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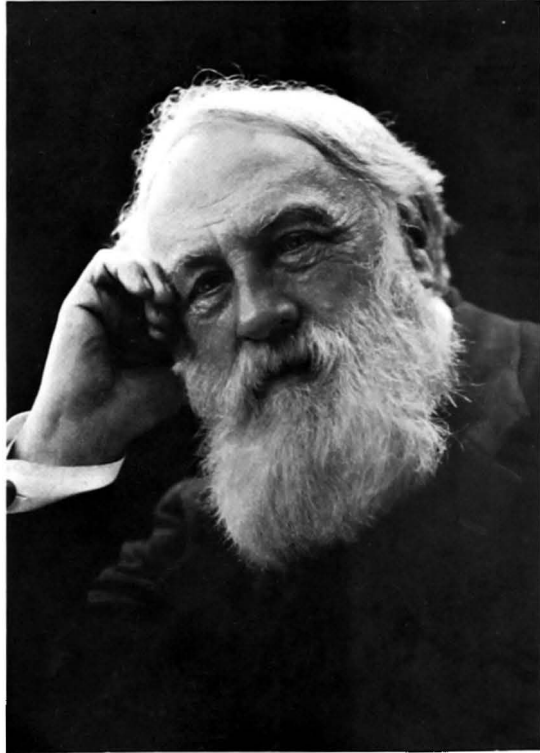
HYNDMAN: PROPHET OF SOCIALISM

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H. M. HYNDMAN
(1919)

HYNDMAN
Prophet of Socialism
(1842-1921)

BY
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Thomas Paine and Auguste Comte*

PREFACE BY
THOMAS KENNEDY, M.P.
(Chief Whip of the Labour Party)

Published on behalf of the
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PREFACE

THE fact that Revolutionary influences in varied form, economic and political, are to-day at work throughout the whole of the civilised world, can no longer be ignored by the most conservative mind. Nowhere are those influences more highly developed, and more likely to find expression in a Socialist direction, than here in Great Britain. This is, indeed, a remarkable development, since it was only in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century that the theoretical basis of inevitable and fundamental social change began to be generally understood, and to take the form of an organised political movement. In June, 1881, H. M. Hyndman published *England for All*, and presented first copies to the members of the Democratic Federation, a body which shortly afterwards became the Social-Democratic Federation, the first Socialist organisation to be formed in this country. For the ideas and much of the matter contained in Chapters II and III of that little book, as the author explained, he was indebted to "the work of a great thinker and original writer which he hoped would shortly be made accessible to the majority of his countrymen." The Social-Democratic Federation still lives. Influenced by its propaganda, the working-class movement in Great Britain very soon began to assume a definite Socialist character and direction. The old Chartist programme and policy of class struggle and independent political action had been revived, and reshaped to meet existing needs and conditions. "Practical remedies for pressing needs" were embodied in a national programme of "stepping-stones" leading up to the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth based upon the collective ownership and democratic control of the means of wealth production, distribution and exchange.

In 1864 the International Working Men's Association was founded in London. In 1867, Marx, the "great

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thinker and original writer" referred to above, had published the first volumes of *Das Capital*. Prior to that—in 1847—Marx and Engels had issued their Communist Manifesto. But the "First International" made little or no impression on the mind of the British people, and it was not until the early 'eighties, and mainly through Hyndman's efforts and writings, that the Marxian theory of value, and its revolutionary implications, found popular expression on British platforms.

Had Hyndman then, in his earlier years, been able, as he never was, to appear to suffer fools gladly; had he been in the slightest degree inclined towards political compromise, or the achievement of merely temporary personal success and recognition as an economist; had he even deigned to compete for the doubtful prize of nominal leadership of a political Labour Party, we can only speculate as to what he could or would have accomplished. But his deliberate choice led him in another direction. "If there are," he wrote in 1896, "among educated and thoughtful men two diametrically opposed and incompatible theories in regard to what regulates the exchange value of the commodities which constitute the wealth of our modern society, nothing is to be gained by shading over the antagonism between these conflicting schools of thought. Far better is it, in my opinion, to accentuate the differences which undoubtedly exist on this point, in order that students may be led to think out the whole question for themselves uninfluenced by mere authority, or great reputations, on either side."

Thus he ran, full tilt, against old ideas and prejudices and outworn economic theories. And thus he had to see the formation of the Fabian Society, the Socialist League, and a decade later the Independent Labour Party, all offshoots, although this may not be acknowledged, of the parent body. And thus it is that the estimate of Hyndman, which still persists in certain quarters, is that of an arrogant, quarrelsome, tactless person, unreasonably impatient of the ignorance and in-

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competence of his followers, and studiously resolved to dissipate and destroy every opportunity of political leadership that came his way. Such a view of Hyndman and his life work is historically untrue and wholly unjust. He never, it is true, sought or received the applause of the foolish. It may be admitted also that for the politician, as such, he had little respect. "Mere Parliament men trimming their sails to suit the breezes of popularity, or manipulate the votes of the day." So he described them, seeking neither their patronage nor approval. Hyndman neither hesitated nor temporised when pompous phrasemongers or self-seeking and pretentious windbags had to be exposed. His undiluted contempt and scorn of anything that savoured of Liberal-Labour compact or compromise he made no effort to hide. Successful politicians therefore bore him many a grudge, although there are not a few, who still survive in one department of public life or another, who owe to him the direction and knowledge that enabled them to reach a level of self-advertisement and self-assertion that otherwise would have been beyond their reach.

Hyndman's differences with the Fabian Society were neither personal nor temperamental. They were deep-rooted and fundamental, and related solely to matters of economic theory and political method, as his lecture on "The Final Futility of Final Utility," the seventh of the series published in 1896 as *The Economics of Socialism*, clearly shows. His quarrel with William Morris, which led to the formation of the Socialist League, occasioned him deep concern and pain. He called it "the saddest episode in the entire course of my Socialist career." Morris afterwards, as is well known, frankly and fully acknowledged the impetuous error which led Bax, the Avelings and others to secede with him from the Social-Democratic Federation, and a complete reconciliation and understanding followed. "Hyndman was quite right," said Morris on a

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Burnley platform, "and I was quite wrong"! Not all of Hyndman's critics and detractors have been so generous.

Take, for example, the school of thought which regards internationalism as synonymous with anti-nationalism. The Russian Revolution of 1917, and subsequent events in Russia, and still more perhaps the unsettling effects of the Great War, have given a temporary stimulus to a sort of cosmopolitan anarchism which professes to regard national frontiers and national and racial characteristics as more or less accidental, if not indeed undesirable. When, therefore, Czardom fell and, later, the Constituent Assembly, elected by popular suffrage, was dissolved by armed force in order to secure Bolshevik domination of the Government machine, and to prepare the way for the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," every advocate of "direct action" saw in those events the beginning of a simultaneous, uniform, and world-wide social revolution. That illusion was short-lived. But while it lasted it bred an infinite amount of mischief and did great harm to International Socialist organisation throughout the world, the full effect of which has not yet passed away. Even now, the so-called Communist Party of Russia, and its off-shoots and dependent sections in other countries, including what is called the "Third International," justify Russian interference in the domestic affairs of other countries on the ground that propertyless wage-earners owe allegiance to no country. Did not Marx say: "Workers of the world, unite"? Why then pay the slightest regard to national institutions, customs, traditions, political forms, or economic organisation? Raze them to the ground as the machinery of a capitalist conspiracy to enslave and exploit the workers, and from their ruin there will arise the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World! Utopian fanaticism could surely go no farther than that. Ardent Internationalist as he was, striving as he always strove for the reign of peace and

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goodwill amongst the nations, Hyndman nevertheless clearly saw that social revolutions cannot thus be made to order; that economic ripeness for change and intellectual appreciation on the part of those concerned of the need for change were essential, especially amongst the workers, if changes affecting the whole field of class and property relations were to be peacefully and permanently accomplished. Living in a competitive world market, wage-earners should cultivate close relations and understanding with each other, for purposes of mutual protection against their exploiters. But "the social problems in separate nations must be solved in accordance with the stage of development which each country has reached, and the historic traditions which it has inherited. . . . In the past I thought that only when all, or nearly all, nations and peoples had reached the comprehension of Social-Democracy, and the economic development of each had embraced the Co-operative Commonwealth of all, could men attain to that higher communal life and fraternal intercommunication towards which humanity, formerly unconsciously, and now in part at least consciously, is tending. This view I hold no longer. On the contrary, I believe it is possible that one people, which is in the latest period of developed capitalism, can so transform their national life as to be able to attain alone to that brotherhood of democratic collectivism or Communism which shall not only enable them to suffice for themselves, but by the social happiness secured for all their citizens shall also serve to lift others to the same level more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. This island, although it has fallen behind both the United States and Germany in the struggle of national capitalist competition, is, nevertheless, further advanced than any other country towards the desired reconstruction. The reason is that here the working population is wholly divorced from the soil. But, it may be argued, if we admit that when all which it is possible to produce within the limits of our

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populous island is produced, still there will be necessities and luxuries that cannot be grown or produced within its limits. Here collective in place of individual exchange at once steps in, and it is certain that a highly organised society could and would produce so vast a surplus for exchange or barter that a higher offer could be made for desirable imports than any non-Socialist country could afford. The waste in all directions, from coal onwards, under our existing system is so great that, apart from infinitely improved methods, the mere cessation of this bootless extravagance would vastly increase national capacity for exchange." Words these of tremendous import to the British people. And to none, perhaps, should they appeal with greater force and with greater reason than to the members of the British Labour Party. They suggest sound national fiscal policy, and they cut right athwart the crude pretensions of Tory Protection and the equally crude doctrines of Liberal Free Trade.

For several years prior to 1914 Hyndman did his best to arouse European peoples, his fellow countrymen in Great Britain, and his Socialist colleagues in particular, to a recognition of the impending danger of war. On the International Socialist Bureau, the German Social-Democratic delegates, relying on what they believed to be the pacific intentions of the Kaiser, even while they were fully aware of the preparations for war on a large scale, by land and sea, refused to believe that any such danger existed. Here at home Hyndman was regarded by many Socialists and Labourists as a jingo and a scaremonger. Unthinking pacifists and equally thoughtless statesmen and politicians, especially Liberal politicians, were unanimous in their desire to prove that even if war did break out, British intervention could and would be prevented out of consideration for our financial and trading interests. Thus a powerful, even if wholly unwarranted, influence was cast in the scales to confirm German militarists in their view that in their policy of

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aggression they had nothing to fear from Great Britain. The early days of August, 1914, brought disillusionment. For mere preachers of peace in the industrial or military sense, in a world in which there *can* be no peace, Hyndman had a hearty and healthy contempt. He regarded them as only a shade less culpable and dangerous than those who were directly responsible for provoking war. With him, when the Great War broke out, neutrality was unthinkable, and while he maintained throughout his abhorrence of militarism and war, he at the same time faced the realities of the world war and came to the conclusion that while capitalism "standing on its own demerits" was bad enough, capitalism dominated by German Junkers would be infinitely more dangerous to the cause of human progress. For that reason alone, had there been no other, he refused to associate himself with British Socialists and Labourists who, in their "ecstasy of pacifism," sought to help the cause of Peace by means of a strike in the British industries engaged in the production of the munitions of war, regardless of the fact that no corresponding restrictions were likely to be imposed on the industries engaged in the production of munitions on the side of the Central Powers! Pro-Germans he called them, and pro-Germans in effect they were, whatever their intention. But Hyndman had other reasons for his fervent hope that German militarism and Imperialism would suffer a decisive defeat. Unrelenting in his opposition to British Imperialism and aggression as he had always been, he was equally unrelenting in his opposition to German militarist Imperialism. Victory for the Central Powers would mean, he saw, German domination of Europe, and the permanent menace of war till that domination ended. Realist as he was, he viewed the war as a horrible fact, and not merely as a subject of pious exhortation and prayers for peace. Looking ahead he saw the collective machinery and organisation, State-owned and State-controlled, brought into being to meet an emer-

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gency for which private enterprise was totally inadequate, used, when the war ended, by a united, disciplined army of free citizens for the purposes of the peaceful national organisation of the British Co-operative Commonwealth. He sadly under-estimated the capacity of his fellow-countrymen for patient endurance of social wrong, and over-estimated their capacity to claim their due share of the fruits of victory.

Regarding direct action, as he did, as a method which pushed to a conclusion involved the risk, if not the certainty, of civil war, and firmly believing, as he did, in the possibility of solving every national and social problem through the will and consent of the majority, expressed politically by legal enactment, the purely negative policy of the industrial strike, sectional or general, had for Hyndman no attraction. The propagandist value of a stoppage of work in order to resist the imposition of intolerable conditions, not otherwise curable, he appreciated. As an expression and evidence of class struggle he understood that the right to stop work was practically the only economic distinction between the modern wage-earner and the chattel-slave. But a mere stoppage of work, if entered upon in order to achieve a fundamental change in social and property relations, he looked upon as unnecessary, dangerous and futile. Of the idea of a General Strike in this connection, his view is definite and clear,—

“It must be noted that every General Strike yet attempted in Belgium, France and Sweden has completely failed. This would be by no means a conclusive argument against it, if it were the only objection. The U.K. differs from all these nations, and from every other nation, as has already been pointed out, in one very important particular. The whole of the working classes of England, Scotland and Wales are divorced from the soil. There is no Conservative peasant population as there is everywhere else. . . . The agricultural

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labourers sympathise with and are impelled by the same motives as the wage-earners in the towns. . . . It cannot be doubted, however, that if direct action took so wide a sweep as is contemplated, involving the cessation of work in the mines, on the railways, at the docks, wharves and elsewhere, this would almost certainly lead to civil war. There may easily then arise differences between the strikers themselves; for it is by no means certain that men who are too careless and slow to vote for their own class champions would develop a whole-souled eagerness to fight for themselves or their class. Starvation is apt to turn even enthusiasts for overthrow into partisans of a military dictatorship. No Government, also, would or could surrender at once to such an organised arrest of the functions of the whole national life without a desperate effort, in which all the resources of civilisation would be used! Is it advisable even to threaten to resort to such desperate tactics, when the alternative of political action is still open? Is it well to risk a defeat, which might throw back for a whole generation that steady advance towards the greatest economic and social revolution the world has ever seen, a revolution which the intending strikers are convinced is now inevitable within a calculable period? . . . In short, direct action, though it may be useful in argument as a possibility, leads to anarchy when resorted to in actual fact, and unnecessarily risks defeat. Political action is a continuous education and training for administration of affairs.¹

In addition to *England for All* (1881) and *The Historical Basis of Socialism in England* (1883), his published works include *The Economics of Socialism* (1896); *The Record of an Adventurous Life* (1911); *Further Reminiscences* (1912); *Life of Clemenceau* (1919); *The Evolution of Revolution* (1920); and *The Awakening of Asia* (1920). No student of economic science can afford to be ignorant of this rich product of

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Hyndman's genius. To the practical politician his works are of inestimable value, in this transition period. Now, more than at any time, in order to avoid confusion, disunity and disappointment, men and women charged with the responsibilities and endowed with the opportunities that are ours, should read the lessons of the past and thus be able to avoid the pitfalls of the future.

It is always a difficult matter to measure and value the extent to which great men, through their knowledge, initiative and vigour, really determine the political events in which they play a part. It may be that they are but the selected instruments through which currents and tendencies, stronger than themselves, are expressed. Whether that be so or not, none will deny that Hyndman was a great Englishman. There can be no manner of doubt as to his place in history as the Father of British Social-Democracy; a pioneer in the cause of British working-class political independence; the foremost British exponent of Marxian economics; an orator of the first rank; and a writer with powers of clear, fluent, and forcible expression, unsurpassed by any other writer of his time.

THOMAS KENNEDY.

House of Commons.
July, 1927.

HYNDMAN : PROPHET OF SOCIALISM

CHAPTER I

YOUTH. 1842-1865

ON a starless night, seven men sat on chairs of iron in a chamber hung with black and illumined by a red lamp. Each rose in turn, drank blood from a skull, and uttered hatred of freedom and science, and praise of ignorance, disunion, corrupt luxury and a worldly priesthood.

This singular vision occurs in *Words of a Believer*, a booklet published by the Abbé Lamennais in 1834. In a later page of the booklet, a young apostle of social salvation goes forth to the holy war :—

Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the peoples, for the sacred rights of the human race.

May thine arms be blessed! Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight for the deliverance of my brothers from oppression, to break their chains, and the chains of the world.

May thine arms be blessed! Young soldier, whither goest thou?

I go to fight that each may eat in peace the fruits of his toil; to dry the tears of little children who ask for bread, and are told: There is no bread; they have taken from us what was left.

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May thine arms be blessed! Young soldier,
whither goest thou?

I go to fight for the poor man, that he be not for
ever despoiled of his lot in the common heritage.

May thine arms be blessed, young soldier!

These vivid quotations from Lamennais* aptly represent the prophetic spirit of the Nineteenth Century leaders of the emancipation of the sufferers from capitalism and the associated wage-system. England led the way in the agitation. James Morrison wrote, in his *Pioneer* (1833): "The crisis of our condition is at hand; the contest affects all alike; and woe unto the man who deserts his post; the question to be decided is: Shall Labour or Capitalism be uppermost?"—and his Syndicalist mind planned a Grand Consolidated Trade Union, winning the suffrage and rising to supreme control of the State. Robert Owen,† apostle of co-operation and a "new moral world," foretold (1833) "a great revolution which will come upon society like a thief in the night." Bronterre O'Brien‡ vigorously demanded national control of the currency and national ownership of the land, and, while opposing a general strike, aimed at a democracy based on manhood suffrage. It was he, indeed, who coined, in 1839, the term "Social-Democrat." The "People's Charter" clamoured for six points—Manhood Suffrage, Equal Electoral Districts, Ballot Voting, Annual Parliaments, Abolition of Property Qualification for M.P.'s, and Payment of Members of Parliament; and it is of this simple and reasonable Charter that we are told: "Richard Cobden regarded it with unmitigated scorn."§ Cobden, evangelist of Free Trade, did not read well the signs of the

* B. 1782, d. 1854.

† B. 1769, d. 1858.

‡ B. 1806; died, December, 1864, three months after the establishment of the "International Working Men's Association" in London.

§ Paul: *Modern History of England*, Vol. 1, p. 113.

times. Chartism nominally died in 1848, but its impulses vibrated in the English proletariat for many years afterwards. In 1842, a visitor to Bolton observed in that Lancashire town crowds of workers in squalid misery, meeting a "slow, petrifying death" with "oriental submission." Boards of Guardians of the Poor up and down England employed between 40,000 and 50,000 able-bodied men in oakum-picking, stone-breaking and bone-crushing as a passport to mean food and lodging in "Bastilles" (work-houses). Men, women and children, as wage-earners, toiled from 5.30 or 6 a.m. to 7 or 8 p.m., week after week without change or holiday, and insanitary beer-shops offered a short, but drunken, way out of the misery.* A little gleam amid the darkness, unnoticed by the pompous chroniclers of the period, shone in the North when the Rochdale Pioneers initiated the Co-operative Movement, in 1844, by establishing a humble store. Ireland had fewer gleams. Benjamin Disraeli, destined to rise to Premier-ship, and not destined to do much for the redemption of the poor in either England or Ireland, recorded the state of Ireland—the people the worst-fed and worst-housed of any in Europe; living in mud cabins, and staying hunger with potatoes, a little milk, an occasional herring, and at times wild herbs and sea-weed; and clad in rags. The Repeal of the Corn Laws (1846) gave England cheap bread. At this point, G. M. Trevelyan has a significant comment:—

With the laying to rest of the Corn Law controversy there set in at the same time the great period of mid-Victorian commercial and industrial expansion, which submerged beneath a tidal wave of prosperity the social problem and the mutiny of the underworld. Politics reflected the relaxed tension. From 1846 to 1866 we have the period of quiet Whig-Peelite rule,

* See Sidney Webb's chapter in *The Latest Age* (Cambridge Modern History).

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dominated by the figure of the popular favourite, Lord Palmerston. His performances were eminently suited for a period when everything was safe, when nothing seemed to matter very much either at home or abroad, and when even to provoke a war with Russia [in the Crimea] involved only a limited liability.*

It is true; there was no mutiny of the underworld. We may pause over that underworld a few moments, and remark the emergence of a group of figures whom we shall meet again in the course of our story of the Prophet of Socialism.

