

Colonel Fraser's letter to the Council of the Federation is not a satisfactory piece; it seems at least possible to read between its lines a threat of letting loose the indifferent rough on the procession. Anyhow, since it is clear that the Federation will do their utmost to make the demonstration go off in an orderly manner, there will be no difficulty in the way of the police ensuring that result if they are in earnest in wanting to do so.

Meantime, the commercial classes are so nervous about the affair, that one gentleman has written to the *Daily News* proposing to withdraw the show this year, which a leader-writer in the same paper, with a strange appreciation of the value of words, calls a *bold* proposal. The truth is that the war of Commerce is getting so fierce, and so many people suffer from it, that the rich and well-to-do must expect to have their follies and pleasures interfered with by the necessities of those sufferers, just as they would be in a time of mere open war, and once more it is a good thing to reach their feelings through the tough hide of use and wont, by any means that will do so without doing damage to the Cause in other ways.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UTOPISTS: OWEN, SAINT SIMON, AND FOURIER.

It is now necessary for us to turn for a while from the political progress of Socialism, to note the school of thinkers who preceded the birth of modern scientific or revolutionary Socialism. These men thought it possible to regenerate Society by laying before it its shortcomings, follies, and injustice, and by teaching through precept and example certain schemes of reconstruction built up from the aspirations and insight of the teachers themselves. They had not learned to recognise the sequence of events which *forces* social changes on mankind whether they are conscious of its force or not, but believed that their schemes would win their way to general adoption by men's perception of their inherent reasonableness. They hoped to convert people to Socialism, to accepting it consciously and formally, by showing them the contrast between the confusion and misery of existing civilisation, and the order and happiness of the world which they foresaw.

From the elaborate and detailed schemes of future Society which they built up they have been called the Utopists; the representatives of the different phases of their school are three most remarkable men, born within a few years of each other, whose aspirations and insight have done a very great deal to further the progress of Socialism, in spite of the incompleteness of their views.

Robert Owen was born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, in 1771, of a lower middle-class family; he became a successful manufacturer through his own industry and quick-wittedness in the beginning of the rise of the Great Machine Industries, when "manufacturing" was advancing "by leaps and bounds." He was a born philanthropist in the better sense of the word, and from the first showed in all matters unbounded generosity and magnanimity. In the year 1800, when he was not yet thirty, he became the manager of the New Lanark Mills, and set to work on his first great experiment, which was briefly the conversion of a miserable, stupid, and vicious set of people into a happy, industrious, and orderly community, acting on the theory that man is the creature of his surroundings, and that by diligent attention to the development of his nature he can be brought to perfection. In this experiment he was entirely successful, but it was not in him to stop there, as the plain words he said of his success showed clearly enough: "Yet these men were my slaves."¹ He took part in all kinds of projects of a philanthropic nature, still founding all his action on his theory of the perfectibility of man by the amelioration of his surroundings, and became the first great champion of co-operation, although he did not suppose, as the co-operators of the present day do, that anything short of universal co-operation would solve the social question. In 1815, he pressed a meeting of Glasgow manufacturers to petition Parliament to shorten the hours of labour in the cotton mills, and the change which he experienced from the approbation of the governing classes to their reprobation, may well date from that proceeding of his, as a bourgeois biographer of his hints. But he still kept his position of a popular philanthropist, even after his declaration in favour of co-operation, until he at last cut himself off from respectability by openly attacking Society through its received religions (August 21, 1816), from which date onward he was scouted by all that "Society," of which he was now the declared enemy. But he was in nowise daunted. In 1823, he proposed Communistic villages as a remedy for the distress in Ireland; he established, in 1832, an exchange in Gray's Inn Road, in which labour was equitably exchanged against labour; and in 1825 he bought New Harmony from a community already established there (the Rappites), and made his great experiment in living in common; and late in life he published his 'Book of the New Moral World,' which contains the exposition of his doctrine.

It will be thus seen that he was unwearied in practical experiments. His shortcoming was the necessary one of the utopist, a total disregard of the political side of progress; he failed to see that his experiments, useful as they were from that point of view, could never develop out of the experimental stage as long as the governors of

Society forcibly uphold the so-called "rights of property," and he ignored the antagonism of classes necessarily existing under this system, and which in the long run must bring about the Socialism which he, the most generous and best of men, spent his whole life in attempting to realise. He died in 1858.

