

what their true position is; that it is not a mere rise of wages that they need, but a change in the basis of Society. The *Daily News* further opines the strike and the "riot" (*i.e.* the police attack on the citizens) at the funeral of Eudes are the results of Boulangerism—cause and effect with a vengeance! If the *Daily News* goes on like that it will presently credit the General with being the cause of the Revolution of 1798—or in the long run of Noah's Flood. There is abundance of cause for a "political strike" or an insurrection in Paris as in London. Slavery is cause enough for any amount of "disturbance"; and we need not go from the grimly sublime to the loathsomely ridiculous by picking Boulanger out of the mud in order to account for it. After all, herein the *Daily News* is like Salisbury and ignores all classes but the Bourgeois, and thinks Society is composed of that—plus unreasonable, inscrutable disturbances.

W. M.

THE REVOLT OF GHENT.

(Concluded from p. 250.)

FROISSART goes on:—

"In the mean time that the Earl was at his lodging, and sent forth the clerks of every ward from street to street, to have every man to draw to the market place, to recover the town. The Ghentois pursued so fiercely their enemies, that they entered into the town with them of Bruges; and as soon as they were within the town, the first thing they did, they went straight to the market place, and there set themselves in array. The Earl then had sent a knight of his, called Sir Robert Marshall, to the gate, to see what the Ghentois did; and when he came to the gate, he found the gate beaten down, and the Ghentois masters thereof: and some of them of Bruges met with him and said, 'Sir Robert, return and save yourself if ye can, for the town is won by them of Ghent.' Then the knight returned to the Earl as fast as he might, who was coming out of his lodging a horseback, with a great number of cressets and lights with him, and was going to the market place; then the knight showed the Earl all that he knew; howbeit, the Earl, willing to recover the town, drew to the market place; and as he was entering, such as were before him, seeing the place all ranged with the Ghentois, said to the Earl, 'Sir, return again; if we go any farther, ye are but dead, or taken with your enemies, for they are ranged on the market place, and do abide for you.' They showed him truth. And when the Ghentois saw the clearness of the lights coming down the street, they said, 'Yonder cometh the Earl, he shall come into our hands.' And Philip van Artevelde had commanded, from street to street as he went, that if the Earl came among them, that no man should do to him any bodily harm, but take him alive, and then to have him to Ghent, and so to make their peace as they list. The Earl, who trusted to have recovered all, came right near to the place whereas the Ghentois were. Then divers of his men said, 'Sir, go no farther, for the Ghentois are lords of the market place and of the town; if ye enter into the market place, ye are in danger to be slain or taken: a great number of the Ghentois are going from street to street, seeking for their enemies: they have certain of them of the town with them, to bring them from house to house, where as they would be: and sir, out at any of the gates ye cannot issue, for the Ghentois are lords thereof; nor to your own lodging ye cannot return, for a great number of the Ghentois are going thither.'

"And when the Earl heard those tidings, which were right hard to him, as it was reason, he was greatly then abashed, and imagined what peril he was in: then he believed the counsel, and would go no farther, but to save himself if he might, and so took his own counsel: he commanded to put out all the lights, and said to them that were about him, I see well there is no recovery; let every man depart, and save himself as he may. And as he commanded it was done: the lights were quenched and cast into the streets, and so every man departed. The Earl then went into a back lane, and made a varlet of his to unarm him, and did cast away his armour, and put on an old cloak of his varlet's, and then said to him, 'Go thy way from me, and save thyself if thou canst, and have a good tongue, an thou fall in the hands of thine enemies; and if they ask thee anything of me, be it not known that I am in the town.' He answered and said, 'Sir, to die therefore, I will speak no word of you.'

"Thus abode there the Earl of Flanders all alone; he might then well say that he was in great danger and hard adventure, for at that time, if he had fallen in the hands of his enemies, he had been in danger of death: for the Ghentois went from house to house, searching for the Earl's friends; and ever as they found any they brought them into the market place, and there without remedy, before Philip van Artevelde and the captains, they were put to death;¹ so God was friend to the Earl, to save him out of that peril; he was never in such danger before in his life nor never after, as ye shall hear after in this history.

