for very much of it to be realised of set intention now. Socialism is still essentially education, is study, is a renewal, a profound change in

the circle of human thought and motive. The institutions which will express this changed circle of thought are important indeed, but with a secondary importance. Socialism is the still incomplete, the still sketchy and sketchily indicative plan of a new life for the world, a new and better way of living, a change of spirit and substance from the narrow selfishness, the chaotic life of individual accident that is human life to-day, a life that dooms itself and all of us to thwartings and misery. Socialism, therefore, is to be served by thought and expression, in art, in literature, in scientific statement and life, in discussion and the quickening exercise of propaganda; but the Socialist movement, as one finds it, is too often no more than a hasty attempt to secure a premature realisation of some fragmentary suggestion of this great, still plastic design, to the neglect of all other of its aspects. As my own sense of Socialism has enlarged and intensified, I have become more and more impressed by the imperfect Socialism of almost every Socialist movement that is going on; by its necessarily partial and limited projection from the clotted cants and habituations of things as they are. Some Socialists quarrel with the Liberal Party, and with the Socialist section of the Liberal Party, because it does not go far enough, because it does not embody a Socialism uncompromising and complete, because it has not definitely cut itself off from the old traditions, the discredited formulæ, that served before the coming of our great idea. They are blind to the fact that there is no organised Socialism at present, uncompromising and complete, and the Socialists who flatter themselves they represent as much are merely those who have either never grasped or who have forgotten the full implication of Socialism. They are just a little step further, a very little step further, in their departure from existing prejudices, in their subservience to existing institutions, and existing imperatives.

Take, for example, the Socialism that is popular in New York and Chicago and Germany, and finds its exponents here typically in the inferior ranks of the Social-Democratic Federation—the Marxite teaching. It still awaits permeation by true Socialist conceptions. It is a version of life adapted essentially to the imagination of the working wage earner, and limited by his limitations. It is the vision of the poor souls perennially reminded each Monday morning of the shadow and irksomeness of life, perpetually recalled each Saturday pay-time to a watery gleam of all that life might be. One of the numberless relationships of life, the relationship of capital or the employer to the employed, is made to overshadow all other relations. Get that put right, "expropriate the idle rich," transfer all capital to the State, make the State the humane, amenable, universal employer—that, to the innumerable Socialist working men, is the horizon. The rest he sees in the forms of the life to which he is accustomed. A little home, a trifle larger and brighter than his present one, a more abounding

table, a cheerful missus released from factory work and unhealthy competition with men, a bright and healthy family going to and fro to the public free schools; free medical attendance, universal State insurance for old age, free trams to Burnham Beeches, shorter hours of work and higher wages, no dismissal; no hunting for work that eludes one.

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For more thorough-going Socialism among the middle classes one must look to those strata and sections in which quickened imaginations and unsettling influences are to be found. The artist is by nature a Socialist. A mind habitually directed to beauty as an end must necessarily be exceptionally awake to the ugly congestions of our contemporary civilisation, to the prolific futile production of gawky, ill-mannered, jostling new things, to the shabby, profit-seeking that ousts beauty from life and poisons every enterprise of man. There is an admirable paper by Oscar Wilde, originally published, I believe, in the "Fortnightly Review," "The Soul of Man (under Socialism)," which puts the whole artistic attitude toward Socialism with an admirable and persuasive lucidity. And not only artistic work, but the better sort of scientific investigation, the better sort of literary work, and every occupation that involves the persistent free use of thought, must bring the mind more and more towards the definite recognition of our social incoherence and waste. But this by no means exhausts the professions that ought to have a distinct bias for Socialism. The engineer, the architect, the mechanical inventor, the industrial organiser, and every sort of maker must be at one in their desire for emancipation from servitude to the promoter, the trader, the lawyer, and the forestaller, from the perpetually recurring obstruction of the claim of the private proprietor to every large and hopeful enterprise, and ready to respond to the immense creative element in the Socialist idea.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## THE SOCIALIST AIM.

The first condition of success for Socialism is that its adherents should explain its aim and its essential characteristics clearly, so that they can be understood by every one. We must do away with many misunderstandings created by our adversaries, and some created by ourselves.

The main idea of Socialism is simple and noble. The Socialists believe that society is divided into two great classes by the present form of property-holding, and that one of these classes, the wage-earning, the proletariat, is obliged to pay to the other, the capitalist, a sort of tax in order to be able to live at all and exercise its faculties to any degree.

Here is a multitude of human beings, citizens; they possess nothing. They can only live by their work, and since, in order to work, they need an expensive equipment, which they have not got, and raw materials and capital, which they have not got, they are forced to put themselves in the hands of another class that owns the means of production, the land, the factories, the machines, the raw material, and accumulated capital in the form of money. And naturally, the capitalist and possessing class, taking advantage of its power, makes the working and non-owning class pay a large forfeit. It does not rest content after it has been reimbursed for the advances it has made, and has repaired the wear and tear on the machinery—it levies, in addition, every year and indefinitely a considerable tax on the product of the workmen and farmer in the form of rent for farms, ground rent, rent of real estate in the cities, taxes for the payment of the public debt, industrial profit, commercial profit, and interest on stocks and bonds.

Therefore, in our present society, the work of the workers is not their own exclusive property. And since, in our society founded on intensive production, economic activity is an essential function of every human being, since work forms an integral part of the personality, it may be said that the proletarian does not

even own his own body absolutely. The proletarian alienates a part of his activity, that is, a part of his being, for the profit of another class. The rights of man are incomplete and mutilated in him. He cannot perform a single act of his life without submitting to this restriction of his rights, this alienation of his very individuality. He has hardly left the factory, the mine, or the yard, where part of his effort has been expended in the creation of dividends and profits for the benefit of capital, he has hardly gone back to the poor tenement where his family is huddled together, when he is face to face with another tax, other dues in the shape of rent. And besides this, State taxation in all its forms, direct taxation and indirect taxation, pares down his already twice-diminished wage, and this not only to provide for the legitimate running expenses of a civilised society and for the advantage of all its members, but to guarantee the crushing payment of interest on the public debt for the profit of that same capitalist class, or for the maintenance of armaments at once formidable and useless. When finally the proletarian tries to buy, with the remnant of wages left to him after these inroads, the necessities of his daily life, he has only two courses open to him. If he lacks time or money, he will turn to a retail dealer, and will then have to bear the expense of a cumbrous and unnecessary organisation of intermediary agents; or else he may go to a great department store, where over and above the direct expenses of management and distribution he has to provide for the profit of 10 or 12 per cent. on the capital invested. Just as the old feudal road was blocked and cut up at every step by toll-rights and dues, so, for the proletarian, the road of life is blocked by the feudal rights imposed upon him by capital. He can neither work, nor eat, clothe or shelter himself, without paying a sort of ransom to the owning and capitalist class.

Not only his life, but his very liberty suffers by this system. If labour is to be really free, all the workers should be called upon to take part in the management of the work. They should have a share in the economic government of the shop, just as universal suffrage gives them a share in the political government of the city. As it is now in the capitalist organisation of labour, the labourers play a passive rôle. They neither decide, nor do they help in deciding, what work shall be done or in what direction the available energies shall be employed. Without their consent, and often without their knowledge, the capitalist whose wealth they have created undertakes or abandons this or that enterprise. They are the "hands" of the capitalist system, whose only use is to put into execution the schemes which capital has decided upon. The proletariat accomplishes these enterprises, planned and willed by capital and under the direction of chiefs selected by capital. So that they neither co-operate in determining the object of the work nor the authority under which the work is performed.

In other words, labour is doubly enslaved, since it is directed toward ends which it has not willed by means which it has not chosen. Thus the same capitalist system which exploits the labour-power of the workman restricts the liberty of the labourer, and the personality of the proletarian is lessened as well as his substance.

But this is not all. The capitalist and owning class is only a class apart when considered in relation to the wage-earners, for it is itself divided, torn, by the bitterest competition. It has never been able to organise itself, and by so doing, to control production, to regulate it according to the needs of society. In this state of anarchical disorder, capital only learns of its mistakes through crises, the terrible consequences of which fall so heavily upon the proletariat. Thus by the very extreme of injustice the working class are socially responsible for the progress of production, although they have no share in regulating it.

To have responsibility without authority, to be punished without having been consulted, such is the paradoxical fate of the proletariat under the capitalist disorder. And if capital were organised, if by means of vast trusts it were able to regulate production, it would only regulate it for its own profit. It would abuse the power gained by union to impose usurious prices on the community of buyers, and the working class would have escaped from economic disorder only to fall under the yoke of monopoly.

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All this misery, all this injustice and disorder results from the fact that one class monopolises the means of production and of life, and imposes its law on another class and on society as a whole. The thing to do, therefore, is to break down this supremacy of one class. The oppressed class must be enfranchised, and with it the whole of society. All differences of class must be abolished by transferring the ownership of the means of production and of life, which is to-day a power of exploitation and oppression in the hands of a single class, from that class to the whole body of citizens, the organised community. For the disorderly and abusive rule of the minority must be substituted the universal co-operation of citizens associated in the joint ownership of the means of labour and liberty. And that is why the essential aim of Socialism, whether collectivist or communist, is to transform capitalist property into social property.

In the present state of society, since organisation is on a national basis, social property will for a while take the form of national property, although finally it will take on more and more of an international character. The various nations which are evolving towards Socialism will regulate their dealings with each other more and more according to the principles of justice and peace. But for a long time to come the nation as such will

furnish the historical setting for Socialism; it will be the mould in which the new justice will be cast.

Let no one be astonished that we bring forward the idea of a national community now, whereas at first we set ourselves to establish the liberty of the individual. It is the nation, and the nation alone, which can enfranchise all the citizens. Only the nation can ensure the means of free development to all. Private associations which are by their nature temporary and limited, can protect for a time limited groups of individuals. But there is only one universal association which can guarantee the rights of all individuals without exception, and not only the rights of the living, but of those who are yet unborn, and who will take their places in the generations to come.

Now this universal and imperishable association is the nation; for the nation embraces all individuals within a given area of the planet, and its thought and action are transmitted from generation to generation. If, then, we invoke the nation, we do so in order to insure the rights of the individual in the fullest and most universal sense. Not one should be deprived of the sure means of labouring freely, without servile dependence on any other individual.

In the nation, therefore, the rights of all individuals are guaranteed to-day, to-morrow, and forever. And if we transfer what was once the property of the capitalist class to the national community, we do not do this to make an idol of the nation, or to sacrifice to it the liberty of the individual. No, we do it that the nation may serve as a common basis for all individual activities and rights. Social rights, national rights are only the geometric locus of the rights of all the individuals. Social ownership of property brought about by nationalisation is the only opportunity of action brought within the reach of all.

JEAN JAURÉS.

(Translated by MILDRED MINTURN for "Wilshire's Magazine.")

## GOVERNMENT WAR ON GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

The largest party in German politics is the least influential, says Dr. Theodore Barth, in the Berlin "Nation." This party is the Socialists. The other political parties ignore them, and the Government will not recognise them. No Government employment, not even the meanest, is ever given to a Socialist, and they are excluded from the lowest and humblest grade of teachers in public schools. In this estimate of Socialists and Socialism Germany differs from most civilised countries of the world, not excepting England. Mr. Barth declares:—

"Numerically the Social-Democracy, in the German Empire generally and in Prussia in particular, is the most powerful of all

political parties, representing as it does one-fourth of the population. Now it is strange that this party has almost no influence in the affairs of State. In Prussia no employment which has the remotest relation with the public administration, not even the very humble post of night watchman, is ever given to a Socialist. The Socialists are excluded not only from Government offices, but also from those of their cantons or communes, and even from the work of elementary education. This is a condition of things which is not met with in any other country in the world."

He cites an example which shows how completely Socialism is ostracised by the Government of Germany, and affirms that the Socialists take it as a matter of course that they should be thus ignored—unconscious of their own helplessness and the dangers to their party existence as the Gauls who laughed and clapped their hands in amusement while witenssing as a novel sight the way in which Cæsar's engines hurled the huge stones and javelins against the fortifications of their doomed city. Thus :—

" Not only are the followers of Socialism in Prussia absolutely excluded from public office of any kind, but it frequently happens that they are treated by the powers that be as no more than political pariahs. Recently the Prussian Minister of Public Instruction, when he had to appoint someone to the post of teaching gymnastics, and a candidate appeared who belonged to the Socialist Party, made the startling declaration that he could not confer the office on such a person, because no adherent of the Socialist Party possessed a moral disposition suited for the work of teaching and education. But the most remarkable characteristic of the present political condition of things in Prussia is not so much the attitude of the Government as embodied in this astounding declaration of the Minister of Public Instruction as the comparative indifference with which the Socialist Party tolerates such manifestations of bureaucratic contempt. The so-called ' party of three millions ' is persistently treated by the representatives of the Government as canaille, and has become so accustomed to this treatment that it rarely, and even then but feebly, offers any resistance."

The French Socialists are politically active, and take high office in the Republic, although the Germans accuse them of not being aggressive enough. It is, however, the German Party who must exert themselves in actual political work, says Mr. Barth, if they desire to advance their cause. This they can only do by amalgamating themselves with some other powerful party in the Reichstag, as the Labourites and extreme Socialist wing in England have put themselves under the banner of the Liberal Party as represented by Campbell-Bannerman.—Translated from the " Literary Digest."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### What they saw in Eldorado.

Cacambo was very anxious to obtain more information from the innkeeper. The latter said to him, "I am very ignorant, but there is an old man living here, retired from Court, who is the most learned and the most talkative man in the kingdom." At once he took Cacambo to the old man. Candide, who was only playing a subordinate part now, accompanied his servant. They went into a very simple house, for the door was only made of silver, and the wainscot of the rooms of gold, but they were so artistically finished that they did not look heavy. The ante-chamber was only adorned with rubies and emeralds, but the order was so exquisite that this extreme simplicity was not noticed.

The old man was sitting on a sofa stuffed with feathers from humming birds, and he offered them liqueurs served in glasses made of diamonds, then he gratified their curiosity in these words:—

"I am one hundred and seventy-two years old, and my late father, who was groom-in-waiting to the king, told me about the astonishing changes which he had witnessed in Peru. The kingdom where we are is the old country of the Incas, who very imprudently left it to go and conquer part of the world, and who were finally destroyed by the Spaniards. The princes of their family who remained in their native land were far wiser. They decreed, with the consent of the nation, that no one should ever leave our small kingdom, and this is why we have kept our innocence and our felicity. The Spaniards had a vague notion of our country, which they called 'Eldorado,' and an Englishman, called Sir Walter Raleigh, came near us about a century ago. But as we are surrounded by impassable rocks and precipices, we have always been free till now from the rapacity of the nations of Europe, who are

strangely eager for the stones and dross of our earth, and who to obtain them would kill us to the last man."

The conversation was a long one; it turned on the form of government, on morals, on women, on public amusements, on the arts. Finally Candide, who always had a taste for metaphysics, requested Cacambo to ask if there was a religion in the country.

The old man blushed slightly. "What," he said, "can you have any doubts on the matter? Do you think we are ungrateful?"

Cacambo humbly asked what was then the religion of Eldorado?

The old man blushed. "Can there be two religions?" he said. "We practise, I believe, the universal religion, we adore God from morning till evening."

"Do you only worship one God?" asked Cacambo, who was putting into words the doubts of Candide.

"Certainly," said the old man, "there are neither two, nor three, nor four. I must confess to you that people from your world ask very strange questions."

Candide could not ask this good old man enough questions, he wished to know how you prayed to God in Eldorado.

"We do not pray to him," said the good and worthy wise man. "We have nothing to ask him for, he has given to us all we need; we thank him continually."

Candide was anxious to see the priests; he asked where they were.

The good old man smiled. "My friends," he said, "we are all priests; the king and all the heads of families sing solemnly hymns of praise every morning, and five or six thousand musicians accompany them."

"What! you have no monks who teach, who quarrel, who govern, who cabal, and who have people burnt because they do not agree with them?"

"We should be mad," said the old man. "We all agree here, and we do not understand what you mean with your monks."

Candide, hearing all this, was delighted, and said to himself, "This is very different from Westphalia, and from the castle of my lord the baron. If our friend Dr. Pangloss had seen Eldorado, he would not have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest sight on earth. Certainly it is a good thing to travel."

After this long conversation, the good old man had a carriage, drawn by six sheep, got ready, and he instructed twelve of his servants to accompany the travellers to the Court.

"Excuse me," said he to them, "if my age prevents me from having the honour of going with you. The king will receive you in a manner with which you will not be dissatisfied, and you will overlook, doubtless, any of the customs of the country, should some of them displease you."

Candide and Cacambo got into the carriage, the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they arrived at the king's palace, which was at one end of the capital. The gates were 220 feet high and 100 feet wide. It is quite impossible to give any idea of their beauty; it can be easily understood how much finer it must have been than the stones and the sand which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful girls of the guard greeted Candide and Cacambo when they alighted from the carriage; they took them to the baths and clothed them with robes made of the down of humming birds. Then the great officers of state and their wives led them to the king's apartments, passing through several ranks of 1,000 musicians in accordance with the usual custom. When they came near the throne-room Cacambo asked the Lord Chamberlain how he should greet His Majesty; was he to fall on his knees or flat on his belly, was he to put his hands on his head or behind him, was he to lick the dust off the floor? In one word he begged that he might be told what was the usual etiquette of the Court.

"It is customary," said the official, "to kiss the King on both his cheeks." Candide and Cacambo embraced the King, who received them very graciously and asked them very politely to sup with him.

While they were waiting they were shown over the town. They saw lofty public buildings mounting towards the sky, markets adorned with a thousand columns, fountains of pure water, fountains of rose water, fountains of liqueurs made from sugar-cane, which fell constantly into basins hewn out of a kind of precious stone, scenting the air with a smell like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the courts of justice; he was told that there were none, and that there were never any law-suits. He asked if there were any prisons and he was answered in the negative. What astonished him more, and pleased him most, was the palace of sciences in which there was a gallery two thousand feet long, quite full of mathematical and physical instruments.

After seeing in the afternoon about a thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the palace. Candide sat between the king and his servant Cacambo, and there were several ladies present. Never did he have a better meal, and no one was wittier at supper than His Majesty. Cacambo explained the King's puns to Candide, and though translated they were still good puns. This was not the thing which least astonished Candide in all the strange things which he saw.

They passed a month in that place. Candide never ceased to say to Cacambo, "It is true once more, my friend, that the castle where I was born was not as beautiful as the country where we are living, but then Mlle. Cunegonde is not here and you must have got some mistress in Europe. If we stay here, we shall only be like other people, but if we go back to our world, though

we only had a dozen sheep laden with the stones of Eldorado, we should be richer than all the kings together; we shall no longer fear any Inquisitors, and we shall easily be able to recover Mlle. Cunegonde."

This speech pleased Cacambo—it is so pleasant to roam, to be important at home, to talk of what one has seen in one's travels, that the two happy men determined to be so no longer, and to ask permission from His Majesty to retire.