Saint Simon was born of a noble family at Paris in 1760. He acquired and ran through a fortune, deliberately experimenting in the various forms of "life" from extravagance to abject poverty. There was in him none of that tendency to practical experiment in quasi-Socialistic schemes which characterised Robert Owen. His philosophy was mingled with a mysticism which had a tendency to increase, a tendency to form a new religion rather than to realise a new condition of life, and which was carried into the absurdities of a kind of worship by his immediate followers, more or less imitated by the Positivists of our own day, whose founder, Auguste Comte, was his most cherished disciple. His Socialism was of a vague kind, and admitted the existence of classes of talent as expressed by the motto of Saint Simonism, "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his deeds." In spite, however, of the tendency to mysticism, he showed singular flashes of insight in matters historical and economic, and intellectually was certainly ahead of Robert Owen. He may be said to have set himself the task of learning all life by whatever means and at whatever expense, in order to devote himself to the new religion, "whose great aim is the swiftest possible amelioration of the moral and physical condition of the poorest and most numerous class."

Frederick Engels well says of him: "As early as his 'Letters from Geneva,' Saint Simon laid down that all men ought to work, and that the Reign of Terror had been the reign of the non-possessing masses. To face the fact in 1802 that the French Revolution was a struggle between the noblesse, the bourgeoisie, and the non-possessing classes was a discovery of genius. In 1816 he asserted that politics were but the science of production, and predicted their absorption by economy. The knowledge that economic conditions serve as the base of political institutions only shows itself here in the germ; nevertheless, this proposition contains clearly the conversion of the political government of men into an administration of things and a direction of the process of production; that is to say, the abolition of the State, of which such a noise has since been made."

Internationalism also was clearly enunciated by Saint Simon. We quote Engels again: "With an equal superiority over the views of his contemporaries, he declared in 1814, immediately after the entry of the allies into Paris, and again in 1815 during the war of the hundred days, that the sole guarantee of the peace and prosperous development of Europe, was an alliance between France and England, and of those two countries with Germany. Certainly it needed a courage by no means common to preach to the French of 1815 alliance with the victors at Waterloo."

It is worth noting that one of the schemes of the Saint Simonians, which was most ridiculed at the time, was the cutting of the Isthmuses of Suez and Panama, and that M. de Lesseps was a Saint Simonian.

Saint Simon died in great poverty in 1825, with words of hope for the future of the party on his lips.

Charles Fourier was born in 1772 at Lyons; his father was a draper. He lost his property in the Revolution, and afterwards went into business as a broker. Amidst his dealings with Society, he was early struck by the shortcomings and injustices of individualism and competition. In his first book, 'The Theory of the Four Movements,' he elaborates the proposition that human nature is perfectible through the free play of the appetites and passions, and asserts that misery and vice spring from the restraints imposed by Society. His criticism of modern Society is most valuable as anticipating that of scientific Socialism; unlike his contemporaries he has an insight into the historical growth of Society: "He divides it into four periods of development, Savagery, Barbarism, Patriarchalism, and Civilisation, meaning by the latter the Bourgeois Civilisation."¹ His saying, "In civilisation poverty is born even of superabundance," may well be noted in these days, and compared with Robert Owen's in 1816, "Our best customer, the war, is dead."

As a basis of the reconstruction of Society, Fourier advocated Industrial Co-operation; but here his Utopianism led him to the trap of formulating dogmatically an electorate scheme of life in all its details, a scheme which could never be carried out, however good the principle on which it was based might be. His scheme arranges for phalanxteries as the unit of co-operation, in which all life and all industry, agricultural and other, should be carried on, and all details are carried out by him most minutely, the number of each phalanxtery being settled at 1600 souls. His most valuable idea was the possibility and necessity of apportioning due labour to each capacity, and thereby assuring that it should be always pleasurable, and his dictum that children, who generally like making dirt-pies and getting into a mess, should do the dirty work of the community, may at least be looked on as an illustration of this idea, though laid down as a formal law. His system was not one of pure equality, but admitted distinctions between rich and (comparatively) poor; and advocated a fantastic division of wealth between labour, capital, and talent. The abolition of marriage was a tenet of his doctrine.

In 1812, Fourier's mother died and left him some property, and he retired into the country to write his 'Treatise on the Association of Domesticity and Agriculture.' Afterwards he came to Paris again, became a clerk in an American firm, and wrote in 1830 his 'New In-

¹ Yet in 1806, when owing to the rise in cotton he could not continue manufacturing, he stopped the mills and paid his people their full wages till he could go on again in four months' time, a proceeding which cost him £7000.