Robert Blatchford (b. 1851) wandered from town to town with an elder brother, and their actress-mother; and, suffering cold and hunger, grubbed in dust-bins for old bottles, which he bartered for coals; in 1862, he served as errand boy, fetching beer for the men in a colour-printing works; and, in Halifax, labouring twelve hours a day, the boy Robert received a weekly wage of eighteen-pence. Joseph Burgess (b. 1853), when less than seven years of age, worked sixty hours a week for a wage of eighteen-pence. As a "half-timer" (half mill-worker, half school pupil), at the age of eight, he went to work at six in the morning, worked till 12.30, with a half-hour spared for breakfast, and attended school from two p.m. to five. He had his revenge on the vile conditions by helping to found the Independent Labour Party in 1893. Tom Mann (b. 1856), at the age of nine, was daily crawling on hands and toes, stripped to the waist, dragging boxes of coal and rubbish in a mine corridor. James Keir Hardie (b. 1856) earned 4s. 6d. weekly as a boy, and, during a strike in the Clyde district, his wage was the only income of the household; the parents were selling furniture to buy food; a sister took fever and died; a child was waiting to be born. In 1893, he, too, aided in creating the I.L.P. Robert Smillie (b. 1857) worked at mine pumps twelve hours

* *History of England* (1926), p. 647.

a day, with no set times for meals. This was in 1874. He recalls, in *My Life for Labour*, how, only fifteen years before his birth, little boys in coal-mines were harnessed with girdle and chain, and pulled, amid mud and water, tubs of coal in dark passages; and girls, trousered and naked to the waist, drew trucks seven, or eight, or nine miles daily. Will Thorne (b. 1857), when a little past six years of age, earned 2s. 6d. a week in a rope and twine-spinning works, toiling from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., with half-an-hour's interval for breakfast, and one hour's for dinner. When, in 1906, he became a Member of Parliament, he naturally carried Labour colours. In the early years of the Twentieth Century, every one of these men was a recognised leader in an economic struggle which was transforming Great Britain. It was, indeed, all to the good that, during the childhood years of these proletarian leaders, Herbert Spencer should frame his *Social Statics*, John Stuart Mill exalt the ideal of Liberty, Charles Darwin issue his *Origin of Species*, and Huxley valiantly debate Evolution with an ignorant Bishop of Oxford. It was also good that groups of workmen should unite, for mutual aid and co-operative defence against exploitation, in the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; and good that Robert Applegarth (b. 1834, d. 1924) should bravely build up a Carpenters' and Joiners' Trade Union; and good, too that George Odger,* shoe-craftsman and Radical, should eloquently prepare the way for the Labour leaders of the next generation. Not less than Darwin and Spencer, they did honest service for country and humanity. Nor should our generous catalogue omit the name of the strenuous democrat, Charles Bradlaugh, whose weekly *National Reformer*, founded in 1860, expressed a Secularist scorn for a worn-out creed, and whose Freethought lectures thrilled alike the artisans of London and the miners of Durham. We may add that, in 1842, as Auguste Comte, addressing a small

* B. 1813, d. 1877.

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audience of intellectuals in his modest Paris flat, closed the lectures on Positive Philosophy which would, in time, profoundly influence social and scientific thought, he passed from his long sketch of human evolution to this drastic judgment of Capitalist society:—

Modern industrial society is radically devoid of systematic morality. . . . Among producers and consumers, or among the various industrial classes, and above all between the employers and workers, it seems agreed that, following the primitive instinct of the emancipated slave, everybody should be solely absorbed in his personal interest. . . . This blind, unorganised extension of machinery is directly opposed, in many cases to the most legitimate interest of the masses, whose just claims necessarily tend to excite increasingly serious collisions, industrial relations being given over to a crude physical antagonism, in consequence of the absence of all rational planning.*

Comte, like the great Prophet of Socialism who was born in that same year, did not desire a class war. He recognised its damnable existence.

Henry Mayers Hyndman was born on the 7th of March, 1842, at 7, Hyde Park Square, London, a few minutes' walk from the Marble Arch. The far-back "Hyndmans" were North Country farmers and borderland raiders. Grandfather Hyndman, of Ulster, was a rich owner of Guiana slave-plantations, where the negroes basking in the sun were at any rate (says our own H. M. H.) happier than the wage-slaves of Manchester. Hyndman the father had much money and much piety, and liberally endowed Church of England pulpits which preached the unwholesome gospel of Charles Simeon of Cambridge. The mother, Caroline Seyliard Mayers, had a culture which made her a natural friend of Mary Somerville. The family on both sides had for many years linked up with India, through

* Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, Vol. VI. Lecture 56.

soldiers and administrators. "I was brought up," says Hyndman, "in an atmosphere of the sincerest devotion, and was surrounded by prayer and praise to God and his Christ. Moreover, I believe in my way I am not devoid of religious feeling of a kind. Yet, somehow, even my mother, who was greatly disturbed at this peculiarity, was quite unable to get me to pray; and from then till now (1911), though not, I hope, lacking in respect towards those who are worthy of it, I have never been able to accept the view that appeals to a personal deity could be anything more than a personal gratification of individual sentiment."* This detachment from theology he preserved to the end of his days. He, too, could have summed up his religious faith to Abou ben Adhem's angel: "Write me as one that loves his fellow men." The child, "father to the man," looked with eyes of pitying wonder at a crowd of hunger-bitten and ragged tramps of whom he caught a glimpse in 1846, the admirable year of Free Trade. They shambled up the path to the porch of the Elizabethan Pendell Court (near Bletchingley and Reigate) where his parents were staying for a time. They begged; platesful of food were brought out; they devoured, and then trudged forth. The four-year-old child watched the melancholy English scene, and, one might say, held the vision in sight till he breathed his last breath in 1921. In the following winter (1847-8) Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels were launching their Communist Manifesto, and saying: "The modern labourer, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper. . . . The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working men of all countries, unite!" The tramps of Bletchingley would have understood nothing of this appeal. A prophet must arise and speak in their name.

* Hyndman's *Record of an Adventurous Life* (Macmillan; 1911)

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Henry's mother died early. The boy had been in the reluctant care of his grandmother. She once declared in candour: "Of all the little devils I ever had to bring up, Harry Hyndman was the worst!"—though, long afterwards, another grandmother (the second Mrs. Hyndman's) chatted with him, and remarked to Rosalind Travers: "My dear, that's the most sweet-tempered man I ever saw in my life"; and the second wife tells the tale, and adds: "She was quite right."* The six-year-old boy was placed in a boarding-school near Leatherhead, conducted by the father of Emily Faithfull, well-known in later days in connection with women's education. In a second school at Torquay he conned lessons with Rayleigh (Lord R., distinguished physicist) and Buxton (E. N. B., Chairman of the London School Board). Next he studied mathematics under a clergyman-tutor in unlovely Stockport, not seldom breaking away from algebra to play as a member of the Manchester Cricket Club. One of Manchester's most illustrious citizens, Charles Rowley,† knew the Free Trade city from infancy onwards, and loved its people, and hated its "appalling, stinking slums," and cursed the insanitation which slew half its children before they were five years old. In 1858, young Hyndman witnessed a Parliamentary election in the city, and listened eagerly to the enthusiastic shouts of the workers who supported the candidature of the Chartist and Socialist, Ernest Jones,‡ against Milner Gibson the Cobdenite, and John Bright, the Liberal ("two great representatives of capitalism," said H. M. H. in 1911).

* Rosalind T. Hyndman: *Last Years of H. M. Hyndman* (1923).

† B. 1839; friend of William Morris, D. G. Rossetti, Kropotkin, Frederic Harrison, Walter Crane, and Hyndman; presiding genius, for more than forty years, of the Sunday concerts at Ancoats.

‡ B. 1819, d. 1869.

Hyndman never failed to pay tribute to the Chartists. Only the year before his death, he wrote:—

Feargus O'Connor, George Julian Harney, Ernest Jones, Bronterre O'Brien, Sadler, Oastler, Stephens, Ball, Lovett, Henry Vincent and their associates will be remembered, and their good deeds recorded, in the new development, when all that they vainly strove for before their time is realised, in the course of the next few generations. They were capable of great things themselves, and they prepared the way for greater things for others.*

The youth of 1858 was neither Chartist nor Socialist. He was an exceedingly keen observer of all things human. Through an eager score of years he would note, compare and test things material, social, spiritual, and then set out very definitely for a pioneer objective. His guardians allowed him, now sixteen years of age, to make an excursion alone in the Rhine valley and take a glimpse of Paris. He had picked up some German, and, when visiting an uncle at Wiesbaden, listened with his habitual intentness to the talk of Austrian and Prussian officers,—the officers who were to be at war with one another in 1866. Yet more intently, and even joyously, he caught the spirit and stimulus of Paris. "The inhabitants of Paris" (so ran his mature opinion in 1911) "have ever been in the front rank when efforts have been made for the uplifting of the human race, and the development of the human intelligence." In due time, he would become very familiar with the French tongue, and, it may be added, Italian. Thus, before he was twenty, he reached the rank of what people now call the Good European. It may be said, indeed, that he was to develop into the most European of all the Social-Democrats; for, while the Continental Socialists had strong European outlooks with inadequate insight into English

* *Evolution of Revolution* (Grant Richards, 1920).

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political qualities, Hyndman, who was extremely English, achieved an excellent understanding of the Continental mind, whether Conservative, Liberal or Revolutionary.

In a sleepy Norfolk village, with the rector for mathematics-tutor, Hyndman studied persistently for two years and a half, and managed to wedge not a little fox-hunting and cricket into the study-scheme. He had now lived in divers parts of rural England, and it should be remarked that, in his later propaganda, he never let go of the problem of agriculture as a vital factor in the "Life to Come" of the Co-operative Commonwealth. He combined countryside and intellectual curiosity in his occasional glimpses of Seaford, Sussex, where he played in the Sussex County Cricket eleven by day, and by night, in a sea-front house or at the New Inn, talked and sang (choruses!) with the jesting Burnand, and George Meredith the novelist, and others such—Meredith scattering wit and things sardonic all around. Meredith came and stayed a fortnight with Hyndman in his lodgings at Rose Street, Cambridge,—for Henry had entered as a Trinity College student,—and the two companions walked in lanes, watched boats on the Cam, dived into libraries, and discussed the universe. Of a former Cambridge student, John Milton, it was observed by Aubrey that "he was a very hard student in the university, and performed all the exercises there with very great applause." Hyndman did not tread in Milton's steps, though he took his degree in 1864. He would rather have exclaimed with Milton's Cambridge contemporary, Joseph Meade: "I like to know how the world goes!" He boated, cricketed, played in the University Musical Orchestra; and, decades onward, he smilingly looked back at his college years, and murmured: "There is always the eternal feminine somewhere about." Yet withal, he jerks aside a curtain and tells us significantly that he had closely absorbed the pages of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and pondered the

story of the Italian medieval republics. His own mind had resemblances to Gibbon's. He loved the broad historic view, illumined by shrewd comment on motives, and a gleam of irony, while, of course, far removed from Gibbon's cloistered quiet. Still less could the cloistered quiet of the Temple suit him. He had migrated thither from Cambridge, and begun reading for the Bar,—and sprinted in the sunny cricket-field, and wooed whist and billiards in the winter, and departed from the Temple. "For," said he, "I disliked the idea of battering out my brains over disputes about other people's property." Much more amusement he found in chats on finance and affairs with Samuel Laing, railway administrator and author of the useful popular books on *Modern Science and Modern Thought* and *Human Origins*; and with Sammy Laing, junior, he made merry in Paris (1865).

In the spring of 1864, Garibaldi passed along London streets amid a roar of cheers, and addressed twenty thousand people in the Crystal Palace; and he told an assembly of London Italians that he hoped to carry their presentation sword to Rome and to Venice. Hyndman had stood among the crowd of three hundred thousand Londoners who saluted the red-shirted champion of Italian unity. Years afterwards, he reflected on "the extraordinary effect produced by Garibaldi's visit to England, as showing that the working men of London were far more ready to greet a noble popular leader than to bow down before kings and emperors." And he was more excited by the picturesque vision of Garibaldi than by the establishment (28th September, 1864) at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, London, of the International Working Men's Association, with Edward S. Beesly, the Positivist, in the chair.* The names of the Provisional Council then elected included Randal Cremer, George Howell, George Odger, Benjamin Lucraft, with Karl Marx for Germany, and correspondents for France,

* A great meeting at the Lyceum Theatre in September, 1924, celebrated the 60th year of the foundation.

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Poland, Switzerland, America, Belgium, Italy and Spain. An address subsequently explained the Association's purpose. In spite of Free Trade, and prosperous business in manufactures, the misery of the working masses had not diminished from 1848 to 1864. "Every fresh development of the productive powers of labour must tend to deepen social contrasts and point social antagonisms." It was vital that, in the struggle for political power and economic emancipation the workers of different countries must stand firmly by each other, and form national bodies co-operating internationally. Rules were appended to the Address, as for example:—

This International Association and all societies and individuals adhering to it will acknowledge truth, justice and morality as the basis of their conduct towards each other, and towards all men, without regard to colour, creed, or nationality;

They hold it the duty of a man to claim the right of a man and a citizen, not only for himself but for every man who does his duty. No rights without duties, no duties without rights.

The collapse of this organisation in 1872 could not prevent the germination and growth of the International idea. In the revival Hyndman would be a powerful factor. At present, he was but a Radical. His talents and his alertness could have yielded him success in the law courts, or in journalism, or in superficial activities and pretentious debates of the House of Commons, in the period of Gladstone and Bright and Disraeli.

In November, 1864, Disraeli, then Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, took a seat in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, and listened to the Oxford Diocesan Conference's discussion of the novel theory of man's ancestry, Bishop Wilberforce in the chair. He rose, and contributed an acceptable speech in the anti-Darwinian interest. Was humanity related to apes or angels?

"I, my lord," he said, "am on the side of the angels."

Neither the applause of bishops, nor material reward; nor the glitter of a title would greet Henry Mayers Hyndman if the day arrived,—and it did arrive—when he would declare,—

"I am on the side of the people."

CHAPTER II

TRAVELS, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL, 1866-1880.

HYNDMAN, who had stood among the Whitehall crowd, admiring and cheering Garibaldi, felt drawn, as liberal-thinking youth was everywhere drawn, to Italy. Austria still held Venice, and the Pope still held Rome. But a kind of prophetic thrill told friends of Italy that the national spirit which had created such heroic figures as Ricasoli, Settembrini, Martinengo, Manin, Poerio, Ugo Bassi and Mazzini would not tarry long before realising Italian unity. Early in 1866, Hyndman mingled with the kneeling throng in the Easter service at St. Peter's in Rome, and, wandering amid classic ruins, recalled how his beloved Gibbon meditated in the same spot, and made the spacious plan of the great History. To Naples and its fair region he journeyed, and was checked by the sudden news of war. Prussia, then rising towards the power which broke France in 1870-1 and collapsed in the frightful tragedy of 1914-18, made war on Austria. Garibaldi, hurrying from his island farm in Caprera, led an enthusiastic but ill-trained army to the rocks and valleys of the Tyrol, in the hope of redeeming Venice from the Austrians. A message from Frederick Greenwood, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, appointed his friend Hyndman correspondent with the Italian forces. Fellow journalists in this adventure were George Augustus Sala and George Henty (he of the lively books for boys). Of the brief and confused campaign Hyndman kept two particularly vivid memories. One was of hours which he spent in a

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church where wounded Italians, bloody and dismembered, were laid, and he joined a Russian, amateurishly enough, in the first-aid work. And ever since (he wrote in 1911) "I have felt what a preposterous state of civilisation is that in which intelligent human beings can find no better way of settling their differences than that which I had witnessed." The other memory recorded his meeting with the Leader. Wounded in the foot, lying on a couch, and clad in the historic red shirt and grey trousers, Garibaldi—with "the expression of the benevolent lion"—talked amiably with the smartly-dressed young correspondent. A few weeks later, this young correspondent watched a procession of boats and gondolas glide under the bridge of the Rialto and along the Grand Canal at Venice, bearing Italian soldiers and officials, who came, in the name of King Victor Emanuel to take possession of the Venetian province, resigned by defeated Austria. The red, white and green flag was hoisted over St. Mark's Cathedral. And, in 1870, the Papal States would come under the tricolor.

Yet, behind these military and political scenes, the European poverty-problem still grimly developed. While Italy was unifying, the International Working Men's Association grew.

The first Congress was held at Geneva in 1866, at which attempts were made to form a common basis of action for all Labour organisations, and to draw the trade unions from the narrow ground of mere struggles for raising wages on to the wider field of international combination for the general good. At this same Congress the question arose between those who wished to exclude the men who merely used brain-work from common action with the hand-workers, for whose benefit the International was founded. The exclusion of the brain workers was not carried; which was lucky, seeing that with Marx, Engels, Liebknecht and others out of the way the International would have had small chance of success. But the organisation was still grow-

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ing in numbers, and met with denunciation and persecution at the hands of different European Governments.*

Of the problem symbolised by the International, Hyndman had as yet only a blurred notion. When he returned from Italy, more than ever disinclined to the pleasures of a lawyer's life, he spent a week or two in roaming among the squalid streets of East London. It was then a fashionable occupation for West Enders to gaze on rags and scandalous slums in Whitechapel or Poplar. Even when Hyndman, conducted by his friend Boyd Kinnear (a Fifeshire Scot), called on Mazzini in Fulham, he witnessed fervent theism, fervent exaltation of Duty, and fervent Republicanism, but not fervent sympathy with the efforts of Cremer, Odger and Marx. Not that he would, at that period (1867-8), have asked for such sympathy. Ascetic, wrinkled, grey-white haired, clad in dressing-gown, and smoking a cigar, Mazzini presented the Hero as Patriot, and not Economist; and Hyndman never ceased to speak with the utmost respect of the apostle of the "Young Italy" movement. It is, however, significant that, in estimating the practical values of Mazzini, Garibaldi and the Piedmontese statesman Cavour, his judgment placed Cavour in the highest rank. He admired the two magnificent rebels and fighters; but he saw, in Cavour's acute and scientific adaptations of means to ends a more effective force in constructing the new Italy. Accordingly, he praised Cavour in John Morley's *Fortnightly Review* (1868).

Meanwhile, the English trade unions beat slowly up against the aristocratic, clerical and capitalist wind. Their disabilities were examined by a Royal Commission in 1867, and, as results, the right of workers to combine and the right (subject to the ordinary Criminal law) to warn "blackleggers" by means of pickets during strikes, were secured by Acts of Parliament, 1871 and

* Hyndman's *Historical Basis of Socialism* (1883).

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1875. A group of Comte's disciples materially aided the objects of the Commission, of which Frederic Harrison was a member. Hyndman rejected Comte's religious-economic ideal of the moralisation of capitalists, but he always expressed appreciation of the work done, in 1867, by the disciples of the Religion of Humanity; and, in 1883, he wrote:—

I must here record my sincere admiration for the noble conduct of the band of Positivists, Dr. Congreve, Professor Beesly, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Henry Crompton and others, who stood forward to champion the rights of the workers of Great Britain when the whole capitalist press was denouncing the trade unionists, and when many who now court the trade union leaders refused to say a word in their defence. Such men deserve, and I hope will receive, the personal thanks of the lovers of freedom in every country.*

This was a national gain. In the international sphere, the Brussels Congress (I.W.M.A.) in 1868 decided that agricultural land, mines, and railways ought to belong to the State, and be managed by companies of workmen; and that new machines should only be introduced along with compensations to displaced labourers. Parallel with the advancing trade union fortunes in England ran a successful demand for a better training of youth. The Education (School Board) Act of 1870 satisfied the demand for the time being, though it did not establish the free and secular (non-theological) system agitated for by the men of Birmingham, Dr. R. W. Dale and Joseph Chamberlain.

Italy whetted Hyndman's appetite for a larger world. In February, 1869, he sailed on a tour which embraced Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands and the United States. At Melbourne, he found a social group

* *Historical Basis of Socialism*, p. 285.

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interested in public life, letters and art, and, while mingling with politicians and wits, was persuaded to take a hand in Australian journalism. He began by reviewing a novel; but he burst into a full flame of eagerness when he wrote articles in support of the campaign—the victorious campaign—against Roman Catholics, Anglicans and Nonconformists, which resulted in the establishment of compulsory, free and non-theological schools for the children of the people.* Economic and racial questions caught his Radical eye; and he remarked how some land-owners drew revenues from the ill-paid labour of their stock-men, and how laborious and intelligent Chinese sought a footing in the tropical quarter of the continent. In a vision which he developed at a much later date (1920), he already foresaw the “awakening of Asia,” and suspected that both Chinese and Japanese (he regarded the Chinese as superior) would challenge the pride of the West. The same keen eye, merry or ironic according to cases, observed a large Australian miscellany; it rejoiced in the noble, tree-skirted bay of Port Jackson, detested the squalid appearance of the blue gum-trees, and thrilled at the shadowy scene on his Sydney verandah, where a policeman wrestled with a midnight negro-burglar—Hyndman assisting the arrest. The gum-trees vividly reminded him of certain dark and gnarled thorn bushes in Dante's *Inferno*. He had long ago learned to appreciate Dante. The extraordinary realism which, while assuming to paint Hell and Purgatory and Paradise, portrayed the ethics and politics of Fourteenth-century Italy and the West, appealed to a mind which revelled in actualities.

After an admiring glance at the fern-trees in the glens of Tasmania, and a brief glimpse of New Zealand, Hyndman made friends with the somewhat amateur captain of a schooner, and joined a party bound for

* Recent returns state that, in Victoria, “Primary Education is compulsory, secular and free between the ages of 6 and 14; there is a State-aided university at Melbourne, with four affiliated colleges.”