"You are doing a foolish thing," said the King to them. "I know very well that my country is not much, but if one is fairly happy in a place it is best to stay there. I certainly have no right to keep strangers prisoners, it is a form of tyranny which is neither in accordance with our customs nor our laws; all men are free, you can leave when you like, but it is difficult to get away. It is impossible to go back by the rapid river which miraculously brought you here and which flows under rocks. The mountains which surround my kingdom are ten thousand feet high and are as steep as a wall; they are more than ten leagues in extent and can only be descended by precipices. Yet, as you really wish to go away, I will order the superintendent of machinery to construct a machine by means of which you may go away. When you will have arrived at the top of the mountains, no one will be able to accompany you, for my subjects have made a vow never to leave this valley, and they are too wise to break it. But you can ask me for anything you like."

"We only ask your majesty," said Cacambo, "for some sheep laden with food, with stones and with the earth of this country."

The King laughed. "I cannot think," he said, "why you people from Europe should have such a fancy for our yellow mud; but take away as much as you like, and may it do you much good."

He at once ordered his engineers to build a machine which should take these two extraordinary men from his kingdom. Three thousand clever workmen were employed; the machine was ready in a fortnight's time, and did not cost more than twenty millions sterling. Candide and Cacambo, two big red sheep, saddled and bridled, to be used as saddle-horses when they had crossed the mountains, twenty sumpter sheep laden with provisions, thirty laden with the curious produce of the country, and fifty laden with gold, diamonds and precious stones; all entered the machine. The King tenderly embraced the two vagabonds.

Their departure was a fine sight, and it was ingenious to see how they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The King's physicists bid them farewell when they were in a place of safety. Candide then had no other wish and no other object in life but to go and give his sheep to Mlle. Cunegonde. "We have," he said, "enough money to bribe the governor of Buenos Ayres if he will sell Mlle. Cunegonde. Let us go towards Cayenne, and we shall then see what kingdom we can buy."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### What Happened to them at Surinam, and how Candide made the Acquaintance of Martin.

The first day's journey was rather pleasant for our travellers. They were encouraged at the idea of having more treasures then were possessed by the whole of Asia, Europe and Africa. Candide, drunk with joy, wrote the name of Cunegonde on trees. On the second day two of their sheep stumbled into a morass and were lost there with their loads, two other sheep died of fatigue a few days afterwards, seven or eight perished afterwards in a desert, others fell after a few days into precipices. Finally, after a hundred days' march, there were only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo, "My friend, you see how the riches of this world perish, there is nothing really good but virtue, and the happiness of seeing Mlle. Cunegonde." "I quite agree," said Cacambo, "but we still have two sheep carrying more treasures than the King of Spain will ever have, and I see a town a little way off which I think is Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. Our toils are finished and our happiness will soon begin."

Coming near the town they met a negro stretched on the ground, only half-clothed, and the poor man had lost his left leg and his right arm. "Good God," said Cacambo to him, in Dutch, "what are you doing there in that horrible state?" "I am waiting for my master, M. Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," replied the negro. "Did M. Vanderdendur use you in that way?" "Yes, sir," said the negro, "it is the custom; we are given a white linen pair of drawers twice a year, and that is all the clothing we have. When we work in the sugar factories, if the mill-stone catches our finger, we have our hand cut off; if we try to run away they cut off our leg; these two things have both happened to me. That is the price we pay for your eating sugar in Europe. Yet when my mother sold me for ten dollars on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetishes, always worship them, they will see that you are happy; you have the honour of being the slave of our lords, the white men, and you thus bring about the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I do not know if I have made their fortune, but they have not made mine. Dogs, monkeys and parrots are a thousand times less unhappy than we are. The Dutch medicine men who converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all, white and black, the sons of Adam. I am not a genealogist, but if these preachers speak the truth, we are all cousins. Now you must confess that it is impossible to treat one's relations in a more horrible manner.'"

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide, "you had not thought of these abominations. I shall have to give up your optimism." "What is optimism," said Cacambo. "Alas!" said Candide, "it is the mania

of arguing that everything is well when one is in trouble." He shed torrents of tears looking at the negro, and he entered Surinam crying.

The first thing that they inquired about was if there were no ship in port that they could send to Buenos Ayres. He of whom they inquired was a Spanish master, who was willing to hear what they had to say, and made an appointment with them at an inn. Candide and the faithful Cacambo awaited him there with their sheep.

Candide, who was very frank, told all his adventures to the Spaniard, and confessed that he wished to carry away Mlle. Cunegonde. "I would not take you to Buenos Ayres," said the Spaniard, "I should be hung, and you too. The beautiful Cunegonde is the favourite mistress of my lord." This was a terrible blow for Candide. He cried for a long time; finally he drew Cacambo aside. "Here, my dear friend," said he to him, "is what you must do. We have each in our pockets diamonds worth five or six millions. You are more clever than I am; go and take Mlle. Cunegonde away from Buenos Ayres. If the Governor makes any difficulty about the matter, give him a million; if he will not agree to that proposition, give him two. You have killed no Inquisitor, people will not be suspicious of you. I will go and wait for you at Venice; it is a free country where one has neither to fear Bulgarians, Abares, Jews or Inquisitors." Cacambo approved; he was very sorry to leave a good master, who had become his intimate friend, but the pleasure of being useful prevailed over the grief of parting. They embraced and shed tears. Candide recommended him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo left on that very day. He was a very good man, was that Cacambo.

Candide remained a little longer at Surinam, waiting for another captain to take him to Italy, he and his two remaining sheep. He engaged servants and bought all that was necessary for such a long voyage. At last, Mr. Vanderdendur, owner of a large ship, came to see him. "How much do you want," he said to that man, "to take me direct to Venice—myself, my servants, my luggage, and these two sheep?" The man asked for ten thousand piastres, and Candide at once agreed.

"Oh! oh!" said the prudent Mr. Vanderdendur aside, "this stranger agrees to ten thousand piastres without any question; he must be very rich." Then coming back a moment afterwards, he remarked that he could not do the business under twenty thousand piastres. "Well! you shall have them," said Candide.

"Really," said the merchant in a low voice, "this man talks just as easily about twenty thousand piastres as of ten thousand." He came back once more and said that he could not undertake the affair under thirty thousand piastres. "You shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide.

Oh! oh!" said then the Dutch merchant to himself, "thirty thousand piastres do not seem to mean anything to that man;

doubtless his two sheep carry immense treasures. I will say no more; I will first get my thirty thousand piastres, and then I will see what I have to do." Candide sold two little diamonds, of which the smaller was worth more than the man asked. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were put on board. Candide followed in a small boat to join the ship in the roads. The captain hove up the anchor and put to sea with a favourable wind. Candide, astonished and grieved, soon lost sight of the ship. Alas!" he cried, "that is a scurvy trick worthy of the old world." He went back to the town full of grief, for he had really lost enough money to ransom several kings.

He went to the Dutch Judge, and as he was rather troubled, he knocked roughly at the door. He entered, told his story, and talked rather louder than necessary. The judge began by making him pay 10,000 piastres for the noise which he had made, then he listened to him patiently, promised to look into the business as soon as the merchant should have come back, and he exacted a Court fee of 10,000 piastres.

This drove Candide to despair. He had, it must be said, undergone more grievous misfortunes, but the coolness of the judge and that of the man who had robbed him excited his anger and plunged him into black melancholy. The wickedness of men was present to his mind in all its ugliness; he only had sad thoughts. Finally, a French vessel was going to sail for Bordeaux, and as he had no longer any sheep laden with diamonds, he hired a cabin on board at a fair price, and let it be known throughout the town that he would pay an honest man's passage, feed him, and give him 2,000 piastres if he would travel in his company, but on one condition, that this man should be the most dissatisfied with his position, and the most wretched of the province.

The candidates that presented themselves would have required a fleet to take them across. Candide chose 20 from the number whom he thought were suitable. He took them to his inn, gave them a supper on condition that each one would promise faithfully to tell his story, promising to choose the man who appeared to have most to complain of, and to be most dissatisfied with his state, and to give some gratuities to the others. The meeting lasted till four o'clock in the morning. Candide, listening to their adventures, remembered what the old woman had told him in going to Buenos Ayres, and of the bet that she had made that everyone on board had been very unfortunate. He was thinking of Pangloss as he heard each story.

"Pangloss," he said, "would be very much embarrassed to prove his system. I should like him to be here. Certainly, if everything is for the best, it must be in Eldorado, and not in other parts of the world."

Finally he decided in favour of a poor learned man, who had worked during ten years for the booksellers of Amsterdam.

He decided that there was no calling in the world which could weary a man more.

This learned man, who was also a good man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son and abandoned by his daughter, who had been carried off by a Portuguese. He had just lost the little business which afforded him a living, and the preachers of Surinam persecuted him because they took him for a Unitarian. One must confess that the others were quite as unhappy as he, but Candide hoped that the learned man would entertain him on the voyage. All his other rivals thought that Candide was very unjust to them, but he gave each of them 100 piastres in order to keep them quiet.

## CHAPTER XX.

### What Happened at Sea to Candide and to Martin.

The learned old man, who was called Martin, went on board with Candide for the passage to Bordeaux. Both men had seen many things, and both had undergone much suffering, and had they been bound to Japan via the Cape of Good Hope, they still would have had enough to talk about concerning moral and physical evil during the whole voyage.

Yet Candide had a great advantage over Martin; he still hoped to see again Mlle. Cunegonde, while Martin had nothing left to hope for. Candide still had gold and diamonds; and though he had lost one hundred fat red sheep laden with the greatest treasures of the world, though he still had in mind the swindling of the Dutchman, yet, when he remembered what he still had in his pockets, and when he spoke about Cunegonde, especially at the end of his meals, he was then more in favour of the system of Pangloss.

"But you, M. Martin," he said to the learned man, "what do you think about all that? What are your ideas on moral and physical evil?"

"Sir," said Martin, "the priests have accused me of being a Unitarian, but the truth of the matter is that I am a Manichean."

"You are laughing at me," said Candide, "there are no more Manicheans in the world."

"There is me," said Martin; "I cannot help it, but I cannot think otherwise."

"You must have the Devil in your body," said Candide.

"He meddles so much with this world's affairs," said Martin, "that he might very well be in my body, just as he is everywhere else, but I confess to you that looking at this globe, or rather at this little marble, I think that God has entrusted it to some wicked being. I am quite willing to agree that Eldorado is an exception. I have hardly seen a town which did not desire the ruin of a

neighbouring town, no family which did not wish to exterminate another family. Everywhere the weak hate the powerful, before whom they crawl; and the strong treat the poor as if they were a flock of sheep whose fleece and body are sold. A million of regimental murderers rush from one end of Europe to the other, murdering under disciplined brigandage in order to earn their bread because they have no better trade. In the towns which enjoy peace and where arts flourish, men are eaten up with more envy, care and anxiety than the plagues felt in a besieged town. Private grief is still more cruel than public misery. Really I have seen and felt so much that I am a Manichean."

"There is yet good in the world," rejoined Candide.

"That may be," said Martin, "but I never found it."

In the midst of this quarrel the noise of cannon was heard, and increased every moment. They hastened to look through their glasses, and they saw two ships fighting about three miles off. The wind brought them so near to the French ship that those on board of her could see the fight quite comfortably. At last one of the two ships fired a broadside so well at the other that it sank her. Candide and Martin saw clearly a hundred men on the deck of the sinking ship; they raised their hands to heaven and uttered piercing cries, and in a moment all was over.

"Well," said Martin, "that is how men treat each other."

"It is true," said Candide, "that there is something diabolic in this affair."

While he was thus speaking, he saw something of a dazzling red swimming near his ship. A boat was put out to see what it was; it was one of his sheep. Candide was far happier in finding again this lost sheep than he had been at losing a hundred all laden with the large diamonds of Eldorado.

The French captain soon saw that the captain of the victorious ship was a Spaniard, and that the sunken ship was a Dutch corsair. It was the very one that had robbed Candide. The immense riches of that rascal were swallowed up with him by the sea, and only a sheep was saved.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished; that rascal of a Dutch master has had the fate he deserved."

"Yes," said Martin, "but was it necessary that the passengers on his ship should also perish? God has punished the thief, the Devil has drowned the others."

Meanwhile the French and Spanish vessels resuumed their course, and Candide continued his conversations with Martin. They quarelled for a fortnight, and at the end of that time they were as near agreement as before. But they talked, they interchanged ideas, they consoled each other. Candide caressed his sheep. "Since I have come across you again," he said, "I may perhaps be able to find Cunegonde again."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Candide and Martin Reason when Nearing the Coast of France.

At last they saw the coast of France. "Have you ever been in France, M. Martin?" said Candide. "Yes," said Martin, "I have been in several provinces. There are some where half the inhabitants are mad, others where they are too clever, a few where the people are pretty gentle and pretty foolish; in others, again, men try to pass for wits, but, in all, the principal occupation is to make love, the next to backbite, and the third to say foolish things." "But, M. Martin, have you seen Paris?" "Yes, I have seen Paris, you can find some of all sorts there, it is a perfect chaos, it is a place where everyone seeks pleasure in a hurry, but where hardly anybody finds it, or at all events, so it appeared to me. I did not stay long there; I was robbed when I arrived of all that I had by some thieves at the fair of St. Germain. I was arrested as a thief and was kept in prison for a week afterwards. I became a corrector of the press in order to get enough to walk back to Holland. I have known writing rascals, caballing rascals and miracle-working rascals. It is said that there are polite people in that town. I am willing to believe it."

"As for me, I have no wish to see France," said Candide; "you can easily guess that when one has been for a month in Eldorado one wishes to see nothing more on earth but Mlle. Cunegonde; I am going to wait for her at Venice. We shall go across France to reach Italy. Will you not come with me?" "Very willingly," said Martin; "they say that Venice is only a good town to live in for Venetian noblemen, but that yet strangers are well received there if they have a good deal of money. I have none, you have some, I will follow you everywhere." "By-the-way," said Candide, do you think that the earth was originally all covered with water, as it is stated in that big book which belongs to the captain of the ship?" "I do not believe a word about it," said Martin, "nor do I attach any credence to all those fancies with which we have recently been overwhelmed." "But what was the reason of making this world," said Candide. "To make us go mad," replied Martin. "Are you not much astonished," continued Candide, "of the way in which those two young girls in the Oreillons' country were in love with those two monkeys?" "Not at all," said Martin, "I see nothing strange in that passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things, that nothing now seems extraordinary to me." "Do you believe," said Candide, "that men have always slain each other, as they do to-day, that they have always been liars, deceivers, perfidious, ungrateful, brigands, weaklings, cowards, envious, greedy, drunkards, misers, ambitious, sanguinary, calumniators, debauched, fanatics, hypocrites and fools?" "Do you

believe," said Martin," "that hawks have always eaten pigeons whan they found them?" "Yes, certainly," said Candide. "Well," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same character, why do you think that men have changed theirs?" "Oh," said Candide, "there is a good deal of difference. You must not forget freedom of the will." Arguing in that way they arrived at Bordeaux.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### What Happened to Candide and to Martin in France.

Candide only stayed long enough in Bordeaux to sell a few pebbles from Eldorado, and to purchase a good chaise for two, for he could not do without his philosopher Martin. He was very sorry to leave his sheep behind, which he gave to the Academy of Sciences at Bordeaux. This corporation decided to offer a prize for the best essay showing why the wool of this sheep was red. The prize was awarded to a learned man from the north, who proved by $A \times B - C$ divided by $Z$ that the sheep must be red, and would die from the foot and mouth disease. Meanwhile, all the travellers whom Candide met in the inns on the road, said to him, "We are going to Paris." This general desire made him wish to go and see that capital, and it was not very much out of the way of Venice.

He entered the town by the Faubourg Saint Marceau, and he thought he was in the ugliest village of Westphalia.

Scarcely was Candide in his inn when he became slightly ill, owing to his fatigues. As he had a large diamond ring on his finger, and as an extremely heavy cash box had been noticed among his luggage, he soon had at his bedside two doctors whom he had not sent for, some intimate friends who did not leave him, and two pious women who prepared his medicine. Martin said, "I remember too, that I was ill in Paris, in my first visit to it. I was very poor, so I had neither friends nor pious women, nor doctors, and I got better."

Meanwhile, thanks to drugs and bleeding, Candide's illness became serious. A man came and asked him to make his confession. Candide would not do so. The pious women said, that it was the fashion. Candide replied "that he did not follow the fashion," Martin wished to throw the man through the window. The priest swore that Candide would not be buried. Martin swore that he would bury the priest if he went on worrying them. The quarrel grew warmer, Martin took the priest by the shoulders and roughly pushed him out of doors; this brought about a great scandal, which gave rise to an official report.

Candide got better, and during his convalescence he had some very good company to supper. They played for high stakes—Can-

dide was very much astonished that he never got any aces, but Martin was not at all astonished at this phenomenon.

Among those who did him the honours of the town, there was a young priest from Perigord, one of those fussy people, always on the alert, always ready to render service; bold, caressing, accommodating, who watch for strangers as they pass; tell them all the scandals of the town, and offer them pleasures at any price. He first of all took Candide and Martin to the theatre. A new tragedy was being played, and Candide found himself sitting near some wits. This did not prevent him from crying when some scenes were perfectly played. One of the reasoners said to him in an entr'acte: "You are quite wrong in crying; that actress is a very bad one, the actor who plays with her is still worse, and the play is much worse than the actors; the author does not know a single word of Arabic, and yet the scene of the play is laid in Arabia,* and in addition to that, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas; I will bring you to-morrow twenty pamphlets which have been written against him." "Sir, how many plays have you in France?" said Candide to him. "Five or six thousand." "That is a large number," said Candide; "how many good ones are there?" "Fifteen or sixteen," replied he. "That is a great number," said Martin.

Candide was very pleased with an actress who took the part of Queen Elizabeth in a rather dull tragedy, which is sometimes played. "That actress," he said to Martin, "pleases me very much. She is something like Mlle. Cunegonde. I should be very pleased to pay respects to her." The priest from Perigord offered to present him to her. Candide, who had been brought up in Germany, asked "how the queens of England were treated in France." "That depends," said the priest; "in the provinces you take them to inns to supper, in Paris they are respected when they are beautiful, and they are thrown on the dunghill when they are dead." "Queens on a dunghill!" said Candide. "Yes, really," said Martin, "the priest is right. I was in Paris when Mlle. Monumet passed, as it is said, from this life to the next. They would not grant her what those people call the *honours of a funeral*, that is to say, she was not allowed to rot with all the beggars of the neighbourhood in a very ugly cemetery; she was buried quite alone in a corner of the Rue de Bourgogne, and that must have hurt her feelings very much, for she thought very nobly."

"That is very uncivil," said Candide.

"What would you have?" said Martin, "those people are made like that. Imagine all kinds of contradictions, all possible incompatibilities, and you will see them in the Government, in the law courts, in the churches, in the theatres of this strange nation."

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* An allusion to Voltaire's own play of "Mahomet."—J. B.

† Mademoiselle Clairon.—J. B.

"Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" said Candide.

"Yes," said the priest, "but they are mad at heart, for they complain about everything with loud peals of laughter, and they laugh when they are doing the most detestable things."

"Who is," said Candide, "that big pig who told me so much harm of the play that made me cry, and who ran down the actors that gave me so much pleasure?"

