AFTER THE STORM, A CALM.

We can but hardly imagine that it is barely a week ago that London was filled with tumult and excitement. Unexpectedly the storm broke upon us, and even we were taken by surprise. Who among the comfortable middle classes dreamt a month ago that their faithful servants in the public service, the police, would rise against their employers, and that the might of force, the giants who guard Trafalgar Square against the assaults of the sacrilegious Socialist—would be in open mutiny? Little, too, did they think that the Guards—Her Majesty's Guards—would lead the way in revolt, and that the country's interest won them to have to send for another regiment to overawe the men in whom they once put their whole trust and confidence.

The whole Labour world is agitated, even the dullest, the most crushed among the workers, are raising their heads and dreaming of hope at last. Everywhere the talk is not of the virtues of Gladstone and Salisbury, but of the merits of Whig or Tory, the subjects of discussion are strikes, Socialism, and the Government's position that is coming upon the world. The people have got new hope, a hope that nothing will take from them. They are beginning in their moments of relaxation to discuss the police and the military, and set at nought those who "are set in authority over them.

"The Spirit of Revolt" is abroad. Two years ago you might search the files of English newspapers and see nothing of "the spirit of revolt." It was a French phrase, utterly un-English. Now you may see repeated till you are almost sick of it in respectable Tory newspapers. Charming, is it not? It only shows how very ready our friends the journalists are to borrow the language of Revolutionary Socialists.

Another instance, though rather a ludicrous one, is the origin of the phrase, "Who killed Cock Warren?" It was the cry with which Cunninghame Graham was saluted on 12th November, 1888, at the meeting held to commemorate the anniversary of the massacre of our Chicago comrades and the massacre of Trafalgar Square. On that night Warren fell. The phrase caught the public fancy, became popular, and ultimately inscribed itself in a comic song that was sung on the streets and in every music hall in London.

The notion also of gaining the eight hour day by a General Strike is forcing its way everywhere, and yet at one time we heard nothing of a General Strike but from a few Revolutionary Socialists—a sect that was so feeble that policemen, judges, jollers, and magistrates looked upon us with contemptuous toleration. That stage is passed now, and we almost seem to have passed our period of persecution also. Surely this must be so, when a Bow Street magistrate dismisses a charge against "a well-known Socialist," though the police had "sworn" that he was guilty of all sorts of "awful crimes."

"What can the world be coming to?" say old middle-class fogies. What! indeed! But to us the spectacle is full of hope and enthusiasm, for now we find our lightest words caught up and repeated again and again from press and platform. It is the advanced thinkers who lead the way; the multitude will follow those who have minds of their own, and speak without fear and flinching. Forward then, comrades! What have we to fear? A Government of doddering imbeciles; a hopeless, helpless mass of middle and mediocrity, who are so confused and puzzled, the entanglement into which they have managed to get the "affairs of the nation," that they do not know whether to turn to the right or the left. And what have they to support in the other hand, the national police, the soldiery seeking with mutiny. True, they have crushed the revolt; it has sunk into silence—for a time. True, the storm has passed and all is calm and quiet—for a time. But what a calm! The sky is grey and gloomy, and is growing blacker and blacker; a thick and oppressive; a trembling of the earth, and muttered thunder in the distance. Surely this does not mean peace and quietness, but storm and earthquake. Were we full of gloom and terror which is now approaching? What of the commercial crisis coming nearer? What of the crash; ruin spread far and wide; closed factories; thousands thrown starving upon the streets; the spread of revolutionary ideas among the masses; wild hope in the hearts of the people; and yet among them starvation—bitter starvation—empty cupboards, hungry children, despair and devastation? Would not a modern Lord Chesterfield find to-day in England all the signs that fell of the approaching Revolution?

We need not be statesmen or politicians to see this. The plain workman in his work-day talking to his mates, can feel the storm of revolution almost closer than he can see. Anyone talking of the working classes, and honest workman, not as a rule given to wild enthusiasm, said to us "that the London workmen had been so excited and discontented by recent Labour troubles, that they only needed a leader to sweep the present system into ruin; and that, unless we can take the people can judge of the truth of this; we, at least, can confirm it from personal experience. If this is so now, what will it be when the next depression comes? It is not certain that the people will starve with that Christian meekness so highly commended by the well-fed journals of the capitalistic press. Nor will Lazarus be content any longer to put up with the cruelties of insulting charity that fall from the rich man's table, when a green flag is sent, which can rise a storm of riot and an outpouring of incitement and taking his own. The storm has passed, and there is calm. Let us use this period of quiet to prepare for what is coming. Do not let the trumpet sound of the Last Day of a corrupt and rotten state find us living in lazy idleness. Let us get ready for action, for we know not at what hour the Revolution cometh!"