"Thus about the hour of midnight the Earl went from street to street, and by back lanes, so that at last he was fain to take a house, or else he had been found by them of Ghent; and so as he went about the town he entered into a poor woman's house, the which was not meet for such a lord; there was neither hall, palace, nor chamber; it was but a poor smoky house; there was nothing but a poor hall, black with smoke, and above a small plancher, and a ladder of eight steps to mount upon; and on the plancher there was a poor couch, where as

the poor woman's children lay. Then the Earl sore abashed and trembling at his entering said, 'O good woman save me; I am thy lord the Earl of Flanders; but now I must hide me, for mine enemies chase me, and if ye do me good now, I shall reward you hereafter therefor.'

"The poor woman knew him well, for she had been often times at his gate to fetch alms, and had often seen him as he went in and out a-sporting; and so incontinent as hap was she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been taken talking with her by the fire. Then she said, 'Sir, mount up this ladder, and lay yourself under the bed that ye find thereas my children sleep.' And so in the mean time the woman sat down by the fire with another child that she had in her arms: so the Earl mounted up the plancher as well as he might, and crept in between the couch and the straw, and lay as flat as he could; and even therewith, some of the ritters of Ghent entered into the same house, for some of them said, how they had seen a man enter into the house before them; and so they found the woman sitting by the fire with her child; then they said, 'Good woman, where is the man that we saw enter before us into the house, and did shut the door after him?' 'Sirs,' quoth she, 'I saw no man enter into this house this night; I went out right now and cast out a little water, and did close my door again; if any were here, I could not tell how to hide him; ye see all the easement that I have in this house; here ye may see my bed, and here above this plancher lieth my poor children.' Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder, and put up his head above the plancher, and saw there none other thing but the poor couch, where her children lay and slept; and so he looked all about, and then said to his company, 'Go we hence, we lose the more for the less; the poor woman saith truth, here is no creature but she and her children'; and then they departed out of the house: after that there was none entered to do any hurt. All these words the Earl heard right well where he lay under the poor couch: ye may well imagine then that he was in great fear of his life: he might well say, I am as now one of the poorest princes of the world, and might well say, that the fortunes of the world are nothing stable; yet it was a good hap that he scaped with his life; howbeit, this hard and perilous adventure might well be to him a spectacle all his life after, and an ensample to all other."

If you are anxious about the fate of the Earl, I may tell you that he escaped. For my part, I have always felt more anxious for the fate of the poor woman and her children, and can only hope that they came to some good by the wild changes that were going on round about them, though, alas! I doubt it; and I ask you to look upon them as a kind of symbol of the lowest order of the people; of the proletariat, of which in the Middle Ages we know so little, and of which in modern times there are many people who would be pleased to know nothing, but whom we have got to look on now as the friends who are to turn war into peace and grudging into goodwill.

The Ghentmen bore their victory well; there was no pillage of Bruges, and they took pains to distinguish friend from foe, sending, indeed, five hundred of the notablest burgesses as hostages to Ghent, and levelling the walls, but doing no more harm there to persons and things.

Almost all Flanders fell to the victors at once; and if the Flemish victory had happened twenty years before, it is probable that Philip van Artevelde might have ruled Flanders longer than his father did. But while the craft-gilds and the emancipated serfs were growing in wealth and prosperity, and the former at least into corruption, the spirit of monarchical bureaucracy was growing also, and had to hold out a hand to the corruption within the crafts in order to make an end of the communistic spirit which had sustained itself throughout the earlier period of their struggle, while the workman were all real workmen. Once again it is clear to me that the presence in our history of the great burgesses who led this revolt, their power and riches are signs that the corruption of the gilds had begun: and in no case could a true social revolution have been won in the Flemish mediæval cities. The valour and conduct of the gildsmen of Ghent was indeed a link in the revolution of the middle class whose final triumph is so recent, and they could no more have sustained a set of quasi-republican municipal republics lying between Germany and France, than the Jacobins of the French Revolution could have sustained their ideal republic of property for some, happiness, peace, and virtue for all, as a result of the ultimate corruption and fall of feudal privilege.

Yet the extinction of the revolt of Ghent is a sad story, and I will hurry through it in a few words.