¹ Frederick Engels in 'Socialisme Utopique,' and 'Socialisme Scientifique,' as also the quotations above.

dustrial World.' It is lamentable to have to relate that in 1831 he wrote attacking both Owen and St. Simon as charlatans, in spite of the curious points of resemblance he had to either of them. He died in 1837, but not till he had founded a school, of which Victor Considerans, author of the 'Destinée Sociale,' was the most distinguished member. The Fourierists started a paper in 1832, which expired in two years, but was revived in 1836, and finally suppressed by Government in 1850. A scheme for realising the Phalanxtery experimentally was set on foot in 1832 by a deputy of France, but it failed for lack of funds; so that of the three great Utopists, Owen was the only one who had the fortune, good or bad as it may be considered, of seeing his schemes tried by experience. Cabet, indeed, a revolutionist of '48, founded a community in America under the name of Icaria, which was (and is, for it still exists) more nearly an approach to genuine Communism than any of the other communities which have owed their origin to Utopian Socialism. Of these communities there remains a word to be said as a warning to those who are young in Socialism. Although as experiments in association something may be learned from them, their conditions of life have no claim to the title of Communism, which most unluckily has often been applied to them. Communism can never be realised till the present system of Society has been destroyed by the workers taking hold of the political power. When that happens it will mean that Communism is on the point of absorbing and transmuting Civilisation.

E. BELFORD BAX AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

MACHINERY AND MOONSHINE.

ONE of the platitudists-in-ordinary of the *Daily News* has, in the issue of that paper for 19th inst., solved finally, to his own satisfaction, the whole question of the way in which machinery affects labour. Dealing with a paper read at the Iron and Steel Institute, this juvenile misleader says: "Diminished cost of production naturally affects the labour market in a direct fashion. This much is matter of commonplace observation. But few persons may be prepared to learn that a single lace-making machine, as stated by Dr. Percy, does away with the services of 2000 women. This is, in itself, a startling fact. No less so is the statement that wood-planing, which formerly cost 12s. per square foot, is now accomplished at the rate of 2d. or 3d. The cost of manufacture of gold chains has sunk from 30s. to 3s. 6d. A gross of steel pens may now be had for fourpence, while the former cost was seven pounds sterling. These are facts startling enough in connection with the relations between hand and machine labour." When people begin to discover things like these, where will they end? Mr. Lucy must look after his enterprising subordinate!

But that there exist compensating conditions of course goes without saying. The cheaply-produced article is in the first place as a rule superior to the old hand-made product." This is either downright lunacy or deliberate lying. Steel-pen making, and wood-planing of certain kinds may be better done by machinery, but nothing less than ignorance or madness can excuse the statement if extended to the manufacture of lace or gold chains or anything of the kind. "A greater demand is also created for the articles thus thrown in quantity into the market. Extended demand means increased supply, and the labour dissipated by the machine is gathered up anew for work in fresh channels." Any benefit to the labourers? or opposite? "Machinery does not really produce a stagnation in the labour market beyond that which is of temporary character. The balance of trade soon adjusts the relations between the machine and the workman." At the cost of how much needless suffering inflicted upon the productive classes? And are machines "temporary?" And, in the end, who gains? "Every great factory to-day is a protest against the doctrine that machinery destroys trade, or that improved methods of manufacture imply ruin to those whose labour for a time is supplanted."

Machinery has, in itself, no tendency to "destroy trade," but, held and used by individuals for their own benefit, it has a tendency to lessen the number of labourers required, to lower the wages of those that remain, and to degrade them from workmen to machine-tenders. There can no evil come of the use of machinery in a free community labouring for its own good, but where used as an instrument for the exploitation of labour it is powerful for evil and fruitful of misery. Despite the hired lying of venal apologists there are no "compensating advantages" worthy of mention.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

Emma Andrews, well known to police-court reporters, was charged at Westminster with being drunk and disorderly. The wretched woman, who looked more pinched and haggard than ever—her clothes in rags—had only come out of prison the day before. She said, "I am starved; I live in prison and in the streets. You come to be in prison month after month, without anything but a little bread and water, and see what you'd be like." The good-hearted magistrate gave her another month! She had been convicted thirty-six times before, all for trifling offences. The law makes outcasts and criminals and then punishes them. Emma Andrews has no home but the streets and the prison, and will have no other till the parish provides her with a coffin and a grave. And this is a civilised country—a nation whose middle-class heart overflows with Christian kindness and charity, or say with humbug and hypocrisy!

D. N.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

(FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF HIS DISAPPOINTED RIVAL).

(Continued from p. 235.)

BUT you want to be told my tale, and to get you away and go
On the road that your own fate leads you, and straight to forget my woe,
And the dismal sound of my sighs, and the sight of my woe-begone face,
And to leave this chill churchyard, and pass to a pleasanter place.
Well, listen again yet awhile; I will tell you, as best I may,
How the bloom of our life was blighted and snatched by the fates away.

