

Mr. Foote says similar remedies to Socialism have been offered by social doctors for the last 2000 years. Mr. Foote does not seem aware that 2000 years ago Society was altogether different from what it is to-day—that land nationalisation was not asked for, because the communal system of land ownership was then pretty nigh universal; that overwork in factories did not occur, because there were no factories; and that stock exchange gambling did not exist because there were no stock exchanges. The reign of capitalists has existed little over a century. Socialism is the next stage in human progress. It could not have come before its time. Had social doctors advocated Socialism 2000 years ago, they would have been 2000 years in advance of the age. Hence the complete absurdity of Mr. Foote's observation.

Mr. Foote writes: "Even if the ultimate form of Society will be Socialism, we fail to see much use in anticipating it." I fail to understand the sentence, but must point out that Socialists don't profess to know what the ultimate form of Society will be. What they say is that the next form will be Socialism, and that the men and women who live under that régime will be happier than the present generation. We are told by Mr. Foote "that the object of the capitalist is to produce a commodity of greater value than its cost." Put intelligibly, the object of the capitalist is to make profit, and the way it is done is by getting men to work and paying them for only a portion of their labour; the balance is retained, and this balance is profit. Socialists assert that as the workmen have a portion—how much does not matter—of their labour taken without payment, they have been robbed of it. The way Mr. Foote deals with the argument is as follows: "We deny it, and we protest that calling names will not settle an economical problem."

Mr. Foote is surprised at the statement that the portion of labour unpaid is a half—according to the American Bureau of Statistics. Mr. Foote says the figures given are simply preposterous, and backs up the assertion by telling us that Mrs. Besant confuses capital with skill. After this, Mr. Foote tells us "that the value of capital is what it will fetch in good securities, and that is not tremendous;" and so the "able editor" goes on stringing words together. We are supplied with the Socialist's estimate of Mill: "He is an exoteric person, who never dipped his hand in the sacred barley." What should be done with an "able editor" that goes on like this? Later on we are told that drawing a razor across the throat would cure small-pox! This kind of stuff may suit some of Mr. Foote's "Freethinking" audiences, but it will not do for Socialists.

We have a considerable part of the critique dealing with competition. Mr. Foote tells us life is a battle. The Socialist is quite awake to the fact that man has to wrest from Nature all the necessaries of life, and hence he advises his fellows not to fight one another, as well as Nature. Let them rather co-operate and procure with the least exertion these necessaries.

Here are two definitions of civilisation given by Mr. Foote: (1) "Life is a battle, but civilisation consists, and must long consist, in transferring the battle from the bloody field to the brain;" (2) "Civilization is co-operation; we believe in it, and we wish to see it extended." These definitions show conclusively that the "able editor's" thoughts are confused to an unusual extent. What is Socialism but universal co-operation? How, then, can Mr. Foote believe in co-operation and yet oppose Socialism; because the word co-operation is used by Mr. Foote in the second definition evidently in the wide sense of the word that makes it synonymous with Socialism. Not forced co-operation, but co-operation that grows, Mr. Foote believes in. This is a mixed simile taken from the hot-house; a forced plant has to grow just as much as one that is not forced, the only difference being in the greater or less rapidity of the growth, and Mr. Foote may note that if Socialists can cause co-operation to extend rapidly, they will do so in spite of the fact that he prefers "Co-operation that grows."

Mr. Foote is a Land Nationaliser and an anti-Monopolist, and thinks that he can be so logically without being a Socialist. I can understand that with Mr. Foote's talent for drawing inferences, his grounds for believing in Land Nationalisation may be rather queer. The usual argument is that as land is necessary for man's existence, the community should prevent anyone appropriating the soil, because by so doing the appropriators have in their power the lives of the landless men. If capital is a necessary like land, those who appropriate it have a similar power over the lives of their fellows; so, if only landlords are dealt with, man's freedom is but partly realised; to complete it, capitalists must be dealt with in a like manner. There is no logical halting-ground between land nationalisation and Socialism.