"He is a living evil," replied the priest, "who earns his life by running down all plays and books; he hates whoever succeeds like eunuchs hate lovers; he is one of the serpents of literature, who feed on filth and venom; he is a pamphleteer."

"What do you call a pamphleteer?" asked Candide.

"It is," said the priest, "a writer of pamphlets, a Fréron."

Thus did Candide, Martin, and the priest from Perigord reason on the staircase as they saw the people leave the theatre.

"Though I am very anxious to see Mlle. Cunegonde again," said Candide, "yet I should like to sup with Mlle. Lecouvreur, for she appeared to be admirable."

The priest was not the man who was likely to see Mile. Lecouvreur, for she only entertained good company.

"She is engaged for to-night," he said, "but I shall have the honour of taking you to a lady of quality, and there you will know Paris as if you had lived here for four years."

Candide, who was naturally curious, allowed himself to be taken to the lady, who lived at the end of the Faubourg St. Honoré. They were playing faro; twelve sad players had each in their hand a little book, which was a crumpled register of their misfortunes. A deep silence ruled; all the players were pale and the banker was anxious. The hostess, who was sitting next to this merciless banker, noticed how all the players were marking their cards; she had them carefully and politely unmarked, but not angrily, because she feared that she might lose her customers. That lady was called the Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, aged 15, was among the players, and warned her mother by a wink of the tricks of these poor people trying to correct the iniquities of fate. The priest from Perigord, Candide, and Martin came in; no one rose, no one bowed, no one looked at them; all were deeply engrossed in their cards.

"The Baroness von Thunder-ten-tronckh was more polite," said Candide.

Meanwhile, the Abbé came near to the Marchioness, who had half risen, and whispered something in her ear. She honoured Candide with a gracious smile and Martin with quite a noble nod; she had a seat and a pack of cards given to Candide. He lost almost at once fifty thousand francs, and then they gaily sat down to supper. Everyone was astonished that Candide was not moved

by his loss; the footmen said to each other, in their footmen's language, "He must be some English lord." The supper was like most suppers in Paris—first people were quiet, then there was some talking, then jokes—most of them stupid—false news, bad arguments, a little politics, a great deal of tittle-tattle; even new books were talked about.

"Have you seen," said the priest from Perigord, "the novel written by M. Gauchat, a doctor of theology?"

"Yes," said one of the guests, "but I could not finish it. There are many impertinent works, but all together they do not equal the impertinence of Gauchat, doctor of theology. I am so sick of that mass of detestable books which is overwhelming us that I have taken to playing faro."

"And the 'Melanges' of Archdeacon Trublet, what do you say to them?" said the priest.

"Ah," exclaimed Madame de Parolignac, "what a dull man! How he tells you, in a pompous manner, things which everyone knows! How he discusses heavily all what is not worth being lightly touched on! How he appropriates, without wit, the wit of others! How he spoils all that he pillages! He makes me sick, but he shall not do it again, for I shall read no more of the Archdeacon's writings."

There was, at the table, a learned man with good taste, and he agreed with the Marchioness. They then spoke about tragedies. The lady asked why there were tragedies which were played sometimes, but which were unreadable. The man of taste explained how a play might be interesting and yet be entirely without merit. He proved, in a few words, that it was not sufficient to bring about one or two situations which are found in all novels, and which always move the spectators, but that you must aim at being new without being strange, often sublime and always natural.

"You should know the human heart and express its feelings, you should be a great poet, though no one of the characters of the play is a poet; you should know your language, speak it with purity and with perpect harmony, though the rhyme must never offend the sense. Whoever," he added, "does not observe all these rules, may write one or two tragedies which will be received with praise at the theatre, but he will never be classed among good writers. There are very few good tragedies, some are idylls in dialogue, well written and well rhymed; others are political speeches which send you to sleep, or long developments which disgust you; others, again, are dreams of madmen, written in a barbarous style. Long addresses to the gods, because the author does not know how to speak to men, false maxims, puffed up commonplaces, and interrupted remarks."

Candide listened very attentively to these remarks, and had a great wish to argue, and as the Marchioness had taken care to

place him next to her, he whispered to her asking her to be good enough to tell him who that man was that spoke so well. "He is a learned man," said the lady, "who does not play and whom the priest sometimes brings here to supper; he knows a great deal about tragedies and books, and he has written a play which was performed and hooted down, and a book of which only one copy has left the bookseller's shop because it was dedicated to me." "What a great man," said Candide, "he is another Pangloss!"

Then, turning towards him he said to him: "Sir, you doubtless think that everything is for the best both in the moral and the physical worlds, and that nothing could be otherwise?" I, sir," answered the learned man, "I do not think about those things; I think that everything goes wrong here, that no one knows his rank, his place, what he does or should do, and except this supper, which is rather lively, and where we pretty well agree, all the rest of our time is spent in impertinent quarrels, Jansenists against Molinists, Parliament men against Church men, literary men against literary men, courtiers against courtiers, financiers against the people, wives against their husbands, relatives against relatives; it is an eternal war."

Candide answered him, "I have seen worse, but a wise man who since has had the misfortune of being hanged, told me that all goes marvellously well; they are the shadows in a fine picture." "Your philosopher was making fun of you," said Martin, "your shadows are horrible spots." "The men make the spots," said Candide, "and they could not do otherwise." "Is it not then their fault?" said Martin. Most of the players, who did not understand this language, were drinking. Martin was arguing with the learned man while Candide was relating some of his adventures to the lady of the house.

After the supper, the Marchioness took Candide in her boudoir and made him sit down on a sofa. "Well," she said to him, "you still madly love Mlle. Cunegonde von Thunder-ten-tronckh?" "Yes, madame," replied Candide. The Marchioness answered him, with a tender smile, "You answer me like a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman would have said to me: It is true that I formerly loved Mlle. Cunegonde, but when I saw you, madame, I fear that I no longer love her."

"Alas! madame," said Candide, "I will answer just what you please."

"Your passion for her," said the Marchioness, "began in picking up her handkerchief. I want you to pick up my garter."

"With all my heart," said Candide, and he picked it up.

"But I want you to put it back," said the lady, and Candide did so. "You are a stranger," said the lady, "I sometimes make my Parisian lovers wait for a fortnight, but I yield at once to you because it is only right to do the honours of one's country to a young man from Westphalia."

The lady having noticed two enormous diamonds on the hands of her young foreigner, praised them so much that they migrated from the fingers of Candide to those of the Marchioness.

Candide, on going back with the priest from Perigord, felt some remorse at having been unfaithful to Mlle. Cunegonde. The priest agreed with him, for he had only had a small share in the fifty thousand francs lost by Candide at cards, and in the value of the two rings half given, half demanded. His plan was to profit, as far as he could, by the advantages that the friendship of Candide might procure for him. He spoke to him a great deal about Cunegonde, and Candide told him that he would ask her forgiveness for his unfaithfulness when he saw her at Venice.

The priest from Perigord was still more polite and attentive and took a tender interest in all that Candide said, in all that he did and wanted to do.

"You have then, an appointment, sir," said he to him, "at Venice——"

"Yes, sir," replied Candide. "It is absolutely necessary that I should go and see Mlle. Cunegonde." Then led away by the pleasure of talking about her whom he loved, he related, according to his custom, a part of his adventures with that illustrious lady from Westphalia.

"I think," said the priest, "that Mlle. Cunegonde is very witty and that she writes charming letters."

"I have never received any," said Candide, "for you can imagine that as I was driven away from the castle on her account I never wrote to her. Soon afterwards I heard that she was dead; then I found her and lost her, and now I have sent a special messenger to her, two thousand five hundred leagues from here, whose answer I am now expecting."

The priest listened attentively, and seemed to be dreaming. He took leave of the two foreigners, having first tenderly embraced them. The next day Candide, when he awoke, received a letter containing these words:—

"Sir,—My very dear lover, I have been ill in this town for a week, and I now hear that you are here. I would fly to your arms if I could move. I heard about you at Bordeaux; I left there the faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who must soon follow me. The Governor of Buenos Ayres has taken all, but I have still your heart. Come to me; the sight of you will either call me back to life or kill me with joy."

This charming, this unexpected letter gave untold joy to Candide, while the illness of his dear Cunegonde overwhelmed him with grief. Divided between these two sentiments, he took his gold and his diamonds and had himself conducted with Martin to the hotel where Mlle. Cunegonde lived. He enters, trembling

with emotion; his heart beat wildly, his voice is broken, he wishes to pull aside the bed-curtains, he wishes lights to be brought.

"Take care," said the servant, "the light will kill her," and she pulled the curtains to.

"My dear Cunegonde," said Candide, crying, "how are you? If you cannot see me, do at least talk to me."

"She must not talk," said the servant.

The lady then put outside the bed a plump hand, which Candide watered for a long time with his tears and which he filled afterwards with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold on the armchair.

In the midst of these transports a police officer entered the room, followed by the priest from Perigord, and some policemen. There are, he says, two suspicious strangers, and he orders his brave men to drag them to prison.

"That is not the way strangers are treated in Eldorado," said Candide.

"It makes me more of a Manichean than ever," said Martin.

"But, sir, where are you taking us to?" said Candide.

"To a deep dungeon," said the police officer.

Martin, who had kept cool, saw that the lady who pretended to be Cunegonde was a rascal, the priest from Perigord another who had taken advantage of the innocence of Candide, and the police officer a third rogue who could easily be got rid of.

Rather than risk the procedure of justice, Candide, enlightened by his counsel, and, moreover, still impatient of seeing again the real Cunegonde, proposed to give the police officer three small diamonds, each worth about three thousand crowns.

"Ah, sir," said the man with the ivory baton, "had you committed all imaginable crimes, you would be the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds each worth three thousand crowns! Sir, I would be killed for your sake rather than take you to prison. All foreigners are being arrested, but leave it to me. I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy, I will take you there, and, if you have some diamonds to give him he will take as much care of you as I should myself."

"And why are they arresting strangers?" said Candide.

The priest from Perigord then spoke, and said, "It is because a wretch* from Arras has heard some nonsense being talked, that alone made him attempt the murder of the king."

"Ah, the monsters," cried Candide, "can such horrors be among a people which sings and dances? Can I get out quick enough from this country where monkeys worry tigers? I have seen bears in my country, and I have only seen men in Eldorado. In the name of God, take me, inspector, to Venice where I am going to wait for Mlle. Cunegonde."

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* This was Damiens, who wounded Louis XV. with a pen-knife.—J. B.

"I can only take you to Normandy," said the officer. At once he had the irons taken off, said that he had made a mistake, sent his men away and took Candide and Martin to Dieppe, leaving them in his brother's hands. There was a small Dutch vessel in the roads. The man from Normandy received three small diamonds and was only too willing to render services. He put Candide and his men on the vessel, which was setting sail for Portsmouth, in England. It was not the way to Venice, but Candide thought he was delivered from hell, and he hoped to get back to the road to Venice as soon as possible.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Candide and Martin go towards the English Coast, and What they Saw There.

"Ah! Pangloss! Pangloss! Ah! Martin! Martin! Ah! my dear Cunegonde! What a world this is!" said Candide, in the Dutch ship. "It is a very mad and a very bad world," replied Martin. "You know England—are they as mad there as in France?" "It is another kind of madness," said Martin. "You know that these two nations are fighting for a few acres covered with snow in Canada, and that they spend on account of that fine war much more money than Canada is worth. My humble knowledge does not enable me to say whether there are more madmen in one country than in another. I only know that, generally speaking, the people we are going to see are very crotchety."

Thus talking, they arrived off Portsmouth. A large number of persons were standing on the shore, and were looking attentively at a rather fat man* who was kneeling down, with his eyes bandaged, on the quarter-deck of one of the ships of the fleet. Four soldiers, placed in front of that man, fired, in a very peaceful way, three shots each at his head, and then everyone went home quite satisfied.

"What is all that?" said Candide, "and what demon is everywhere all-powerful?"

He asked who was the fat man that had been so ceremoniously killed.

He was told that he was an admiral.

"And why should that admiral be killed?"

Because, he was told, he had not had enough people killed; he fought with a French admiral, and it was found that did not get near enough to the enemy. "But," said Candide, "the French admiral was quite as far off from the English admiral as the latter from the former. "That is perfectly true," they replied, "but in

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* Admiral Byng.—J. B.

this country it is good to shoot an admiral now and then, in order to encourage the others."

Candide was so dazzled and shocked by all that he saw and heard, that he would not even land, and he entered into an agreement with the Dutch master to be taken without delay to Venice.

The master was ready in two days. They coasted France; they saw Lisbon, and Candide shivered. They entered the Straits and the Mediterranean, finally reaching Venice.

"God be praised," said Candide, embracing Martin, "here I shall see the beautiful Cunegonde again. I can trust Cacambo. All is good, all is good, nothing could be better."

(*To be continued.*)

VOLTAIRE.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme).

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Huddersfield Fight.**—Although not successful, our Huddersfield comrades are to be congratulated on the gallant fight they made in the recent bye-election. From beginning to end it was a straight uncompromising fight for Socialism. Being the first contest since Cockermouth and the Liberal declaration of war against Socialism, to say nothing of the yellow press campaign of "exposure," the election naturally attracted a great deal of interest, and people were concerned to see how the Liberals would smash the Socialists in a straight unequivocal contest. Well, it must be recognised now that the Liberals have failed to do any smashing; have, indeed, come rather badly out of the fray. It is true they have retained the seat, but they only saved it by the skin of their teeth, and by resorting to the mean dodges they would have bitterly denounced had they been resorted to by their opponents. Having arranged to create a vacancy by the perpetration of a dirty piece of political jobbery,

they had everything prepared and then rushed the election through in the shortest time possible, in the hope thereby to take the Socialists at a disadvantage. The manœuvre was so far successful that the Liberal was returned, but with a considerably reduced majority as well as a reduced vote. It was a very near thing indeed, so near that their quondam foes of the Tory press were advising Tories to vote for the Liberal to keep the Socialist out. Another evidence of class solidarity, but one which will not help the Liberals much the next time they cross swords with the Socialists of Huddersfield.

**On your Knees, Dogs!**—The order which has led to so much comment and which was responsible for the outbreak of insubordination among the naval stokers at Portsmouth is characteristic of the attitude of the master class towards their subjects. "On your knees, you dogs," is precisely the sentiment the bourgeoisie always feel towards the proletariat, even when they do not express it. Their hatred of those they exploit is modified only by contempt. If only the workers were inspired by a tenth of the hatred and contempt towards the bourgeoisie which the latter feel towards them the present system of class domination could not last a week. But the working-class take it all patiently, lying down. The class-spirit which inspired the order was still further exemplified in the trial of the stokers, and in the brutal and vindictive sentences which were imposed upon them. It is simply infamous that a sentence of five years penal servitude should be inflicted on a man for a mere act of insubordination to which he had been goaded by gross class contumely and tyranny. It is reminiscent of the time when a slave would be ordered to execution for the slightest fault, and demonstrates the innate injustice of class rule. Nothing short of a new trial in a civil court will meet the justice of the case.

**Class Favour.**—As if to emphasise its class character and the bias and prejudice of which the offending stokers were the victims, the same tribunal which sentenced them to various terms of imprisonment and penal servitude, condemned the officer whose conduct was the cause of all the mischief to nothing more severe than a "reprimand." A more glaring illustration of class injustice has never been perpetrated. If the conduct of the men deserved penal servitude it is evident that that of the officer who was mainly responsible would not have been adequately met with anything short of dismissal from the service. It is simply an outrage, and placing a premium upon incompetency and worse, to treat such a grave dereliction of duty as that of which Lieutenant Collard was guilty so leniently. We know there is precisely the same law for rich and poor in this country. But it is applied very differently, and Lieutenant Collard has reason to congratulate himself that he is a member of the dominant class and not a mere stoker. He would have occasion to do that, anyhow, for there is none of his class who would care to change places with a stoker, even at the best of times. The worst punishment the court could have imposed upon Collard, and one which would have "fitted the crime," would have been to condemn him to work as a stoker for the term of Moody's sentence. Had that been done we should have been treated to a fine outburst of bourgeois indignation. Workingmen are expected to be perfectly content, so long as they can get work, even at the most arduous tasks, but these must not be imposed upon their masters, and it would be regarded as excessively harsh even to impose them as punishment. Merely to suggest such a thing, however, is sufficient to show the class influences which dominate in all departments of modern life, and to show at least the necessity for the abolition in times of peace of such a monstrously partial and class institution as courts-martial.

**A Graduated Income Tax.**—The report of the Income Tax Committee is in favour of a system of graduated income tax. That is something. Of course the Committee does not go too fast, nor as far as we should like; but it is an advance to have the practicability of the principle admitted. It will be interesting to see how far the Government will be prepared to go in applying this principle. For ourselves, we expect very little from the Liberals in this or any other direction; but it is quite evident that new sources of taxation will have to be discovered if any of the social reforms to which the Government is supposed to be pledged are to be effected. Any of these will cost money, and that money can only be found by reducing present expenditure or increasing the income. In spite of "Army Reform," "Naval Reductions," and all the cry about peace and disarmament, there appears little likelihood of any material diminution of expenditure in the great war departments. Yet it is only there that any very great reduction is possible; and as that is not likely to be effected, nothing can be done unless means are devised for increasing the income. It is just possible, therefore, that in this direction, as in others, the pressure of circumstances may force a reform which no amount of agitation of itself could achieve.

**Electoral Reform.**—The same may be said of electoral reform. The Liberal Party is supposed to be, par excellence, the party of political reform. However reluctant the Liberals may be, as a party, to embark on a campaign of social and economic change, they have always been credited with being sincerely desirous of democratising the political machinery of the country. The experience of the past twenty years, however, suggests that this is merely tradition. At any rate, during that period, the Liberals have not shown any alacrity in removing the anomalies and

anachronisms of our antiquated electoral machinery Their present Plural Voting Bill is really of no importance at all, unless as part of a very much larger and more wide-reaching measure. The pressure of circumstances may, however, accomplish more than regard for principle, and Cockermouth prove more effective as a stimulant than the party conscience—Nonconformist or other. Many Liberals are now converted to the Second Ballot, who a few years ago were altogether opposed to it, and if only our friends at Huddersfield had been successful in defeating the Liberal, we have no doubt that the conversion of the whole party would have been complete. Of course, much besides the Second Ballot is necessary to ensure anything like a resonable system of representation, and it is possible that the pressure of circumstances may bring other measures within the pale of practical politics.

**Old Age Pensions.**—So we are to have old age pensions—as soon as the limits of time and money are sufficiently enlarged to allow the Government to give effect to their desires in this respect. How soon that will be it is impossible to say. Anything like an adequate scheme of old age pensions would involve an expenditure of some twenty-six millions a year. A proportion, probably a third, of that amount might be saved from present Poor Law expenditure, which would leave some seventeen millions or so to be provided. There should be no difficulty about that, of course, if the Government were in earnest, but it is not at all likely that the present Government will formulate a scheme which would involve either the addition of seventeen millions a year to present taxation or such economies as would enable that sum to be diverted from present channels of expenditure. Here, of course, is a chance for our friends the advocates of land taxation, but their idea of taxing land values is to use the revenue thereby realised for the relief of present tax-

ation, not for measures of social reform. What we may, therefore, anticipate from the Government in the matter of old age pensions is such a scheme as will fix the age limit for the beginning of the pension at such an advanced age as will entail a minimum cost to the Exchequer.