D. J. NICOLL.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN SOCIETY.

All the progressive races of man have gone through a stage of development during which society has been very different to what it is now. At present there is a very definite line of distinction drawn between the personal life of a man and his life as a member of society. As a rule, the only direction in which this social life is felt is in that of his nearest kindred—his wife, children, parents, brothers and sisters. So much the case that we to-day have given to the word relations which should mean all those with whom a man has serious and continuous dealings. A new and significant fact has been demanded, and it is significant only because in those near members of kinship afearead. For the rest of the most civilised men acknowledge no responsibility. Though the word State is in everyone's mouth, most people have but the vaguest idea as to what it means; it is even generally considered as a synonym to the Government, which also indicates either the heads of one of the political parties, or the vague entity called by Carlyle the 'parish constable.' In other words, the executive power of the ruling classes in our society. So little do we feel any responsibilities towards this hard-to-conceive thing, the State, that while few indulge in any loyalty towards it, most men do not realise it sufficiently even to feel any enmity against it—except, perhaps, when the tax-gatherer's hand is on the pocket.

Now all this is so far the result of a long series of history, which I must just hint at before one comes to the condition of society during its different stages—a series of events which tended to give to the word property the meaning it now has; a series of events which tended more and more to consider things as the important matter of consideration rather than persons; which I may illustrate by the fact that nowadays the law looks upon the estate as of more importance than the user of it, as for instance in the case of the estate of a lunatic, which it will defend to the utmost against all attacks and treat as if it had a genuine life and soul capable of feeling all injuries and pains, while all the time the lunatic is under restraint.

I will now contrast this entire ignoring of the community (for that is a better word than state to use at present) by all those under which men lived in earlier ages of the world, and through which, as I have said, all the progressive races have passed, some of them so early that we may think, that in history, we are already passing out of it into the next development. In this early period ready individuals is so far from feeling any responsibility to the community, that all his responsibilities have relation to the community. Indeed, this sense of responsibility, as we shall see later on, has been completely extinguished since the introduction of the present economical and political system—since the death of feudality, in short— but in the period of society, the first, and in the beginning the only bond, was the narrow form of clan, called the gene. This was an association of persons who—
traces of one blood or kinship. Intermarriage between its members was forbidden, or rather was not even dreamed of: a man of the Eagle gens could have no sexual intercourse with an Eagle woman, nor a woman of the same gens. The same rule held good if the gens was in question. The way in which the dominant gens was treated, not through the father, but through the mother, was the obvious parent of the child. Whatever competition (war, you may call it, for competition was simple in these days), was outside the bounds of blood. But the classification of the tribes into larger groups or their members. But the fact that intermarriage was impossible within these groups brought about a larger association. Similarly, no woman of an Eagle gens could be married to one of their wives by violent robbery in a baphazard fashion from outsiders, or have some other society at hand into which they could marry, and who could marry into their society. It was used to be thought that the existence of blood relations between the two classes was an affinity, therefore, the Eagles could intermarry with the Owls, the Sparrows, the Cats, or what not, according to a somewhat intricate system, and this quite without violence. And also between the clans or groups of society. It would, however, be a waste of whatever land they fed their stock upon or cultivated (for in some places or ages this gentle-tribal system lasted well into the agricultural period) was arranged preceously in a communal method.