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Levuka in the Fiji Islands. He took a full draught of Polynesian joys and even terrors—the sunlit beauty of cocoa-nut palms, and lagoons; canoes flitting among coral-reefs; the villages and native girls; a moonlight devil-dance of unChristianised Polynesians; the grab and brawls, drunken bouts and cruelties (as in flogging of Fijians) of the “beach-combing” adventurers. A short business cruise brought the schooner into a midnight hurricane, and heavy seas all but flung the vessel on a reef, and men shook hands in a farewell in face of death. A change of wind landed them safe at Levuka. Hyndman had nearly been washed overboard. An orthodox companion afterwards remarked that the “non-believer” had met the crisis “as calmly as a Christian”! Shark stories, of course, gruesomely entertained him. He tells* of the capsized canoe of a chief of the island of Ovalau, and the circle of forty-five native paddlers who formed a guard in the water round their chief in order to keep the sharks at bay, and, one by one—eighteen in all—were devoured by sharks; but the chief and the remnant band were rescued. Of Fijian social life he had not a happy tale to record. Wesleyan missionaries had rightly rid the community of cannibalism, phallic revels, and the burial of the living aged; but they had dragged Fiji to the other extreme of a dull Calvinism. Of one Wesleyan, Lorimer Fison, he always spoke with respect. Fison sympathetically studied the Polynesian legends and customs and family and clan systems, and did Hyndman a service in drawing his attention to the researches into tribal communism carried on by the American sociologist, Lewis Morgan. A very different type of missionary was Father Bréheret, the Jesuit. The Father built boats, lived the simple life, avoided trade, and gave the Fijians a gospel which presented the Cross without denying laughter and dance; and Hyndman perceived a finer influence in the Catholic than among the Wesleyans. It may be of in-

* In *Record of an Adventurous Life*, chap. viii.

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terest to cite the opinion of Catholicism expressed, thirteen years later, by the Agnostic Hyndman:—

Catholicism was as good as any creed which has ever found acceptance amongst men. Abuses doubtless there were, and most of them were bitterly attacked by members of the Church themselves; tyranny and persecution there were too in many forms; but the Church was the one body in which equality of condition was the rule from the start. There, at least, the man of ability who outside her pale was forced to bow down before some Norman baron whose ruffianly ancestor had formed part of William's band of marauders, could rise to a position in which this rough, unlettered swashbuckler grovelled before him. Sixtus V was picked up out of the gutter; our Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, Adrian IV, was a poor labourer's son. However dangerous, also, the spiritual authority of the Church may appear to us, it was used for the most part, notwithstanding all the hideous corruptions of the papal court in the days of the Borgias and others, for the people and against the dominant class. . . . The great art of the time was for public uses, and devoted to religion. . . . The conventual establishments and the parish priests did far more than is commonly supposed in the direction of elementary teaching. . . . Where would Oxford be to-day but for the splendid munificence of bishops, monks and nuns? . . . The abbots and priors were the best landlords in England.*

In the same large sociological temper, he surveyed the native Fijian civilisation, and its notable achievements in canoe-building, in cultivation of the soil, and even the communal distribution of goods without the aid of money, in the gold form or any other. A fragment of his reflections, written down at the time (1870), put into the mouth of a Fijian a speech which upbraided the crimes and slums of Europe, and declared that whatever

* *Historical Basis of Socialism in England* (1883), chap. i.

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was good in Europe or in Polynesia was derived chiefly from the labours of ancestors; each social type being conditioned by the past and by the environment. Thus mused our Cambridge student, and admirer of Gibbon, when, at the age of twenty-eight, he sailed from Levuka and crossed the Pacific, first in a short return visit to New Zealand and Australia, and then, by way of the Sandwich Islands, to San Francisco.

Hyndman saw the United States when Abraham Lincoln had been dead but five years, when the Central Union and Pacific Railroads had not long been constructed, when vast herds of buffaloes still traversed the prairies, and when Brigham Young still maintained the glory of polygamy in Salt Lake City; and he had cheery chats with Bret Harte, who had just issued his *Heathen Chinee*. He, of course, observed the bitterness felt by Americans towards the British upper classes, who had evinced sympathy with the Southern States during the Civil War of 1861-65. Very many years later (1920), after the Great War, in which the United States had figured as an "associate" with Italy, France and England in the death-struggle against the Hohenzollern army and navy, he was grieved by the ominous coldness of the American Republic towards England.* With small delay, Hyndman crossed to New York, and so eastwards, arriving in London, after two years' absence, on February 13th, 1871.

The Franco-German war had brought into Europe a tragedy which was to develop a further tragedy in 1914; and the French troops had quitted Rome, and so hastened Italian unity. Though Hyndman was destined to be immensely influenced by a German Socialist, he saw no virtue in the Hohenzollern domination, and he had a spontaneous love for France, and French literature and tradition, and for Paris. He felt, as many felt, that the British Government should have intervened

* Letter to Charles E. Russell, in *Last Years of H. M. Hyndman*, chap. xiii.

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after the fall of the French Empire at Sedan. Forty years afterwards (1911) he was lamenting the Hohenzollern dictatorship of Europe. When Paris capitulated to the Germans, the citizens of Paris dreaded the possibility of a return to monarchy, and kept their National Guards armed and alert, so that the capital should maintain the Republic for France and its much-suffering workers. The Government of M. Thiers prepared to disarm the Guards. Paris replied by proclaiming a Commune, and, for two months (March to May, 1871), the Commune and its soldiers resisted the assault of Thiers' army with the quite definite object and ideal of abolition of social and economic exploitation of the working class by the bourgeois class. Within the circle of the Commune, the administration was orderly, sanitary and honest. Inflamed with wrath at the attacks of the Versailles army, the Communists committed bloody excesses, which were tremendously surpassed by the bloody executions of thousands of men, women and children in the Parisian streets. Hyndman, not yet a Socialist, watched the events with strong indignation against Thiers. In 1920, the indignation still seethed thus:—

Whatever mistakes the Communists may have made, and, unluckily for the cause, they made many, none could dispute the honesty or high idealism of the majority of the leaders, or of the rank and file who fought at the barricades. They were striving for the emancipation of the working people from the sordid organisation of production for profit, and the substitution of a nobler system for the whole civilised world. Those of the Communists who differed most as to methods were agreed as to the end they wished to attain. Therefore, from that day to this, the men and women who fell, during the fighting, and after the victory of the bourgeoisie, have been regarded as martyrs for the great cause of human freedom, economic and social.*

* *Evolution of Revolution* (1920), chap. viii. on '48 and '71.

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He added the significant comment that the Communists erroneously forced an armed conflict without ensuring the support of the French workers in the mass. "High ideals," he said, "call for the highest ability and foresight, with a cool judgment of the situation, to secure their realisation; defeat on such an issue ought not to be lightly risked." In other words, the nearer the sufferers from poverty and social injury approach emancipation, the greater the need for brains in devising methods of release. The old initial passion will not suffice for a final construction which calls for intellect as well as heart.*

Hyndman, dining with two yachting friends at Ryde, spoke so warmly on behalf of the people who were shot down mercilessly in the streets of Paris that one of them was afterwards heard to grumble at being placed at table with a "red-hot Communist." It was at this time that the English Positivists displayed a spirit which, to the end of his life, he never ceased to appreciate. Beesly had already protested against the German intention to annex Alsace-Lorraine. Bridges said, while the Germans were still besieging Paris:—

The people of Paris are utterly free from political and religious superstitions. But those who know the respect which they show to aged people, their reverence for the graves of the dead, their tenderness for children, their freedom from the wretched caste spirit which prevails in England, both among rich and poor, the hearty cheerful fraternity among all classes—those who have seen this, know the underlying depth of character in the Paris people The people of Paris,

* We may here note that a young man, Adolphe Smith, or Headingley, who had done ambulance work for the Communists, escaped from Paris in June, and lectured in England in defence of the Commune, Marx and Engels listening on one or two occasions. Smith (b. 1847, d. 1925) became an active figure in the Socialist movement, and performed splendid service as interpreter at many International Congresses.

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when they have a faith, are ready to die for it, just as they are now ready to die for their city.*

And now, in Morley's *Fortnightly Review*, Frederic Harrison denounced the brutal treatment of the Communists by the army of M. Thiers. Hyndman never could accept August Comte's scheme of social reorganisation, with its proposed "moralisation of the capitalists," but he was ever ready to say of such disciples of Comte as Harrison and Beesly: "their theories are all wrong, but their actions are all right." And of Paris, Hyndman continually exclaimed: "May her future be as glorious as her past!"

From 1871 onwards, Hyndman wrote in Frederick Greenwood's *Pall Mall Gazette*, associated with which journal were Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, Leslie Stephen, G. H. Lewes, H. D. Traill, Huxley, Morley and Coventry Patmore. It was Greenwood who, in 1875, heard that the Egyptian Khedive Ismail wished to sell his shares in the Suez Canal, and who forthwith mooted to Lord Derby the idea that the best purchaser would be the British Government; and, though Lord Derby hesitated, Lord Beaconsfield decided and the thing was speedily done. Greenwood had, before acting, dropped the thought into Hyndman's ear, and received the answer: "It seems to me a splendid notion." Hyndman would have made an excellent journalist, with a clear-cut, masculine style, which put a touch of philosophy into well-marshalled facts. But, though he appeared so intent on writing articles, and so acute in pursuing business projects in the United States in the years 1871-1880, many an intellectual impulse and many an ethical impulse were secretly driving him towards his apostleship of Social-Democracy.

As a Radical politician and interested visitor, Hyndman attended the Trades Union Congress of 1872. The Congress, born in 1868, now represented 375,000

* Mrs. Susan Livelings's *A Nineteenth Century Teacher*, J. H. Bridges (1926), chap. xi.

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male workers. Perhaps, even then, he tried to sum the values and defects of trade unions as levers for a final liberation of wage-slaves. All his life he fostered fraternal relations with the trade union leaders who so valiantly championed their class. But, even so far on as in 1912, he measured the distance between unionism and Socialism, and was obliged to say:—

Those who imagine that trade unionism, which even now means only the organisation of a small minority of the working population, can effectively handle these questions [of social and industrial conditions] do not take account of what is going on. Trade unionism, the marshalling of what is still in effect no more than an aristocracy of labour, is, in my opinion, virtually played out as a powerful economic and social agency, if indeed it has ever been played in.*

“Played in,” that is to say, as a force that could combat capitalism on anything like equal terms of strength and intelligence. The same year, 1872, beheld the rise of Joseph Arch’s Agricultural Labourers’ Union, which bravely struggled, but could not boast of high success. Hyndman referred to it later:—

The first really organised attempt of the down-trodden rural serf—the slave of the so-called “Country” party—to reassert himself in modern times was, in every particular, worthy of respect and support. The fury of the farmers when they found their mere hands proclaiming the right to combine and fix wages, quite equalled the anger of Mr. John Bright and his fellow-manufacturers when their “hands” dared to strike against the beneficent capitalist rule.†

* *Further Reminiscences* (1912), p. 528.

† *Historical Basis of Socialism* (1883), p. 288. A tribute is merited by the memory of Arch’s efforts, in face of extraordinary obstacles, to raise the village labourer’s status and self-determination. He nobly drew public attention to a grave scandal. At the age of 92 he died in the cottage at Barford, Warwickshire, in which he was born.

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We shall find, as we proceed, that Hyndman never slackened his desire to emancipate the proletariat whose poverty has so long disgraced one of the most beautiful country-sides on earth. Meanwhile, he collided with another scandal in the shape of Henry M. Stanley's treatment of Central African natives. In Stanley's own account of his travels, he had described how, in order to produce a more or less useful effect on the Coloured mind, he had shot down numbers of negroes at Bam-bireh. Hyndman proposed, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, a vote of censure on Stanley, and was promptly shouted down. Whereupon, with the aid of Colonel Yule,* he published a pamphlet-indictment of Stanley's all-too-crude method of illustrating civilisation.

With the double motive of seeing life and securing worth-while mining shares (and, in spite of such occasional quests, he did not die rich!), Hyndman went over to the United States, and particularly California, several times between 1874 and 1880. He figured on the list of directors of a mining company. Likely enough he could, with proper concentration, have disciplined himself into the splendour of a first-rank profiteer. He had no lack of shrewdness or initiative, and the banks of Lombard Street love the perfume of universities; and he had a Cambridge degree. But shares or no shares, he drank—he always drank with delight—of the fascinations of the day and the night, the comedy and the tragedy. Not the least, he felt the spell of Utah and its Salt Lake City, its absurd creed of Mormonism, its polygamy, and its tall, robust farmers. He witnessed a murder; he met loathsome scamps in saloons; at a theatre he sat next to a sleek citizen who had taken part in the "Mountain Meadows Massacre" of an emigrant caravan of a hundred and twenty-seven men, women and children. Even here, his judgment delivered cool and balanced

* Sir Henry Yule (1820-1889), editor of the "Book of Ser Marco Polo," 1871-3.

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verdicts. For general daily behaviour, he preferred the Mormons to the orthodox Evangelicals. In the streets he detected no prostitution. He admired the rich irrigated farms, and the model pastures. Saints and sinners, Brigham Young's community was, on the whole, well-governed.*

On February 14th, 1876, Henry Mayers Hyndman married Matilda Ware, of Newick, Sussex, daughter of a yeoman farmer. Unconventional as it may seem, quite the best plan of picturing her, it appears to us, is to quote the testimony of Rosalind Travers, Hyndman's second wife. One day, in June, 1913, Rosalind called at 9, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, and found Hyndman grieving for the wife who had died a few hours previously:—

I was never in my life so poignantly and desperately sorry for anyone as I was for him. No one could have served and loved him better than Matilda, for thirty-seven years. She must have been beautiful as a girl, and she was brisk and charming when I knew her in middle age. She supported him through good fortune and ill. She accepted Socialism, and the extraordinary change of life that it required, with cheerful philosophy. . . . She watched over him, tended him, laughed at him when necessary, and offered him sound common-sense, which he did not always take. "Had I followed my dear elder wife's advice," he said more than once to me, "I should have been a richer and a wiser man."

There were no children of the marriage.

The period 1874-1880 was marked, politically, by the British Government's purchase of the Suez Canal shares; the Russian-Turkish War, and Gladstone's missionary cry against the Bulgarian massacres by the Turks; the Treaty of Berlin—Berlin being an accent on German "interests" in the Balkan regions; the absorption of Tunis by France, and the growth of a new set

* Brigham Young died August, 1887, leaving seventeen wives, fifty-six children, and an estate worth \$2,000,000.

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of Mediterranean questions; the annexation of the Transvaal by Britain, and a step nearer to the sad racial conflict of Boer and Briton, 1899-1902; the Indian-Afghan War, and its natural association with friction between British and Russian (or shall we say, Eurasian?) civilisation; and the insistent demand of Ireland for Home Rule, with disturbing reactions of the insurgent Irish members of Parliament upon British home affairs and even foreign,—Charles Stewart Parnell having entered the House of Commons in 1875. On this stage, and in this drama, the Liberals and Conservatives conducted their debates and elections, with practically no prescience of the tremendous value which the Twentieth Century was going to place on economic issues as compared with political. Both these old parties bestowed what seemed a kind of patronage upon the working-classes. A Public Health Act in 1875 and a Housing Act in 1880 were given as gifts from benevolent deities.* The Liberals and Nonconformists who looked upon the Jewish-born Prime Minister, Beaconsfield (D'Israeli) as an evil spirit, had no sense of the approach of a vast Labour Movement. Some attributed such poverty as they happened to catch serious sight of to Imperialistic expenditure. For example, note what Herbert Paul says:—

The number of strikes in 1879 reached the unprecedented figure of 72, and they were almost all unsuccessful. The wages of the workmen were reduced, and the hours of work were extended. In the unhappy conflict of Labour and Capital the employers were victorious. . . . Whatever else Imperialism may be, it is not cheap.†

* In a well-documented survey of the times, 1760-1850 (*Health, Wealth and Population in the Early Days of the Industrial Revolution*, 1926), Miss M. C. Buer traces the progress of sanitation, and rejoices. "The new social order," she says, "brought not only the factory, but the laboratory and the hospital." True: it also brought the prophets who demanded a quicker pace in the "progress."

† *History of Modern England*, Vol. IV.

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But there are two sorts of Imperialist aggression; one is that which annexes territories, and the other empire is that which controls wages and the prices of daily necessities. It is not of this money-empire that Herbert Paul speaks when he says: "Whatever else Imperialism may be, it is not cheap."

Two ethical breezes blew awakening forces into England. One was the vigorous gospel of Henry George of California, who, in *Progress and Poverty*, fastened, though all too narrowly, on land-monopoly as the root of the mass miseries of civilisation. The other was the movement of Continental Socialism. In 1877, the German Socialists cast half-a-million votes at a General Election. French Socialism was stirring afresh. In Russia, zealots of the Nihilist type fought Czarism, and Bakunin and Kropotkin illustrated phases of "anarchy," that is, liberation from bureau and government; but then (as now) the Russian soul mirrored the agitations of the West rather than set original movements going. It was left mainly to England, and to our English prophet, to lead the way in the effective emancipation of the wage-earning proletariat. The English Board Schools, yet young, often gave but a Gradgrind dole of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the teachers, like factory overseers, often harried the children in order to win "Payment by Results,"—an ironic and scandalous method, characteristic of Nineteenth Century commercialism. Still, the system worked slowly towards a higher level of intelligence among the millions. And though Charles Bradlaugh* openly opposed Socialism, it is certain that his assault on the foolish Bible-worship of the day, and on clericalism and surviving feudalisms, aided the break-up of the profiteering polity in this country. Matthew Arnold gave a Rationalist tone to select literature, Huxley to physical science, John Morley to Radicalism in journals and

* Born 1833; founded *National Reformer*, a Radical and Secularist weekly, 1860; M.P. in 1880; died in 1891.

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Parliament, and George Eliot and Meredith (as Hardy later) to the novel. With Meredith and the Meredith group at Box Hill, Hyndman and his wife continued a happy converse; and the author of the *Egoist* and his second (and French) wife occasionally stayed with the Hyndmans at Devonshire Street, London. But in this rapid glance at book-writers, we ought not to forget John Ruskin, whose glowing and erratic pages on art and history often blazed into psalms of denunciation of commercialism. "Art without industry," he said, "is guilt; industry without art is brutality." And such brutality was writ large over regions of smoky factories and workshops, and grimy monotonous streets—spots of damnation set in "England's green and pleasant land." Confronted with such scenes, can the disciples of "Order, duty and discipline," in 1927, affirm that the English nation had a vivid sense of communal responsibility in 1877?

It was in that year (1877) that a treatise was published in the United States which impressed, by its emphasis on the human instinct for solidarity, both Karl Marx and Hyndman. The author was Lewis Morgan, and the book, *Ancient Society*,* threw a clear light on the essential urge in Primitive Man, as shown in marriage and family customs, modes of interpreting kinship, and controlling property. Morgan selected the "gens" as the central point of the crude communism of pre-historic ages. The gens he defined as "a body of kindred with a common gentile name"; that is, a group bearing the same blood-relation title, and strictly obedient to social (of course, unwritten) law. This compliance with social demand runs through all history. Morgan puts the case thus:—

A knowledge of the *gens* and its attributes, and of the range of its distribution, is absolutely necessary to

* Morgan was born in Aurora, N.Y., 1818. He practised as a lawyer. Deeply interested in ethnology, he lived for a time among the Iroquois tribe, and he recorded his observations in *The League of the Iroquois*, 1851. He died in 1881.

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a proper comprehension of ancient society. . . . The idea of organised society has been a growth through the entire existence of the human race; its several phases are logically connected, the one giving birth to the other in succession; The real history of mankind is contained in the history of the growth and development of institutions, of which the *gens* is but one. It is, however, the basis of those which have exercised the most material influence upon human affairs*

Developments of this study of Primitive Man have added, on a grand scale, to our information, and careful explorers in all the "uncivilised" regions of the world have given a broader basis to ethnology than that constructed by Morgan in his inquiry into the customs of the Red Man of America.† But Morgan's revelation of the vital communal sense and habit in humanity furnished a historical and scientific foundation to Marx's intellectual research and Hyndman's active civic propaganda. Individualism has a superficial energy; but the communal tendency,—we might almost say passion—is basic. That is why Auguste Comte, so far back as in 1842, had affirmed: "*Man*, strictly considered, is a pure abstraction; there is nothing real but humanity, above all in the intellectual and moral order."

Frontier wars and famines (1876-78) in India drew anxious attention to that remarkable member of what is now known as the British Commonwealth of Nations, but then only as the British Empire. Hyndman's family had a far-back connection with the British public services in India. In business circles, Hyndman was still alert to discuss the value of Californian mining-shares. But his spirit was now profoundly stirred by the monstrous spectre of starving poverty in the land of Buddha and

* Morgan: *Ancient Society*: close of Part II.

† For a simple example, see Malinowski's *Crime and Custom of Savage Society* (1926); and see the series, "History of Civilisation," issued by Kegan Paul.