**The Decrease of Pauperism.**—The latest Local Government Report on Metropolitan pauperism shows a considerable reduction in the number of those in receipt of outdoor relief. This, of course, is regarded by those who are always trying to persuade themselves and others that the people of this country are increasing in prosperity as an indubitable sign of the decrease of pauperism and poverty. It is simply evidence that the harsh and repressive policy of the present President of the Local Government Board is having its effect, and that a larger proportion of the poor of London will, in consequence, die of starvation. It has been made manifest by the most unjust and prejudiced report issued by the Local Government Board Inspector in connection with the Poplar enquiry, that the real crime for which the Poplar Guardians were condemned was not the irregularities, which no one could defend, and of which only a few individuals were guilty, but their humane administration of outdoor relief. This, of course, was quite within the law, even as amended and regulated by the Local Government Board. But so generous an interpretation of the law must be condemned, and it has been condemned and discountenanced to such an extent that few Boards of Guardians are prepared to run the risk of being treated as those of Poplar have been. Hence the decrease in outdoor pauperism. We would suggest to Mr. Burns that he should go a little further and prohibit outdoor relief altogether. Then he could boast that outdoor pauperism had disappeared. But the poverty of the poor would be not a whit diminished for all that.

**Trade Unions and the Law.**—The readiness with which the Lords, notwithstanding some adverse criticism, accepted the principle of the Trades Disputes Bill is at once a verification of the superiority of the wisdom of the children of darkness over that of the children of light, and an evidence of the comparative worthlessness of the measure. The Lords are undoubtedly desirous of counteracting the effect of the Ministerial denunciation of their treatment of the Education Bill by showing themselves conciliatory in other directions. But they are not likely to make concessions on any material issue, and if they agree to give trade unions immunity from actions for civil damages, it is quite certain that they are of opinion that this immunity will not be of any great advantage to the unions. We have always supported the claim of the unions in this respect, because without such immunity they were absolutely deprived of the power to strike, and because, while their funds were liable to be mulcted in civil damages, they were placed at enormous disadvantages with the employers' associations, which, although nominally in the same position as the unions, did, as a matter of fact, enjoy that immunity. We thought it scarcely likely, however, that the master class would relinquish the power they possessed through the liability of the unions for damages, and the fact that they have, so far, done so, suggests that they are confident of their power to defeat the unions without that weapon. Certainly the results of the latest great strikes justify them in that conclusion.

**Rate-Relieving Societies.**—As a matter of fact, the fighting power of the unions as trade protection societies grows less and less, from a variety of causes. The great combinations of capital make the defeat of Labour in a contested strike almost a foregone conclusion, and render it almost impossible to play off one employer against another. When the employers

are determined upon resistance they make any engagement, no matter how petty its beginnings, a general one, and cut off supplies by locking out those who would furnish the sinews of war. It does not matter greatly, therefore, if the power of the unions to strike is safeguarded, seeing that when the masters make up their minds to fight, every strike is foredoomed to failure. But there are other causes, besides the combination of capital, of the impaired strength of the unions as fighting organisations, and chief among these is the development of their rate-relieving functions. Sick benefits, funeral benefits, superannuation, unemployed allowance—all these have come to bulk so large in the work of the average trade union, that its proper function is too often lost sight of. The growth of these, too, makes the average trade unionist reluctant to fight in defence of trade interests, while at the same time these functions are chiefly beneficial to the capitalist class. Almost every penny spent by trade unions in such relief, is a penny taken from wages to relieve the rates, and the expenditure of the unions on unemployed benefit alone frequently approaches a million sterling in one year. No wonder outdoor pauperism is diminishing. We have often heard in the past of rates in aid of wages, this is wages in aid of rates.

## "VOTES FOR WOMEN."

"Votes for Women" is a cry which must necessarily meet with a response from every Social-Democrat, seeing that Social-Democracy presupposes universal political and social equality. Equality between the sexes, too, is inscribed among the "Objects" of the S.D.F., and Universal Adult Suffrage is one of the items in its programme of immediate reforms. In these circumstances, it is sometimes asked why the S.D.F., as a body, does not throw itself into the present "Suffragette" agitation; why, on the contrary, it is generally hostile to that movement? The answer is plain: The S.D.F. stands for votes for women—all women—as well as men. The object of the "Suffragettes" is the extension of the franchise to women on "the same terms as it is now enjoyed by men"—that is, on the basis of a property qualification, which enables men, as property-owners, as householders, and as lodgers paying a given rental, to vote. On the face of it, this seems reasonable enough. It is a very plausible demand, indeed, that women, if we cannot at once have universal suffrage, should have, at least, the same franchise as men. Unfortunately, however, the extension of the franchise to women on this basis would not enfranchise women to the same extent as men. In the first place no married woman could have the vote—whether the husband was

householder or lodger, or upon whatever qualification he possessed the franchise, his wife would be excluded. Where is the equality there? And yet it is in the name of sex equality that the Suffragettes are carrying on their campaign.

Then, further, and most important, the great body of working women would be excluded. All working women, no matter what their earnings, who were married could not have a vote under this so-called "Women's Enfranchisement Bill," nor would any unmarried women who were living at home with their parents, or who were living in lodgings of a less rental than £10 per annum, unfurnished.

We are sometimes told that the majority of those who would get the vote under this Bill would be working women. That may be the case; in certain districts, undoubtedly, it would be so; in others it would, obviously, be only propertied women who would be enfranchised. The point, however, is that the Bill would specifically exclude the vast majority of working women, and, in the name of the political equality of the sexes, definitely shut out from the franchise the great majority of women of the same class as the men who now form the majority of the electorate. In other words, while professedly extending the franchise to women on the same basis as men now exercise it, it would do nothing of the kind.

That is the chief objection which I, as a Social-Democrat, have to this so-called "Votes for Women" agitation, because it is not an agitation for "Votes for Women" at all, but merely for votes for some women, and those the women who have least need of the vote. There are, however, other objections, among them being the dishonesty of the methods employed and the claims advanced, as well as of the object in view. We see, for instance, the hoardings decorated with a huge poster decaring that certain women have been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for asking the right to vote; and on which men are

appealed to as to how long they will "tolerate women being sent to prison for demanding political liberty." Now those statements are absolutely untrue. No women have been sent to prison for asking for the right to vote or demanding political liberty. They went to prison because they refused to be bound over not to repeat disorderly conduct—conduct which would have been equally disorderly and would have met with precisely the same treatment had their object been the abolition of the franchise instead of its extension to themselves. They, of course, must be the judges of what will best serve the object they have in view, and if they think that object is most likely to be achieved by disorderly conduct and extravagant statement, that is their business. Whether such conduct, supplemented by hyperbole, exaggeration and untruth, affords any additional justification of their claim to the franchise, or whether it will not rather create some doubts in the minds of the impartial, is, however, another matter.

Here again, is another instance of the same dishonesty: Miss Billington, writing in the "Labour Record," says:—

"Men demanded votes in order to guard their industrial position from the attack of other sections of the community. Women workers, sweated, overworked, and underpaid, as they are to-day, need the political protection of votes for their own sake, for the men-workers' sake, and for the sake of the moral and physical well-being of the race. They demand votes, therefore, to protect themselves and their industry."

Just as if the bourgeois women, who for years have been agitating for the vote, and whose agitation Miss Billington and her friends have now taken up, were for making common cause with "women workers, sweated, overworked, and underpaid." The women of the master-class are just as much the enemies of the

sweated, overworked, and underpaid women of our class, as the men of the bourgeoisie are the enemies of the men of our class. The interests of the women of the master-class are on the side of their class, just as the interests of working-class women are on the side of *their* class. We, as Social-Democrats, are concerned in maintaining and perfecting the solidarity of the working-class. The suffragette agitation is wholly mischievous in its attempt to create a division in that solidarity, by endeavouring to establish in its stead a sex solidarity, and to set up an analogy between women as a sex and the proletariat as a class. They may be assured that, if they persevere in this, it will be found necessary to raise the whole question of sex-relation and sex privilege, and not merely that of the extension of the franchise to women.

H. QUELCH.

## A WORD TO MR. O'FALLON.

The November number of "The Social Democrat" contains a curious piece of special pleading by Mr. J. M. O'Fallon, as counsel for Mr. H. G. Wells, in the course of which he takes me to task for having ventured to criticise Mr. Wells's book, "Mankind in the Making," and the various theories put forward in that book. Mr. O'Fallon's reply to my criticism is so confused and muddled that it is quite impossible to deal adequately with his strange misconception of my opinions; nor would it be worth while to make the attempt.

Nevertheless, in fairness to myself, it is necessary for me to examine Mr. O'Fallon's disingenuous defence of Mr. Wells's reference to "Pro-Boers." The passage which raises the controversy is this: "The same men who spouted infinite mischief because a totally unforeseen and unavoidable epidemic of measles killed some thousands of children in South Africa, who, for some idiotic or wicked vote-catching purpose, attempted to turn that epidemic to the permanent embitterment of Dutch and English, these same men allowed thousands of avoidable deaths of English children close at hand to pass absolutely unnoticed." In my original review, I contended, giving reasons, that the allegations contained in this paragraph were falsehoods. Mr. O'Fallon describes my censure as an

"outrage" because Mr. Wells only committed an "error of judgment" in setting out to circulate such statements in his book. But Mr. O'Fallon has completely missed the point of my observations. Mr. Wells may be quite convinced of the necessity for the policy of sequestering children in the concentration camps; it would have been a monstrous outrage on literary decency for me to have stigmatised Mr. Wells's approval of such a policy as being a "downright falsehood." As a matter of fact, I was not discussing Mr. Wells's opinion of the concentration camps; I was attacking his suggestion that the people who disapproved of the concentration camps "allowed thousands of avoidable deaths of English children close at hand to pass absolutely unnoticed." How can it be said that such a statement as this is founded on "an error of judgment"? I affirm that to charge the Radical and Labour leaders with a callous disregard for infant mortality in England, while attempting "to turn the (measles) epidemic to the permanent embitterment of Dutch and English for some *idiotic or wicked** vote-catching purpose," is a cruel libel on many noble men and women. Surely, it is playing with words to rely on "an error of judgment" as the excuse for this scandalous misstatement. However, Mr. O'Fallon's ingenuity, feeling the pinch of the case against him, assists him to erect a second rampart of fallacies; he states that "Mankind in the Making" was written while the South African war was at its height. Not being in Mr. Wells's confidence, of course, I cannot pretend to give the period when the book was being written, but a reference to "Who's Who" casts some doubt on the accuracy of Mr. O'Fallon's second plea. "Who's Who" dates "Anticipations" as published in 1902, and "Mankind in the Making" as published in 1903. It is a fair assumption, therefore, that "Mankind in the Making" was written during 1902, after

* My italics.

"Anticipations" was published. The readers of the "Social-Democrat" will agree with me, I think, that "95 per cent." of our peoples were *not* "insane with patriotic blood-thirstiness" in 1902. The English people were heartily sick and tired of the war at that time. Again, one would have imagined that Mr. Wells could be relied upon for guidance in such a time of storm and stress. Nor does the significance of the dates stop there. A new edition of "Mankind in the Making" was issued in 1906, and in that edition the offending passage appears untouched, *though certain other corrections have been made.* It is not treating one fairly to plead "the blood-thirstiness" of 1902 (which never existed) as a sufficient explanation for the circulation in 1906 of imputations, which are quite unfounded and unwarrantable. The importance of dealing with Mr. Wells's aspersions is this: that he is a Socialist, and hence more likely to mislead Socialists and non-Socialists than if he were a writer of the Conservative school; thus, it was impossible to pass unnoticed a grossly libellous reflection on the Socialist leaders. It was necessary to indulge in some plain speaking about Mr. Wells's conduct, but it is somewhat astonishing that Mr. O'Fallon should talk about my "vulgar abuse." People who, recklessly and deliberately, pin themselves to accusations, which a moment's consideration should convince them were unjust, cannot expect to be criticised tenderly, and stroked down approvingly; at any rate, not whilst I am the critic.

Mr. O'Fallon must have been in desperate straits to lay hold of something, no matter what, with which to try and discredit my review, because he has based a reference to my ignorance of the subjunctive mood on a printer's error in a note to my review. In that note, a proof of which was not sent to me, "should" s printed instead of "would." Mr. O'Fallon triumphantly pounces on this slip, and assumes my lack of knowledge of the subjunctive mood. Really, it is

too ridiculous. By-the-way, Mr. O'Fallon may be surprised to know that "Hela" means "Death" in Scandinavian mythology.

It would be a waste of space to analyse the extravagant blunders of Mr. O'Fallon at length. Several of his sentences are meaningless, and many of them obscure. Hardly any point of substance is grappled with. Complaints are made because I have not devoted pages to a grammatical analysis of Mr. Wells's book! My main arguments are carefully avoided, but we have the pages bespattered with various extraordinary expressions such as "the infinite possibilities of the copulative conjunction"; "tit-bits by way of inferred learning"; "seemingly slow realisations of mechanics and general well-being"; "domine vocative what rot argument"; all of which have left me wondering at the uses to which some people put the English language. Frankly, Mr. O'Fallon has knocked a good deal of conceit out of me, and I bow to his superior, weird, and wonderful knowledge of the English language. I hope, however, that I may be forgiven if I keep to my own ideas of writing English, for the spirit of emulation is not within me, so far as Mr. O'Fallon and Mr. Wells are concerned.

C. H. NORMAN.

## A NOTE ON THE SOCIALIST PRESS.

Our press is now good enough to be better. As it easily might be made. And that even without heroic measures. It is not a breath-stopping suggestion that the Editor of "Justice" should have the aid of a really good sub-editor, some man with the journalistic instinct. That is the first comment I have to make. We should certainly give comrade Quelch the New Year's present of a "devil." It will be very necessary seeing that "Justice" is to be enlarged. But, really, it would still be more necessary if "Justice" were about to be reduced in size. Millais sometimes produced a lifesize portrait in about four hours. But not a miniature. Perfect epitomes are more time-and-pains-exacting than perfect expansions.

And there let me, as an old hand, suggest to the now numerous issuers of local Socialist sheets that those sheets can be as small as they like, within reason, provided the writers touch with vivid pen a great number of the topics which are at the moment interesting the locality. It's not the size of the bowl, it's the onion in it, the Socialist onion, animating the whole, which will conciliate or compel buyers. Rival papers can beat you in size, make what sacrifice you will—and great sacrifices have certainly been made by some men or women in the Socialist world for press maintenance. Opposing papers cannot enter into the Socialist onion

rivalry. At any rate, not without being found out sooner or later. When the would-be Hearst will be—hearsed. Rely on Socialist biscuits—small, crisp, not too sweet, cracknelly criticisms on live topics. No topic is too small, none too irrelevant, for the Socialist journalist's handling. Have the courage to be impudent in the matter of the superficies you offer. Explain that superficiality is not our strong point.

At the same time let it be seen that no topic is too great for criticism in the "Buckingem Pioneer." The world being practically a sphere, Buckingem is its centre just as much as any other place. "The yellow peril" and "the parish pump"—you are not blue mouldy over the one nor dry under the other.

Can we do more by subscription? The "Times" is trying it, though it has somewhat modified its first scheme. Have we been too ready to say that what has answered on the Continent won't answer here? How did Germany's 40 dailies start? Generally by a few thoughtful men getting together and settling how many subscriptions they could get. A few thousand would be promised. Thereupon the next move was to get a guarantee of some help from the central fund over the probable deficit in early years. "Subscription" is "the blessed word." Even to-day "Vorwaerts" has no appreciable casual sale. It may print 1,000 extra copies for the streets, or it may print even less. Its profits of £5,000 a year are made from its 110,000 subscribers and from advertisements.

These advertisements it gets the more easily, because so many manufacturers and retailers in Germany are Jews, and are fairly sympathetic as a whole with Socialist aspirations. The same comments apply in degree to the dailies of Hamburg, Leipzig, Frankfort, Breslau, Hanover, Dresden, and elsewhere, with their editions varying between twenty and forty thousand. Indeed, they apply to the whole Socialist press of Germany, with its 800,000 subscribers, and inferentially about 2,500,000 readers. All papers of several

years' standing in Germany pay well; only the new ones, mostly published in backward parts of the country, have deficits, these being covered by the central fund.

Our most widely circulated Socialist journal in this country is not "ours." Certainly it is hardly imaginable that "The Clarion" will ever be like "The Sun," of miserable memory, which, in its unlucky 13 years, had about 13 politics. The German mind, however, is not taking any risks. Besides, the genius of the Teuton disposes him very readily to regimentation. Anyhow, we find that the papers, and very often the printing offices, in Germany, belong to the party. They are managed by Press Committees. These are elected annually by what are called "Wahlvereine" or electoral associations. "Vorwaerts" is managed by a local committee of Berlin working men, conjointly with the Executive Committee of the party.

Journalists can't be made. True it is that Socialist journalists are rather less impossible articles of manufacture than any other sort, for the reason of their starting with this supreme qualification, that they feel a genuine interest in all human affairs, in all human experiences. The old Roman, Terence, with his famous "Homo sum," had it in him to be both a fine Socialist and a fine journalist; he was a man; nothing that touched men's life was a thing indifferent to him. Paying so well, as he certainly will do, for a little journalistic training, the Socialist who has this indispensable (human interest) root of the journalistic matter in him ought certainly to get that special training. The "How" wants thinking about. Germany, regimental as always, has this November founded a journalist training institution in Berlin adequate for about thirty workmen who are recommended by their Socialist organisations as promising, able and devoted comrades. At this institution, nicknamed the "War Academy," they are educated at the expense of the

party for about six months. The subjects taught are political economy, historical materialism, political history, social reform (factory legislation, insurance against sickness, etc.), German civil and penal law, style—other than Clarionesque, be very sure—rhetoric and debating. The eight professors include some of the strongest minds of German, Austrian and Dutch Socialism. One of them is Dr. Anton Pancook. He was royal astronomer at Leyden in Holland. He gave up this post to go to Berlin and there work in this "War Academy."

The Socialists of Germany with the "Wahre Jacob" (Simple Simon) have incidentally earned the proverbial blessing attending the man who makes two smiles grow where only one grew before. It has 300,000 subscribers.

There is a women's Socialist paper in Germany called "Equality" (Gleichheit). It has 40,000 subscribers. There are many monthlies, including the notable organ of our comrade Kautsky, the New Time ("Neue Zeit"). Salaries are not high on any of these journals. Even Wilhelm Liebknecht himself received but one pound a day.

The French don't take their Socialist papers quite so seriously. Jaurès's "Humanité," with its sale of about 40,000 a-day, has just passed through a crisis. The German Socialists sent £1,000 to aid this journal, as a token of solidarity. (By the way, this nearly coincided in time with the famous newspaper interview with the Kaiser, in which he admitted no little general mortification, and made complaint of lack of understanding sympathy with his hopes and aims.) Why did "Humanité" get into trouble? It may possibly be that Jaurès is a greater essayist and orator than he is a journalist. One is certainly not making any disparagement of him in suggesting that as a partial explanation. There are several dailies in the north and south of France, as well as various weeklies. The central organ of the French Socialist Party is

the weekly "Le Socialiste." Finally, there is a scientific monthly, "Revue Socialiste."