It was early as yet in the summer, but spring had been dusty and dry
The earth was parched and athirst, and cloudless the broad blue sky;
Our hay was housed already—what little there was to get—
Some six weeks sooner than usual; for springs are windy and wet,
As a rule, in our upland meadows; the distance was dim with haze;
A spark unstamped would have set our whole hill-side in a blaze,
So dry was the heather and furze and the long grass grown to seed,
For all green things were withered, and scarcely a single weed
Was left for the sheep to nibble that was not as dry as a stick,
And the blade that grew in the field was as brown as the hay in the rick.

And still the days grew hotter when June had in drought gone by,
And had left the crops to cope with the ardours of fierce July.
Folk said that in town they suffered a nigh unendurable heat,
And that each rich lord had gone to the cool of his country seat;
While as for the toiling poor, why, the poor must always sweat,
And a few drops less or more make no great matter; and yet
'Twas pity to think of them then—all night in the poisonous gloom
Of the hell they have for home, their single cellar-room,
All day in the crowded workshop with never a breath of air,
And never a pause or a lull in the din and the toil and the glare,
Till again the gas re-lighted sent each like a beast to his den,
For surely such slaves as these are liker to beasts than men.
And we wished that we two had been rich, for we fain would have helped
them, and fain
By the spell that is wrought with gold would have lightened the load of their
pain.

And we spoke with scorn and contempt of the rich and the great who fly
From the squalid sight of the toilers who pile their wealth so high.
And again we longed to be wealthy, if only that we might save
Some few of the children at least from the great town's living grave,
For the death-rate there was doubled, men said, because of the heat,
And we knew that a child must be dying in each foul pestilent street,
Who might have been saved by the gold, as our hearts grew hot to think,
That the rich could do nought but squander in folly and vice and drink.

'Twas thus we talked as we went in the long hot afternoon
To the meadows behind the wood-land, and still to the self-same tune
We spoke, and in all were agreed, for our hearts were as one in twain,
As hand in hand we went through the meadows athirst for rain—
For the rain that would not come; and we found that the beasts had strayed
In search, mayhap, for water or shelter of cool green shade,
For water was scarce for the herd, though none from the drought had harm,
So careful and kind was my Annie to each live thing on the farm,
And we filled the tank with buckets we drew from the deep dug-well,
And wondering went in search of the herd, nor at all could we tell
How it was they had strayed, nor whither, for Annie had fastened the gate
With her own neat hands in the morning; but now was her anger great
To find it wide thrown open, the bolt-bar broken in two,
And the cord cut clean asunder by one too dull to undo,
Too rude to respect the knot that her fingers had carefully tied.

And vainly at first for the culprit we looked, till at last we espied,
Stretched out full length on the grass and watching the clouds go by,
A man who seemed by his looks some ten years older than I;
At his ease in the shade of a tree he was lazily lolling there
In an idle careless way with an indolent insolent air,
Vacant and lordly, and yet with a kind of delicate grace,
And a look of command in the lines of his aristocratic face.
A broad flat book lay near, and some artists' tools in his hand,
And surely an artist ne'er need look for a lovelier land,
How far soe'er o'er the world in an alien clime he may roam,
Than the whole sweet length of the valley that Annie and I called home.
And surely he might not have found, where'er in the world he had spied,
A lovelier maiden's face than hers who stood at my side.

But as yet he had made no sketch: he had found him a shady seat,
And there he lounged at his length, nigh faint with the fervent heat.
For he looked like one who so deeply had drunk of the pleasures of life
That little of vigour was left him to cope with the strain of its strife;
Whose energies all had ebbed in folly's vain pursuit,
Till its wine was little but lees in place of the grape's rich fruit.
And Annie would fain have gone by; but I, like a fool, must ask
If he knew whose field he was in; and roundly I took him to task
For cutting the cord of the gate, and for leaving it open wide,
Till all this cattle were lost, astray on the wild hill-side.
For more and more it provoked me to see him lounging there,
With his calm, supercilious, careless, graceful, negligent air,
While we looked forward to spending the rest of the summer day
In trying to find the cattle his folly had sent astray.

Well, I was a fool for my pains, as I knew ere long to my cost,
And yet it was hard to be patient, when there were the cattle lost;
And I knew that the flies and the heat might make them wander for miles,
For out on the open common were no more gates and stiles
To keep them at all in bounds; and for aught that we could know,
They might be gone for good, while the man who had let them go
From mere sheer idle mischief, lay lounging there at our feet,
And fanning his face with a fern because of the flies and the heat.

J. E. JONES.

(To be continued.)

The capitalist motto is "Help yourselves," the Socialist, "Help one another."