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Akbar, of poetry, philosophy and exceedingly rich art. He dived into blue-books, into pamphlets by James Geddes and others, and into statistics piled by the Parsee (afterwards a London M.P.), Dadabhai Naoroji. His fortunate journalistic connection gave him entry into magazines. In James Knowles's *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1878, was printed our eager Radical critic's article on the Bankruptcy of India. Two other articles followed on. From that day to this, the topic of the "Drain on India," that is, the uncompensated out-going of some £20,000,000 from Indian resources in order to pay the expenses of the British occupation, civil and military, has been a perpetual feeder of controversy. Hyndman never omitted to acknowledge what he owed to previous protesters, such as the Positivists, Geddes and Henry Cotton. His own merit lay in expressing the claims of the Indian masses in a biting, and yet carefully adjusted language, easy to read, human and humane, and soundly backed-up by facts. The gist of the accusation is found in passages such as this:—

Unlike former conquerors of India, we do not live in the country, and, as a consequence, we take out of it each year more than the people can afford. The total net revenue of India [1878] is under £40,000,000 a year. Not less than £20,000,000 worth of agricultural produce—more than the entire net income derived by the Government from the land revenue—is sent out of India every year without any direct commercial equivalent. Just think what this (and it is an under-estimate by over fifty per cent.) really means. It means that, year after year, in dearth and in plenty, in drought and in flood, £20,000,000 is taken from perhaps the poorest people on the earth to bring to us here in England (or to invest in unremunerative public works); it means that so many millions more are condemned to starvation at the next scarcity; it means that, during the twenty years 1858-78, £400,000,000 have been so applied. Call this payment for good administration, gloss it over in

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any way you please, need we look further for the cause of the growing impoverishment of India? Is it not, then, the business of every man to attempt to stop this open artery which is draining away the life-blood of our great dependency? For let us never forget that all this produce is sent away without any reference whatever to the will of the people of India themselves. . . . The one great need of India is capital, and that capital we now drain away. We absolutely refuse, however, to make use of the highest native talent even to serve ourselves in a position where it could not fail to be useful. . . . Hindus understand accounts just as well as ourselves. . . . The highest posts must, under one name or another, be in our hands so long as we remain in the country; but when we once admit that more native administration is desirable on all grounds, we shall have really begun that reorganisation which must be the work of the future.*

The reorganisation, though all too laggard, has since appreciably increased the native administration, and lifted India obviously towards the status of a self-governing Dominion within the British Commonwealth. Hyndman never set foot in India. It is a most remarkable testimony to his Gibbon-like and philosophic imagination that, even before he took up the championship of the suffering multitudes in his own motherland, he should have looked across to Asia, beheld the penury and diseases that afflicted a vast population of peasants, and made the story of their hell and purgatory ring in the ears of Europe. It is proper to say "Europe"; for his "Bankruptcy" article was translated into the chief languages of the West.

An address on India, given by Hyndman at the offices of the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee (in which Henry Broadhurst and Thomas Burt were leading spirits), was listened to, among others, by William

* *The Bankruptcy of India*, chap. iii. of the volume of re-published articles (1886).

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Morris, the man of tapestries and beautiful printing, of decoration in mansions and of aesthetic ideals for the democracy. The lecturer who had the air of a Tory and the poet who had the air of a merchant-ship captain had a friendly conversation. Each was forging his way towards the day of the great Socialist challenge. They met again in January, 1882, when the English social atmosphere had become considerably more electric. When 1880 arrived, our lecturer was consciously and deliberately marching on in politics. He stood for Marylebone in the General Election, as an independent candidate, on an anti-Russian, anti-Nonconformist, anti-Anglican, anti-Gladstone platform. He retired before the voting-day, and Gladstone, speaking at a hall in the constituency, invited the audience to shed tears over the extinction of the independent candidate. The poor extinguished man fled to Salt Lake City (mining-shares once more!), toured the States with his wife, gazed with astonishment at the hysteria of a Presidential Electors' Convention, picked up presages of Irish-American plans for arguments in dynamite, and took note of both Henry George's Single-tax agitation and of unpleasant tendencies of capitalist tyranny. On his return to England (now in the political charge of Gladstone), he warned John Morley, who was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Home Rulers would probably add violent acts to violent speech. Morley disbelieved. Dynamite explosions in London followed. Charles Bradlaugh's ejection from the House of Commons over the theological oath question, and his mass meetings of protest against the "bigots" who hated his "infidelity," mingled a novel excitement with the dramatic events of the Irish Home Rule tempest.

We return to 1880. We return to the Atlantic liner in which Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman sailed to New York. On the voyage, and on the westward train to California, Hyndman read, in a French translation from the German, a book on economics put into his hands re-

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cently by a friend. It was *Capital* ("Das Kapital") by Heinrich Karl Marx.* A few of our pages must be dedicated to Marx's book, both because the book influenced British Socialism, and because this will be the place to point out certain values in Hyndman's public career which were not at all due to the Doctor of Philosophy from Trier, Bonn and Berlin. It may, however, tend to clearness if we state at once the main difference between the two men. Marx was a man of the library, of theory, and of cosmopolitan and Jewish outlook. Hyndman was a man of politics, of action, and of an international outlook which was essentially English in its centre-point, while most liberal in its attitude towards all other nationalities.

For sheer, dogged, acute detection and classification of the facts of profiteering commercialism, this "Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production" (such is the sub-title) surpassed all other economic treatises of the Nineteenth Century. A list of authorities consulted—books and official reports, etc.—attests Marx's years of studiousness, mainly in the Reading-room of the British Museum. Here are eight "parts," numerous chapters and crowded "sections," dealing with Commodities, Money, Capital, Surplus Value, Machinery, Factory System, Wages, Accumulation of Capital, and so forth. The gist of it all is that the expansion of trade, banking, and machinery since the Fifteenth Century had developed in the West, and particularly in England, a vast Capitalism which was controlled by a relatively small class, and which used the Constant Capital of materials and instruments and the Variable Capital of human labour (men's, women's, children's) for purposes of private profit, with

* Marx (b. 1818, d. 1883) was a German citizen of Jewish race, born at Trier, and educated at Bonn and Berlin universities. Being associated with the German "revolution" of 1848, he went to Paris, was expelled, and spent the rest of his years in England. The three volumes of *Capital* came out in 1867 (this is the part best known), 1885, and 1894. A handy abridgment of the 3 vols. was published by Stephen L. Trask in 1921 (International Bookshops, London).

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resultant miserable pay for town and village labourers, and increasing unemployment among the wage-earning masses; the profit made out of the toil of the millions being named Surplus Value. It is important to mark the sub-title and its reference to "Capitalist Production." Marx never implied (as is often absurdly supposed) any condemnation of the natural and ancient Capital ("Heads of Cattle," and other forms of wealth), which human ingenuity and patience employed for useful multiplication in breeding, seed-sowing, labour-saving and happier production; and that was why he (and Hyndman) pointed to the early communism which, imperfect and barbaric as it was, gave no systematic opening for personal grab at Surplus Value. At the same time, the urge of social forces drove this modern Capitalism into deeper and deeper conflict with the basic social instincts of mankind, producing a crisis which must close in the control of the process of production by universal humanity. This "class war" was expressed in the Manifesto of 1848; it glows at the back of the book on Capital, but it is not discussed in the book as a motive to political action. In any case, the class-war, as it now shakes and transforms society, was the historical creation of Capitalism; and our vital task is to remove both Capitalism and the inhuman war.

It must be remembered that Marx was not composing a history of production, but only a deadly analysis of "Capitalist Production" during three or four recent centuries. His allusions to the social nature of industry as revealed in long ages of civilisation are decisive, but curt.* The social motive acted in early tribal and "gens"

* Comte shone as a master in his rich and broad conception of sociality as the basis of industry, invention, science, art, law, ethics, religion, family life, civic and national life, and the movement towards universal republicanism and unity. Hyndman's library contained Comte's *Positive Politics* (1851-1854). But Comte's life-experience was confined to Paris and the agricultural provinces of France, and, though he recognised the class antagonisms, he never had the economic insight of Marx. One could wish he and Marx had collaborated!

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communism. Co-operation developed in slave-holding ancient communities in Asia, Egypt, Etruria, etc. Gradually money intervened between workers and commodity-owners and commodity-wishers; and when, at the close of the Western Middle Ages, this instrument of metallic money was reinforced by the new instrument of greatly-increased machinery, coupled with division of labour, a novel order of society saw a group of owners of money and owners of machinery in command of both production and exchange. The simple formula of Commodity-sold-for - money - and - money - then - purchasing - another - commodity (C—M—C in Marx's terms) became the ominous formula of Money-procuring-or-making-and-selling - commodities - in - order - to - increase - the-stock-of-Money (M—C—M'). Here, then, is the fatal opportunity. The socially useful labour put into commodities (food, houses, clothing, etc.), gives them their social value; but owners of money-power and machine-power exploit the labourer (proletarian masses), and therefore exploit the values of the commodities; and, having returned to the labourer a stinted wage which covers but a part of his value, they continue to employ his labour-power in a working-day usually too long, and their reward is Surplus Value, Profit, Accumulated Capital. Marx writes:—

The capitalist pays the value [wage], so far as price coincides with value, of the labour-power, and receives in exchange the disposal of the living labour-power [that is, the worker's energy for so many hours a day or week] itself. His use of the power is spread over two periods. During one, the labourer produces a value that is only equal to the value of his labour-power; he produces its equivalent [and the wage pays for that alone]. Thus the capitalist receives in return for his advance of the price [in wage] of the labour-power, a product of the same price. It is the same as if he had bought the product [produced by the wage-

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worker up to that moment] ready-made in the market. During the other period, the period of *surplus* labour, the control of the labour-power creates a value for the capitalist, that *costs him no equivalent*. This expenditure of labour-power comes to him gratis. In this sense it is that surplus-labour can be called unpaid labour. Capital, therefore [that is, the capital of the "capitalist"] is not only, as Adam Smith says, the command over labour. It is essentially the command over unpaid labour. All surplus-value, whatever particular form (profit, interest or rent) it may subsequently crystallise into, is in substance the materialisation of unpaid labour. The secret of the self-expansion of capital resolves itself into having the disposal of other people's unpaid labour.*

Machinery, by its very nature, is designed to save labour, but what happens?—

All political economists of any standing admit that the introduction of new machinery has a baneful effect on the workmen in the old handicrafts and manufactures with which the machinery at first competes. Almost all of them bemoan the slavery of the factory operative. And what is the great trump-card that they play? That machinery, after the horrors of the period of the introduction and development have subsided, in the long run increases the number of the slaves of labour!†

From public documents, Marx illustrated the consequences of this money-control and machinery-control in a few hands, by truly nauseating glimpses of the housing and penury of the workers, urban and rural. It is proper to say here that, since Marx's day, the metallic currency of which he treated has, in grand scale business, entirely disappeared, its place being taken by paper tokens (notes and cheques). Also, we have now realised a keener sense of the amazing actual and potential capacity of civilisation to render wealth (as Hynd-

* *Capital*; end of Part V.

† *Capital*, Part IV, chap. xv.

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man, following Robert Owen, used to say) "as plentiful as water." And yet further, it seems now time to check the cry for the "Right to Work"; a cry which was prompted by the conviction that the labourer ought to receive the reward of his labour. No doubt he ought; and Capitalism denied it. But while all citizens should render personal service to the community, labour-saving machinery should make wage-earning "work" less and less necessary, and "Dividends for All" more and more practicable.

One or two comments are, at this point, called for by Marx's and Engels' Communist Manifesto. Marx did a most valuable service when, as against the religious and ethical sentimentalists who preached morality and forgot the people's hunger, he affirmed the Materialist Basis. That is, he demanded bread (bread here symbolises all the physical requirements of health) as a prime step. Economic poverty reflected itself in meaner types of manners, thought and religion. And it is singular that people who, in churches, pray for the "Kingdom to Come," and immediately append the plea for "Daily Bread," have not seen that, in simplicity, and almost unconsciously, the Christian Petition posits the Materialistic Basis. But both Hyndman and his friend Belfort Bax demurred to an over dogmatic mode of stating this important principle. Hyndman insisted that the psychologic factor counter-acts upon the main material factor. That is to say, moral and religious enthusiasms can mould the coarse stuff of the world, while being themselves affected by the geographical and physical environment. Belfort Bax has stated his position thus:—

What the Marxian school fails to recognise is that this one factor, important and even fundamental though it be, is not by itself necessarily the sole determining cause in social evolution. Moral, intellectual and other non-material factors also play their part, and it may be quite as important a part, in determining the current

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of human affairs. In one age and under one set of circumstances, the economic factor may play the leading rôle; in another age and under another set of circumstances a religious, moral, or political belief or conviction may occupy the leading place and economic conditions a comparatively secondary one.*

The Manifesto, again, presented an inadequate estimate of the power of nationality even in the case of the wage-earning proletariat. Social conditions varied much, from country to country, in 1848. Anybody who looks abroad at the world to-day, or who consults the reports of the International Labour Office (League of Nations) at Geneva to-day, will perceive that the variation continues. Nor did the crisis of the Great War in 1914 (more than sixty years after the issue of the Manifesto) bring out a disposition of the masses in all countries to form a detached force. In face of these facts, examine certain expressions in the Manifesto:—

Modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped the proletariat of every trace of national character. The working-men have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. In the national struggles of the proletarians of the different countries, they [the Communists] point out and bring to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat, independently of all nationality.

Pass on to this singular prophecy:—

The Communists turn their attention chiefly to Germany, because that country is on the eve [1848] of a bourgeois revolution that is bound to be carried out under more advanced conditions of European civilisation, and with a much more developed proletariat, than that of England was in the 17th, and of France in the 18th century, and because the bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution.

* Bax's *Reminiscences and Reflections* (1918), pp. 46, 47.

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On the whole, we may infer that Hyndman was intensely attracted by the purely economic phases of Marx's thought, but that, though himself inexperienced in political activity, he instinctively kept back his confidence from Marx's somewhat fanciful politics. Assuredly he would foster the international sympathies and faculty of co-operation in the working classes of all countries, but all the time, he was definitely English, and not cosmopolitan. Nor can we, without absurd indifference to history, pass over the fact that the spontaneous impulses of certain English trade unionists, English Chartism and Owenite Socialism in the early part of the Nineteenth Century originated the more scientific direction of Marx's economics. He said as much when talking with Hyndman.

The interviews with Dr. Marx (as his friend Beesly always correctly called him) took place in the genteel and sleepy Maitland-Park Road, Haverstock Hill, London. Marx had lived in that quarter since 1871. The faithful woman-servant, Helene Demuth, would usher Hyndman into the large front room, and the Communist-economist would soon be talking eagerly with the traveller in Polynesia and the Californian mining shareholder. Hyndman studied the "commanding forehead and great overhanging brow, fierce glittering eyes, broad sensitive nose and mobile mouth, all surrounded by a setting of untrimmed hair and beard."*

The restless Marx expounded his doctrines as he paced to and fro in the large front room, and Hyndman, also restless, paced to and fro on the other side of the table; and remarks and queries, quick and hot, on evil Czarism and unhappy Ireland, and the like, shot from one to the other. Sometimes, Marx and his vivacious daughter Eleanor dined with the Hyndmans in Devonshire Street; the fine-spirited and long-suffering Mrs. Marx being too ill to join. Engels of the famous Mani-

* Hyndman's *Record of an Adventurous Life* (1911); chap. xvi.

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festos came on the scene now and then.* Now both Marx and Engels were men of doctrines, and had apt pens for laying out the doctrines symmetrically and neatly in books and pamphlets. They had come to Capitalist and slum-stained England with minds trained in bookish philosophic methods of inquiry. They were able to render a far clearer account of English economic institutions than many intelligent natives. And, like all such students, they were inclined to confuse paper plans with practicable changes. Unconsciously shrinking from the bluff attacks and scimmages, and compromises, and renewed attacks which the age-long political habit of the English have made second nature to us, they relied on the printed and written word, or on a curious manœuvring with persons and parties. Engels could find a value in men like Maltman Barry,—a member of the old (1864) "International," competent student of Marxian economics, Labour agitator, and yet a kind of Conservative observer in the Socialist camp†—for the handling of such personages required the chess-playing knack rather than public and civic audacity. It is even whispered that Engels consulted Barry as to a scheme for constructing an Independent Labour Party as a more likely instrument for true Marxism than the Social-Democratic Federation which arose in 1881-83. Let all this be as it may. Engels had no love for Hyndman, and he influenced Marx. No question need arise as to sinister motive. Marx had a genius for economics; Engels had a talent for economic note-taking; both had a Teutonic gift for making elaborate sociological maps and forecasts. Such minds are admirable and indispensable

* Frederick Engels (1820-1895), a German, was associated with the cotton business in Manchester, met Owenites and Chartists, wrote on the condition of the English working-classes in 1844, and spent his last period, 1869 to his death, in England.

† Of whom curious details are given in Joseph Burgess's booklet: *Will Lloyd George Supplant Ramsay MacDonald?* (1926):

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auxiliaries in the campaigns of progress. They can never effectively lead and achieve. Temperamentally, they sensed, in Hyndman, a type which saluted their ideals and appreciated their scholarship, and yet appeared merely impulsive, secondary, ill-equipped with theory. Hyndman, without asking leave of doctors of philosophy, was rapidly forming the sure and prophetic conviction that he could actually, by face to face challenge, rouse the people of England to awareness of the cause of poverty among the wage-earners. As a matter of fact, he did this rousing before he died. No foreign voice could have done it. No foreign book could have done it.

We have said these things with no shadow of disrespect for either Marx or Engels. It is necessary to say them here in order to explain certain political currents and divergencies in the Socialist field of 1927, and in order to throw light on an incident which occurred in 1881, and which it will be well to mention now, with due comment. During the winter of 1880-1, Hyndman was energetically rallying Radical forces and personages, the air thrilling with discontent over Liberal policy in Egypt and Ireland. Among the personages were Herbert Burrows, Morrison Davidson, G. B. Clark, Justin McCarthy, James Macdonald the Trade-unionist, Joseph Cowen, and the leader, later, of "unemployed" demonstrations, John (it is truer courtesy to say "Jack") Williams.* His spirit seethed with ideas kindled or reinforced by the conversations with Marx. A new party must be created. A new programme must be struck out. In the spring of 1881, he prepared eight awakening essays with a definitely collectivist tendency, and two of

* Williams (1854-1917) was the son of a Crimean soldier who died of wounds on the day of Jack's birth. A workhouse child, he ran away. As a boy of 13, he walked from London to Manchester to witness the execution of the three Irish "Manchester Martyrs" (Fenians). At the Rose Street Club, Soho, London, he met Hyndman. We shall encounter this brave soul again in the course of this record.

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these, on Labour and Capital, obviously ran on Marxian lines. We shall glance at the contents in our next chapter. It is the preface that now concerns us. The Preface closed with the intimation: "For the ideas and much of the matter contained in Chapters II and III, I am indebted to the work of a great thinker and original writer, which will, I trust, shortly be made accessible to the majority of my countrymen." This book was *England for All*. The reference was to a hoped-for English translation, though, as a matter of fact, *Capital* did not appear in English till 1886. Hyndman, intent on action rather than an appeal to scholars, and who flung into his essays a good deal more political wisdom and inspiration than Marx could bestow, thought this simple acknowledgment and hint of coming events would suffice. The reader will now completely understand the bearing of the letter which Marx wrote, some months afterwards, to a German friend, F. A. Sorge, then living in the United States:—

15 December, 1881.—In the beginning of June, there was published by a certain Hyndman, a little book, *England for All*. It pretends to be written as an exposé of the programme of the Democratic Federation, a recently formed association of different English and Scottish Radical societies, half-bourgeois, half-proletarian. The chapters on Labour and Capital are only literal extracts from, or circumlocutions of, *Das Kapital*, but the Author does neither quote the book, nor its author. . . . He wrote [to Marx] letters of excuse; for instance, that "the English don't like to be taught by foreigners," that my "name was so much detested," etc. With all that, his little book, so far as it pilfers *Capital*, makes good propaganda, although the man is a weak vessel, and very far from having the patience (the first condition of learning anything) of studying a matter thoroughly. All these amiable middle-class writers (if not Socialists) have an itching

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to make money or name or political capital immediately out of any new thoughts they may have got at by any favourable windfall.*

Hyndman's purpose was innocent. Marx's vexation was natural. Let no more be said except to breathe a word of homage to the noble woman by whose dying bed Marx was writing.

* *Briefe an F. A. Sorge* (Stuttgart, 1906), pp. 180, 181. Marx wrote this letter partly in German and partly (as in the above extract) in English. The letter proceeds to express praise of an article on Marx's ideas in *Modern Thought*, by Belfort Bax. Marx read the article to his sick wife. (She died two days later, 2nd December, 1881.)

CHAPTER III

THE CHALLENGE, 1881-1885

I GO to fight for the poor man, that he be not for ever despoiled of his lot in the common heritage."

So Lamennais' young soldier declared; and the voice replied:—

"May thine arms be blessed, young soldier!"

Henry Mayers Hyndman was thirty-eight years of age. We that have read somewhat of the motions of his heart know that, for a long period past, he had been approaching the platform of the prophet; and he was a young soldier in spirit when he breathed his last breath in 1921. Youth is not a fewness of days; it is the sense of progress. The young soldier issued the challenge to the old economics in an article on "The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch," in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, January, 1881. Here is the alarm sounded:—

Religious sanctions are shaken in every country, political institutions are themselves in a state of fusion (for who shall say Parliamentary government has proved fully successful?), the growing knowledge and power of the masses leads them to consider more and more seriously the strange inequalities of our existing arrangements, the spread of ideas from one centre to another is so rapid as almost to defy calculation. Can it be said then that we are safe for any length of time from the shock of one of those convulsions which may change the whole social prospect?