I have said that in better times Ghent might have held her own for long: Van Artevelde was undoubtedly a man of conduct or something more: an alliance with the English king and some yielding to the French one, might have staved off war and ruin. But England was tired of the French war, a fool sat on her throne, surrounded by factious nobles; and above all, her gentlemen had just been terrified themselves by the peasant revolt, to which this one of Ghent was clearly akin: no effective English alliance was to be had. As to France, apart from the jealousy of neighbours, Paris also had been alight while Ghent was burning, and the Host of the Mallets had driven away king and court to Meaux in Brie. It was time, thought the French king, that gentlemen should help gentlemen; so a huge French army took the field, and the fatal day of Rosebeque, where twenty-five thousand Flemings and their leader Van Artevelde were slain, extinguished the sovereignty of Ghent for ever. This took place in November 1382.

Peter du Bois had his usual luck, though, and escaped the slaughter of Rosebeque. Entering into Ghent he found the gates open and the people too much dismayed to make any defence; but a few words from

¹ Later on Froissart gives us quite another account of the behaviour of the Ghentois, and tells that they acted with great moderation.

the stout partisan, and probably the sight of his corps unbroken, put heart into them again. The gates were shut and they prepared for defence; and the war went on with varying fortunes, until after the death of the then Earl, peace was made on terms that on the face seemed not unfavourable to the town of Ghent. This was done in December 1385. Peter du Bois at the conclusion of the peace would not trust himself within the reach of the arms of the men whose rebel he had been, and left his own country for England, where he lived some years and died peaceably.

From that time onward Ghent played her part in the development of the guildsmen and yeomen into the modern middle-class; but the high-tide of the progress of the handicraftsmen was over; commercialism and bureaucracy were doomed to come between the partial development of those ideas of brotherhood and fair dealing which had place in the mediæval gild, and the more inclusive ideas of the destruction of class distinctions and the new birth of society, which are stirring us to-day. But the times have brought about the times, and Ghent still lives, not only in the past, but in the present also, and while I speak is taking her full share in the struggle towards communal life which is the real fact of modern history. Who knows but we may live to see a new Revolt of Ghent on these new terms and in the assured hope of well-deserved victory.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 25, 1888.

19	Sun.	1780. Beranger born.
20	Mon.	1854. Schelling died. 1862. J. L. Ricardo died.
21	Tues.	1798. Michelet born. 1844. Monument begun at Edinburgh to Muir and others. 1867. Druitt and others sentenced for picketing during tailors' strike.
22	Wed.	1642. Great Civil War begins. 1861. Richard Oastler died.
23	Thur.	1305. William Wallace murdered.
24	Fri.	1572. Massacre of St. Bartholomew. 1789. Liberty of French press decreed. 1849. Henry Hetherington died. 1887. National League proclaimed.
25	Sat.	1651. Wigan Lane. 1776. David Hume died. 1839. Outbreak at Brussels.