"Le Peuple" is the Belgian Socialist "stand-by," having about 50,000 circulation. Holland has "Het Volk," with a smaller vogue. Holland has also a scientific monthly, "The New Time."

What exactly is Spain's position at the moment I do not know. "El Socialista" is the Madrid weekly. It is published by Iglesias. With Ferrer in gaol and in danger of death we may be sure the ordinary course of a Socialist editor has been very much interfered with.

The chief Italian organ is the daily "Avanti," published at Rome by Enrico Ferri. There is a reformist daily at Milan; with two or three scientific monthlies.

The Austrian Socialists, divided as they are into conflicting nationalities, have three German dailies, published in Vienna, Gratz and Bonn. The Vienna journal "Wiener Arbeiterzeitung" is very well written and very influential. It has about 50,000 subscribers.

Even the Poles have a daily at Cracow. The Czechs have one at Prague; the Hungarians have one at Buda-Pest. There are some scientific monthlies at Prague and Buda-Pest. The Danish Socialists have a very influential daily, "Social-Demokraten," at Copenhagen, with 40,000 subscribers.

Russia presents paradox, it might seem of despair, of the Socialist. Rather is it the hope of the watchers of the world. It hungers for truth as regards Socialism. There is hardly a strong pamphlet in the Socialist literature of the world which has not been translated into Russian, and been read by tens of thousands. The Jewish Socialists have a daily at Vilna. Other nationalities have only weeklies.

Thus, in the matter of the Socialist press, these differing lands all censure us by the dignity of their excelling.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? What facts, what considerations, are outstanding?

First, that we should press on more strenuously than ever towards Socialist unity, if we want a daily Socialist paper in this country. Heartier unity, at any rate, in the rank and file. The daily paper would be the proper expression of such unity. Its proper organ in all the many things that word implies. Till that union is effected we are bound to say that though the *leaders* of the Socialist organisations of the country may be accomplished—their work is not.

Next, what of the branches taking up as a serious matter the raising of special branch funds to augment a central fund for the purpose of the starting of a daily paper in three years, or, at any rate, as soon thereafter as may be? The best disposition of such moneys would undoubtedly be by way of shareholding in the Twentieth Century Press. The Twentieth Century Press was started to keep "Justice" alive. It should now be strengthened to be better able to meet the changed attitude of the ordinary capitalist press towards Socialism, which from mere indifference has become a vigilant and relentless hostility. Compelling for the future a new press tactic on our part.

The amount of money needed will obviously depend upon the kind of paper to be started. It must be a *news*paper. But general news is obtainable cheaply enough from the great news supply agencies like Reuter's and the Press Association and the Central News. Socialists, whose interests are less trivial than those of the average man or woman reader, might be content with such a supply for general epitome. What they would also have, and what would differentiate the paper, and be at once its weakness and its strength, would be its Socialist message, its Socialist commentary on events as they occurred, and its Socialist special articles. Much of its matter would have to be paid for.

The starting, successful starting of a daily is, I think, possible in a few years. It would be all important that the right man should be secured to work it

on the business side. He must be a good organiser; he must be "despatch" incarnate; he must know an opportunity when he sees it; he must be able to improve upon the earlier work of the "Clarion," and the "Labour Leader" and "Justice," considered as obtainers of advertisements. At last publishers are waking up to the fact that the Socialist press reaches a great many "readers" of books. Other traders may be expected to make like discoveries, and to care little as to *who's* paper has their advertisements, even though it be a Socialist organ, so long as the money thus outlaid comes back with interest.

To make "Justice" a larger and a more "panoptical" weekly—a paper, that is, whose eyes are in every place—is the natural first step, whatever be the ultimate decision regarding the more adventurous essay. Plans looking in this direction have for some time been before the directors of the T.C.P. The enlargement now pending will be all the more welcome for being a sort of chrysalis, something having within itself the promise and potency of greater things yet.

F. COLEBROOK.

## THE VERDICT OF TIME.

If, in the light of the classification of the members of a civilised community in the manner demanded by the facts of experience and of evolution, the soundness of Marxian economics cannot be disputed, it is equally certain that the basis of the economics in question is an ethical one. By this statement I do not mean to relegate the basic principles of Social-Democracy to the realm of altruistic philosophy. To do this, would be to deny the existence of the class war, and to mistake individual benevolence for a system of collective justice. On the other hand, to imagine that "the right to work" is an economical question in its entirety is simply absurd. Such a right is one which is only admitted by those who have learnt that their true happiness lies in the performance of that which fits their fellows to survive, and makes for the triumph of the beautiful, the intellectual and delicate, over the bestial, the brutal and the coarse. Nor is a system which seeks to make for such a revolution in the condition of our being, a compounding of the wild imaginings of philosophic dreamers. On the contrary, it is the inevitable outcome of the constant making for change of evolution, of that process whereby in every field of action, the daily triumph of the delicate and complex is witnessed over the coarse and less intricate.

And it was only by virtue of this fact that men ever entered into a state of society, the logical outcome of competitive wage-slavery. For, as Professor Huxley, individualist though he was, pointed out, "the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilisation. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it, of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions, but of those who are ethically the best. . . . . In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help its fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. It demands that each man who enters into the enjoyment of the advantages of a polity shall be mindful of his debt to those who have laboriously constructed it; and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage. It is from neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society."* Hence, according to so distinguished an authority as Professor Huxley, the inevitable outcome of evolution being the formation of human society, the logic of such a blending of interests, is the entire abolition of competition as at present

* Vide "Evolution and Ethics," Romanes Lecture, 1893.

understood. So that the present system of capitalism is an abortion regarded as an end, a sure herald of the Socialist State for which we are striving, regarded in the light of scientific fact. And if science points to the hour of its not long distant dawn, art demands that the beautiful shall not be sacrificed to the commercialism which makes poverty a necessity, and necessity a crime. Freedom of thought, of composition, the worship of the every muse, is suppressed, humanity degraded, and a premium put on cant and insincerity by the capitalist's idol—mammon. In the name of the physical, the psychical, and the artistic, let us then wage our fight, knowing that time is with us, and that the seeds we sow to-day will mean the reaping of an immortal harvest by generations to come, and the remedying of wrongs in our own time.

GUY A. ALDRED.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

Our comrade J. Keir Hardie, M.P., has an article in the December "Nineteenth Century and After." He writes:—

Has the Labour movement come to stay? If so, is it to become a Socialist movement similar to those which have grown to such proportions in Germany, France, and other Continental countries? In the recent controversy which raged round these questions on the platform and in the press, quite a considerable number of leading politicians, on both sides, committed themselves to the opinion that the movement is ephemeral, is likely to subside as rapidly as it has arisen, and that under no circumstances can Socialism ever obtain any real hold on the working classes of this country. It is worth bearing in mind that the people who are now so positive upon this point are, in the main, the same people who, prior to the General Election, declared with equal emphasis that a Labour Party was an impossibility. Before accepting them as guides, therefore, it may be worth our while to try to ascertain whether their present opinions have any better foundation than those which they held then, and which were so woefully belied by the event.

That the apparently sudden upheaval of a great Labour Party at the General Election came upon the country as a surprise is admitted. For that, however, the leaders of the Labour movement cannot be held responsible. To those of us who had toiled for twenty years at the task of creating a new party its coming was neither sudden nor unexpected. In this "Review" for January of this year, I indulged in a "Conjecture in Probabilities" concerning the part which Labour was likely to play in the then impending General Election and after. I therein set forth the causes which had operated in bringing the Labour Party into being, and gave it as my opinion that so long as these continued to operate the

party would continue to grow. I see no reason to in any way modify that opinion. Besides, apart from particular reasons, I have always held that "a Labour Party is the logical and inevitable outcome of a popular suffrage. . . . . It is an outward and visible sign of the disinherited democracy to have government of the people, by the people, for the people." Since everything which has happened since January has borne out the facts as set forth in my article, it may be assumed that I am, at least, as familiar with the trend of events in the Labour world as are any of our critics or opponents, and that my predictions are as likely to be verified by events as any of them.

With a Session's experience of the Labour Party behind us, friend and opponent alike admit that it has made its own niche in politics and demonstrated the possibility of such a party existing as a separate political entity. This of itself is again of the greatest importance, since it lifts the question out of the region of speculative theory and transfers it into that of accomplished fact.

The influence of the party is beyond question. The object of those who pioneered and organised the Labour movement was to create a political force which, by concentration on social and labour questions, would keep these from being obscured by mere political issues, or relegated to the small hours of the morning in which oddments of reform are dealt with as matters of little moment. We have, however, been alive to the fact that no party could obtain or retain a footing in British politics which ignored the wider issues of our national life, and in this respect the Labour Party has not been lacking. Questions of foreign affairs, education, the welfare of subject races, militarism (that sinister foe of progress) and finance have all been dealt with by members of the party speaking for their colleagues, whilst the party vote has always been cast on the side of a progressive policy both at home and abroad. These things, however, have been merely incidental to the real work of the party, and a brief résumé of what that work has been will not be without interest.

The motions for which the party made itself responsible and which it directly brought before Parliament in the evenings which its members secured in the ballot included one for the provision of Old Age Pensions out of State Funds; the payment of Trade Union Rates to all Government employees and the recognition of the trade unions by the Government Departments. In addition there was a motion declaring for the political Enfranchisement of Women, and another to put an end to the evictions of workmen on strike who happen to occupy houses belonging to their employers. A small Bill to class as undesirables aliens who are being brought in to take the place of workmen on strike was successfully piloted by the Party through the House of Commons; and is now stranded somewhere in the House of Lords. On the Committee which dealt with Workmen's Compensation, with the Reform of the Income Tax, with

the procedure of the House of Commons, with the Provision of Meals for School Children, with Electric Supply, with Taxation of Land Values (Scotland), with the Nationalisation of Canals, with the Postal Servants, and with the various other subjects upon which Special Committees have sat, members of the party have been active and vigilant.

Coming now to Bills, the pièce de resistance was that dealing with Trade Disputes. I have no desire to reopen old controversies, but it will be well within the public recollection that the measure introduced by the Government was subsequently not merely altered, but completely changed from its original draft, in order to meet the views of the party. It is questionable whether, in the history of recent politics, an instance is to be found which more conclusively proves the advantages of concentration upon a well-defined object, than does that of the Trades Disputes Bill. Finally, a Bill to enable education authorities to provide meals to school children was brought forward by the party, and referred to a Select Committee, and is now before the House of Commons, waiting to pass its final stages. The mere enumeration of these items is, I think, sufficient justification for our claim to be regarded as a non-partisan Labour Party.

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The fiction which has been so sedulously spread abroad, that there is friction between the Socialist and trade unionist members of the Party, has no foundation whatever in fact. Anticipations, therefore, which are being built up on the assumption that such friction exists, and that a split in the ranks is impending in consequence, may at once be dismissed as a figment of the imagination. The greatest triumph which the Party has yet accomplished, is the successful way in which Socialists and trade unionists have been brought to find a common ground for action. The Independent Labour Party and the Fabian Society are the Socialist wings of the movement. In the case of the former, which is in the main composed of working people, no workman can hold office who is not a trade unionist, which is of itself a guarantee that between trade unionism and the Independent Labour Party there is not likely to be any real cause for division of opinion. The central point round which trade unionists and Socialists have been able to group themselves is the determination to have the Labour Party a separate and distinct organisation both in Parliament and in the constituencies, and so long as this contiuues to be the link which binds the two sections, friction is not likely to arise. Concerning immediate reforms, there is agreement, and for the moment that is enough ; the future will take care of itself.

A test as to the present state of public opinion towards the Labour Party was supplied in the recent municipal elections. The casual reader of the daily press might easily have carried away

the impression that in the elections the Labour Party was almost swept out of existence. The explanation given was that the nation had become alarmed at the prospect of Socialism becoming a living force, and had determined to stamp it out ere it grew strong enough to become a menace to property. Here, again, the facts completely belie all the assumptions upon which this conclusion was based. Never before was so large an aggregate vote polled by the Labour candidates. Socialists and trade unionists worked together amicably under the ægis of the Labour Party, and both alike improved their position. This applies to London, with the solitary exception of Woolwich, as well as to the provinces. In all, close on 600 municipal candidates sought election, and whilst the gains and losses just about balanced, the aggregate vote was the largest ever secured. In quite a number of provincial towns, including Bradford, Halifax, and Leeds, Liberals and Conservatives openly joined forces to defeat Labour candidates, and although by this means the gains of the party were reduced, in no case was the position worsened. In so far, therefore, as the municipal elections have any meaning, it is that the working-class electors have not repented of their support of Labour candidates at the General election. . . . . Those of us who are on the inside of things know that the Labour movement is growing with tremendous rapidity, that whole tracts of country, especially agricultural districts where hitherto it has had no footing, are now awakening up to a degree of activity which quite parallels that shown in the industrial centres, and it is the Socialist side of the movement which is growing most rapidly. The Independent Labour Party has more than doubled its income during the past twelve months, whilst its output of Socialist literature has increaed tenfold. . . . . The strength oi the denunciation levelled against Socialism by its opponents has brought the question prominently under the notice of millions who had hitherto been ignorant of it, and led them to investigate the subject for themselves. In this way our opponents are one of our most valuable propagandist assets. Most important of all, perhaps, in this connection is the fact that not only have trade unionist and Socialist come to know and understand each other better through working together at election times, but Liberal and Conservative workmen, who formerly ranged themselves in opposing electoral camps, and fought each other with an intensity of bitterness which only those who have had experience of it can appreciate, are now to be found co-operating loyally together in promoting the interests of what they realise to be their own party.

. . . . . .

Looking back over what has been accomplished, and glancing forward in the light of existing facts, I venture to predict that the future of the Labour Party is assured. Already it has given to organised labour a consciousness of strength, such as i never

before possessed. The lobbies of the House of Commons, which in days gone by were thronged with workmen's delegates when Labour measures were being discussed, are now on such occasions empty, save for the presence of the general public. Few can estimate the change which this apparently simple fact indicates in the attitude of the organised worker towards Parliament. He no longer sends his delegates to the lobby to beg for reforms, he sends them to the House itself to win them. For the first time in the long drawn-out tragedy of the poor, the toiler has an organ through which he can voice his demands and win redress for his wrongs. That the Labour Party will have its ups and downs, its ebb and flow, cannot be questioned, but it can never be silenced or put down; more and more it will become an increasing influence in the political life and thought of the community into one democratically-controlled whole, to do battle for the social and economic emancipation of the people. There are those now alive who, ere they pass hence, will aid in the return of a Labour Government. Speed the day!

## ON MODERN UTOPIAS.

### An Open Letter to H. G. Wells.

Mr. Vernon Lee writes in the current "Fortnightly Review" as follows:—

. . . . I have just been reading your "Utopia" and your "Anticipations," and my thoughts are in a prodigious welter, curdling into currents by no means easy to follow, and eddying round certain reefs, with or without beacons. One of these recurrent rocks is that against which our theological forefathers were perpetually breaking their logic, and to a certain extent their hearts, the question, if I may give it a name, formed by analogy, of the inefficacy of Grace, the persistence of Sin and Punishment in the face of redemption, the question why, since there was a royal road to heaven, should so many souls go nevertheless to hell? To you and me, and all who think like us, this self-same query recurs for ever in a garb of evolutional philosophy: Why should progress be so little progressive? Why should Utopia be . . . . well, only Utopia?

That is what your books make me ask myself; whereunto, also, your books furnish at least an implicit answer, and it is about this mainly that I want to have a talk, because I find that we do not entirely agree. It is perhaps inevitable. You are—and that is the usefulness and delightfulness of you—a builder of Utopias; and all Utopias, like all schemes of salvation, pivot upon an *if*. Every constructive reformer is ready to set all (or most) things right

provided only you will promise to obey him on one little point, or at least grant this point might have been otherwise.

Thus, *if only* people would observe some particular law, or (as more recent prophets prefer) disobey every law without distinction; *if only* people would abolish private property, or disregard all selfish (or all unselfish and merciful) impulses; *if only* they would be strictly communistic, or monogamic, or hygienic; *if only* they would think less, or drink less, or have fewer children, or (saving your presence) have a few yards less of unnecessary intestine; *if only* they would follow the dictates of Lycurgus, Comte, Pope Pius X., Tolstoy or Neitzsche—*then* etc.—as if by magic. But so long as mankind obstinately (brutishly, or sentimentally, or ignorantly as the case may be) declines to accept the particular terms upon which the particular speaker has fixed his fancy, why, of course, all that mankind can possibly do will be mere vanity and vexation; for nothing equals the critical acumen with which every other scheme of redemption is destroyed by each successive preacher of the *one thing needful*. Has not Mr. Bernard Shaw achieved his comic masterpiece in the proposal, following on the demonstration of the futility of all reforms, whether Whig, Radical, Collectivist, or Anarchist, that the efficiency of the citizen should be entrusted to an office for the breeding of human beings?

But enough of such examples. Even without them, it is obvious that all Kingdoms of Heaven depend on an *if*. The *if* of your particular utopia, my dear Mr. Wells, is certainly the most easily admitted, if not the most easily granted, of all similar conditions, because it is the least narrow and precise, and, indeed, is not so much expressed by yourself as perpetually suggested to the reader's own thoughts. This *if* of yours, this little bit of perfection required by you, as by all other utopists, as a starting point for all improvement can, however, be summed up in a few words, as follows: Progress might have been and might be far rapider and more secure, and the world a little less wretched and hopeless place for many folk, if the achievements of mankind had not been perpetually checked, deviated, or rendered nugatory, and its power of mind, heart and will allowed in a considerable degree to run to waste. This, if I understand right, your utopian planet beyond Sirius differs from this twin world Earth exactly in so far as its part has escaped certain historical accidents which have slackened our progress; as the seed of good has fallen less often on indifferent obduracy, or been gobbled up less certainly by self-interest and perfunctoriness; as whatever germinating wisdom has not been choked by routine and prejudice. There has been less loss of time and effort and thought, in Utopia; that, take it all round, has been the difference between it and our poor earth.

* * *

In your first chapter of "Anticipations" you have analysed how the coming together of the two inventions of the steam-pump and

the tram-rail, both applied to the old arrangements of the stage coach, has bound us over to the intolerable stereotyped cumbersomeness of a railroad system. The chapter is a profoundly suggestive analysis of the deviation of *what might be by what is;* such spoiling of new wine by old bottles was recognised long ago in the domain of conduct and character; and half the novels written are unconscious essays on the ruin of powers for happiness and good by the institutions and arrangements made to secure good and happiness in other times, or for other persons; marriage, inheritance, education, profession, all inventions which, when and where they do not help, inevitably impede. . . . . In short, nearly everything which serves a purpose is apt to become a nuisance, and economy on the one side implies, at least nine times in ten, a waste of one thing or another. . . . .

. . . . . .

I am gradually working my way through the confusion of enthusiastic assent and ill-defined suspicion with which your "Modern Utopia" has filled me. And now I find that, while wishing with all my heart for your well-organised republic, while longing to become a knightly priest of progress, while hankering, even, for a little sound persecution of literary fops like your Bare-legged Nature-worshipper, and your Sentimental Philistine with his Lady and his Dear Doggie, while, at all events, accepting your religion of responsibility and foresight as the one my soul has ever yearned for; while . . . . . well, while all this has been going on something has murmured in my innermost ear, "Beware of a new perfunctory-ritual, a new hypocrisy, a new intolerance; beware of a new superstition."