His forecast was sound. He was all but solitary in making it. The solemn Gladstonians, and the easy-

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going chapels and churches and synagogues felt nothing of the coming changes. Yet, as Hyndman pointed out, warnings had been given generations ago by such social apostles as Fourier :—

These schemes for the reorganisation of society, which Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, Lassalle, Marx and others propounded, are no longer the mere dreams of impracticable theorists, or the hopeless experiments of misguided enthusiasts. They have been taken down from the closet of the Utopian investigators into the street, and move vast masses of men to almost religious exasperation against their fellows.

“Religious exasperation.” The excellent phrase would have fitted the case of Jesus, or Savonarola, and, in a year or two, would fit the Social-Democratic Federation. In Germany, Hyndman saw a considerable Socialist movement; and he hinted that Socialism would gain no little support from Jews; and no doubt his acquaintance with Marx strengthened this view. But it did not occur to Hyndman to say that England could do nothing effective unless Russia joined in, or Germany joined in, or America joined in. He was an English revolutionary, and always was till the Red Flag covered his coffin at Golder’s Green. In the article of 1881, he said :—

We, as a nation, have laid the foundation of that trinity of liberty—Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Trade, and Freedom of Religion, which will remain the title of England to honour and to reverence when all other smaller deeds are forgotten in the mists of antiquity. It remains for us to lead the way with safety in that great social organisation which is the work of the immediate future, to secure for all the same happiness and enjoyment of life which now belong to the few.

The Past and the “immediate Future” enjoyed a singular meeting early in 1881. Hyndman called by appointment on Lord Beaconsfield, and had a three hours’

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political conversation. Clad in a long red gown, and with the curl of hair (loved by cartoonists) hanging over a pale brow, Disraeli sat by the fireside with the man of the Revolutionary Epoch. Perhaps, though Gladstone survived him till 1898, Disraeli had come, with his rather exotic genius, into English public life when the old political system was really dying. With a certain showy skill, in the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, the annexation of Cyprus, the anti-Russian display of Indian troops at Malta, the Afghan War and the "Empress of India" invention, he imparted a glamour to the sinking order; and withal, he had a genuine measure of sympathy for the disinherited classes. On this sympathy the visitor ventured to count when, after a discursive talk on foreign policy, he recalled the Chartist agitation, and affirmed that it was time for the people, aided by democratic instruments and a new education, to reach health, wealth and "Peace with Comfort"—(Beaconsfield smiled at the latter phrase)—and he rushed on imaginatively and pictured a new England, and a new Colonial Federation, and a new India self-governing; in short, England as a new physical and moral power in the affairs of the globe.

He in the red gabardine listened half sceptically, but not without interest, and warned the would-be reformer of the heaviness of the task, and then asked: "You intend to go on?"

"Yes," said Hyndman.

A few weeks later (19th April, 1881) Lord Beaconsfield died.* Meanwhile, the Czar Alexander II. had been assassinated, and the event revealed the tragedy of Russia,—an immense agricultural community, ill-governed, yet painfully unable to fall into the stride of Western democracy; and Parnell's resolute leadership of the Irish group in the House of Commons was driving

* Hyndman's account of the interview occurs in the *Record of an Adventurous Life*, chap. xiv.

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Ireland, also painfully, towards self-government. Such things gave significance to the "epoch" of which the *Nineteenth Century* article had spoken. Hyndman added his active contribution when, on June 8th, 1881, he talked to a meeting of the Radical club-men and Irish delegates at Westminster Palace Hotel. The conference established a Democratic Party, or Democratic Federation (of Radical and kindred clubs). Among those who attended were Jack Williams, zealous spokesman for his proletarian brethren; Dr. G. B. Clark,* who had been a member of the old "International," and who was to be ere long elected to Parliament (1885); and Herbert Burrows,† a fine-souled excise official, well-known in after years for his work on the London School Board. We may here mention that Hyndman stayed a while with Burrows at Netherton, during the 16-weeks' Coal Strike in the early 'eighties; and saw, with a shock that left ineffaceable impressions, the ghastly housing conditions of the miners. To everybody at the Palace Hotel meeting Hyndman gave a blue-cloth-covered copy of *England for All*, the title-page of which carried the dedication to "the Democratic and Working Men's Clubs of Great Britain and Ireland." The cover was stamped: "The New Party."‡ Neither then, nor at any other time in his career, was Hyndman a mere cosmopolitan. In the opening pages he made the plain, blunt claim: "Greeks, Slavs, Bulgars, Boers, Negroes are ever appealing to our sense

* B. 1846; spent three years in India; travelled the world; republican and land-nationaliser.

† B. 1845, d. 1923. Much influenced by Mazzini's ideas; associated with Mrs. Besant in theosophy and in agitation for workers' betterment; lecturer at South Place Ethical Society, 1900-1917.

‡ Hyndman's second marriage took place on May 14, 1914. Among the books preserved by the Hyndman Literary Committee is a copy of *England for All*, on the fly-leaf of which is the inscription: "Rosalind Travers Hyndman, from her loving husband, May 14, 1914."

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of what is due to the oppressed. Let the people of these islands, without despising others, now be just to themselves." This justice was vividly sketched as national control of land, railways, and capital; a new House of Lords, in which representatives of the Colonies [the Dominions to-day] should sit; lessened hours of labour; free education; Home Rule for Ireland and India. Not only would England be the rich possession of all its citizens. It would function, aided by its extraordinary sea-power, as a liberal leader of vast changes in civilisation. Whether the divers Socialist groups of Russia, Germany, Austria, France and Italy would act together in any general programme [one thinks here of August, 1914!] was doubtful. But the groups would, in due time, develop into Social-Democratic States; and why not England first?—

In our own country, which has led the way to the new stage of social development, all can see that the lot of the many is sad, whilst the few are rich and luxurious far beyond what is beneficial even to them. Our action in redress of these inequalities and better ordering of our affairs will guide and encourage the world. We, perhaps alone among the peoples, can carry out with peace, order and contentment those changes which continental revolutionaries have sought through anarchy and bloodshed. . . . If only we are true to one another, and stand together in the fight, the brightness of the future is ours—the day before us and the night behind. So, when those who come after look back to these Islands as we now look back to Athens or Palestine, they shall say: "This was glory, this true domination; these men builded on eternal foundations their might, majesty, dominion and power."

These are the concluding lines of the little blue-covered book. We can well understand that Marx and Engels would not have dreamed of expressing their Socialist ideals in such a form. It is important to notice what may be termed their spiritual divergence from Hyndman.

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The crisis of 1914 threw this divergence into dazzling relief.

The Democratic Federation (secretary W. J. Sadler at £2 a week) bravely ploughed its furrow for three years. Its programme will not now appear spectral and infernal! It contained these items: Adult suffrage; triennial Parliaments; equal electoral districts; payment of M.P.'s; payment of election expenses out of local rates; bribery of electors a felony; abolition of the House of Lords as a legislative body; legislative independence of Ireland; federal Parliament including representatives of colonies and dependencies; nationalisation of the land. In a series of popular addresses, delivered at Westminster Palace Chambers in January, 1882, onwards, Hyndman dealt with these topics, taking care to add the "Feeding of Children in the Board Schools,"—a measure which he and his colleagues pursued, year in and year out, till its national acceptance in 1906. He was now training himself in that art of democratic eloquence which he adorned with astonishing lucidity, argumentative strength, statesmanlike breadth in outlook on both home and international affairs, and perpetual good humour. When scowlingly reproached for calling the British people "lunatics" because of their ready submission to poverty, he replied that "lunatics" had minds to lose, but people who put up with scandalous conditions had no minds to lose; they were "idiots,"—and the audience laughed in delight at their own chastisement!

The programme just noticed was appended to a small pamphlet published by Hyndman in March, 1882, as a penny reprint of a lecture, delivered at Newcastle in 1775, by Thomas Spence.* The proposals of Spence were not practical; but they appeared at a remarkable date. Just on the eve of the breakaway of the thirteen American Colonies from the British connection, and when England seemed, to superficial observers, a centre

* B. 1750; d. 1814.

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of reaction, this young Newcastle lecturer mooted the novel idea that the citizens of England should meet in their parishes and municipalities, take over the local lands, farm them for the public benefit, and apply part of the proceeds as payment to the national government for road and bridge building. Of course, as Hyndman remarked, the parish system of control would scarcely suit the year 1882. But he found Spence's plan a useful basis for lively comments and notes,—since Spence's days 8,000,000 acres had been detached from the Common Lands "for the benefit of those who own both Houses of Parliament"; and again: "Rent is but one form of the robbery of labour, and the people should take their land as a first step, and as a means of overwhelming the more grinding and more degrading tyranny of capitalists"; and yet again, alluding to the rise of the "New Party,"—"If attempts are made, either by the landlords, the capitalists, or the Middle Class, to stop this peaceable movement from below, a furious social war of the most horrible kind is inevitable." We may say, in 1927, that the horrible struggle did not ensue because the British Middle Class, which an Italian observer once termed the "most astute in the world," has met the movement from below with concessions, all too scant, but yet obviously leading the way to greater. Hyndman balanced the dismal threat just quoted by declaring: "England has been great under landlordism; she has been great even under the infinite meanness of Capitalism; she will be greatest under the rule of the people." In the Introduction to the reprint, Marx's *Capital* was recommended for study, though it could still only be read in German or French.

The Trades Union Congress of 1882 passed a resolution in favour of land nationalisation. The miners of the north of England did likewise. Meanwhile, the book *Progress and Poverty* (1879) by Henry George* of

* B. 1839, d. 1897.

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California, had sold in this country in many thousands, and its attack on land monopoly excited wide-spread interest. Henry George enthralled crowded audiences in London. He stayed for a month with the Hyndmans in Devonshire Street. All Hyndman's suasions could never move "the Prophet of San Francisco" off the dogma of the "Single Tax on Land" as a solution of the problem of poverty. He never recognised the chief enemy in the wage-paying and surplus-value-absorbing capitalist. Many years later, Hyndman's judgment ran thus:—

As wages are in nowise regulated by the amount of rent, if the landlords were taxed on their holdings to the extent of twenty shillings in the pound, and the money thence obtained were devoted to the reduction of national taxation or the defraying of rates, the only people who would benefit by this confiscation would not be the wage-earners but the capitalists themselves, who would be relieved of their burdens to that precise amount.*

Of Henry George personally, he formed a genial and fraternal opinion.

Valuable recruits were now joining the "New Party"; in particular, Ernest Belfort Bax and William Morris, and a few pages may here be dedicated to these active figures on our stage.

Bax,† as a youth, had been deeply touched by the tragic fate of the Paris Communists; and he had written a biography of Marat (1878). Next year found him fervently poring over Marx's writings. We have

* Hyndman's *Further Reminiscences* (1912), chap. xxiii.

† B. 1854; d. 1926. Qualified as a barrister (Middle Temple); translated Kant's *Prolegomena*, 1883; published *The Religion of Socialism*, 1885. Very able historical studies deal with the French Revolution, the Anabaptists, and the Peasants' War in Germany. His *Reminiscences and Reflexions* appeared in 1918. With H. Quelch he compiled "A New Catechism of Socialism." Robert Arch issued, in 1927, a 24 pp. pamphlet, *Bax, Thinker and Pioneer* (H. L. Com.; 6d.).

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already referred to his reservations on the subject of the Marxian doctrine of the Materialist Basis of History. But he was entirely at one with the Continental Marxians in regarding a rejection of theology as a necessary factor in the establishment of a stable Social-Democracy. As in this direction, Bax thinks so differently from many British Socialists, it will be as well to quote his own expressions:—

The decline in effectiveness of the old objects of religious sentiment, and in the theoretical basis generally of introspective Ethics and Religion, through the universal collapse of a living and active faith in the Supernatural and its sanctions, together with the accompanying equally universal spread of an agnostic attitude of mind towards all dogmatic creeds based thereupon, has opened the way for the definite substitution of a human and social ideal, and of human and social sanctions, for the old theological ones. The definite acceptance of Socialism, with all that it connotes in its ulterior consequences, unconsciously serves to fill a place in men's minds formerly occupied by the various creeds outworn.*

And he added, in his philosophic way:—

The Absolute, of which the philosopher speaks, is not only not identical with God as ordinarily understood, but has hardly any analogy therewith. . . . The word "God" has always stood for a personal or quasi-personal being, over against the world he has created, and who orders the world. The Absolute of philosophy has nothing whatever to do with this. "Absolute" means simply the ultimate principle which the analysis of conscious experience discloses as its own ultimate ground.

Bax's most serious meditations are embodied in a work (1892) on *The Problem of Reality*. Here he ponders the qualities and action of consciousness, and

* *Reminiscences*, pp. 92, 93.

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the attributes of truth; but he is mindful of the social significance of the mind which seeks this truth, and which only truly realises itself in communion with the larger life of mankind. Even death serves the end:—

The death no less than the birth of the animal is a necessary part of the process by which the life of the social individual develops. The personality of the human animal is in its nature subordinate to a higher self-consciousness, his relation to which the individual human being dimly feels, but cannot formulate in thought. . . . The perfection of the individual, not through himself but through society, is the motto of modern Socialism.

Hyndman repeatedly expressed his esteem for Bax and Bax's general philosophy.

It was a very happy event for British Socialism when William Morris* joined its ranks at so early and so critical a stage. One might almost say his sense of beauty (with its implied revolt against slums and a vulgar taste in costume, furniture and chamber ornamentation) made him a Socialist. From a picturesque interest in dyeing, carpet-weaving and tapestries; from the writing of humanist poetry on themes,—Greek and Scandinavian—far detached from the “gin-palaces” and sweaty factories of English cities; and from the delights of a studio in which Rossetti and Burne-Jones painted, he moved towards a passionate hatred of capitalist crime. He had never pored over Adam Smith, never heard of Ricardo, and never heard of Marx before 1882. Not a few readers will smile at his confession that, whereas he read with joy the historical pages of Marx's *Capital*, the precise economic concentration on commodities and surpluses rather bored him and bewildered.

* B. 1834, d. 1896. Student at Exeter College, Oxford; works,—*Earthly Paradise*, 1870; *Dream of John Ball*, 1888; *News from Nowhere*, 1891, etc. Morris was enrolled a member of the Democratic Federation on 13th January, 1883, describing himself as a “designer.” Biography by Dr. J. W. Mackail.

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He preferred chats with Hyndman, Bax and Andreas Scheu.* He subsequently described his disgust at the spectacle of life's beauty eclipsed by the "dull squalor" of the mid-Nineteenth Century:—

This was a bad look-out indeed; and, if I may mention myself as a personality and not as a mere type, especially so to a man of my disposition, careless of metaphysics and religion, as well as of scientific analysis, but with a deep love of the earth and the life on it, and a passion for the history of the past of mankind. Think of it,—was it all to end in a counting-house on the top of a cinder heap, with Podsnap's drawing-room in the office, and a Whig committee dealing out champagne to the rich and margarine to the poor in such convenient proportions as would make all men contented together, though the pleasure of the eyes was gone from the world, and the place of Homer was to be taken by Huxley? . . . Civilisation has reduced the workman to such a skinny and pitiful existence, that he scarcely knows how to frame a desire for any life much better than that which he now endures perforce. It is the province of art to set the true ideal of a full and reasonable life before him, a life to which the perception and creation of beauty (the enjoyment of real pleasure, that is) shall be felt to be as necessary to man as his daily bread.

Morris bestowed the touch of gold on British Socialism. His very cry of revolt had a lyric tone. To him the Revolutionary Epoch was not a half-sordid scuffle with profiteering manufacturers and international financiers. It was a gateway to music and glorious hills, to the company of queenly Muses and the joyous murmur of garden cities. One of the most significant tokens of his influence was the stimulus he gave to his friend Charles Rowley. No medieval saint ever radiated so much aesthetic and social light into a com-

* An art-workman from Austria, who came to England in 1874. Scheu lived many years in Switzerland; d. 1927.

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munity as Rowley, who for nearly half a century gave a dismal region of Manchester admirable combinations of Sunday concerts and lectures, enlisting choice musicians and eminent speakers. This witty, little, bearded, and full-bright-eyed man of Ancoats was a disciple and friend of William Morris.

Even the merely Liberal Herbert Paul, as he surveys the social situation of this period, paints in greyish colours. He notes that "the old sentimental influence of class and station was yielding to the universal power of money. That golden key unlocked the most exclusive doors, and no other passport was required. . . . In London the luxury and ostentation of the West End grew side by side with the poverty and misery of the East and South. In the country wealth superseded ancientry, and old houses passed into the hands of those who could afford to live in them. Some of the original owners retained them by marrying heiresses from the commercial class in England or the United States."* "Philanthropists" were rather more fashionable then than now. Samuel Morley, M.P., received the homage of chapels as a benefactor of the poor; but not from the "New Party." When he took the chair for the Rev. L. Blackley, at a London meeting (this was the evangelist of Old Age Pensions secured by compulsory thrift), Mr. Morley was received by Hyndman and the Democrats with reproachful groans. Very different was Hyndman's feeling for Arnold Toynbee (the young man to whose memory Canon Barnett dedicated Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel), who, though not a Socialist at the time of his death in 1883, was "not far from the Kingdom." He merited Hyndman's praise:—

The death of this clever and sympathetic young economist was a matter of the deepest regret to all who knew him. Mr. Toynbee could scarcely bring himself to face the fact that England is on the eve of a bitter class

* *Mod. Hist. of England*, vol. iv, p. 384.

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struggle, but his sympathies were wholly with the people. At the time of his death he was engaged on a most important work, in which he meant to deal exhaustively with the Industrial Revolution in England. In a letter to the present writer shortly before his death, Mr. Toynbee expressed a hope that the new school of English economists to which he belonged would do something to remove the contempt felt of late years in Europe and America for the third-rate eclectic Middle-class school represented by the recent economic writers in this country.*

And in this very year, 1883, Henry Sidgwick was publishing stately pages on Political Economy, much prized by high-brow students!

Edward Carpenter† came into the Hyndman circle in 1883, and, though he did not actually join the Federation, his gift of £300 for the establishment of "Justice" in 1884 was an odour of sweet balsam. A yet finer gift he offered later in his ringing hymn to the "new-rising morn" of social emancipation:—

England, arise! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the east behold the dawn appear;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow—
Arise, O England, for the day is here!
From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells—
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

But while Carpenter's Socialism was surrounded by a misty aura of fraternal anarchism and even Hinduism, another recruit of 1883 presented the sternest and clearest-cut type. This was Harry Quelch.‡ Son of a poor Berkshire blacksmith; wage-earner at the age of ten; shop-boy, herd-boy, London factory worker, and then porter and packer in a warehouse, he caught the

* *Historical Basis of Socialism* (1883), p. 300.

† B. 1884. Author of *Towards Democracy, and Civilisation, its Cause and Cure*.

‡ B. 1858 at Hungerford, d. 1913.

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fire of the New Party, taught himself French and read Marx's book in French, and, in due time, roused the Socialist platform with his staccato and logical speeches, and expressed Socialist aims in a style both lucid and forcible. His serious face and the long moustache became one of the most familiar sights in Socialist gatherings, and his sturdiness of conviction, strengthened by years of poverty, had something heroic in it. In the case of another figure, which came and went on the democratic stage, it could not be said that the clear-cut quality was so lasting. We speak of Henry H. Champion, an ex-artillery officer, whose smart and bustling personality flitted in and out of the various groups, intellectual, trade unionist, Democratic Federation, and especially among those that loved to plan the tactics of Labour emancipation. Champion, who had genuine hostility to the system that resulted in unemployment and evil housing, had also leanings towards the Conservative social order, and dreamed of securing good things for the workers through the aristocratic and Imperialist party. Naturally, certain Conservative minds saw no harm in a cautious negotiation with Labour and, with it, an effective weakening of the commercialist Liberal Party. Hyndman shrewdly detected these manoeuvres, which from time to time complicated the rising Socialist movement. Champion (Joseph Burgess tells us) finally "migrated to Australia (1894), where, freed from all compromising connection with Mr. Barry, he did good work for Labour and Socialism."* The question raised by these episodes calls for a little meditation. The marked decline of the Liberal Party from 1883 to the resignation of the leadership by Lord Oxford (H. H. Asquith) in 1926 justifies the instinct of those who thought a strong Tory Party might be a better instrument for benefiting Labour than a Party so closely allied with the trading ideals of Manchester.

* Many details are furnished in Burgess's *Will Lloyd George Supplant Ramsay MacDonald?*

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In 1883, a Labour revolt was manifesting itself, but not a Labour Party, as measured by Parliamentarians. Temperaments that have a turn for scheming and counter-scheming, as distinct from direct and concentrated agitation along one line (and reform movements are beset with such temperaments) might quite innocently follow Champion's methods. Hyndman bore no ill-will. And it is curious that he was himself, at one moment, suspect by no less a person than William Morris! Morris, in August, 1883, wrote to a correspondent: "Hyndman is sanguine of a speedy change happening somehow, and is inclined to intrigue and the making of a party. . . . I think the aim of Socialism should be the founding of a religion."* Here at a glance, we perceive the two psychologies. Morris wished to lay spiritual foundations, and to let political action alone till the new communal mind was created. Hyndman regarded the economic and social disturbances as already necessitating the Socialist solution; and, in England, a "revolutionary epoch" could only be realised by a "party," and the construction of a party implied planning as well as enthusiasm; and to the poetic Morris a plan, however needful for architecture or a carpet design, appeared to be a sort of "intrigue" on the road to the Earthly Paradise! No wonder, he felt ill at ease on the Executive of the Democratic Federation. So did others.† Still, Morris signed a Federation manifesto (along with Hyndman, Bax, Herbert Burrows, Champion, J. L. Joynes, J. Macdonald, Quelch, Helen Taylor, J. Williams) which stated Britain's wealth in annual production at £1,300,000,000, and the

* J. W. Mackail's *Life of Morris*, vol. ii, p. 110.

