praise the exemplification it offers of the hopes of the perpetual unity of the empire; and even your House of Lords must be digested in to point the moral.

Examples of the last remains of the art of India which our commercialism has destroyed, have been made to do duty as a kind of guiding northstone for the northstone of the rest of the show, and are a sorry sight indeed. In this respect the Instance of the Britannia has been made. We that pass. There are, perhaps, certain exhibits of examples in the glory of the Empire which have been, I think, forgotten. We might begin at the entrance with two pyramids, a la Timour, of the skulls of Zulus and a collection of Zealander, in witness of the resistance to the benevolence of British commerce. A specimen of the wire whips used for softening the minds of rebellious Javanese negroes under the paternal sway of Governor Eyre may be shown, equipped with a selection of other such historical mementos, from the blankets in- fermented with small-pox sent to unfriendly tribes of Red Skirts in the latter eighteenth century down to the rope with which Louis Wig was hanged last year in an attempt to perpetrate the first instance of its kind. The daily rations of an Indigo boy and of his master under one glass case, with a certificate of the amount of nourishment in each, furnished by Dr. Huxley. The glory of the British army gained in various successful battles against barbarians and savages, the same enclosed in the right eye of a louse. The mercy of Colonists towards native populations; a strong magnifying-glass to see the same by. An allegorical piebald, by a polite fiction, the "wife" or "daughter" is supposed in six months in the Colonies. A pair of crimson plush breeches with my Lord Tennyson's "Ode" on the opening of the Exhibition, embroidered in gold, with the original verses, a great many efforts to prove that nature could be found suitable to the express of the Honour, Glory, and Usefulness of the British Empire.

Rebellion, it seems, will soon be the fashion. Lord Wolseley disdains to deny the apparently preposterous bragg of the Orange Chieftain; so it may be supposed there is at least some truth in it. We Socialists are not, of course, going to cry horror on rebellion; but the complacency with which they are being taken in our relations to a mode of life made respectable by people against other forms of rebellion. Bourgeois moralists will discover that everything is fair and even beautiful in defence of the sacred rights of property, when they are so easily attacked.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

THE COMMERCIAL HEARTH. (Concluded from page 31.)

We defy any human being to point to a single reality, good or bad, in the life of a bourgeois family. The bourgeois is an indubitable, if not the most perfect specimen of the complete sham that history has presented to the world. There are no holes in the texture through which reality might chance to peer. The Bourgeois hearth dreads honesty as its cat dreads cold water. The literary classics that are reprinted for six to a book demands shall be vigorously Bowdlerised, even though at the expense of their point. Topics of social importance are tabooed from fable, on the supposition of the inevitable result that erotic instances of middle-class womanhood are glad of the excuse afforded by "good in- tentions," "honest fanaticism," and the like things supposed to be associated with "Contagious Diseases Act" and "Criminal Law amend- ment." The patronage given to the pseudo-literary class by the bourgeois people who cannot allow unpurged editions of Boccaccio or even of Spero or Fielding to be seen on their drawing-room tables! These things are the reality to the bourgeois, "dame" of a female. If there is an honest straightforward word in the English language — a word which the Briton utters in the fullness of his heart — it is this word "should not be used in serious English. Nay, more, it has "higher claims on your considera- tion."—to employ one of your own phrases — it bears the impress of Christianity upon it; for it is not to Christianity that we are indebted for the enabling idea and spiritual significance of the world! The reputed founder of Christianity, if the authenticity of the gospels is assumed, was not a socialist. His apocalyptic protest, in fact, in common consistency you ought to reduce the "dams" of your New Testament to "dams," to make your work suitable for family reading. You do not do this, and why? Because your real objection to its being remarked that it has an honest sentiment in it against which your sham family sentiment revolts.

Let us take another "fraud" of middle-class family life — the family pet. Any number of wise-burned friends should meet together in a private sort of game fellowship is clearly right and rational; but the principle of the family party is that a body of persons often having nothing whatever in common but ties of kinship existing in remote- ness of a thousand years, and therefore hunting for a blood-stained connection — that such a moody crew should thus meet together in exclusive conclaves, and spend several months in simulated ignorance of this to each other. Now a cousin, let us say, may be an interesting person, but who, ever often he is, if he is not a man of culture, in the human understanding should one be expected every 25th of December or other occasion, to make a point of spending one's leisure with a man who has been so marked out as a breakfast party? A relation is interesting but not a cousin? The reason is, of course, that the tradition of the "family" has to be kept up. A "relation," however, resides, is, in the eyes of Bourgeois society, more to a man than a friend, and, as near as may be, a relation is a cousin, who will on occasion do drowssy homage to this "family" sentiment.

On the same principle the symbolical black of mourning is graduated by the tailer and colourer of this age, as to the eminence of the man, to the amount, of affection, but of relationship. The utter and ghastly rotteness of Bourgeois family sentiment is in nothing more clearly evinced than in the mockery of grief and empty ostentation of sanctity and memory displayed and demonstrated in the condition of mourning. What is the first concern of the middle-class household the instant the life-breath has left one of its members but to "see after the mourning," as the expression is! Now to a person of sensibility, the notion that the moment he enters on his last sleep his or her relations will "see about the mourning" may well impart to death a terror which it had not before, and thus act as an incentive to carefully-concealed suicide. We believe, indeed, the frequency of "mysterious disappearances" in middle-class circles may be largely explained by this, without resorting to far-fetched hypotheses of midnight murders on the Thames embank- ment, and the like. No, to signify a bereavement to the outer world (if so desired) by a band of crape on the sleeve or hat, or some such simple emblem, is one thing; to eagerly take advantage of the bereave- ment for the purpose of digging out the person in turners designed in the lowest cut suit, and for the discontinuation of that "principal" course which the fulness of the female breast is revealed, is quite another — and nothing less than a ghastly travesty of sentiment.

Uses this, the "joy of heart," the life of the home, the family senti- ment which certain critics are so jealous of preserving. In vain do enthusiastic young persons band themselves together, under the bene- fit of the old man of Coniston, into societies of St George, in the hope of proving that the heroic spirit of the nation is not to be extinguished. A great many efforts are being made by respectable people against other forms of rebellion. Bourgeois moralists will discover that everything is fair and even beautiful in defence of the sacred rights of property, when they are so easily attacked.

E. BELFORT BAX.

The slavery of the poor to the rich is based upon, maintained and perpetuated by forces.