Mr. Foote, thinking perhaps, that his arguments are rather weak, throws out some insinuations as to the sincerity of Socialists. "Socialism is the evangel of 'the sweet by-and-bye.'" Probably some well-to-do Socialists are secretly, perhaps unconsciously, pleased at this. They can preach their Gospel without any sacrifice." I merely point out this piece of impertinence as an illustration of the kind of stuff that does duty as a criticism of Socialism.

Mr. Foote at the end of his article asks Socialists to deal with the "practical difficulties raised by Mr. Bradlaugh." The particular "practical difficulty" referred to is, How will a minority get a hearing? Pretty much as they do to-day; by using their tongue and pen. Mr. Foote very curiously imagines that in the future Society, the platforms and press will only be open to one phase of opinion. How he got at this notion it is hard to tell.

In conclusion, I must not fail to note a very curious saying of Mr. Carlyle, preserved by Mr. Foote, which, somehow or another, he thinks applies to Mrs. Besant: "We see what we bring eyes to see with." When Carlyle made this remarkable observation Mr. Foote does not

say. Perhaps when he was a baby; but how it applies to Mrs. Besant I fail to see. I think Mr. Foote should stick to the old game. Moses and Aaron hear not the wonderful yarns that are told of them, and so Mr. Foote has no fear of an exposure; but when he talks nonsense about Socialism he will find that Socialists are still in the land of the living.

A. K. DONALD.

SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: CONSTITUTIONAL STAGE.

THE bankruptcy towards which France was staggering under the régime of an untaxed privileged noblesse drove the Court into the dangerous step of attempting to do something, and after desperate efforts to carry on the old corruption by means of mere financing operations, under Calonne and others, aided by an assembly of the "Notables," or kind of irregular taxing council, the Court was at last, on the 4th May, 1789, compelled to summon the States-General, a body which was pretty much analogous to a Parliament of our mediæval kings, that is a kind of taxing machine, but which attempted to sell its granting of taxes to the king for redress of certain grievances. This States-General had not met since 1614. Bickering between the three houses, Clergy, Noblesse, and Commons, immediately began, but the latter, which was middle-class in spirit though including some of the lower nobility, gave tokens of its coming predominance from the first. On the 20th of June the Court attempted a *coup d'état*, and the Third Estate held its celebrated session in the Tennis Court, and so broke with the old feudal idea, and became a constitutional "National Assembly," the Court making but a feeble resistance at the time.

It, nevertheless, was contemplating forcible measures against what had now become the National Assembly, when on the 14th July came the first stroke of the popular insurrection which the bourgeois began by accepting as an ally of its revolution, which so far had gone wholly on constitutional lines; this was the taking of the Bastille by the people, and the slaying of De Launay the Governor, and Flesselles the Provost of the merchants. The Court gave way at once; the king visited Paris as a sign of submission, and certain of the higher nobility fled from the coming ruin. Two typical feudal fleecers, Foulon and Berthier, were afterwards hung by the people.

The ground thus cleared for it, the Constitutional Revolution went on apace; feudal titles were abolished, the Church reduced to a salaried official department; the very geography of the country was changed, the old provinces with their historic names abolished, and France divided into eighty-three departments named after the rivers and other natural features; everything was to be reduced to a pattern constitutional centralised bourgeois bureaucracy.

But the other element of revolution was also stirring. The alliance of the mere starvelings could not be done without by the bourgeoisie, and they had it, whether they would or no. A *Jacquerie* had arisen in the country, and armed peasants everywhere burned the chateaux or country-houses of the gentlemen, and hunted away their occupants. The Revolution was necessarily accompanied by the dislocation of all industry, and the scarcity was bitterly felt everywhere.