† I may be allowed to say that, in August, 1883, I attended a meeting at Willis's Room, West London, called to consider the Ilbert Bill, which aimed at the appointment of Hindu magistrates with authority over Europeans and Indians alike. Lalmohun Ghose and W. E. Forster spoke, but John Bright, chairman, would not permit a fresh-coloured, bearded, grey-suited member of the audience,—Hyndman—to move an amendment.—F. J. G.

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share of wage-Labour, at £300,000,000 only, and demanded a republican government.

Hyndman issued a manifesto of his own in November, 1883, in the shape of *The Historical Basis of Socialism in England*. The book bore the dedication: "To my Wife, whose never-failing cheerfulness and courage have helped and supported me when all has looked dark for the cause of the people."* The spirit in which he wrote is well-revealed in the last two pages. On one side, he beheld a "monopoly of land, of machinery, of capital, of credit" dominating the globe. On the other, he beheld the power of Socialism, rising world-wide. He recalled that 1889 would mark the centenary of the French Revolution. Co-operative action among the wage-earners of many countries would increasingly threaten the class that did not rule for the public good. But all countries would not advance at the same pace:—

It is childish to overlook class antagonism as the great factor in all human progress throughout history from the break-up of village communities to our own time. Rather is it wise to reflect that the present capitalism, with its attendant mercenary militarism and dominant officialism, bears with it the certainty of early destruction; rather is it well to make ready, soberly and scientifically, for the Socialist organisation of production, exchange, and international relations which (however threatening the aspect of affairs at this moment) must inevitably take its place as the future of our race. It is in no spirit of narrow patriotism or petty jealousy of other peoples that I long to see my own country cut out the canker that gnaws away her prosperity, and stand forth before the world as the leader in a reorganisation which will mean enlightenment and happiness for the entire human race.

Throughout the volume are scattered ample acknowledgments of intellectual debts due to Marx, Engels, and

* Hyndman's copy was inscribed on January 19, 1914: "To my dearest betrothed, Rosalind Travers."

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the Prussian Rodbertus (1805-1875). But a correct political instinct prompted him to trace the English series of ideas and impulses which was now maturing in a decisive change. He pointed back to the seventeenth-century Sir William Petty who, among many sound observations, had faced the question of unemployment thus: "Those who cannot find work (though able and willing to perform it) by reason of the unequal application of hands to lands, ought to be provided for by the magistrate and landlord till that can be done." In a little book by the Quaker John Bellers (d. 1725) he found proposals for a European Federation, and for Colleges of Industry which would be centres of co-operative production; and he applauded the Quaker's declaration: "The rich have no other way of living but by the labour of others, as the landlord by the labour of his tenants, and the merchants and traders by the labour of the mechanics." Hence, it is easy to see the point of Hyndman's emphatic statement:—

The idea of Socialism is no foreign importation into England. Tyler, Cade, Ball, Kett, More, Bellers, Spence, Owen, read to me like sound English names; not a foreigner in the whole batch. They all held opinions which our capitalist-landlord House of Commons would denounce as direct plagiarisms from "Continental revolutionists." We islanders have been revolutionists, however, and will be again,—ignorant as our capitalists are of the history of the people. Edmund Burke, with his fine sophisticated Whiggery, of course sneered at coarse, vigorous John Ball. But then, so far as we know, Ball did not sell himself to the nobles as Burke did.

In such a remark about Burke, one catches something like an echo of the resounding pages of Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*! Hyndman poured out similar vials of scorn on the popular Liberal heroes, Cobden and Bright. During the "cheap bread" agitation of 1838 to 1846, "Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were denouncing

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trade unions with all the force of their oratory as tyrannous and illegal combinations." "I would rather live under a Dey of Algiers than a Trades Committee," said Cobden; and Hyndman dropped the footnote: "Capitalism being full of true tolerance and brotherly love"! And yet, as we saw in our last chapter, when citing opinions uttered in 1912, Hyndman did not rely upon trade unions for the emancipation of the workers. While he approved of trade union strikes as a necessary agent in the destruction of the wage-system, he judged that "this desultory sort of struggle does not benefit the class of workers *as a whole*." The problem of a General Strike became insistent, in England, some thirty or forty years after the date of the *Historical Basis*.

Hyndman used the term "Historical" because his main purpose was to trace the industrial changes from the Golden Age of the Fifteenth Century, when the common Englishman, in town or village, fared better than his descendant of any later age, through the Iron Age of machinery and factories, the rise of the Middle-class and their money-power, the vast growth of the Proletariat, the ghastly application of the "Poor Laws," and so to the faith and hope of the International Movement. In contrast with the "Merry England" of the Fifteenth Century, he portrayed, in a sad chapter, the Nineteenth Century situation of the "Land and the Labourers." Of the squalid and often disgusting conditions in which villagers were housed and fed he supplied grim details. Here, too, he detects the hand of the profiteer seizing surplus value:—

Land is now capital in England just like any other fixed capital, in fact as well as in idea, and has to be renewed in precisely the same way, though perhaps in a few cases it is exhausted rather more slowly, and requires less frequent renewal. Moreover, farming is carried on for profit, just like any other manufacture, and the farmer, as he knows to his cost, has to compete

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against foreign farmers in the open market of the world, just as the home manufacturer must compete with his foreign rival. And besides, the agricultural labourers, like the workers of the towns, compete against one another for a mere subsistence wage of the lowest kind, and would so compete to-morrow, whether the land were let out by private owners or by the State, unless their labour were organised for their own benefit.

Those last few words indicate that Hyndman was no slave to the phrase "land nationalisation." His test was the personal and social benefit to the rural worker. He would have land held by the public in its various forms, —State, municipality, or county, with associated powers and duties of housing-erection, provision of ample parks and open spaces; he would have greatly extended farming-machinery and scientific research.* But the central objective was "the health, happiness, sound living, light work and general education, physical and mental" of the land-worker himself. On this theme, all too-much neglected even by Socialists, of the village labourer, Hyndman never ceased to put the strongest possible accent. For this son of the countryside, as well as for the city-worker, the *Basis* plans an ample education,—"free, rational, pleasant," with "games, excursions, open-air lectures,"—and preparing adolescent youth for service and co-operation, in a social life "clear of class prejudice or theological bigotry." In such outlines, Hyndman did not usually emphasize aesthetics. So that when, in the opening of 1884, he and Morris composed a *Summary of the Principles of Socialism*, and sketched the history of slavery, serfdom, capitalism, etc., and closed with a vision of a world of "enfranchised art, with our social creed as our only religion," we incline to trace Morris's handiwork in the vision.

* Amid much that is depressing in the state of English agriculture, it is noteworthy that we possess in the Rothamsted Experimental Station, Herts, developed by Lawes and Gilbert, and now subsidised by the State, one of the most efficient research institutions in the world.

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It would hardly appear polite to the Fabians to enter on the story of the year 1884 without noticing the establishment of their society, so illustrious for its "Essays," on January 4th. Towards the close of 1883, a serious little company known as the "Fellowship of the New Life" agreed that it would be good to form an association on the basis "that the competitive system assures the happiness and comfort of the few at the expense of the suffering of the many, and that society must be reconstituted in such a manner as to secure the general welfare and happiness." The main method of the Fabians consisted in a quiet permeation of Socialist doctrines and ideals, particularly by pamphlets full of points and data,—the first asking the question: "Why are the Many Poor?" In the sphere of religion, the Fabians were less outspoken than Hyndman, though it was significantly observed, by one who knew them well, that they did not attend church regularly. One of the founders, Sydney Olivier, made an effort to interest the brethren in the social and religious doctrines of Comte. Taking a forward glance over their career, we may record that, at one period or another, the following names have been associated with the Fabian Society:—Hubert Bland, William Clarke (a disciple of Mazzini), H. H. Champion, G. D. H. Cole (advocate of Guilds), Percy Dearmer, Havelock Ellis, Montagu Fordham, J. F. Green, Stewart Headlam, J. L. Joynes (of Eton), J. Ramsay MacDonald, Frank Podmore, George Bernard Shaw, R. H. Tawney, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Graham Wallas, Hunter Watts, and, of course, the model of Fabian fidelity, secretary Pease.* Another auxiliary to the Socialist advance was the magazine *To-Day*, launched in January, by Joynes and Bax, and numbering among its contributors, as time went on, Kegan Paul, William Archer, Morris, Hyndman, Boyd Kinnear, Edward Carpenter, Michael Davitt, Mrs.

* See E. R. Pease's *History of the Fabian Society*, revised ed. 1925.

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Lynn Linton, Stepniak, G. B. Shaw, and Havelock Ellis.

But the present chapter is entitled "The Challenge." We reach the climax of the challenge with the appearance of the first number of the weekly paper *Justice: the Organ of the Social-Democracy*, on 19th January, 1884. (Price 2d.). The phrase "Social-Democracy" conveyed the idea of a definite political and republican order as compared with a general but vague aspiration for the abolition of poverty and the recognition of universal fraternity. And Hyndman, when employing the term "Socialism," always implied the definite meaning. Until his dying day, he was the soul of the paper, whether acting as editor or simply as contributor. For thirty-eight years he may be said to have spoken with two voices. He spoke from the platform, addressing "Friends and fellow-citizens" in resonant tones of appeal, warning, reproach, hope and inspiration, with his forefinger shaken at the hushed or cheering multitude. He spoke through innumerable articles in *Justice*, with an earnestness like Owen's in the *New Moral World*, but with a cogency and flashing penetration of mind and heart that Owen could never approach. He and his paper wrote a noble page in the history of England. Apart from the later editors, no writer in *Justice* ever received a penny. To work by Hyndman's side was sufficient recompense. The movement was pestered with misunderstandings, tiffs, confusions. Amid all obstacles lived the stimulating sense of "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!"

One of these brothers, who entered the Federation company in January, 1884, was destined to be the editor in charge of the last issue of *Justice* in January, 1925, when it gave way to the monthly *Social-Democrat*. This was H. W. Lee,* then a youth of scarce 19. Lee had arrived at Republicanism, though with the haunting

* B. 1865. Became Secretary of the S.D.F. in August, 1885; editor of *Justice*, 1913.

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doubt that republics and poverty, like monarchism and poverty, were boon companions. Mingling with the Trafalgar-square crowd on August Bank Holiday (1883), when Charles Bradlaugh was, with perfect justice, prophesying against the House of Commons that excluded him, Lee bought one of the Socialist pamphlets hawked among the assembly; and then his spirit strode rapidly on. In July, 1884, he became secretary of the Westminster Branch of the Federation,—and Westminster needed it more than Poplar!—and he so identified himself with the evangel of Hyndman that Bax looking backward in 1918, said of him: "One cannot emphasize too much the debt that the old organisation and the Socialist movement in England generally owes to the steady work of this energetic man." As on a tablet of honour, those words tell truth.

The first number of *Justice* flared with the Federation's Radical programme,—abolition of the House of Lords, legislative independence for Ireland, disestablishment of the Church, democratic control of war-making and peace-making [no Quaker touch here!], etc. A more revealing feature, however, appeared in an article signed by Hyndman, Morris, and Jonathan Taylor, challenging politicians of the order that must now pass away. One of its passages ran:—

Gladstone, Salisbury, Northcote, Hartington, Chamberlain, Bradlaugh and Churchill simply represent so many names by which so many among the workers are induced to neglect their own interests. To obtain good housing, good food, good drink, good education in return for moderate work is no excessive demand. To meet it is impossible while the whole means of production, exchange and distribution are at the disposal of the capitalist and landlord classes, and the workers are therefore forced to sell their labour for a bare subsistence wage.

Even the Prophet of San Francisco falls short of grace, and Champion's article, in this opening issue,

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trusted that Henry George would rise (but he never did rise!) to the Socialist doctrine of land and capital. It is of interest* to note a report of Hyndman's lecture at the Leicester Secular Society's Hall, a building which bears on its front the busts of Jesus, Socrates, Voltaire, Paine and Robert Owen,—the spirit of Owen having mightily influenced the group of Secularists who founded the Society in 1852 and the Hall in 1881. Leicester developed an active Labour Party, somewhat coloured by chapel-psychology, but could not, in the elections of 1894 and 1895, vote Joseph Burgess into the House of Commons. That admirable Lancashire stalwart retired in favour of the candidature of J. Ramsay MacDonald, who, in 1906, was wafted to Parliament on a golden cloud of Liberal and Labour suffrages. The movements of Morris are also reported in the early numbers of *Justice*. For example, he gave an address at Manchester (perhaps the city that most sadly needed his message of beauty!), and Charles Rowley, who presided, remarked that Morris was a great workman as well as a great writer. A few weeks later, *Justice* printed Morris's clamant verses (two out of ten are here cited):—

I heard men saying : " Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as days have been ;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never-ending toil between."

Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere the earth grows older !
The CAUSE spreads over land and sea ;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

Morris wrote finer lines for the issue of April 19th. His hymn of " All for the Cause " (that is, of the liberation of Labour) strikingly pictured the ancestral democrats who endured weariness and painfulness in the

* At least to me! I was one of the fifteen Labour members of the Leicester Town Council till I left the town in 1910, and I belonged to both the local S.D.F. and I.L.P.—F. J. G.

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struggle for a more human world, and who bequeathed their heroic energy to the daughters and sons of 1884 :—

Named and nameless all live in us ;
One and all they lead us yet ;
Every pain to count for nothing,
Every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry : " O happy,
Happy ye that ye were born
In the sad slow night's departing,
In the rising of the morn !
Fair the crown the CAUSE hath for you,
Will to die or will to live,
Through the battle, through the tangle,
Peace to gain or peace to give."

It seems natural to pass from these references to Morris to his fellow-artist and fellow-Socialist Walter Crane,* whose strong and elegant pencil adorned many issues of *Justice*. Very characteristic was an allegorical picture of a Vampire, drawn for the paper in 1898. One of the Vampire's wings waved "Religious Hypocrisy," and the other, "Party Politics," while the Socialist angel, torch in one hand, blew a note of alarm from a trumpet in the other. Crane was the supreme poetic cartoonist for Socialism, as Doré has been the supreme illustrator of Dante's Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Our opening pages recalled the striking and dramatic mode in which the Abbé Lamennais expressed his French hatred of the exploitation of the poor, and the hope and faith of the new order. Crane expressed a like hatred, hope and faith for the English, in pictures beautiful in line and fertile in symbolism.

Morris's poetry, however, and Hyndman's fiery articles did not capture the heart of the British public. On this heart the apostles of the Federation resolved to make a sentimental raid. The raid took place in Fleet-street and the Strand. The apostles were Morris in soft

* B. 1845; d. 1915. President of Arts and Crafts Society (founded 1888); designer of tapestries, panels, and mosaics.

hat and blue suit; Champion, Frost and Joynes in customary bourgeois raiment; "several working-men comrades"; and (says Hyndman*), "I myself wearing the new frock-coat in which Shaw says I was born, with a tall hat and good gloves." Bax, who dabbled in reporting as well as the philosophy of the Absolute, affirmed that Hyndman had "linked shirt-cuffs." This company threaded its way among the crowds, and zealously sold copies of *Justice*. The circulation improved. At any rate, the paper rolled out its psalms, in prose and verse, for forty-one years, and, with dying eyes, read success in the signs of the times. If the Strand crowd did not revel in its wit, at any rate Hyndman loved writing in it, and he was ever ready to praise the efforts of his colleagues. For example, he quoted, in his Autobiography, the following amusing satire on the comfortable folk who, though aware of exploitations, will not stir in protest; but he says he cannot remember who wrote it:—

A colony of monkeys, having gathered a store of nuts for the winter, begged their Wise Ones to distribute them. The Wise Ones reserved a good half for themselves, and distributed the remainder amongst the rest of the community, giving to some twenty nuts, to others ten, to others five, and to a considerable number none. Now, when those to whom twenty had been given complained that the Wise Ones had kept so many for themselves the Wise Ones answered, "Peace, foolish ones, are ye not much better off than those who have ten?" And they were pacified. And to those who objected, having only ten, they said: "Be satisfied; are there not many who have but five?" And they kept silence. And they answered those who had five, saying: "Nay, but see ye not the number who have none?" Now when these last made complaint of the unjust division and demanded a share, the Wise Ones stepped forward and exclaimed to those who had twenty, and ten, and five: "Behold the wickedness of

* *Record of an Adventurous Life*, chap. xx.

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these monkeys; because they have no nuts they are dissatisfied, and would fain rob you of those which are yours!" And they all fell on the portionless monkeys and beat them sorely. Moral,—the selfishness of the moderately well-to-do blinds them to the rapacity of the rich.

The fable is believed to have come from Australia.

The paper was not four months old, and an appreciable swarm of citizens were asking: "Will Socialism benefit the English People?" Charles Bradlaugh thought not, and, in his decisive, hammering manner, often said so. Both Secularists and Socialists were eager to bring the faith and the doubt to clashing point, and a public debate was arranged for St. James's Hall, with Professor Beesly (the Beesly of St. Martin's Hall and the birth of the International, 1864) in the chair; Bradlaugh and Hyndman figuring as combatants before a crammed and excited assemblage (April 17, 1884). A few weeks previously, *Justice* had "admired Bradlaugh's courage, and wished him a speedy triumph over his malignant and despicable foes," that is, the Christian disciples who revered the formula "So help me God," in the Parliamentary oath. Bradlaugh was a Radical democrat and republican. Among the working-classes, and especially among the miners of the north, he was much esteemed as an opponent of aristocratic privileges and ill-earned pensions, and as a sort of Titanic foe of clericalism.* Hyndman was equally detached from theology. In fact, both men represented the inevitable passage of the modern mind from theism of all types, Hebrew, Christian, Moslem or Hindu. So fervid had been the passion against the old creeds among the followers of Bradlaugh that not a few of them supposed a general social emancipation would ensue if once the

* Bradlaugh's strenuous career is well recorded in the *Life* by his daughter Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner and J. M. Robertson (1894).

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Gods departed. It was precisely at this point that the issue was joined. Not that it was formally posed as the issue. But the audience in St. James's Hall was in two spiritual sections, and part attached its chief hopes to Freethought, and part,—in large measure adherents of Freethought,—felt convinced that salvation was only possible through a socialisation of economic wealth and production. It was well worth while to hold the debate. We may trace its leading lines.

Hyndman defined Socialism as an endeavour to substitute, for the anarchical struggle or fight for existence, an organised co-operation for existence. Socialism implied much more; it was a distinct historical theory which accounted for the progress of man in society by his command over the forces of nature, by his mechanical developments, and by the power of producing wealth. Thus the history of the past enabled us to understand the present. This power of production, in Western Europe and America, had increased far beyond the rate of increase of population. [Hyndman was here, of course, suggesting that Bradlaugh's support of birth-control was needless.] Land and other natural values should be nationally owned, and all State departments administered for the benefit of the whole people. Under such a system, light labour would be the common lot, and three or four hours' industry a day would suffice. Bradlaugh replied, and admitted the existence of social evils; but whereas the Socialist applied a State remedy, he himself wanted individuals to effect the remedies. He relied upon social reform; the Socialist demanded revolution. The Socialist, indeed, said he wished to realise revolution through argument. Ay! but if argument failed, what then? Force? To avert that curse from the country was his motive in debating. Logically, Socialism denied the right to hold private property: it pressed for the equal distribution of property. Its vast dream required a mental revolution and a physical revolution, both being impossible. It would lead to such:

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absurdities as discouragement of thrift, the State imparting science and art, and the State being expected to print newspapers which were hostile to itself. Hyndman retorted that the progress of modern thought was actually making the mental revolution; and, as to the menace of a revolution by force, Socialists had no wish to invite force unless the suffering classes were driven to desperation. No great thing had ever been accomplished for mankind with the motive of direct personal gain; and the labours of Newton, Darwin, Simpson and Faraday were governed by the collective idea. Yet greater things could be done to-day by the people if their education was not repressed by the upper classes. Bradlaugh, taking his turn again, praised the benefits of individual holdings in Building Societies and individual deposits in Savings-banks. He witheringly denounced the proposal,—sure to result in the ruin of Insurance Societies and the people's resources,—of cancelling the National Debt. Universal voting? Yes, but democracies might vote wrong. Reformers of the Socialist type,—Feargus O'Connor and Bronterre O'Brien and the rest—differed among themselves. Hyndman admitted they did, and yet society owed them a debt for their agitations. Votes? Yes, he agreed that universal suffrage needed support from education and a more scientific social organisation. England had known how to carry out a revolution intelligently, for the Revolution of 1641-1648 was effected by men of education and with good economic standing. A National Debt was only valid if incurred by democratic consent. In concluding the debate, Bradlaugh uttered a eulogy of freedom attained by individual endeavour:—

I speak for the public which, through generations of pain and toil, gradually has climbed towards liberty; who were and are ready to suffer in order to redeem; who know that the errors of yesterday cannot be sponged away in a moment to-day, and who would try, slowly and gradually, to mould, to modify and to build,

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and who say that those who preach international struggle, and talk vaguely about "explosives" are playing into the hands of our enemies, and give an excuse for coercion.