For this reaching out to the future is a violation of reality. Mankind has not bothered much about the future, because it has had its hands full of the present. And mankind —such, at least, is my crass instinctive philosophy—*mankind has been right.* And what is more, you, dear Mr. Wells, know this far better than I, and have shown it with passionate pathos and humour in "Mr. Lewisham and Kipps"; and it is only when you sit down to systematise and specialise the future that you forget this living knowledge, as specialists and system-makers all forgot all save the speciality and the system. The metaphysics of your worship of the future are, I venture to say, wrong as those of any other priest preaching of any other Kingdom of Heaven.

Life is not a single-armed effort towards continuance and development, towards becoming somebody or something different. Seen through the scheme of the historian or biologist, its facts grouped and accentuated into his special intellectual pattern, life is a *ceaseless becoming.* But looked at, or rather felt, in a different way, life takes the signification of a *ceaseless being;* and as a *being,* not a

*becoming*, does life affect the real creature and constitute real experience. Life (even the life of those Patriarchs who did nothing but be begotten and beget) is not merely procreation, but endurance; and if each individual were not busy making his own few years, nay, his own hour and minute, tolerable, the race, for all its metaphorical powers of survival, would have died out a good while ago; nor would there be much talk of a future (on earth or off it) if there were not a most imperious present; full of ease and distress.

## THE RACE SUICIDE SCARE.

Mr. James Barclay contributes an article on this subject to the "Nineteenth Century and After." We give the following extracts:—

According to Mr. Webb, the majority of English married people have, since 1851, for some new undisclosed reason, and in some mysterious manner, simultaneously resolved to limit—perhaps we should say strictly limit—the number of their children, and this, he holds, is conclusively proved by the statistics of the declining birth-rate. Curiously enough, as Mr. Webb points out, the birth statistics of all European nations, with the very significant exception of Russia, show similar results. . . . .

But it is not to be believed that the peoples of civilised Europe have, with one accord, and without ostensible cause, suddenly resolved to change their old use and wont on such an important and personal matter.

The important question at issue, which Mr. Webb ignores, is not the birth-rate, but the rate at which the population is increasing, and that depends as much on the deaths as on the births. If Mr. Webb and the Fabian Society had examined the statistics of deaths, as well as of births, in the Registrar-Generals' Reports, they would have found that, while the birth-rate in fifteen European nations culminated about 1876 and, with the exception of Russia, subsequently continuously declined, the death-rate began to fall off about the same time, and has continued to do so almost as rapidly as the birth-rate, with this result, that the net increase of population per 1,000 is now about as great as it formerly was. The prevalence of war and cholera among Continental nations interferes with close comparisons between their birth and death rates, but the English statistics in the following table clearly demonstrate the fact that the ratio of growth of our population is now little less than it was when the birth-rate was at its maximum; and, if the death-rate of children under twelve months old had decreased in the same pro-

portion as those above that age, the rate of increase would have been even greater.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Averages per Thousand of the Population.

| | Marriages. | Births. | Deaths. | Natural increases |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 years; 1838-40 ... ... | 15.6 | 31.3 | 22.4 | 8.9 |
| 10 „ 1841-50 ... ... | 16.1 | 32.6 | 22.4 | 10.2 |
| 10 „ 1851-60 ... ... | 16.9 | 34.1 | 22.2 | 11.9 |
| 10 „ 1861-70 ... ... | 16.6 | 35.2 | 22.5 | 12.7 |
| 10 „ 1871-80 ... ... | 16.2 | 35.4 | 21.4 | 14.0 |
| 10 „ 1881-90 ... ... | 14.9 | 32.4 | 19.1 | 13.3 |
| 10 „ 1891-1900 ... | 15.7 | 29.9 | 18.2 | 11.7 |
| 5 „ 1901-1905 ... | 15.6 | 28.1 | 16,0 | 12.1 |

During the last fifty years it will be admitted there has been a great improvement in the condition of the masses of the people, and we can see at once how that should favourably affect the death-rate; but why should a decreasing death-rate, or the improved condition of the people, cause the birth-rate to decrease?

. . . . . .

. . . . It is clearly manifest that the decline of the birth-rate is due to the improved condition of the masses, and the exception of Russia proves the general rule. The growth of the well-being of the humbler classes in England began with the abolition of the Corn Laws and the adoption of Free Trade, but the improvement did not begin to affect the birth-rate until a new generation arrived at child-bearing age.

. . . . . .

. . . . A century ago, Malthus, the doctrinaire on population of his day, inveighed against the excessive birth-rate that was, as he alleged, the cause of the great misery and want then prevalent, and could not be obviated by an agrarian or other legislative reforms. Now the doctrinaires of to-day complain that the birth-rate is too low, and recommend us to take the business out of nature's hand and stimulate, or at least encourage, a more rapid growth of population. Have they considered what the outcome would be had the birth-rate of 35 per 1,000 in 1875 been maintained, with the death-rate reduced to 15, and the net increase of population 20 instead of 13 per 1,000.

The following table shows that the growth of population is not determined exclusively by births, and also that the value of the births in adding to the populations is highest in England:—

AVERAGE FOR 1,000 POPULATION.

| — | Year. | Births. | Increase of Population. | Increase of Population per 1,000 Births. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Russia ... | 1879 | 50.0 | 15.2 | 304 |
| | 1899 | 49.0 | 18.0 | 367 |
| Prussia ... | 1875 | 40.7 | 14.1 | 346 |
| | 1903 | 34.5 | 14.7 | 426 |
| England ... | 1875 | 35.4 | 12.7 | 359 |
| | 1903 | 28.4 | 13.0 | 458 |

. . . . . .

Let us leave nature and the natural instincts of the English people to regulate the birth-rate, and let us take better care of the babies vouchsafed to us. The mortality among infants is the great blot in our vital statistics, and Mr. Webb deserves our best thanks for inviting public attention to the necessity of doing much more than heretofore, to help them to live and grow up strong and healthy members of society.

## THE YOUNG DELINQUENT.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has the following in the current issue of the "World's Work":—

THE PROBLEM.

Perhaps few people realise that half the crime in civilised countries is committed by young people. But we are not alone unfortunate. Other countries are discovering that the callow fledgling criminal is legion, and that the State that first succeeds in tackling and bringing to book the young delinquent will have the smallest criminal population in the next and succeeding generations. From all points of view, it is a question of the liveliest interest. We ourselves are paying something like £600,000 a year for a prison system which, inheriting much from an inspired, callous past, is—politely speaking—not exactly worth its cost.

At the Prison Congress of 1895, held in Paris, the topic was brought forward. At Brussels, five years later, somewhat more prominence was given to it. Last year, at Buda-Pest, it was manifestly regarded as the one thing that must not be neglected.

These quinquennial international penitentiary congresses assemble from all parts of the world—the United States, Japan, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, Great Britain, well-nigh every State in Europe—expert critics of both sexes, philosophers, legists, scientists, doctors of medicine and doctors of law, clerics, and persons engaged in prison administration. The "question penitentiare," once exclusively a question of prisons, has had its scope extended greatly within recent years (the first of these congresses was held in 1872); and it now embraces all problems of penal policy. In particular it is concerned with the paramount idea of the day, the *prevention of crime*, and the corollary is the scientific study of crime, which owes more than a little to Lombroso.

A complete survey would take in the Society Pro Juventute in Holland, the Ecoles de Bienfaisance in Belgium, and, among other works of sauvetage or rescue, in France, the Ecole Théophile Roussel; but it would be impossible to deal with everything. . . . .

During the whole Congressional week the delegates at Buda-Pest were much occupied with the establishment of "schools of preservation or of observation" for children coming before the courts. The principal idea which the scheme contains is—in the case, of course, of the very young—the substitution, "for ordinary methods of repression and discipline," of a course of treatment that may fairly be described as scientific. It goes by the name "psychiatry," i.e., a study, both of the mentality and of the morality of the child, with a view to discovering whether the lapse from normal conduct is due to physical or social causes, i.e., to mental defect, or to bad example. This notion, a good one, surely, has been for some time in the air. Interest in it was greatly stimulated by a new French law of 1904 (not yet, I believe, in operation), which made provision for the establishment of these schools of observation; and a movement in this direction may be observed to-day in many countries of Europe, as well as in America. It is, briefly, the method of individuality as opposed to the old rough-and-ready method of dealing with offenders in the lump.

The Congress, as a whole, was agreed that all young prisoners should, during the whole of their existence, be rigorously segregated from adults, and classified according to age, character, and antecedents; that the cellular system is not suitable to these cases, except where the sentence is very short, and that the "progressive stage system" is to be recommended, with promotion from class to class according to industry and conduct, and power to earn remission when two-thirds of the sentence is completed.

It was agreed that:

"(*a*) Prisoners must be kept constantly occupied, and in full exercise of their faculties . . . . . except during meals and hours set apart for rest.

"(*b*) They should be taught a trade likely to be useful on discharge.

"(*c*) Work in the open air—farming, gardening, and vine-culture—recommended.

"(*d*) Education, secular and religious, will be compulsory; lessons of patriotism and of moral conduct will be impressed.

"(*e*) Gymnastic and military drill should be a great part of the system."

In the form of an addendum, the hope of the Congress was recorded that imprisonment, "the ordinary punishment of juvenile delinquency," would rapidly cease throughout Europe; and Miss Bartlett, of the Howard Association, was responsible for the resolution recommending:—

"To the favourable notice of all Governments, the special judicial organisation, known as the children's courts, as established in the United States of America, together with the extension of the system of probation, as practised in the same country."

### Some Practical Solutions.

But better than Congress resolutions are the infant asylums and houses of correction for young people shown to the delegates Of State infant asylums there are 13, including 466 colonies, in which, in 1903, there were, under careful training, no fewer than 16,660 children. There are five reformatories or houses of correction four for boys and one for girls. These are in no sense prisons; they are schools of a curious kind; altogether very remarkable institutions to light upon among the descendants of a nomadic race of non-Aryan origin.

In the infant asylum, children of whom it can be shown that they have no parental control, or none worth the name, are received at any age under 15. To the houses of correction young people between twelve and twenty years of age are admitted by order of the Minister of Justice, or on a declaration by parents or tutor that the youngster is a "limb" of the toughest sort. What distinguishes in an especial manner these "corrective colonies" is the grouping of the "boarders" into families. This is in the main quite a new fashion. Each head of a family, in the homes for boys, has 20 foster-children, and banishment from the family is one of the worst disgraces; there is no corporal punishment in the code. Games, music, athletics, and recreations are provided for. The programme of work ranges from reading and writing to applied science, agriculture, and horticulture. Anybody

who has a mind to run away can do so—and there are, as might be supposed, very few "escapes." Save the habit of decent and industrious living, there is nothing to escape from.

For the girls there is at present only one place of "corrective education." This is at Rakospalota, a suburb of Buda-Pest, where there are 33 boarders—formerly among the most ungracious young persons in Hungary—under the care of two foster-mothers. There were incendiaries among them, and several of the adroitest thieves in Buda-Pest; one girl had made two attempts at infanticide; and another at the age of 14 had helped her brother to murder their father.

In the course of five years, 116 of these girls were liberated; and of 80 of them there is a very good report.

These waifs—blown by any wind until the State entraps them, and often bred in vice for their parent's gain—are watched like plants; and it is sometimes possible to release them after a few months of mothering. There are no fixed sentences; girls and boys alike can be set free under what is known as the "interminate sentence."

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## "REAL RUSSIANS" IN BERLIN.

### A POGROM SEQUEL.

(*From the Yiddish of* SHALOM ASH.)

They had brought me to a Russian restaurant to hear real Russians play the real Russian Kamarinskaya or *Moldovankas* with cymbals and bells.

Russia is all the fashion just now in Berlin. The best Russian dramatic company is giving Tolstoy and Tchekhof, and the German theatrical critics are much interested in the new school of drama which has developed in Russia, thanks to Stanislavski, of the Art Theatre. Gorki even has been here and had to show himself to the German public at the German Theatre, where he read his new play, "Varvar," while the Germans listened in wonder to the sound of his speech and gazed in equal wonder at his top boots and Russian blouse (because they could not understand the play, for they don't know the Russian language), and, to crown all, there has been opened, in one of the finest streets in Berlin, a Russian Kabak, where there are real Russian waiters and where real Russians play the real Russian Kamarinskaya.

No wonder! The Berlin hotels and restaurants are crammed with Russians, who spend quite a lot of money in the Prussian capital. When they arrive with their pockets full they are made welcome enough, but when the few gulden they brought with them have melted away, then the police begin to wonder anxiously where they find enough to live on. Of course, the rich Russians, who have fled on account of the revolution, are under the Prussian policeman's special protection, but the penniless young men are all bomb-throwers, anarchists and highway robbers in his eyes. Their wives are no wives, only "Revolution lasses,"

and it is as much a privilege as a duty to hand over the whole lot to his confrère across the Russian border.

And the Germans go to the Russian Kabak as to a show, just to see for themselves the dreadful Russians who throw bombs and throw up barricades in the streets. . . . .

These real Russians, young men in red blouses and top boots and Russian caps on their close cropped heads, hold tambourines in their hands and are dancing a Kazatzke.

A German, who has already sat for an hour over his mug of beer, clamours for the National Anthem, the Russian National Anthem!

Whereon the "real Russians" strike up the "Marseillaise."

This takes the company's fancy and they clap their hands in applause.

Between the Kamarinskaya and the Vainka, I go up to the "real Russians," for I, also, have a curiosity to see them, to know what manner of men they may be who have the cruelty to brutalise women and to tear little children to pieces. I give them a good look and then only recognise in them the real Hebrews!

"Shalom alokhem" (Peace be with you), I then said, "Whence are you, friends?"

And one of the "real Russians" in a red shirt and a belt, holds out his hand. He has just executed a dance, and the German next to us had been gazing at him admiringly as the very type of the uncivilised Russian masses.

"From over there."

"Aso? nu, peace be with you!"

"Not badly disguised are we?" laughs out a second. "We might be 'Purim players.'" "One has to live somehow!" "What is one to do?" "Have you fled on account of the Pogrom?" enquires another.

"I should rather think so!"

"But it was nothing with you to what it was with us in Kieff. Look here!" And he pulls up his sleeve and shows a cleft reaching the whole length of his arm, and only recently closed.

"I was trying to save my child. They came in and the child hid behind me. I put out my arm to shield it and one of them fetched me a blow with his axe. I was two months in hospital."

"Kamarinskaya! Kamarinskaya!" sounds from the occupied tables.

"You think we were any better off?" begins another.

A bell rings from the buffet.

"He! Vainka! Vainka! Vainka nye zhali!"

The man with the cleft hand is already dancing, shaking his tambourine, and beating time with his foot.

"That is how it is, friend," he says to me when he has finished, "one must live. I left a wife and six children behind me."

"I was quite a well-to-do householder" (threw in the other), "and should never have come to this if it had not been for the risks. I had a little shop with ware of my own. In one hour I was a ruined man. Everything pillaged, broken, hacked to bits. Thank God, we escaped with our lives. In a house next mine they shot a mother with her three children."

"We've heard of those delights" (puts in a third, and he turns to me), "you had better tell us; what is the news from home? Is it long since you left?"

The word "home" sounded strangely in my ears. I looked at my questioner, a Jew, with a wife and children left behind and pining for a letter. A Jew, his heart heavy with anxiety, stands before me, dressed like a Russian hooligan, with a face red as Esau's, dances a Kazazke and wants to know: "What news from home?"

"Things are very bad at home, brother; bad as they can be."

"Aso? And the Germans leave us no peace. The policeman has been twice to my lodgings already," he added in a resigned tone.

"And there is hunger to reckon with as well," comes from the second.

"And an empty purse," from the third.

They look each other over.

"Shlomeh! What a figure you cut! Suppose your wife saw you like that, eh?"

"A nice way of earning a livelihood, isn't it?" one of them asked me.

We look at each other and smile. "Joking apart, where is one to go to, young man? Where?"

"He! the Kamarinskaya!" shout the people round the little tables.

I got up and fled, not caring whither.

Behind me I heard, fainter and fainter, "Vainka! Vainka! nye zhali."

Translated by H. FRANK, in the "Anglo-Russian."

## APPARENT DECADENCE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Will the Salvation Army be able to survive the present changes it is undergoing in the character of its operations? This question is put with more or less frequency in both the secular and the religious press. In 1890, when General Booth's "Darkest England" was published, Professor Huxley asked, "Who is to say that the Salvation Army in the year 1902 shall not be a replica of what

the Franciscan Order had become in 1260?" At the same time he pointed out that the Franciscans "within thirty years of the death of St. Francis became one of the most powerful, wealthy, and wordly corporations in Christendom." These words are quoted by "The Central Christian Advocate" (Kansas City) with the comment that "there are those audacious enough to think the prophecy is on the road to fulfilment." Like the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Young Men's Christian Association, the Army, asserts that paper, was "founded as a soul-saving device," but, "possibly in consonance with the Samaritan drift of our generation," it, like the others, has "relegated the evangelistic phase to a secondary place," and "is laying stress on and investing capital in philanthropic energies." In commenting upon the changes in the purposes of the Salvation Army "The Advocate" observes:

"The Salvation Army, in this country as well as in England, has passed on to social schemes. It has now to raise money for central bureaus far remote, to supporting a complex institution, quite as much as to crying its message of divine mercy. Who does not observe the stress now laid on the collection of money in the street-meetings nowadays? That is the central fact. And it is necessary. For there must be money collected to pay the rent charged by the 'Centre,' which owns the Salvation barracks the whole country over, to pay a tithe and a tribute for the support of the central office, and such other sums as may be indicated by the 'Centre' before the workers themselves are entitled to one penny for salary. A recent writer, Mr. Manson, in a book packed with formidable documents, indicates that the machine is an ingenious contrivance for exploiting the life-blood of its devotees. He quotes a number of painful illustrations of how the religious fervour of the simple devotees has broken them in their efforts to feed the machine—efforts we may see illustrated in the street-meetings anywhere, and which seem to be becoming more tense and even heartrending. Already one of the big schemes of the 'Centre' has broken down; the Salvation Army Building Association, Limited, has gone into liquidation. Rich and omnipotent as the 'Centre' is, what would become of it if the intense pressure for collections on our streets were relaxed?"

If the Salvation Army is aiming to become a philanthropic regenerator of society, adds the "Advocate," "it may be entering on decadence," for "it must demonstrate its ability for financing and directing a perplexing scheme of philanthropy better than other philanthropic bodies." The paper further fears that it may develop a machine too heavy for its devotees to keep running. "If it does," we read, "and if at the same time its appeal to the souls of Magdalens and of lepers loses its urgent compulsion, there will be nothing ahead but that which has already reduced Dowieism to a distressing satire on the presumption of mistaken enthusiasm."