Henry Hetherington, the Poor Man's Friend.—Henry Hetherington was born in 1792 in Compton Street, Soho. Intelligence and kindly nature marked his boyhood. He was apprenticed to the printing trade, and served his time with the father of Luke Haussard. After his time was out, trade being very bad, he was for some eighteen months out of work, and then went to Brussels, working for a short time in Ghent. It was while working there that he received the lesson in political economy which affected all his life. He was discussing with a fellow workman the news of the superb magnificence with which England had rewarded the "Iron Duke," the conqueror at Waterloo. Hetherington, full of attachment to his native country, immediately exclaimed, full of the exaggerated emotion of youth, "Ay, see there! Look what a fine country ours is! You would not hear of any other country giving money and estates to their public servants like our country." The Belgian workman was older; he darted an expressive look at Hetherington, and then replied in broken English, "Ay, ay, it is a *tam* fine country, and a *tam* fine thing for the Duke; but it is a *tam* bad country and a *tam* bad thing for de people!" About the time of the Belgian trip Hetherington married, and had nine children, of whom one only, David, was living when Henry died, 1849. Among his earliest connections was that with the "Freethinking Christians"—a body much talked of in London at one time, and having several members of considerable talent. It was in relation to this body that Hetherington produced the pamphlet which, so far as I know, was his first essay in print. Its date is 1828, and is entitled, "Principles and Practice Contrasted; or a Peep into "the only true Church of God upon earth," commonly called "Freethinking Christians." He was one of the earliest and most energetic of working men engaged in the foundation of mechanics' institute. Dr. Birkbeck frequently called upon Hetherington at his shop in the Strand, even in his sorest times of persecution. The pamphlet mentioned as published in 1828 was issued from his shop, 13 Kingsgate Street, Holborn. Here he began the warfare against the Whigs by issuing the first number of *The Poor Man's Guardian*; this was in 1831. At the close of 1830 he was appointed by the Radical working men of London to draw up a *Circular* for the formation of trades unions. That document was sanctioned by a meeting of delegates, and formed the basis of the National Union of the Working Classes—which eventually led to Chartism. William Carpenter had been prosecuted for his *Political Letters*; now the Government pounced down on Hetherington. Three convictions were obtained against him for publishing *The Poor Man's Guardian*. He was ordered to be taken into custody, but the Bow Street magistrates could not enforce the order for some time. Hetherington with all that deliciously provoking coolness for which he was characterised, actually sent a note to the magistrates to tell them "he was going out of town." Then he printed the note in his *Guardian*, and announced a tour through the country. At Manchester he narrowly escaped being taken by Stevens a Bow Street "runner," and he might have remained at large for a longer period than he did, had he not resolved to return to London to have a last look at his dying mother. He reached his home late one September night, knocked and was not heard, and before he could knock again was surrounded by Bow Street spies and dragged away, and was in Clerkenwell Gaol before his family knew of his return. Was six months in gaol. The *Guardian* was, however, still carried on. At the end of 1832, when he had not been many months at liberty, he was again convicted and again imprisoned for six months in the same gaol; and now his friend Watson was a fellow prisoner, also for the same "high crime and misdemeanour" of selling in free England a penny paper without a taxed stamp. Their prison treatment was most cruel. An opening called a window, but which was without a pane of glass, let in the snow upon their food as they ate it; cold and damp filled their bodies with pain; and the Liberal Government seemed intent on trying by these means whether they could not break their spirits. Cleave and his wife were seized, Heywood of Manchester, Guest of Birmingham, Hobson and Mrs. Mann, with about five hundred others, were imprisoned as vendors of the "Unstamped." The spirit displayed is worthy of remembrance. They carried the "Unstamped" in their hats, in their pockets; they left them in sure places to be called for; and when for a few weeks the Government actually empowered officers to seize parcels, open them in the streets, and take out any unstamped publications, Henry Hetherington made up dummy