In the midst of this the Court, recovering from the first blow of the taking of the Bastille, began to plot counter-revolution, and devised a scheme for getting the king away from Versailles to Rouen or elsewhere, and putting him at the head of a reactionary army and an opposition reactionary assembly. A banquet given by the Court to a regiment supposed to be loyal, practically exposed this plot, and amidst all the terror and irritation which it gave rise to, a popular rising headed by the famous march of the women on Versailles, came to the aid of the Assembly, and forced the king to go to Paris and take up his abode at the Tuilleries. In this affair the mere Sansculotte element became very obvious. It was stirred up by the artificial famine caused by the financial and stock-jobbing operations of the Court and of private persons; the popular middle-class Minister, Necker, having been the immediate cause of it by his issue of small paper money. And it was opposed by the Bourgeois soldiery, the National Guard, headed by Lafayette, who was the very embodiment of the Constitutional Revolution. This was followed by a further flight of the noblesse and higher bourgeoisie from France, which, as it were, gave a token of the complete victory of Constitutionalism over the Court party.

For some time the king carried on a struggle against the victorious bourgeoisie, apparently unconscious of its extreme hopelessness; while the bourgeois Government for its part was quite prepared to put down any popular movement, all the more as it now had a formidable army in the shape of the National Guard. But by this time there had arisen a kind of People's Parliament outside the Assembly, the famous Jacobins Club and the Cordelier Club to wit, and the sky was darkening over for triumphant Constitutionalism.

That triumph was celebrated by the great feast of the Champ de Mars, July 13th, 1790, when the king in the presence of delegates from all France swore to the Constitution. But Royalist plots went on all the same, and settled down at last into a fixed conclusion of the flight of the king to the northern frontier, where were the remains of what regular army could be depended on, with the threatening Austrian troops at their back. As a trial the king attempted at Easter to get as far as St. Cloud, announcing his determination as a matter of course; but he was stopped by a mixed crowd not wholly Sansculotte, though Lafayette did his best to help royalty turned respectable, in the pinch. At last on the 20th June, the king and the royal family made the

great attempt, in which they would most probably have succeeded, if they had not hampered themselves with all kinds of absurd appliances of wealth and luxury, and if they had had any idea of the kind of stake they were playing for. As it was in spite of, or perhaps partly because of, their having arranged for various detachments of troops to meet them on the way as escorts, they were stopped at the little town of Varennes and brought back again to Paris. It was a token of the progress of ideas, that by this time the king's presence in Paris was looked at from a two-fold point of view. By the pure constitutionalists as the necessary coping-stone to the Constitution, without which it could not stand; but by the revolutionists as a hostage held by the French people in the face of hostile reactionary Europe. Also now the word Republic was first put forward, and at last it became clear that there were two parties amongst those who were making the Constitution, the Constitutional Royalists and the Republicans.

The latter were supported by the people, who flooded the Assembly with petitions for the deposition of the king; the Assembly decided against it on the ground of the legal fiction familiar to the anti-Royalist party in our Parliamentary wars, that the king had been carried off by evil and traitorous councillors. But the split between the parties was emphasised by bloodshed. A Jacobin petition lay for signature on the Altar of the Country in the Champ de Mars, and great crowds were about it signing and looking on. In the evening Lafayette marched on the Champ de Mars with a body of National Guards, proclaimed martial law by the hoisting of the red flag, according to a recently made enactment, and finally fired on the people, killing many of them.

But in spite of this "massacre of the Champ de Mars," as it was called, the Constitutionalists triumphed for the time. The National Assembly completed its work, and produced a Constitution wholly Bourgeois and even Monarchical, which was accepted by the King amidst one of those curious outbursts of sentiment of which the epoch was so fruitful, and which generally as on this occasion included the exhibition of the little Dauphin in the arms of his mother to the crowd. The National Assembly dissolved itself after enacting that none of its members could be elected to the new legislative body or first Parliament of the Revolution. Of this Legislative the bourgeois Republicans, the aristocracy of talent, became apparently far the most powerful party; whatever there was of talent that had frankly accepted the alliance of the Sansculottes was outside the Legislative. But another element was now added to the contest, that of foreign war, Austria beginning the attack. The obvious and necessary sympathy of the king and Court with what had now become their only chance of salvation, was met by the equally necessary terror and indignation of the revolutionists of all shades, which of course strengthened the extreme party, who had everything to lose from the success of a foreign invasion. In spite of this, the king driven into a corner was in constant contention with the Legislative, and used his constitutional right of veto freely, yet was driven to accept a revolutionary Ministry with Roland at its head: but as the hope of deliverance from the invasion grew on him he dismissed it again, and the Court found itself ticketed with the name of the *Austrian Committee*. On the 20th June, the populace expressed themselves clearly enough by invading the Tuileries itself, and for a brief space it seemed as if the monarchy were doomed to end there and then; but as there was no resistance it ended with a mere demonstration.