Justification for this dark view of the army's future seems to be found in what this religious paper regards as the failure of General Booth's endeavour, propounded in "Darkest England," to "redeem the slums, pauperism, and iniquity of England." We read:—

"He asked for $500,000 to start with and an endowment income of $150,000 a year. He was going to buy land, etc., and undertake to turn upside down and clean up and complete the social regeneration of 'Darkest England.' At that time Professor Huxley did his best to persuade the people to withhold their pecuniary support from such a visionary scheme. He held that religious enthusiasm was no guarantee that the army could cope with an economic and social problem so grave. He was right. The London slums, the submerged classes, pauperism, crime have not been touched with one ray of light by the army's main schemes. Nevertheless the army has been given large sums of money."—"Literary Digest" (New York).

## HOW KRUGER'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

The recent unveiling of a monument over the grave of the late Paul Kruger in Pretoria, is taken by "The Youth's Companion" as an occasion for relating several interesting anecdotes of the unfortunate Boer patriot. Says this paper:

The once supreme figure of the African republic is now remembered more for his mistakes than for his achievements. Fate dealt hardly with the old ruler, who played so great a part in the making of a sturdy nation. Death found him not even a citizen of the country of which he had been President. He died in exile, his land in subjection to a foreigner. Imperious and domineering, he went out of life a beaten man.

Kruger possessed a Bismarckian gift for blunt and vivid phrases.

"Go back and tell your people never, *never!*" he said to a deputation. "And now let the storm burst. Protest! Insist! What is the use? I have the guns!"

"My friends," he once began a speech; then, perceiving some "outlanders" in the audience, he added:—

"But you are not all friends; some are thieves and murderers. Well—friends, thieves, and murderers!"

The President was a curious mixture of piety and shrewdness. A story is told of an incident which occurred in his earlier days.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party to hunt the hartbeest. They scoured the veld for days

without a sign of their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped, in less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boer hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kaffir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition told the truth of the affair. Kruger, when he left the hunting-party, had struck out for a neighbouring Kaffir kraal, and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they, the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kaffir. The natives, being sore afraid of the Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the game to the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered.

## CANDIDE.

*Concluded.*

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### CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCERNING PAQUITA AND BROTHER GIROFLÉE.

As soon as he was at Venice, he caused enquiries to be made concerning Cacambo in all the inns, in all the cafés, in all the improper houses, but all was in vain. Every day he sent to inquire on the arrival of ships, but there was no news of Cacambo.

"What!" he said to Martin, "I have been able to get from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to coast by Portugal and Spain, to cross the whole of the Mediterranean, to spend a few months in Venice, and the beautiful Cunegonde has not yet arrived! Instead of her I have only met a rascally woman and a priest from Perigord. No doubt Cunegonde is dead and nothing remains for me but to die. Ah! I should have done better to stay in the paradise of Eldorado than to return to this cursed Europe. You are quite right, my dear Martin, everything is vanity and illusion."

He fell into a black melancholy, and took part neither in the opera alla moda nor in the other amusements of the carnival; he was not tempted by a single lady. Martin said to him, "You are really very simple to imagine that a half-caste servant who has five or six millions in his pocket, will go and fetch your mistress from the end of the world, and will bring her to you in Venice. He will take her himself if he finds her; and if he does not find her, he will take another one. I would advise you to forget your servant Cacambo and your mistress Cunegonde." Martin was not very comforting. The melancholy of Candide increased, and Martin never stopped proving to him that there was little virtue or little happiness on earth, except, perhaps, in Eldorado, where no one could go.

While arguing on this important matter, and while waiting for Cunegonde, Candide noticed a young friar on the Piazza of St. Marc who was giving his arm to a girl. The friar seemed to be rosy, fat and strong, his eyes shone, his air was assured, his carrriage high, his demeanour proud. The girl was very pretty, and sang. She looked lovingly at her friar, and from time to time pinched his fat cheeks.

"You must agree, in spite of yourself," said Candide to Martin, "that they are happy. I have only found up till now, on the earth, except, perhaps, in Eldorado, unfortunate wretches, but that girl and friar are certainly very happy creatures."

"I will bet you that they are not," said Martin.

"Let us ask them to dinner," said Candide, "and you will see if I make a mistake."

Candide went and spoke to them, praised them, and invited them to come to his inn and eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges, caviare, and to drink wine from Montepulciano, Lacryma-Christi, from Cyprus and Samos. The young lady blushed, the friar agreed, and the young girl followed him, gazing at Candide with looks full of surprise and confusion, and shedding a few tears. Scarcely had she entered Candide's room, when she said to him, "What, M. Candide, do you no longer remember Paquita?"

Hearing these words, Candide, who till then had not particularly noticed her, because he was thinking of Cunegonde, said to her: "Alas! my poor child, it is you, then, who put Dr. Pangloss in the fine state that I saw?"

"Alas! sir, it is I," said Paquita. "I see that you know all. I have heard of the dreadful misfortunes which happened to the house of my lady the baroness and the beautiful Cunegonde. I assure you that my fate has hardly been less sad. I was very innocent when you saw me. A Cordelier, who was my confessor, seduced me. The consequences were terrible; I was obliged to leave the castle a little time after my lord the baron had dismissed you with kicks. If a famous doctor had not taken pity on me, I should have died. For a short time, out of gratitude, I was that doctor's mistress. His wife, who was madly jealous, used to beat me every day most unmercifully; she was a regular fury. That doctor was the ugliest of men, and I was the most wretched of creatures, in being beaten continuously for a man whom I did not love. You can understand how dangerous it is for a scolding woman to be the wife of a doctor. He, exasperated at his wife's actions, gave her one day, to cure a slight cold, such an efficacious medicine that she died in two hours, after suffering very much. The relations of madam had the doctor prosecuted; he fled, and I was sent to prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been rather pretty. The judge would not have discharged me if he had succeeded to what the doctor had left. I was soon replaced by a rival, driven away in poverty, and compelled to continue this abominable trade,

which appears so pleasant to you men, but which entails nothing but wretchedness for us. I went to Venice in order to carry on my profession. Ah! sir, if you could imagine what it is to have to embrace either an old merchant, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, a priest, to be exposed to every insult, to have often even to borrow clothes to dress in so as to be able to go out, to be robbed by one man of what I have received from another, to pay blackmail to the police, and to have no prospect but a dreadful old age, the hospital, and the dunghill. If you realised all this, you would agree that I was one of the most wretched creatures in the world."

Paquita thus opened her heart to the good Candide, in an inn, in the presence of Martin, who said to Candide:

"You see, I have already half won my bet."

Brother Giroflée had remained in the dining room, and was having a drink while he was waiting for his dinner.

"But," said Candide to Paquita, "you seemed so gay, so pleased, when I met you; you sang, you caressed the friar quite naturally, you seemed to me to be as happy as you pretend to be unfortunate."

"Ah! sir," replied Paquita, "that is indeed one of the many miseries of my trade. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and to-day I must appear good-tempered to please a friar."

Candide did not wish to hear any more; he agreed that Martin was right. They sat down at table with Paquita and the friar; the meal was rather amusing, and at the end they spoke with some confidence. "My reverend father," said Candide to the friar, "you appear to enjoy a fate that anyone might envy. Your face looks the picture of health, your countenance shows that you are happy, you have a pretty girl by your side, and you appear to be very satisfied with your life as a monk."

"By my faith, sir," said Brother Giroflée, "I wish that all monks were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to set our convent on fire and to go and join the Turks. My parents forced me when I was 15 to put on this detestable gown in order to leave more money to my cursed elder brother, whom may God confound! Jealousy, discord and rage prevail in the convent. It is true that I have preached some bad sermons, by which I have made a little money, but the Prior robs me of half, with the other I entertain girls. But when I return in the evening to my monastery I am ready to knock my head against the walls of the dormitory, and all my brethren think alike."

Martin turned towards Candide with his customary coolness. "Well," said he, "have I not won all my bet?" Candide gave two thousand crowns to Paquita and a thousand to Brother Giroflée. "I promise you that they will be happy with that." "I do not believe it," said Martin, "you will make them perhaps still unhappier than before, with these piastres." "That may be," said Candide, "but one thing consoles me: I see that one often

finds again people whom one never expected to see again. It is quite possible that after having come across my red sheep and Paquita, I shall also find again Cunegonde." "I hope," said Martin, "that she will make you happy one day, but I doubt it very much." "You are very hard," said Candide. "It is because I have lived some time," said Martin.

"But look at those gondoliers," said Candide, "are they not always singing?" "You do not see them at home with their wives and their brats," said Martin. "The Doge has his troubles, and the gondoliers have theirs. All things considered, the lot of a gondolier is better than that of a Doge, but I believe that the difference is so slight that it is not worth considering."

"People talk," said Candide, "of the Senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine palace on the Brenta, and who receives strangers pretty well. They say that he is a man who has never had any trouble." "I should like to see an animal belonging to such a rare species," said Martin. Candide at once sent to my Lord Pococurante, asking that they might be allowed to come and see him the next day.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### Visit to my Lord Pococurante, a Venetian Nobleman.

Candide and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante. The gardens were well kept and adorned with fine marble statues, the palace was a fine building. The master of the house, a man of 60 years of age, very rich, received very politely the two gentlemen, but with little cordiality. This troubled Candide, but did not displease Martin. Two pretty girls, nicely dressed, offered some very good chocolate. Candide could not help noticing their beauty, their gracefulness and their skill.

"They are fairly good creatures," said Senator Pococurante. "I let them sleep, sometimes, in my bed, for I am very sick of the ladies of this town, with their coquettish ways, their jealousies, their quarrels, their humours, their pettiness, their pride, their stupidity, and the sonnets that you have to write or have written for them; but, after all, these two girls begin to weary me."

Candide, after lunch, walking in a long gallery, was surprised at the beauty of the pictures. He asked the owner who had painted the two first.

"They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "I bought them for a great deal of money out of vanity a few years ago; it is said that they are the finest in Italy, but I do not like them at all; the colour has become darkened, the figures are not round enough and do not stand out enough, the drapery is not like real stuff; and, in a

word, whatever may be said, I do not think that they really imitate nature. I shall never like a picture until I think that I can see nature in it; there is none of that kind. I have a great many pictures, but I do not look at them any more."

Pococurante, while waiting for dinner, had a concert. Candide thought the music was delightful.

"That noise," said Pococurante, "may amuse for half an hour, but if it lasts longer it tires everybody, though no one dares say so. Music to-day is only the art of playing difficult things, and that which is difficult does not please in the long run.

"I should like the opera better if they had not found the art of producing a monster which disgusts me. Let him who pleases go and listen to bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes are so arranged to bring in, badly, two or three ridiculous songs which allow an actress to display her throat to advantage. Let him who likes faint with pleasure in hearing a eunuch hum the part of Cæsar or Cato, and walk with an awkward air on the boards. As for me, I have given up, for a long time, those poor things which constitute to-day the glory of Italy, and for which its sovereigns pay so dear."

Candide argued a little, but with discretion. Martin entirely agreed with the Senator.

They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner, they went into the library. Candide, seeing a copy of Homer, magnificently bound, praised his most illustrious host for his good taste.

"There," he said, "is a book which delighted the great Pangloss, the best philosopher of Germany."

"It does not delight me," answered Pococurante, coldly. "I was persuaded formerly that I derived some pleasure from reading him, but that continual repetition of fights which all are alike; those gods, who always act to do nothing definite; that Helen, who is the cause of the war, and is scarcely an actress of the piece; that Troy, which is besieged and not taken; all that bored me very much. I have sometimes asked learned men if they were not as much annoyed as I am by that work. All truthful persons have assured me that the book tired them very much, but that no library was complete without it, like a monument of antiquity, and like those rusty medals which cannot be sold."

"Does your Excellency think the same of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I agree," said Pococurante, "that the second, fourth, and sixth, books of the 'Æneid' are excellent, but as for his pious Æneas, the strong Cloanthes, the faithful friend Achates, the young Ascanius, the stupid king Latinus, the silly Amata, the insipid Lavinia, I do not think that there is anything colder or more disagreeable. I prefer Tasso and the insipid stories of Ariosto."

"Dare I ask you, sir," said Candide, "if you do not take great pleasure in reading Horace?"

"There are maxims," said Pococurante, "by which a man of the world may profit, and which, being expressed in energetic verses, are more firmly engraved in one's memory; but I do not care about his expedition to Brindisi, or about his description of a bad dinner, or the fault he finds with a certain Pupelus, whose words, he says, were full of *matter*, and with another fellow whose words were *vinegar*. I have read with much disgust his coarse verses against old women and witches, and I do not see what merit there is in saying to his friend Macænas that if he will reckon Horace a lyric poet he will strike the stars with his sublime forehead. Fools admire everything which a celebrated author has written. I only read for myself; I only like what is for my own use."

Candide, who had been brought up never to think for himself, was very astonished at what he heard; but Martin found Pococurante's way of thinking rather reasonable.

"Oh! here is a Cicero," said Candide. "You are never tired, I suppose, of reading that great man?"

"I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What do I care whether he appeared on behalf of Rabirius or for Cluentius? I have quite enough to do with the law-suits which I have to judge. I liked better his philosophical works, but when I saw that he doubted everything I concluded that I knew as much as he did, and that I needed no one to be ignorant."

"Ah! there are eighty volumes of proceedings of an Academy of Sciences," cried Martin; "there may be something good there——"

"There would be," said Pococurante, "if one of the writers of that stuff had only invented the art of making pins; but there are nothing but idle systems in all these books, and not a single useful thing."

"What a number of plays I see!" said Candide, "in Italian, in Spanish, in French."

"Yes," said the Senator, "there are three thousand, and not three dozen good ones. As for those collected sermons, which are not worth all together a single page of Seneca, and all these large theological treatises, you understand very well that I never open them, neither myself nor anyone else."

Martin saw shelves full of English books. "I think," he said, "that a Republican must be pleased to read these books, written without the permission of censors."

"Yes," replied Pococurante, "it is a fine thing to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of a free man. In all our Italy we can only write what we do not think; those who live in the fatherland of the Cæsars and the Antonines cannot have an idea without the permission of a friar. I should be glad of the liberty inspired by English genius if passion and party spirit did not corrupt all that which is valuable in that priceless liberty."

Candide, seeing a copy of Milton, asked him if he did not think that author was a great man.

"What," said Pococurante, "that barbarian, who has written a long commentary on the first chapter of Genesis in ten long books of rough verse? That clumsy imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and whilst Moses represents the Eternal producing the world by speech, makes the Messiah take a large compass from a cupboard in order to make a plan? You would have me think well of a man who has spoiled hell and the devil of Tasso, who disguises Lucifer, sometimes as a toad, sometimes as a pigmy, who makes him utter one hundred times the same speeches, who makes him argue on theology, who, imitating seriously the comic invention of firearms by Ariosto, makes the devils fire cannon in Heaven? Neither I, nor anybody in Italy, has been able to take pleasure in these sad burlesques. The marriage of Sin and Death, the vipers which Sin brings forth, would make any man, with any delicacy of taste, sick; and his long description of a hospital is only worthy of a grave-digger. That vague, strange, and disgusting poem was despised when it appeared; I treat it to-day as its contemporaries regarded it in England. Besides, I say what I think, and I care very little whether anybody else thinks as I do."

Candide was much hurt by these speeches. He respected Homer, he liked Milton a little.

"Alas!" he said in a low voice to Martin, "I very much fear that this man has a sovereign contempt for our German poets."

"There would be no great harm in that," said Martin.

"Oh! what a superior man," said Candide between his teeth, "what a great genius is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After having looked at all the books, they went down into the garden. Candide praised all its beauties. "I know nothing that is in worse taste," said the master; "it is only a plaything, but to-morrow I will have one laid out with a nobler design."

When the two men had taken leave of his Excellency, "Now," said Candide to Martin, "you must agree that he is the happiest of men, for he is above all that he has."

"Do you not see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with all that he has? Plato said a long time ago that the best stomachs are not those which refuse all food."

"But," said Candide, "is there not pleasure in criticising everything, in seeing faults where other men think that they distinguish beauties?"

"That is to say," rejoined Martin, "that it is a pleasure to have no pleasure."

"Oh! indeed," said Candide, "I agree with you. I shall not be happy till I see again Mlle. Cunegonde."

"It is always a good thing to hope," said Martin.

Meanwhile, days and weeks passed. Cacambo did not come back, and Candide was so plunged in grief that he did not even remark that Paquita and Brother Giroflée had not even come back to thank him.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Concerning a Supper Party of Candide, Martin and Six Strangers, and who they were.

One day that Candide and Martin were going to sit down at table with the strangers who lodged in the same inn, a man with a face as black as soot pulled Candide by the arm and said to him, "Be ready to go away with us; do not fail." He turned round and saw Cacambo. Only the sight of Cunegonde could have astonished and pleased him more. He was nearly mad with joy. He embraced his dear friend. "No doubt Cunegonde is here? Where is she? Take me to her that I may be happy."

"Cunegonde is not here," said Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople."

"Heaven! at Constantinople! But were she in China, I would hasten there; let us go."

"We will go after supper," continued Cacambo. "I cannot tell you any more; I am a slave, my master is waiting for me, I must go and serve at table. Do not say a word; have your supper and be ready."

Candide divided between joy and grief; pleased at having seen again his faithful agent, astonished at seeing him a slave, thinking that he had found his mistress again, his heart agitated, his mind bewildered. He sat down to table with Martin, who looked on coolly at all these affairs, and with six strangers who had come to pass the carnival at Venice. Cacambo, who was pouring out some wine to one of these strangers, came near to his master's ear towards the end of the meal, and said to him, "Sir, your Majesty can leave when you like; the ship is ready." Having said these words, he went out of the room. The other guests looked at each other without saying a word, when another servant, coming near to his master, said, "Sir, your Majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready." The master made a sign, and the servant went away. All the guests looked at each other again, and the common surprise increased. A third servant came to a third stranger, and said, "Sir, believe me, your Majesty must not remain here any longer; I will go and get everything ready." And he at once disappeared.

Candide and Martin no longer doubted that it was a carnival trick. A fourth servant said to a fourth master, "Your Majesty can leave when you please," and went out like the others. The

fifth servant said as much to the fifth master. But the sixth servant spoke differently to the sixth stranger who was sitting near Candide. He said to him, "Really, Sir, no more credit will be given to your Majesty, or to me either, and we might both be locked up to-night. I am going to look after my own affairs. Good-bye."