parcels, directed them, sent off a lad with them one way, with instructions to make a noise, attract a crowd, and delay the officers if they seized him; meanwhile the real parcel for the country was sent off another way. After the verdict of "justifiable homicide" upon the policeman slain at the Calthorpe Street meeting, a letter appeared in *The Poor Man's Guardian*—signed Palafax Junior, but really written by Julian Hibbert—containing something more than inuendo, in an advice to the people attending such meetings in future to take bread and cheese with them, and a good long, sharp pointed and strong backed knife with which to cut it. In 1833 Hetherington moved from 13 Kingsgate Street to his well known shop, 126 Strand. The *Destructive*, which he issued here, ironically styled the *Conservative*, was also unstamped. The *London Dispatch* which followed reached at one time 25,000 weekly. In 1834 he defended himself on a trial for publishing the *Guardian*, and obtained an acquittal, but was condemned for the *Conservative*! Not having grown fond of prison from his experiences of it, he took a snug little box at Pinner, and by going out of his house in the Strand at the back by an outlet into the Savoy, and by entering the same way, and in the disguise of a Quaker, he evaded the keen eyes in wait for him. But the Government revenged themselves by making a seizure for £220 in the name of the Commissioner for Stamps, on the false pretext that he was not a registered printer. They swept his premises. But undaunted he resumed his work. Julian Hibbert, from the moment that he learned Hetherington was in danger of another imprisonment for the Palafax letter, put him down in his will for 450 guineas, and did not cancel the gift when the proceedings were abandoned. Henry Hetherington purchased another machine—no printer would undertake his work—and continued to publish the "Unstamped" until the Government consented to reduce the stamp to one penny, when he issued (stamped) the *Two-penny Dispatch*, of which James Bronterre O'Brien was the talented editor. He incurred some embarrassments by the publication of part of an Encyclopædia, at the suggestion of Dr. Birkbeck. The "Oddfellows," another publication, was more successful. The comparatively narrow circumstances of Hetherington in after years are due to his tenderness: he could not have the heart to sue his debtors at law, though others sued him. He wrote 'Cheap Salvation' in consequence of his conversations with the chaplain of Clerkenwell Gaol. In 1841 he was tried on a charge of publishing a "blasphemous" work—Haslam's 'Letters to the Clergy of All Denominations'—and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the Queen's Bench prison. He represented London and Stockport in the great Convention of 1839, of which the beloved exile Frost was a member. His later years were devoted to Socialism and Chartism. "In this institution we have all witnessed his rare enthusiasm and fervour, and his clear judgment so often mingled with humour that always rendered him a welcome speaker. The quality I marked in him (T. Cooper speaking) the very first time I saw him—which was at the second Sturge Conference, at Christmas 1842—and which he always displayed . . . was the faculty of reconciling misunderstandings and preventing ill feeling arising from difference. With regret it must be stated that there is too strong reason to conclude that our friend's decease was hastened by want of proper care. His strict temperance—for he had been an almost absolute teetotaler for many years—warranted him in thinking that he was not very likely to fall a victim to the prevailing epidemic. When he was seized with it he refused—from what we must call a prejudice—to call in medical relief. Our friend Holyoake prevailed on him to have a physician called in,—it was too late. "Happily the gloomy bigot can forge no tales of death-bed horrors in this instance: he can derive no lessons from it to frighten children. We say this with satisfaction; for although the mind of man may sometimes wander in his last hours, and the true philosopher will not resort to the account of them for the test of a man's opinions, yet it is well for the sake of others that the death of a freethinker can be shown by unquestionable testimony to be without the horrors in which the superstitious delight to clothe it. I care not whether all of us agree in every item of our deceased friend's convictions; I for one do not; but we are the foes of priestcraft and superstition, and therefore we make common cause in his opposition to those twin plagues of the human race; and we honour his memory for the courage with which his freethought was proclaimed in life and fortitude with which the confession of it was signed in death." Hetherington left a Testament of Opinions, signed and witnessed, in which he expressed himself as totally opposed to the popular ideas as to the existence of God, and his belief that Truth, Justice, and Liberty will never be permanently established till every vestige of priestcraft and superstition shall be utterly destroyed. He desired to be buried in unconsecrated ground, without interference from priest or clergyman, and without any pomp or display, even protesting against the wearing of mourning clothing. Then follows his confession of faith as a Socialist. "These are my views and feelings in quitting an existence that has been chequered with the plagues and pleasures of a competitive, scrambling, selfish system; a system by which the moral and social aspirations of the noblest human being are nullified by incessant toil and physical deprivations; by which, indeed, all men are trained to be either slaves, hypocrites, or criminals. Hence my ardent attachment to the principles of that great and good man, Robert Owen. I quit this world with a firm conviction that his system is the only true road to human emancipation; that it is, indeed, the only just system for regulating the affairs of honest, intelligent human beings—the only one yet made known to the world that is based on truth, justice, and equality. While the land, machines, tools, implements of production, and the produce of man's toil, are exclusively in possession of the do-nothings, and labour is the sole possession of the wealth-producers—a marketable commodity, bought up and directed by wealthy idlers—never-ending misery must be their inevitable lot. Robert Owen's system, if rightly understood and faithfully carried out, rectifies all these anomalies. It makes man the proprietor of his own labour and of the elements of production; it places him in a condition to enjoy the entire fruits of his labour, and surrounds him with circumstances that will make him intelligent, rational, and happy. Grateful to Mr. Owen for the happiness I have experienced in contemplating the superiority of his system, I could not die happy without recommending my fellow countrymen to study its principles and earnestly strive to establish them in practice," etc. A favourite phrase with him was "We ought to endeavour to leave the world better than we found it," and there is every reason to believe that he acted up to it. He died about 4 a.m. Thursday August 24, 1849. His funeral was numerously attended. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery in ground purchased by Devonshire Saull, a wine-merchant of the City well known in all democratic societies of that day. Adjoining the grave is the monument of "Publicola," the author of the well known letters of the *Weekly Dispatch*. Addresses were delivered by G. J. Holyoake and James Watson. Hetherington's name is on the Reformers' Memorial erected in 1855.—T. S.

OUR comrades at Norwich carried out their programme of the Socialist Demonstration with great success, and made an undoubted impression on the city and district. All the meetings were thoroughly well attended by sympathetic crowds, and the speakers were well received everywhere. We shall print a report on this important attack on capitalism in our next, as space and time fail us this week.—Ed.