Nevertheless, the end of the Constitutional Revolution was at hand. Lafayette, quite misunderstanding his strength, left the army, and tried to stir up the Constitutionalists to attack the Jacobins, but failed ignominiously, and presently fled the country. The King once more swearing to the Constitution at the Feast of the Federates, wore armour underneath his clothes, and insurrection was obviously brewing. On the 10th August it came. Whatever Royalist force was available was collected in the Palace of the Tuileries, including the Swiss Guard; and a desperate resistance was prepared for with the faint hope of the king being able to cut himself out and reach the frontier; but those Constitutionalists who had any intention of supporting the king found their hearts failing them, and even the "constitutional" battalions of the National Guard were prepared to take the popular side. The king and royal family left the Tuileries for the Legislative, leaving no orders to the unlucky Swiss, who with mechanical military courage stood their ground. The insurrectionary sections attacked the Tuileries and carried it, though not without heavy loss—1200 killed, the Swiss being all slain except a few who were carried off to prison. On the 13th August, the king and his family were bestowed as prisoners in the Temple, and the first act of the Revolution had come to an end.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

(To be continued).

The working-class is the only class which is not a class. It is the nation. It represents so to speak, the body as a whole, of which the other classes only represent special organs. These organs, no doubt, have great and indispensable functions, but for most purposes of government the State consists of the vast labouring majority. Its welfare depends on what their lives are like.—*Frederic Harrison*.

• Touch the half a million a-year expended in keeping up the bauble called a crown, and it would be stigmatised as "beggarly economy"; cut down the sinecures and pensions of titled drones, and it would be disturbing "vested interests"; lop off the revenues of the over-gorged cormorants of the Church, and it would be "sacrilege and spoliation"; but to tax the industrious day-drudge in his daily bread—to suck from him dexterously the fruits of his labour—to curse him in his basket and in his store,—this is the aim and object of your genuine aristocratic legislation, this is the true art of Whig and Tory government.—*Leeds Times*, July 1840.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

(By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Translated by J. L. JOYNES.)

WITH bullets through and through our breast—our forehead split with pike and spear—

So bear us onward shoulder-high, laid dead upon a blood-stained bier;
Yea, shoulder-high above the crowd, that on the man that bade us die,
Our dreadful death-distorted face may be a bitter curse for aye;
That he may see it day and night, or when he wakes, or when he sleeps,
Or when he opes his holy book, or when with wine high revel keeps;
That ever like a scorching brand that sight his secret soul may burn;
That he may ne'er escape its curse, nor know to whom for aid to turn;
That always each disfeatured face, each gaping wound his sight may sear,
And brood above his bed of death, and curdle all his blood with fear;
That every sob breathed round us now may thrill his soul ere he be dead,
And every clenched and stiffened fist be shaken o'er his dying head—
Yea, if he lay him down to die as other folk are used to do,
Or if for him a scaffold high be sprinkled with a dreadful dew!

Yea, thus with bullets in our breast—our forehead split with pike and spear—
Beneath the king's high throne of state ye bore us on a slender bier.

"Come down!"—and down he cringing came—came quaking to our gory bed;

"Uncover!"—and he bared his brow; then, then the tyrant bowed his head
(The tyrant who had scorned us erst)—pale stood he and oppressed with woe,
While our dead ranks went up the streets, streets we had taken from the foe—

Then "Christ our sure and certain hope!" as in the book ye all may read,
Though surely it were better writ, "A trusty sword our friend at need!"