All the servants having disappeared, the six strangers, Candide and Martin, remained quite silent. Finally Candide spoke: "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a strange joke; why are you all kings? As for myself, I assure you that neither Martin nor myself belong to that class." The master of Cacambo then began to speak in a grave voice, using the Italian language. "I am not joking, I am Achmet III. I was Sultan for several years. I usurped my brother's throne, my nephew overthrew me, the throats of my Viziers were cut, I finish my life in the old seraglio; my nephew, the Sultan Mahomet, allows me sometimes to travel for my health, and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

A young man who was sitting next to Achmet spoke after him, and said, "I am called Ivan; I have been Emperor of all the Russias. I was overthrown when in my cradle, my father and my mother were imprisoned, and I was brought up in a prison. Sometimes I am allowed to travel, accompanied by those who guard me; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

The third one said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England. My father resigned his rights in my favour. I fought to maintain them; the hearts were torn out from eight hundred of my partisans, whose cheeks were struck with them; I was put in prison. I am going to Rome to see my father, who as well as my grandfather, lost his throne, and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

The fourth then spoke, and said: "I am King of the Polacks; the fortunes of war have taken my hereditary States from me; my father has experienced the same fate. I submit to the will of heaven, like Sultan Achmet, Emperor Ivan and King Charles Edward, to whom may God grant a long life, and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

The fifth said: "I am also King of the Polacks. I have lost my kingdom twice, but heaven has given me another State, in which I have done more good than all the Kings of Sarmatia were able ever to do on the banks of the Vistula. I also am resigned to the will of heaven, and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

The sixth monarch had still to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not such a great lord as you are, but really I, too, have been a king. I am Theodore; I was elected King of Corsica; I have been called *your Majesty*, and now I am scarcely called *Sir*. I have had money struck, and I have not got a penny; I have had two Secretaries of State, and now I have hardly a servant. I have sat on a throne, and I have been in a prison in London for a long time.

I fear the same may happen to me here, though, like your majesties, I came to spend the carnival in Venice."

The five other kings listened to this speech with a noble compassion. Each one gave twenty crowns to King Theodore to buy clothes and shirts. Candide gave him a diamond worth two thousand crowns. "Who is that man who can give and gives a hundred times more than we do?" said the five kings.

As they left the table, four serene highnesses, driven from their States by the fortune of war, entered the same inn in order to spend the remainder of the carnival in Venice, but Candide did not even pay any attention to them. He was only thinking of going to his dear Cunegonde at Constantinople.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### Voyage of Candide to Constantinople.

The faithful Cacambo had already persuaded the Turkish master, who was taking Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to allow Candide and Martin to come on board. Both did so, after having prostrated themselves before his wretched mightiness. Candide, as he was going, said to Martin:

"We have, however, sat down to supper with six kings, who have been overthrown, and besides, I gave alms to one of those six kings. Perhaps there are other princes still more unfortunate. As for myself, I have only lost one hundred sheep, and I am hastening to the arms of Cunegonde. My dear Martin, I tell you once more that Pangloss was right—all is for the best."

"I hope so," said Martin.

"But," said Candide, "we have had a most strange and improbable adventure in Venice. One had never seen nor heard of six ex-kings sitting down together to supper in an inn."

"That is no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things which have happened to us. It is a very common thing that kings should be overthrown, and as to the honour that we had of supping with them, that is a trifle which is not worth talking about."

Scarcely was Candide on the ship when he embraced his old servant, his old friend Cacambo.

"Well," he said to him, "what is Cunegonde doing? Is she still a miracle of beauty? Does she still love me? How is she? You have, doubtless, bought her a palace at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunegonde is washing dishes on the banks of the Bosphorus at a prince's who has very few dishes; she is a slave in the palace of an ex-sovereign, called Ragotski, to whom the Grand Turk gives three crowns a day for

his expenses, but what is much sadder is, that she has lost her beauty, and that she has become frightfully ugly."

"Ah! beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am an honest man, and my duty is to love her always. But how can she have been reduced to such an abject state, with the five or six millions which you took away?"

"But," said Cacambo, "I had to give two to Senor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figucora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, in order to have Mlle. Cunegonde back? And did not a pirate bravely rob us of the remainder? This pirate took us to Cap Matapan, to Melos, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to the Sea of Marmora and to Scutari. Cunegonde and the old woman are servants of the prince of whom I spoke to you, and I am a slave of the dethroned Sultan."

"What a chain of frightful catastrophes!" said Candide. "But after all, I have still a few diamonds; I will certainly free Cunegonde. It is a great pity that she has become so ugly."

Then turning towards Martin:

"Whom do you think is most to be pitied of Emperor Achmet, Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or of myself?"

"I do not know," said Martin. "I would have to know the secrets of your hearts before I could answer your question."

"Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know about it and would tell us."

"I do not know," said Martin, "with what scales your Pangloss could weigh the misfortunes of men and judge their grief. As far as I can see there are millions of men on earth who are a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, Emperor Ivan, and Sultan Achmet."

"That might be," said Candide.

They soon arrived at Constantinople. Candide began by buying Cacambo, and he was charged a stiff price. Then, without wasting any time, he threw himself in a galley with his companions, to go to the shores of the Bosphorus, in order to seek Cunegonde, however ugly she might be.

There were in the galley two slaves who rowed very badly, and the Levanti master gave them from time to time some blows with his whip on their naked shoulders. Candide, moved by his natural pity, looked at them more attentively than he did at the other galley slaves, and went near to them. He thought that he noticed some slight resemblance in their faces to those of Pangloss and that unfortunate Jesuit, that Baron, the brother of Mlle. Cunegonde. That idea moved him and made him sad. He looked at them more attentively. "Really," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen my master Pangloss hanged, if I had not had the misfortune of killing the Baron, I should believe that they are rowing in that galley."

Hearing the name of the Baron and Pangloss, the two convicts uttered a great cry, stopped rowing and let their oars fall. The Levanti master rushed at them and struck them heavily. "Stop! stop! my lord," cried Candide, "I will give you as much money as you like." "What, it is Candide," said one of the galley slaves. "What, it is Candide," said the other. "Is it a dream?" said Candide, "Am I awake? Am I in this galley? Did I kill my lord the Baron? Is it Dr. Pangloss whom I have seen hung?"

"Yes," they cried, "we are here! we are here."

"What, is that the greatest philosopher?" said Martin.

"Ah! Mr. Levanti master," said Candide, "how much money do you want for the ransom of M. von Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the first barons of the Empire, and of Dr. Pangloss, the deepest metaphysician of Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," replied the Levanti master, "since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which is doubtless a great dignity in their country, you must give me fifty thousand crowns for them."

"You shall have them, sir. Take me back at once to Constantinople and you will be paid at once. But no, take me at once to Mlle. Cunegonde."

The Levanti master, as soon as he heard Candide's offer, had turned round towards Constantinople and the galley went faster than a bird through the air.

Candide embraced a hundred times the Baron and Pangloss. "And so I did not kill you, my dear Baron; and you, my dear Pangloss, how is it you are alive after having been hung; and how are you both in the galleys in Turkey?"

"Is it quite true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron.

"Yes," replied Cacambo.

"I see again my dear Candide," cried Pangloss.

Candide presented them to Martin and to Cacambo. They all embraced, they all spoke together. The galley flew, they were already in the port. They sent for a Jew, to whom Candide sold a diamond worth one hundred thousand crowns, for fifty thousand crowns, though the Jew swore by Abraham that he could not offer any more. He paid at once the ransom of the Baron and of Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his liberator and bathed them in tears, the other thanked him with a nod and promised to return the money as soon as possible. "But is it quite true that my sister is in Turkey?" he said.

"Nothing is truer," replied Cacambo, "since she washes dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince."

They sent for two Jews; Candide sold more diamonds; and they all went in a galley to free Cunegonde.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### What Happenened to Candide, to Cunegonde, to Pangloss, to Martin, &c.

"Pardon me once more," said Candide to the Baron, "pardon me, reverend father, for having passed my sword through you."

"Let us not say anything more about it," said the Baron. "I agree that I was a little too hot-tempered; but since you wish to know by what chance you found me a galley slave, I will tell you that after having been cured of my wound by the brother apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by the Spaniards. I was put in prison at Buenos Ayres, just when my sister went away from there. I asked that I might return to Rome to the General. I was appointed chaplain to his Excellency the French Ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been there more than a week when one day I met a young man who was very handsome. It was very hot, the young man wished to bathe, I also decided that I would have a bath. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found quite naked with a young Mussulman. A Cadi ordered me to be given a hundred blows with a stick on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not think that there ever was a more horribly unjust case. But I should like to know why my sister is in the kitchen of a prince of Transylvania who has taken refuge among the Turks."

"But you, you dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how is it that I see you again?"

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged. I ought, naturally, to have been burnt, but you remember that it rained in torrents when I was going to be roasted. The storm was one of such violence that it was impossible to light the fire; I was hanged because they could not do any better. A surgeon bought my body, took it home and began to dissect me. He began by making an incision from my navel to my neck. It would have been difficult to hang a man worse than I have been. The Lord High Executioner of the Holy Inquisition was a sub-deacon; he knew, indeed, how to burn people marvellously well, but he was not used to hang them; the rope was wet, and slid badly, it was badly tied, and I still breathed. The crucial incision made me give such a great cry that the surgeon fell backwards, believing he was dissecting the devil. He ran away, dying of fright, and fell on the staircase as he ran. His wife came, when she heard the noise, from an adjoining room, she saw me stretched out on the dissecting table with the incision, she was still more frightened than her husband, she took to her heels and fell on him. When they had a little recovered from their fright, I heard the lady say to her husband: 'My dear, why ever did you want to dissect a heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always inside those people? I shall at once

go and fetch a priest to exorcise him.' I trembled at those words, and cried out as loud as I could, 'Do take pity of me!' At last the Portuguese barber became bolder; he sewed up my skin, his wife even took care of me. I was able to get out in a fortnight. The surgeon found me a place, and I became the lackey of a Knight of Malta, who was going to Venice, but as my master had no money to pay me my wages I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and I followed him to Constantinople.

"One day I took it into my head to enter a Mosque. There were only there an old man and a very pretty young woman, who was saying her prayers; her bosom was all uncovered; she had between her breasts a beautiful bouquet of tulips, of roses, of anemones, and of hyacinths; she let her flowers fall, I picked them up and put them back with a very respectful eagerness. I was so long putting them back that the iman grew angry, and, seeing that I was a Christian, he called for help. I was taken to the Cadi, who ordered me to receive a hundred strokes with a stick on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained on the same galley and on the same bench as my lord the Baron. There were in that galley four young men from Marseilles, five priests from Naples, two monks from Corfu, who told us that such adventures happen every day. My lord the Baron argued that he had been more unjustly treated than I had, but I maintained that it was far better to replace a bouquet in the bosom of a young woman than to be found stark naked with a young man. We discussed the matter every day, and we received daily twenty lashes, when the chain of events of this universe led you to our galley, and you paid our ransom."

"Well! my dear Pangloss," said Candide to him, "when you were hanged, dissected, flogged, made to row in a galley, did you still think that all was for the best in the world?"

"I still am of the same opinion," replied Pangloss, "for you know that I am a philosopher, and it would not be fitting for me to contradict myself. Leibnitz could not be wrong, and the pre-established harmony, being besides the finest thing in the world, agrees well with the fullness of things and the subtleness of matter."

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### How Candide found again Cunegonde and the Old Woman.

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo were relating their adventures, while they were reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this universe, while they were disputing on effects and causes, on moral and physical evils,

on liberty, and on necessity, on the consolations which may be experienced even when one is in the galleys of Turkey, they landed on the shores of the Bosphorus at the house of the Prince of Transylvania. The first persons they saw were Cunegonde and the old woman, who were hanging out napkins on a line to make them dry.

The Baron grew pale at that sight. Candide, the tender lover, seeing his beautiful Cunegonde quite dark, with her eyes heavy, her bosom flat, her cheeks wrinkled, her arms red and rough, was horror-struck; he stepped back three paces, but then came forward, as his better feelings asserted themselves. She kissed Candide and her brother, they all kissed the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a little farm in the neighbourhood; the old woman proposed that Candide should buy it till they all could find something better. Cunegonde did not know that she had become ugly, because no one had told her. She reminded Candide of his promises in such an absolute tone that the good man dared not refuse to fulfil them. He therefore told the Baron that he was going to marry his sister.

"I shall never allow," said the Baron, "such baseness on my part, and such insolence on yours. No one shall reproach me with that infamy, for the children of my sister could never enter the chapters of German knights. No, my sister shall only marry a Baron of the Empire."

Cunegonde threw herself at his feet, and watered them with her tears. He was inflexible.

"You big fool," said Candide to him. "I ransomed you from the galleys, and I paid your sister's ransom; she was washing dishes; she is ugly, and I am good enough to still be willing to marry her. Yet you pretend that you will oppose the marriage! I would kill you again if I listened to my angry feelings."

"You may kill me again," said the Baron, "but as long as I am alive you shall not marry my sister."

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### Conclusion.

Candide, in the bottom of his heart, had no wish to marry Cunegonde, but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude this marriage, and Cunegonde urged him so much that he could not get out of it. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo.

Pangloss drew up a fine State paper by which he proved that the Baron had no rights over his sister, and that she could, according to all the laws of the Empire, marry Candide morganatically.

Martin advised throwing the Baron into the sea, Cacambo decided that he ought to be handed over to the Levanti master, and sent back to the galleys, after which he would be sent back to Rome to the General by the first ship. The advice was considered very good; the old woman approved of it, nothing was said to the sister; the matter was arranged for a little money, and they had the pleasure of taking in a Jesuit, and of punishing the pride of a German Baron.

It was quite natural to imagine that after so many disasters, Candide, married to his mistress, and living with the philosophers, Pangloss and Martin, the prudent Cacambo, the old woman, having besides brought back so many diamonds from the land of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life. But he was robbed so much by the Jews that only this small farm was left to him; his wife became every day more cross and more disagreeable; the old woman was infirm, and was still more bad-tempered than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and who went to sell the vegetables at Constantinople, was overwhelmed with work and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair because he did not shine in some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly convinced that one is equally badly off everywhere, and he took things patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss argued sometimes on metaphysics and ethics. You could often see, from the windows of the farm, ships full of effendis, pashas, and cadis, being sent to exile at Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzeroum; you could see other cadis, pashas, and effendis, who took the place of the first, and who were exiled in their turn; you could see heads properly stuffed, which were being sent for presentation to the Sublime Porte. These sights led to renewed dissertations, and when they did not argue, they were so downhearted, that the old woman one day dared to say to them:

"I should like to know what is the worst, either to have been ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have had a buttock cut off, to have been flogged by the Bulgarians, to have been flogged and hanged in an auto-da-fé, to have been dissected, to row in the galleys, to have undergone all the miseries that we have all experienced, or to stay here doing nothing?"

"It is a great question," said Candide.

That speech gave rise to new reflections, and Martin concluded that man was born either to live in the convulsions of anxiety or in the lethargy of indolence. Candide did not agree, but he asserted nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had always horribly suffered, but having once maintained that all went well, he always adhered to that opinion, though he did not believe it.

One thing confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate still more, and embarrassed Pangloss. One day there landed at their farm Paquita and Brother Giroflée, who were in great poverty. They had soon spent their three thousand crowns,

they had ceased to live together, they had made it up, they had quarrelled again, they had been put in prison, they had run away, and at last Brother Giroflée had become a Turk. Paquita kept on at her trade everywhere, but she no longer earned anything.

"I had foreseen this," said Martin to Candide, "that your gifts would soon be wasted, and would only make them more wretched. You were burdened with millions, you and Cacambo, and you are no happier than Giroflée and Paquita."

"Ah! ah!" said Pangloss to Paquita, "Heaven brings you back in our midst. My poor child! do you know that you made me lose the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear? How bad you look! Well, so wags the world!"

This new adventure made them talk philosophy more than ever.

There was in the neighbourhood a very famous dervish, who was considered the best philosopher in Turkey; they went to consult him. Pangloss spoke on their behalf, and said to him: "Master, we have come to beg of you to tell us why such a strange animal as man has been created?"

"What are you bothering yourself about?" said the dervish to him, "is that your business?"

"But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is a great deal of evil on earth."

"What does it matter," said the dervish, "that there should be good or evil? When His Mightiness sends a ship to Egypt does he care whether the mice on board are comfortable or not?"

"What should then be done?" said Pangloss.

"Hold your tongue," said the dervish.

"I flattered myself," said Pangloss, "that I should argue a little with you on cause and effect, on the best of all possible worlds, on the origin of evil, on the nature of the soul, and on pre-established harmony."

The dervish, hearing these words, shut the door in their faces.

While this conversation was going on, the news was spread that two viziers and a mufti had just been strangled at Constantinople, whilst several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great deal of noise everywhere during a few hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, going back to their little farm, met a good old man who was enjoying the cool of the evening in his verandah under an arch of orange blossoms. Pangloss who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked him he name of the mufti who had just been strangled.

"I know nothing about it," replied the good man, "and I have never known the name of any mufti or vizier. I am quite ignorant of the adventure to which you refer. I imagine that, generally, those who meddle in politics perish sometimes in a miserable way, and that they deserve it, but I never inquire what goes on in Constanti-

nople. I am content to send the fruits from my garden to be sold there."

Having said these words, he invited the strangers into his house; his two daughters and his two sons offered them several kinds of drinks, which they made themselves, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, dates, pistachios, coffee from Mocha, which was not mixed with bad coffee from Java and the West Indies. Afterwards the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, of Pangloss, and of Martin.

"You must have," said Candide to the Turk, "a large and magnificent estate?"

"I have only twenty acres," replied the Turk, "I cultivate them with my children; work keeps away from us three great evils—vice, want, and ennui."

Candide, when he got back to his farm, thought much about what the Turk had said. He said to Pangloss and to Martin: "That good old man seems to have a far happier fate than any of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup."

"Greatness is very dangerous," said Pangloss, "according to the account given by all philosophers, for Eglon, king of the Moabites, was murdered by Aod; Absalom was caught by his hair, hanged and pierced with three javelins; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baza; King Ela by Zambié, Ochosias by Jehu, Attaliah by Joas, King Joachim, Techonias, and Sedecias, were slaves. You know how all the following perished: Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Denys of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, the Emperor Henry IV.? You know. . . . ."

"I know also," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden."

"You are right," said Pangloss, "for when man was put in the garden of Eden, he was put there ut operaretur eum, in order that he should work; and that proves that man is not born for rest."

"Let us work without arguing," said Martin, "it is the only way to make life bearable."

All agreed in that praiseworthy design; each one began to do his best. The small farm produced more. Cunegonde indeed remained very ugly, but she acquired the art of making excellent pastry. Paquita did embroidery; the old woman took care of the linen. Even Brother Giroflée did something; he became a very good carpenter, and even became an honest man. Pangloss used to say sometimes to Candide, "All motion is connected in the best of all worlds, for if you had not been roughly kicked out from a fine castle because you loved Mlle. Cunegonde; if you had not been seized by

the Holy Inquisition; if you had not gone through America on foot; if you had not passed your sword through the Baron's body; if you had not lost all your sheep in the beautiful country of Eldorado; you would not be eating here preserved fruits and pistachios."

"That is very well said," replied Candide, "but we must work in our garden."

[THE END.]

VOLTAIRE.
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

## HOW MUCH LONGER?

Did you hear the babies crying—
Crying for the want of bread?
Did you hear the women sighing
For the plenteous days long dead?
Bitter, bitter, are the tear-drops
That the hungry children shed,—
And they strike our hearts like lead!

Did you see the workmen tramping
Past the fast-locked factr'y door,
While the yellow sun rays, slanting,
Glide along the dusty floor?
Heavy, heavy, are their footsteps,—
Heavy are their hearts and sore!
Must they tramp for evermore?

How much longer, O ye rulers,
Can you let the children cry?
How much longer, O ye masters,
Will you hear the women sigh?
How much longer, O ye *People*,
*Must we watch the workers die?*

GEO. E. WINKLER.
(In "International Socialist Review.")