Now the tribe in which a common ancestor (worshipped as a god) was always assumed, and was generally a fact, tended to federate with other tribes who still felt that they belonged to a common stock, who still felt that they were kin by common bond, or who admitted an association much closer, of course, than that of the gens or tribe, but like those, founded on an idea of common kindred; founded on the personal bias of the members towards the idea of their locality or the holding of certain property or position. The offices of the body, under whatever names they were, appointed by the tribesmen for their personal qualities to perform definite duties. There was, however, a general executive, or every man who was ready to perform duties to perform, a shadow of which still exists in our jury, who were originally the neighbours called together to utterly their law (without discussion) to accept their sentence in such a way that what was to do between two neighbours who could not agree, and so forth. If a man was injured, it was the duty of the members of his gens or clan to take up the injury as an injury to the community. This is the idea of which we have no doubt which appears in the early literature of the North, and of the Celtic clans, and a survival of which still exists among out-of-the-way folks. The practice of the vikings in Norway is indicated in that aspect. The Celts were a specially vindictive people; it is a survival of the tribal customary law: its sentimentalising by novelists and poets is a matter of ignorance—natural enough, I admit. "Government" or administration, or whatever else you may call it, was in this condition of society as direct as it ever can be; nor had government by majority been invented —e.g., if the clans could not agree to unite in war, the war could not go on; they were bound to war itself.

I am conscious of not explaining fully the difference between such a state of society and ours; but it is indeed difficult to do so now. When all our ideas and the language which expresses them have been for the past centuries moulded by different ideas and the consciousness of the duties of a freeman in this society to refer to the community of which he is a part by the standards of which we judge, the assertion of any private interests would have been looked upon as a crime, or rather a monstrosity, hardly possible to understand. This federal union of the tribes is the last state of society under barbarism; but before I go on to the next stage, I must connect it with our special subject, the condition of productive labour.

When the development of the clans into federated tribes came a condition of organised aggressive war, since all were recognised as enemies outside of the tribe or federation; and with this came the question what was to be done with the prisoners taken in battle, and, furthermore, what was to be done with the lands which as not to be able to defend its possessions, the land, which it used. Chattel slavery was the answer to the one question, serfdom to the other. The slave was bound on the one hand as soon as the productive powers of man had grown to a certain point. The very early stages of society slaves are of no use, because your slave will die unless you allow him to consume all that he produces; it is his condition. His condition must be such that he can produce more than is absolutely necessary for his livelihood that you can take anything from him. Robbery only begins when primitive man is in a condition of constant war, and it begins till he comes to a more peaceful period. When they go to war they only save their prisoners to have some fun out of them by torturing them, as the redskins did, unless, perhaps, if sometimes happened, they adopt them into the tribe, which is often the case that they can adopt into the tribe, which is often the case. But in the transition period to become possible, and when you come to the agricultural stage (to say nothing of further developments) they become necessary till the time when the development of more civilised man has come. The conditions of mankind, mere gregarious unorganised savagery, slavery, and social equality. When you have once come to that conclusion you must also come to this deduction from it, that if you shrink from any sacrifice to the cause of Socialism, you are either week or criminal, either cowards or tyrants—perhaps both.

Well, this last stage of barbarism, that of the federated tribes, gave way in ancient history, the history of the Greeks and Romans, into the first stage of civilisation. The life of the city, and in medieval history, to feudalism; if to under the latter that the development of the treatment of the conquered tribe as serfs is the most obvious; serfdom being the essence of medieval society proper, and its decay beginning with the decline of serfdom. But, undoubtedly, there were many of them, and in some cases the idea that is that to be a freeman, who was allowed to get his own livelihood on the condition of their performing certain services for them, and with a certain status, the same for the slaves of the Spartans, and there were relations slavery among the Greeks and the Romans of labourers in a similar position.

However, chattel slavery as opposed to serfdom is the characteristic mark of the society. This is theury; but the fact that there are always a large number of men, who, by their position, had to be engaged in agriculture or something else, and to that fact that their position was not recognised at all more than that of his fellow labourer, the horse or the ass. The Hellenics, for example, the Greeks and Romans, were recess of the idea of the merging of the individual into the community was still strong, although property had come into existence, and had created a political condition of society under which things were growing to be of importance, whose mental individuality was so strong and so various, that no system could restrain it; so that when that system began to press heavily upon them they could not bear it, and in their attempts to escape from its consequences fell into the more corruption and competitive tyranny at an early period. The Romans, on the other hand, without art or literature, a hard and narrow-minded race, cultivated this system of things, and it is quite possible that their idea, that their state one may say what one of their poets said of their individual citizens, when they were sunk in their well-earned degradation, that for the sake of life they cast away the reasons for living.  

WILLIAM MORRIS.