The day had dawned at last and slain the night of death and murder done,
And thus ye bore us to our grave with sense of worthy triumph won;
And we—for though our skull was split and pierced and wounded through and through,

There gleamed a pride in our dead eyes in token we had nought to rue—
We thought "the gain is worth the pain, although the price is something dear,"

And then we laid us down content in peace and quiet on our bier.

The shame be yours! We were deceived! Four summer moons have hardly waned,

And onwards have already lost what we by valiant fighting gained,
Have lost and thrown in vain away the gain our death and glory gave—
Alas, your tale of shame has reached the listening ghosts within their grave!
Like wave on wave the ill news comes of trouble in the upper world;
The folly of the Danish war, the flag of Poland's freedom furled;
The fury of the wild Vendée in provinces that would not learn;
The quick return of banished troops, the banished prince's quick return;
The shame at Mainz, the shame at Trèves, the trick that triumphed every-where

Of taking from the people arms they just had won the right to bear;
The knavery that dared to call the sack of arsenals a theft,
That left not pure our sacred names, nor theirs that fell unslandered left—
Where we in barricades had fought, the censorship of tongue and pen;
The base denial of the right of men to meet their fellow-men;
The snarl of creaking dungeon doors through all the limits of our land;
The fresh-forged chains for all who dared upon the People's side to stand;
The league with Cossacks, and the sound of blows about the People's head—
That head whose right it is to rise with fairest laurels chapletted—
For ye beyond the common crowd have rushed the dawning day to greet,
Ye—Frenchmen of the days of June! strong souls triumphant o'er defeat!—
And then the traitor's kiss that still ye ever reaped for your reward—
O People, is it always Peace ye in your leathern aprons hoard?
Say, lurks not War as well within? Up! let its blood-red banner wave—
The second war, the war to death with all the forces that enslave!
In your Republic's battle-cry let all the clanging bells be drowned,
That now to consecrate afresh the robbery of your rights resound!

Alas, 'tis vain! and need it were that ye should bear us shoulder-high,
Again upon a blood-stained bier, uncovered 'neath the naked sky;
Nor now, as on that earlier day, before the coward king to stand—
Nay, through the market and the street, and all about our native land!
First through the limits of our land; then let these dead insurgents here,
Where Lords of State in council sit, be stretched before them on their bier;
There, there with earth upon our head will we their fearful gaze await—
Our face with foul corruption marred—fit emblem of their rotten State!
There will we lie and cry aloud, Ere we had time to rot away,
All freedom in your famous State is quickly turned to foul decay.
The corn is ripe that then was green, when we in wild mid-March were slain,
But freedom's seed has fallen first, cut short before the sower's grain.
A poppy waving here and there escaped the mower's fatal hand—
O would that Wrath could wave as well her blood-red banner o'er the land!

Yet, yet Wrath must be with you still—that solace has at least remained—
Too much of freedom have ye lost, too much of glory had attained;
Too much of shame, too much of scorn is offered you for daily bread;
Yes, righteous wrath must yet be yours—O trust us though we be but dead!
She yet is yours, and lo, she wakes! she must, she shall indeed awake!
Of that revolt so well begun a Revolution will she make!
Well knows she how to bide her time, then sudden sounds her wild alarm;
Sublime and awful, see! she stands with floating locks and outstretched arm!
With metal melted down for shot, with rusted gun she comes arrayed;
She waves her standard in the street, and plants it on the barricade;
It leads the march of men in arms, it flies above the People's hosts—
The thrones are all aflame at last, the Princes flee beyond the coasts;
The kites with crooked beak and claws, the lions hurry far away—
The People rising in their might assume of right the sovereign sway.

Meanwhile, until the time be ripe, we stir your souls with this our cry,
Ye who, alas! have loitered long, and put your fair occasion by.
O stand at arms, prepared to strike! Let all the land wherein we rest,
So cold and stiff beneath the sod, be free at last from East to West!
Then never need the bitter thought disturb us in our quiet graves:
"We made you free, but slaves ye are, and evermore shall still be slaves!"