Such was the famous debate, conducted by Hyndman, whose beard and frame vibrated with emotion, and by Bradlaugh, who cut the air as if hewing a foe; and cheers and counter-cheers resounded. It is obvious to us to-day that the main difference between them lay in the realm of social history, one reading it as a record of continuity and collective activities, the other as a story of the valour of units. At any rate, poetry made a weight in the Socialist scale; for Morris's lines on "All for the Cause" were specially published in the number of *Justice* which reported the argumentative duel. One of the listeners had been J. Hunter Watts, who for many years was to render whole-hearted service to the collectivist programme. He afterwards said: "A finishing touch to my conversion to Socialism was given by Hyndman. I was present at his first debate with Bradlaugh in St. James's Hall." Mrs. Annie Besant, then a Secularist, came over to Socialism. Tom Mann, who had listened admiringly to the lectures of Bradlaugh, Holyoake and Foote, joined the Socialists in Battersea, where John Burns* was fiercely active for the "Cause." In another direction (and it is a pleasure to chronicle the fact) the Guild of St. Matthew, under the leadership of the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam,† asserted that "the present contrast between the condition of the great body

* B. 1858. Rationalist. M.P. for Battersea, 1892 to 1918. President of Local Government Board, 1905-14, and of Board of Trade, 1914, resigning at the declaration of war in August.

† B. 1847, d. 1924. Eminently useful on the old London School Board, and the later Education Committee of the London County Council; and an enthusiast for the "Old Vic" theatre, and the revelation of Shakespeare to youth. Headlam's work, and other efforts of Christian Socialists, as well as those of the S.D.F., are recorded in J. Clayton's *Rise and Decline of Socialism in Great Britain* (1925). Clayton's term "decline" is not a compliment to the Christian Socialists!

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of workers who produce much and consume little, and of those classes who produce little and consume much, is contrary to the Christian doctrines of Brotherhood and Justice." And we may foreshadow that future supporters of the Guild would be Lewis Donaldson (Canon of Westminster, 1924) and Percy Dearmer. The secretary was the zealous land-nationaliser, Frederick Verinder. The general widening of Socialist vision was indicated, again, in Hyndman's translation, in 1884, of Kropotkin's *Appeal to the Young*,—the pamphlet which recounted the sufferings of Russian rebels against Czarism, and rightly spoke with reverence of "the woman who lodged a bullet in the chest of the ruffianly official who dared to outrage a Socialist prisoner in her cell," and closed with the summons to rise:—

We peasants who work for others and who mumble the straw while our master eats the wheat, we by ourselves are millions of men. We workers who weave silks and velvets in order that we may be clothed in rags, we too are a great multitude. . . . Ay, all of us together, who suffer and are insulted daily, we are a multitude whom no man can number, we are the ocean that can embrace and swallow up all else. When we have but the will to do it, that very moment will justice be done, that very instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust.

And the most significant widening of that year, 1884, occurred in October (but the change had been discussed in August), when the Federation of 1881 was evolved into the Social-Democratic Federation ("S.D.F."), and its programme declared for: "The socialisation of the Means of Production, Distribution and Exchange, to be controlled by a Democratic State in the interests of the entire community, and the complete Emancipation of Labour from the domination of Capitalism and Landlordism, with the establishment of Social and Economic Equality between the sexes." Detailed points included "National Citizen Forces," "Compulsory, Secular, In-

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dustrial and Free Education," "Administration of Justice free to all," "No child-employment till 16 years of age," "Labour-week of 48 hours only," "Nationalisation of Land, etc.," "Repudiation of the National Debt," and so on. And, in 1927, when finance is so illumined by world-wide criticism, it is of interest to remark the S.D.F. proposal of 1884,—“The extension of the Post Office Savings Bank, which shall absorb all private institutions that *derive a profit from operations in money or credit.*” The pages of *Justice* glowed unremittingly. Black borders surrounded, in its columns, the names of citizens of rich England who died of starvation. The S.D.F. weekly meetings were perpetually enlivened with the presence of Hyndman.

Was the “Cause” moving too fast? The poet of the Cause,—Morris, almost thought so. He and Bax and Scheu and others felt that an enlightenment of the people should precede what looked like a threatened rapidity of political experiment (though the eye of 1927 detects no marvellous rapidity in the steps of 1884-5!). To them, Hyndman’s fervour appeared like a too-masterful rush up the British election ladder. They murmured among themselves, saying: “We ought rigidly to exclude anything of the nature of immediate action, such as the taking part in electoral contests, whether Parliamentary or local; our efforts should be purely educational.”* The Prophet wanted to leap into the Promised Land. The disciples wanted to set up a preparatory academy. The issue sharpened. On Christmas Eve, 1884, the tables in the S.D.F. office in the basement of Westminster Palace Chambers were ringed with eighteen members of the Council, divided into two anxious sections. The Morris group of ten seceded. With Hyndman remained seven comrades, among whom were Quelch, John Burns, and the man whose “ardour never dimmed” (as Tom Mann says)—Jack Williams. Morris’s new “Socialist League” was in-

* Bax’s *Reminiscences*, p. 81.

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stalled, in January, 1885, in a humble office, "with a due amount of Windsor chairs and a kitchen table,"—so narrates Dr. Mackail; and the League flashed a brilliant message to the world in its new periodical, the *Commonweal*. Apart from personal frictions connected with this not very tragic "split" in the Party, one may suspect that Hyndman appeared too much inclined to concentrate on a British Socialist development, while the seceders measured the future by a more cosmopolitan scale. The new League's manifesto (January, 1885) stated that in the ranks of the S.D.F. there had been a tendency to political opportunism and a "national assertion" which was the persistent foe of Socialism. "The Socialist League," said the Manifesto, "aims at the realisation of complete revolutionary Socialism, and well knows that this can never happen in any one country without the help of the workers of all civilisation. For us neither geographical boundaries, nor political history, nor race make rivals or enemies; for us there are no nations, but only varied masses of workers and friends, whose mutual sympathies are checked or perverted by groups of masters or fleecers, whose interest it is to stir up rivalries and hatreds between the dwellers in different lands." And the Manifesto added: "The religion of Socialism is the only religion which the Socialist League professes." The saying, "For us there are no nations," came to a terrific test in the year 1914.

The S.D.F. marched merrily on. In the first week of 1885, Hyndman was lecturing on a possible revolution in 1889,—only four years ahead,—as a joyful centenary of the French crisis of 1789. A few days later, when the S.D.F. discussed the Morris secession, John Burns of Battersea rose up in the midst of the brethren, and affirmed that Hyndman deserved a loyal following, for he had addressed, in the Socialist Cause, sixty-six street-corner meetings on sixty-six successive Sundays. And history tells how Burns himself contributed a hearty

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share in the agitation of that winter. Henry George and his friends assembled one day on the steps of the Royal Exchange, and the apostle of the Single-tax (on Land) ironically remarked that while the Bible text over the Exchange entrance claimed the earth and its fullness as the Lord's, the actual ownership fell to the landlords. But this was not, after all, adequate Socialism. Jack Williams and John Burns appeared on the scene, and drew away part of the audience. Williams demanded the Right to Work. Burns declared the meeting, held in the centre of profit-making, would become historical by the giving of three cheers for the social revolution. The cheers were raised. Not without a smile, we observe that, in this same time of enthusiasm, "a small but attentive audience" (so said H. W. Lee, secretary) listened to an exposition on the Iron Law of Wages, delivered to the Westminster S.D.F. Branch ("in the absence of Mrs. Aveling," i.e., Eleanor Marx) by George Bernard Shaw.* But the very real joys of missionary success were somewhat tempered by the very real difficulties of producing *Justice*. The weekly organ was now being printed in dismal rooms and a cellar in Sandland Street, Bedford Row, Holborn. Skilled compositors who generously served the "Cause" were assisted by such eminently unskilled comrades as Hyndman himself. These evangelists, toiling in the dull basement in order to bring salvation to the English masses, remind one of the squalid corner in Boston where Lloyd Garrison, attended by a negro, set the type for his anti-slavery *Liberator*.

The General Election in the summer of 1885 defeated Gladstone; and *Justice* thus laughed in scorn,— "The Liberal Government has been defeated. Mr. Gladstone has resigned, and nobody seems one penny

* From the leaves of an old diary, I find that, on a February evening, 1885, I went to a grimy upstairs saloon in the City Road, and, as one of a proletarian crowd, heard an address by "the grizzle-haired, ruddy-cheeked Socialist poet, William Morris."—F. J. G.

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the worse. . . . The Liberal Party is the party of hypocrisy and fraud, and the Conservative Party is the party of brute force and robbery." In a few cases, Socialist candidates were helped by Conservative subsidies. This use of "Tory gold," though at the time it caused a vast flutter in the camp of the Socialists, is very simply explained by the willingness of both Tories and Socialists to give rude blows to the Liberals. It may be true, as Liberals have often argued, that when extremes clash in the political world, society needs a moderately progressive body, under no-matter-what name, to give practical effect to the general will. But, in 1885 and the ensuing decades, a fresh and vital issue of an old economic order against a very different economic order had to be defined and staged. Events have shown how the "Liberal" Party of the Gladstonian tradition had to be ground between the upper and the nether millstones. Who could imagine a Liberal politician of 1885 writing such flaming words as these of Hyndman's?—

Do any dare say our ideals lack nobility and grandeur, because we do not figure forth an imaginary paradise of psalm-singing in the future as a reward for a life of misery here? . . . We are striving for the general happiness attainable now and at once, for enjoyment of physical life for innumerable millions of human beings who are now ground down beneath the iron yoke of capitalists and profit-mongers.

And the article in which he made this outcry was on the scandal of prostitution.

At this period, Tom Mann was enlivening the S.D.F. Executive with his fervour and resoluteness. He vigorously counselled a close alliance with the trade unions. Hyndman and Herbert Burrows were sceptical as to this policy.* For Tom Mann,—the orator, the organiser, the leader of passionate strikes, who

* *My Memoirs*, pp. 87-88. Mann, in 1923, strongly maintained the same doctrine.

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could agitate the long day through, and join in evening mirth, as if he had just got up,—Hyndman had the most candid admiration. Yet, while he always sided with strikers and always fraternised with the unions, he felt that—

Strikes, Syndicalism, Anarchy are but varying forms of restless working-class ignorance, or despairing revolts against unendurable oppression. There is nothing in strikes themselves, whether for a rise of wages for all, or for the enactment of a minimum wage for the lowest grades of labour in any industry, which can emancipate the propertyless workers, or render them less dependent upon the owning and employing class who make profit out of their unpaid labour. On the contrary, the most successful strikes under existing conditions do but serve to rivet the chains of economic slavery, possibly a trifle gilded, more firmly on their limbs. Trade unions, by admitting wages as the permanent basis of the industrial system, virtually condemn their members to continuous toil for the benefit of the profit-takers so long as that view obtains. The organisation of the trade unions is sometimes useful; their theory of society is hopeless.*

That was the decisive point,—theory. Behind all Hyndman's incessant platform activity and street-corner appeals, there rose the immovable conviction that the general public mind needed at least an outline knowledge of economic history, and at least an outline programme of practical socialisation of production. Before the question of a General Strike he would say the same. So massive a conflict with the civic authority, if demanded by a tragic crisis of suffering, also demanded a fully conscious scheme for displacing the obsolete order. In another form, the same problem arose when, in 1914, British Labour was confronted with the World War.

Police nerves were now beginning to react against the excitements of open-air attacks on the wage-system

* *Further Reminiscences* (1912), p. 459.

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and the solemn make-believe of Liberalism and Conservatism. Prosecutions for vexing the public peace were followed by short-term jail experiences for such restless pioneers as Jack Williams. A dull street in Limehouse, shadowed by tall warehouses, had been used as a mission station by street corner Social-Democrats. The police decided to clear Dod Street of the very mild scandal, and forbade the meetings. A crowd of fifty thousand citizens gathered one September Sunday in protest, and the stentorian voice of black-bearded John Burns almost shook the gates of the West India Docks, and told all concerned that East London chose to act on its right of public assembly. The incident was a sort of rumbling preface to the somewhat more serious West End riots of 1886.

Hyndman's challenge to the conscience of England was now definitely asserted and recognised. The spiritual forces,—the negative force of growing discontent, and the positive force of a livelier sense of social ideals—had worked in the proletarian soul since at least the days of Thomas Paine of Thetford and Thomas Spence of Newcastle. And the political forces of the Chartists, the valiant trade unionists such as Applegarth, Cremer and Burt, and (we must in fairness add) the finer type of Radicals such as Odger and Dilke, had prepared people's minds for a much larger claim. Hyndman arrived at the vital moment. In no other country in the world were conditions so apt and meet for a Socialist appeal and explosion. Not the United States, where a singularly mixed and imperfectly co-ordinated population had energised in a Civil War, 1861-1865, but was far from energising in the construction of a new economics. Not France, where Paris could indeed create splendid and heroic types of Socialist leadership, but where a vast peasantry offered no possibility of practical responsiveness. Not Germany, though book-writing theorists (and sometimes even English democrats) expected the appearance of political and

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economic redeemers, but where the industrial masses lacked the initiative to which our Chartists and Trade Unionists had trained themselves through long periods of struggle. Not Italy, where a brilliant crowd of Liberal apostles,—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Settembrini, and the rest,—had enough to do to establish Italian unity, and were too heavily weighted by the creed and the conservatism of the Vatican. Of course, there was a class war in England. There was also a unique chain of sympathy between classes. It has been the paradox of England, very difficult for foreigners to understand (the Russian Communists of 1917-1927 have totally failed to understand it), and not too easy even for us natives to understand! We are capable of violent protests and counter-protests which act like thrills in a well-connected apparatus,—the apparatus does not break; or like convulsive movements in a healthy body, which result in expulsions and then readjustments. That is why men of the so-called upper classes have so often been accepted as captains in our popular agitations. They were parts of the organism. Hyndman was the son of wealthy bourgeois parents, a Cambridge student, university cricketer and oarsman, and a familiar spirit in English club life and literary circles; but he found no real obstacle to his joining the multitude who endured pain and sorrow in mine and factory and slum, and yet had never lost the English soul. Amusing and also instructive are Harry Quelch's comments. Quelch, interested in the Irish question, had joined the Anti-coercion Association, of which his friends, Francis Soutter and Samuel Bennett were secretaries; and he says:—

It was at one of the public meetings held by the Association that I first met H. M. Hyndman; and I must say that I, as a Radical Republican, was not favourably impressed by his aristocratic manner and his style of dress. I have always had a prejudice,—a wholesome one, as I think—against well-to-do upper middle-class people coming into a democratic move-

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ment, their influence being calculated to weaken and emasculate. Later on, I met Hyndman again, the occasion being a visit Soutter and I paid him one evening in connection with a by-election, and his evident disinterestedness and sincerity caused a considerable modification of my first prejudice.

Quelch's prejudice and Quelch's subsequent appreciation were equally justified. It may appear a dark saying; but he who misses its meaning (and people near the Ural Mountains may readily miss its meaning) does not comprehend the English. And, in like manner, Jack Williams,—he that had been a workhouse boy—confessed* he was at first "a bit suspicious" of Hyndman. Yet afterwards, and till his death, this sturdy man would utter, in his simple and inelegant diction, as pure a praise of Hyndman as ever Dante uttered, in lyrical verse, of Virgil. And thus it came about that, in the land of Runnymede, of Huntingdon, of Thetford, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, of Barford village, of Warwick Castle and of Kelmscott House, Hyndman played the part of chief creator of the modern Social-Democratic movement. For certain aspects of progress (one dare not say for the whole of life) our island situation provides peculiar advantages by permitting so extraordinary a medley of social types to work together for good, without being checked to any serious extent by the movements or backwardness of other nations. The island genius is the mother of a hundred and one ugly Nonconformities and ill-tempered solemnities of conscience. But it has the blessedness of a sea-girt autonomy, while it has also the privilege of closeness to the most spontaneous and creative of all the earth's continents.

* In a chapter in *How I Became a Socialist*, a series of biographical sketches, ed. H. W. Lee.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT PROPAGANDA, 1886-1913

HYNDMAN was now an established and vital factor in a phase of British evolution which lay between the mechanised and commercial and profiteering period and the period of conscious solidarity and conscious basing of national production and distribution on the social credit. Nothing but ill-health or death could check his remarkable activity. The World War of 1914-1918 would emphasize his warnings of economic and political tragedy, and incidentally emphasize his view of the leadership (due not to a higher ethic, but to geographical and industrial causes) of Great Britain towards a universal reorganisation. We think it advisable, therefore, to treat, in block, the twenty-seven years between that general catastrophe and the early agitation which we have termed his challenge. As far as possible, our story will take its course systematically along the yearly steps, 1886-1913, assisted by Hyndman's own records and by the vivacious and unconventional pages of *Justice*.

The whole of the road was a perpetual struggle after new ideals and new judgments. We may, at the outset, amusingly illustrate the divergence of judgments. Mr. Herbert Paul, in his *Modern History of England*, notes Bradlaugh's normal entry (January, 1886) into the House of Commons by the taking of the oath, and adds: "Bradlaugh proved himself a most valuable member of Parliament"; whereas the Socialist newspaper, while praising Bradlaugh's courage in defending the civic rights of Atheists, remarks: "But in politics he has

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never, at any time, shown himself capable of vigorous initiative." Another civic right, namely, that of uttering social grievances in Trafalgar Square, provided a larger excitement for London and the country.

"For Heaven's sake, Burns, keep control of this meeting, for we can't," said a police inspector to John Burns.

These words were spoken on February 8th, in Trafalgar Square, where a Fair Trade League demonstration had assembled to demand protectionist tariffs on British products, and where the S.D.F. had drawn a crowd to protest that Socialism was the true remedy for unemployment and poverty. From the northern balustrade of the Square speeches were delivered by Burns, Champion, Jack Williams, Hyndman, Hunter Watts, Sparling, and Burrows; and twenty or thirty thousand voices shouted in favour of the social revolution. And Burns, carrying a red flag and riding on men's shoulders, led his multitude towards Hyde Park, and past aristocratic clubs. Not long before this exciting day, Hyndman had been turned out of the New University Club for addressing a crowd of unemployed in a fiery tongue. Clubland temper was combustious on this day, and jeering members gathered at club-windows, and missiles, more insulting than hurtful, were flung upon the noisy mob who symbolised the misery and penury of British millions. Stones smashed shop-fronts; goods were looted; carriage-folk menaced; all the West End trembled. At the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, the S.D.F. leaders rallied their comrades, and Burns, Champion, Williams and Hyndman advised a peaceable dispersal. The next day, alarmed tradesmen barricaded their shop-windows. A singular uprush of conscience swelled the Mansion House Relief Fund for the Unemployed to more than £70,000 in 48 hours. A week or two later, the public mind was further stricken by the gathering of seventy-thousand people in Hyde Park, clamouring for the absorption of the workless labourers into

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public industry at fair wages. William Morris, in his *Commonweal* paper, reflected anxiously on the West End riots, and said: "This kind of thing is what many of us have dreaded from the first; and we may be sure that it will happen again and again while the industrial outlook is what it is." But it did not happen again; and even an Old Bailey jury, on April 10th, acquitted Burns, Champion, Williams, and Hyndman on the charge of seditious conspiracy. In the course of his address to the jury, Hyndman had strikingly referred to his travels round the world, and declared that, having seen many communities, he judged the condition of the poor classes in Britain and on the Continent to be worse than that of the worst savages. The acquittal evoked from *Justice* (now edited by Harry Quelch) the cry: "England has struck the first blow on the battle-field where victory means the emancipation for the workers of the world." A softer music was elicited from Herbert Burrows, when he paid tribute to Mrs. Hyndman, and her "unfaltering courage and womanly devotion cheering us in our most depressed moments and giving us new faith"; and Burrows exclaimed: "To-morrow the Social-Democratic England!" It was Burrows, too, who not long afterwards visited Jack Williams in prison,—Williams having been jailed for holding a street meeting and creating an "obstruction." In the winter, Hyndman watched a vast demonstration in Trafalgar Square (dispersed by police, while Life Guards trotted picturesquely from Whitehall as additional warning), and he smiled to think this crowd was greater than the Chartist crowd of 1848. Amid such excursions and alarums the pioneers had moments of poetry and music. The Southwark Branch (March, 1887) enjoyed a concert at which Hyndman recited lines from the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and Burns sang selections from the "Mikado" opera! A graver tone was expressed a few days later, when the nave and aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral were packed with a multitude of

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the unemployed, including hundreds of Clerkenwell children who had just been provided with free breakfasts by the Socialist comrades. But, in the Cathedral, "the hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed," and the preacher's futile utterances were echoed by sad murmurs. Of course, the Socialists did not always deliver a perfectly clear message. At this very time Hyndman lectured to the Fabian Society on the economic doctrines of Marx; and the faithful reporter tells of severe criticisms of Marx dropped from the Fabian lips of Mrs. Annie Besant, Sidney Webb, and G. B. Shaw. But Social-Democracy, unlike the pulpit of St. Paul's, did not venture to claim divine inspiration.

In this year (1887) the Tea Porters' Union (harbinger of the Dockers' Union) was founded in the East End wilderness of dull streets and gloomy warehouses. Will Thorne and his friends often fed the Dockland children, and watched the unhappy little wretches devouring the food in the manner of hungry wolves. "This sort of thing," says Thorne,* was breeding rebels." The Union Secretary was brisk and sledge-hammer-like Ben Tillet who, in school-rooms and beershop rooms, organised committees and branches for 130,000 dock labourers. He has told† how herds of these Englishmen, in the hope of earning fourpence an hour, struggled for entrance into an iron-barred cage, like "mad human rats," fighting and cursing, tearing clothes, and suffering wounds, and sometimes falling under a dreadful tread, —surveyed calmly by the "Caller-on," who distributed tickets that entitled the holders to bear heavy burdens for the hourly fourpence. In such scenes one easily detects the reason for Hyndman's consistent support of trade unions, in spite of his often-repeated view that, without Socialism, innumerable agitations could not

* *My Life's Battles* (1925).

† In his *Brief History of the Dockers' Union* (1910).

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conquer. He endorsed Bronterre O'Brien's opinion to that effect, expressed forty years before the Dockers' Union was organised. Naturally, however, he rejoiced when the Trades Union Congress (which had mooted a "Labour Electoral Committee" plan in 1886) met at Swansea in 1887, and approved land-nationalisation, and was even enlivened by a discussion on the formation of a Labour Party,—a proposal which a London journal described as "inflated rubbish." But the closing phase of the year was darkened by "Bloody Sunday," November 13th, in Trafalgar Square. The authorities had decided to close the Square to the crowds who gave all-too-threatening voice to discontent. Radicals and Socialists resolved to meet and condemn coercion in Ireland. Police stood four-deep on all sides of the open space. Rushes, batonings and blood, supported by the appearance of Grenadiers and Life Guards, ended the attempt. John Burns and Cunninghame Graham flung themselves against policemen, and suffered six weeks' imprisonment in consequence. A young man named Linnell had his thigh broken by a policeman's horse in the scrimmage, and he died a few weeks later. His funeral procession from mid-London to the East End and Bow Cemetery moved slowly to the mourning sound of the "Dead March," and a burial service, read by the light of a lantern amid December gloom, was followed by speeches by Quelch and William Morris. "Is it possible," asked Hyndman, as he watched the enormous gathering and the flutter of red flags, "that the upper classes can pursue their ostrich policy any longer?" Morris's poem, prompted by the sadness of Linnell's grave, scorned the reactionary minds that darkened the hopes of a new day; and its refrain ran:—

Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all, if they would dusk the day.

Herbert Burrows composed, for the Bishop of London, a Christmas sermon. In this remarkable

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sermon which, though never preached, produced acute impressions, the priest was supposed to say :—

Too long have I neglected the miserable social effects of our so-called Christian civilisation. . . . To-day I lay down my robes. I give up my bishopric, my palace, and my income. I resign my seat in the House of Lords. I give up the pleasures of society and of the world, and at last take my place as a man amongst men. . . . The reward of a good conscience and of noble work well done is better far than a palace and £10,000 a year.

This year had been the occasion of celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee. As a Wembley Exhibition Bulletin (1925) observed: "In 1887 Queen Victoria's Jubilee gave the British taxpayer an object lesson in Empire. Representatives of all the Dominions, India and the Colonies rode in procession behind the Queen's carriage, and Londoners were able to see the extent and diversity of the Empire." We quote this note, not at all in dispraise of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which has eminent possibilities for Social-Democracy and for humanity, but as a reminder of the serene style in which many "history-books" record the Jubilee, and pass over the problem of poverty so keenly felt in that year and succeeding years.

Hyndman was a member of the Irish Land League, and took close interest in the conflict between Parnell and the *Times* newspaper, and the Parnell Commission (1888-1890). Parnell won his case, and received £5,000 as compensation for the libellous assertion that he condoned dynamite outrages committed by Irish rebels. Hyndman was, nevertheless, of opinion that, apart from the prejudice raised against the *Times* by Pigott's forgery of Parnell's handwriting, Parnell's tacit approval of the bombs might have been established, if certain witnesses had come forward. In any case, he much preferred the methods and personality of Michael

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Davitt. This Irishman with the "dark, gleaming eyes, a prominent nose, black hair and beard," who could get no nearer to Socialism than Henry George's doctrine of the Single Tax, who, in spite of his Catholic faith and his agitation against England, "looked for the early resurrection of Ireland and for the simultaneous awakening of England to the great destinies lying ahead of her,"* was to Hyndman an admirable figure, who "underwent for the sake of his fellow-countrymen sufferings worse, considerably worse, than mere death." But while Hyndman's sympathies perpetually kept him in touch with India, Ireland and other non-British communities, he devoted his central effort to home. He never strayed into that singular devotion to foreign affairs which has made certain "Labour" politicians more anxious to prove England's oversea policies bad than to aid England's economic emancipation. That peculiar type would not have made pilgrimage so readily as Hyndman to Blackstone Edge, on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire (1888). A procession of twenty thousand workpeople marched three miles uphill to a spot where, amid bleak Pennine moors, a natural amphitheatre offered a meeting place, and a massive pile of stone served as a platform for Hyndman and his colleagues of oratory. This remote wilderness rang with cheers at the passage of a resolution against the horrors of a "class war in which all the killed and wounded are on the side of the producers." The terms of the resolution suffice to prove, what anti-Socialists so oddly overlook, that Socialism aims at the extinction of a "class war," which arose centuries before Bronterre O'Brien, Blanqui and Marx were born. At this time, the pages of *Justice* were afire with strong descriptions of the poverty of various proletarian classes. Tom Mann told of the dismal conditions under which the Durham miners earned an average weekly wage of 18s. John

* Hyndman's *Further Reminiscences* (1912), chap. ii.

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Ward* wrote on navvies, and narrated how, at Swindon, a contractor provided sleeping accommodation for his wage-labourers, in a hut 15 feet square, where two rows of four beds each were stacked, foot to foot, for the comfort of 16 men. While Mann and Ward championed miners and navvies in England, Keir Hardie (then 22 years old) ran a paper called *The Miner*, the organ of the Scottish Labour League; and the paper was regularly advertised in *Justice*. And S.D.F. reports told how, on the material side of life, Mrs. Hyndman was busy in her soup kitchen for poor children in Battersea; and how, on the spiritual side, Cecil Reddie prophesied to the Socialists of Sheffield, and denounced the "Mis-Education" which crammed the youth with stuff that a healthy human nature would instinctively disgorge. Towards the end of 1888, Hyndman was expressing joy at the meeting of an International Trades Union Congress. This conference, got together largely by the zeal of Adolphe Headingley, the Socialist interpreter, assembled in London, and among the debaters were Mrs. Besant, Mann, Keir Hardie and Burns. It was not a Socialist gathering, but was significant of future international developments. Burns discussed the eight-hours' day for labour, and spoke rather agreeably of the "legislative platform"; and, as a matter of fact, he was inclining away from the S.D.F. methods, and towards public Councils and Parliament.

Prof. G. M. Trevelyan has recorded that,—

The last two decades of the century, and of Queen Victoria's reign, whether under Liberal or Conservative Ministries, were years of social and administrative progress, particularly in the direction of what was known as Municipal Socialism. In 1888 the Conservative Minister, Mr. Ritchie, passed his County Council Act, which not only set up popularly elected

* B. 1866. Lt.-Colonel in the Great War; won the Cross of War of France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia; "Constitutionalist" Member of Parliament.

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bodies to rule the counties, but enlarged the existing machinery of urban democracy by turning all towns of over 50,000 inhabitants into County Boroughs, and by erecting the elected London County Council to govern all London except the old "City" area. Baths and wash-houses, museums, public libraries, parks, gardens, open spaces, allotments, lodging-houses for the working classes were acquired, erected, or maintained out of the rates. Tramways, gas, electricity and water were in many places municipalised. It was also a great period of voluntary effort, of Settlements like Toynbee Hall, and of a very general awakening of all classes to the terrible consequences of environment in the slums, in the "richest country in the world," as England was then still accounted.*

Before Mr. Ritchie's Act was published, Hyndman had issued a penny pamphlet proposing a "Commune for London." Neither then, nor later, would he employ the squalid term "lodging-houses" as covering a proper housing scheme. He sketched a new London, undivided, with a Great Council and a Lord Mayor; organising its transport, lighting, education, police, etc.; "a London in which the whole of the people are thoroughly well and wholesomely housed in commodious artistic dwellings, instead of in noisome dens, or dingy, monotonous barracks." The London County Council has rather faintly handled such a programme, and alas! even in 1912, Hyndman had ample cause to lament that the housing question had only been timidly dealt with; and 1927 can repeat the dirge.

At South Place Chapel, London, the commemoration of the eighteenth Anniversary of the Paris Commune was unusually impressive (March, 1889). Hyndman presided over a closely-crowded audience; and the speakers were Quelch, who mourned the defeat of the Commune; Headingley, who rejoiced (rather prematurely!) at the union of Socialists in the approaching

* *History of England*, chap. iv. of Book vi.

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Congress at Paris; Kropotkin from Russia; John Burns; and Cunninghame Graham, now an M.P. All rose when Hyndman asked for a silence in honour of "The memory of the Dead."*

In July, the ever-helpful St. James's Hall, in Piccadilly, staged a debate,—very fraternal—between our Social-Democrat and the famous Single-Taxer, Henry George, with the Positivist Beesly in the chair. Hyndman assured the much-cheering audience that whatever gain might seem to accrue through the Single Tax would disappear in State taxation; and Capitalism would still be the enemy.

The Socialist Congress at Paris (July) was not so happy as was anticipated. A hundred years had passed since the French Revolution; and in the interval the lowest social classes had learned to talk, with confidence, of emancipation. But unity of ways and means had not yet evolved. Paris laughed to see two Congresses, in two separate halls; one of Marxists, under Jules Guesde, the other of Possibilists, such as the practical men of the Paris Municipal Council, under Paul Brousse; and the S.D.F. group joined the Possibilists, while openly valuing the Marxian theories. In such cases, one has often to follow a kind of political instinct rather than a printed formula. An Italian Marxist happened to meet Hyndman in the street during the Congress week, and collected a crowd by his railing accusation against the author of *England for All*. Hyndman accepted the noise good-humouredly, and sauntered on. But he had felt, on the Guesdist side, a suggestion of anti-nationalism which he had no sympathy with, and which the Possibilists were free from. And, like Paris, he could not help being amused at the "brotherly hatred" of the opposed sections. However, both sections declared in

* I happened to be present; and having attended Armistice Day silences since 1919, I observe how alike has been the religious solemnity of atmosphere in all cases, though the Commune celebration heard no word of theology.—F. J. G.

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favour of the Eight-hours' Day, the Prohibition of Child Labour, the Minimum Wage, the Abolition of Standing Armies, and "Equal Pay and Opportunities for Women and Men for Equal Work." Among the delegates were Mrs. Besant, Morris, Edward Carpenter and Burns. But Burns was now reaching the conviction that very few men in England understood what the "class war" meant, and he left the S.D.F. and became earnestly immersed in the work of the London County Council and, presently, the House of Commons. At the date of the Paris Congress, Hyndman had an interview with Georges Clemenceau (about whom he would, in 1919, write an interesting book), and, just as when he talked with Disraeli in 1881, he talked of the Socialist future. Clemenceau demurred. He pointed to the far-spread, conservative French peasantry, who would render a Socialist Government impossible in France. Years elapsed, and Hyndman tells us that, in 1906, Clemenceau was not so positive.

Hyndman often spoke for the West Ham section of the S.D.F., where Will Thorne was active, to dock labourers. He would sometimes speak at five o'clock a.m. in a depressing and chilly mist. Thorne had assembled the local gas-workers, and thus addressed them:—

"The way you have been treated at your work for many years is scandalous, brutal, inhuman. I pledge my word that, if you will stand firm, and do not waver, within six months we will claim and win the Eight-hours' Day, and Six-days' Week, and the abolition of the present slave-driving methods. Will you do this?"

"We will," responded a roar of voices; and the Gas-workers' and Labourers' Union was founded (March, 1889); and pilgrims of oratory came to the East End and helped,—Burns, Ben Tillett, Tom Mann, Quelch and Burrows. A year later, a cotton mill worker, J. R.

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Clynes,* co-operated with Thorne; and Pete Curran, of the S.D.F., contributed his wit and eloquence. In a variety of ways, the East London "unskilled labourers" (if one may use a rather slipshod phrase) had been stirred to the edge of revolt. In August, Tillet and Mann and Champion and Burns concentrated on the fight for 6d. an hour for the dockers. From Poplar to the City, Burns, London County Councillor, waving a straw hat in place of the ancient red flag, led well-ordered masses of dockers on strike, and London looked on in quiet amazement. The dockers' representatives met, in negotiation, Sydney Buxton and Bishop Temple and Cardinal Manning and the Lord Mayor of London. Tillet selects the old, saintly, almost bloodless, stooping Cardinal for special homage, and pictures his appearance among a crowd of dockers, as he announced the readiness of the Dock Management to concede 6d. an hour minimum, and half-an-hour for meals. It was a miserable wage; but, in Labour's purgatory, everything is relative; and the new pay seemed a glorious gift. Hyndman took part in a Hyde Park demonstration in support of the strikers. The lowest paid workers in all parts of the country looked up hopefully. Seamen and ship firemen agitated, and swelled what was now called the New Unionism. In aid of the dockers, Australian sympathisers had telegraphed a sum of £30,000; and thus the East End impulse had sent its challenging ripples round the globe. Nevertheless, Hyndman compared the meagre gains with his ideal, and, far from content, continued to raise the call to a complete social reorganisation. And a "Christmas Card,"—such was the grave title,—appeared in *Justice*, in the shape of Jim Connell's new verses beginning:—

The people's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And, ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.

* B. 1869. M.P. and Rt. Hon. Food Controller in 1918.

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Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

An Irish pen wrote the lines.*

Of ebbs and flows in the Socialist world, we may chronicle that William Morris and Belfort Bax had withdrawn from the Socialist League. Morris's disciples, beaming with art and the "News from Nowhere"

* Malcolm Quin, of Irish blood like Connell, wrote two verses for the "Men of Harlech" tune, in the *Social-Democrat*, June, 1925:—

Workers of all lands united,
Rise, until your wrongs are righted;
Rise, with souls to progress plighted;
Rise, and rule the world!
Love, till all our hate is ended;
Think, till truth shall reign ascended;
Act, till all our wills are blended;
Let strife's flag be furled.
See, the night is going;
See, the light is growing;
And, see, with leap and widening sweep,
How freedom's flood is flowing!
Workers, join in every nation;
Workers, join in every station;
End wealth's deadly usurpation;
Rise, and rule the world!

Rule, and end the rule of classes;
Rule, and raise the toiling masses;
Rule, till war's black spectre passes;
Rule till peace is throned.
Sing no more of battle's glory;
Lords of greed and empires gory;
Open now a nobler story;
Let Love's law be owned.
Cease self's quest for booty;
Serve but right and duty;
Then hand in hand shall all men stand,
And knowledge crown and beauty.
Workers of the Earth our Mother,
Save your cause, and save each other;
Man to man shall be a brother;
Rise, and rule the world!

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spirit, gathered at Kelmscott House, in Hammersmith. In a very diverse quarter, we observe sturdy Joseph Burgess initiating the *Workman's Times* at Huddersfield; and during the next few years, Burgess was developing the ideas and attitude which entitle him to be named as one of the chief (if not the chief) founders of the Independent Labour Party. This line of policy was to lead to notable changes in the general fortunes of British Socialism. Meanwhile, Hyndman had opened the year (1890) with lectures on Mazzini, Garibaldi, Blanqui and Marx. The first English May-day parade took a quarter of a million citizens to Hyde Park, where they demanded the enactment of the Eight-hours' Day by Government, the S.D.F. collaborating. Hyndman had an epigram for the occasion: "To-day, eight hours; collective ownership next week." On the topic of Eight Hours, he met Charles Bradlaugh in a debate in St. James's Hall, in July; Mr. Sydney Buxton in the chair, and a great audience hanging on the arguments of both speakers. Hyndman's proposition ran: "That the enactment by law of eight hours a day, or 48 hours a week, as a maximum amount of work for adults in all factories, mines, workshops and businesses conducted for profit, will prove a valuable palliative of our present industrial anarchy." Bradlaugh counter-argued that it would be better to leave each industry to fix for itself the smallest labour-time consistent with profitable conduct of the enterprise. We need not now linger to listen to the cheers and groans of the followers of Hyndman or Bradlaugh. It will suffice to stride on to the year 1919, and mark the representatives of seventy-three governments in conference at Washington, U.S.A., and to quote their resolution to recommend, as the International Labour Organisation of the League of Nations:—"That the working hours of persons employed in any public or private industrial undertaking or in any branch thereof, other than an undertaking in which only members of the same family are employed, shall not exceed eight in the

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day, and forty-eight in the week," etc. National ratifications of this proposal have been numerous. It is pleasant to report that, on another occasion, Hyndman had his audience entirely with him,—all cheers and no groans; and this, astonishing to tell, was an audience of policemen. He took the chair for their protest meeting in Hyde Park, during their strike for better conditions of employment. It will not be deemed an idle turn in our story, we hope, if we shift from a police strike to poetry. In August, 1890, Hyndman inserted in *Justice* some brilliant lines which he so often quoted with gleeful admiration that we consider it a duty to echo them here in abbreviation. They are Mrs. Charlotte P. Stetson's poem on "Similar Cases." The poetess tells how, in prehistoric ages, the Eohippus ignored all the objections raised by its neighbours, and decided to run its road as a horse with mane and tail, in a style never before beheld. Public opinion was scandalised. Yet more was it shocked at the threat of another impossibility intimated by an Anthropoid:—

Cried this pretentious ape one day :

" I'm going to be a Man !

And stand upright and hunt and fight

And conquer all I can !

I'm going to cut down forest trees,

To make my houses higher !

I'm going to kill the Mastodon !

I'm going to make a fire !"

The academics and politicians of that age ridiculed the upstart, proved the impracticability of his scheme, and pelted him with coco-nuts. He evolved all the same, and his descendant figured as Neolithic Man; and even this new creation had a newer creation in prospect:—

To his Neolithic neighbours

Who were startled and surprised,

Said he : " My friends, in course of time

We shall be civilised !

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We are going to live in cities !
We are going to fight in wars ;
We are going to eat three times a day
Without the natural cause !
We are going to turn life upside down
About a thing called gold !
We are going to claim the earth and take
As much as we can hold !
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins ;
We are going to have diseases !
And accomplishments ! and sins !”

His critics, whom the poetess leaves blandly smiling, persisted in saying the thing could not be done.

Bradlaugh died in January, 1891. He had lain unconscious while the House of Commons expunged from its journals the resolution which had forbidden either his oath or affirmation of allegiance to the crown ; and he never knew the repentance. *Justice* expressed its great regret, and eulogised his extraordinary courage in maintaining his anti-theistic opinions in the face of his “puritanical countrymen’s” hatred. The ensuing year produced a by no means poor Socialist harvest. Education in Elementary Schools was proclaimed free by Act of Parliament, though free meals for children were not accorded. In presence of widespread unemployment (Hunter Watts calculated the workless at a million), a Royal Commission was appointed on the relations of Capital and Labour. Much was the merriment among the S.D.F. brethren when the newspapers announced Tom Mann as a Commissioner. Mann trusted that the inquiry might, in some way, commend the value of trade unions ; he never relinquished his faith in their development into revolutionary instruments. Of course, the Commission was a futility. In August, the International Socialist Congress at Brussels did passably well. Hyndman, however, poured cold water on its affection for a General Strike as a decisive step to revolution. A General Strike,

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he said, would be an unwise policy, unless (and the "unless" was crucial) the organisers were prepared to put into immediate action the machinery for national production and distribution. At Brussels, the Germans had manifested a taste for self-assumed leadership. Bax wrote to *Justice*, confessing his trust in German capacity. Editor Quelch coldly replied: "We have not the slightest confidence ourselves in the competence of the German Social-Democrats to lead the international revolution party." The year had all but terminated when Robert Blatchford issued the first number of the *Clarion*, and prepared for the spiritual conquest of many men and women by the popular and engaging chapters of his *Merrie England* and *Britain for the British*. His mode of evangelising differed greatly from Hyndman's. In Britain, many modes are needed. As the Apostle Paul said, for another ideal: "There are diversities of gifts but the same spirit." And, while our narrative warms into this catholic temper, we seize the moment to name a very worthy co-worker, John Trevor, who founded a Labour Church at Manchester (others following elsewhere), and, with a simple basis of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, set a pattern for services of hymns, reading, and Socialist addresses. His monthly *Labour Prophet* had touches of imagination and democratic sympathy, homely and exhilarating.*

Signs of anxiety appeared in Hyndman's utterances early in 1892. The movement we now know as the Independent Labour Party was evidently nearing self-affirmation. At the same time, some of the capable S.D.F. disciples were drifting into regions that rewarded their activities more richly; perhaps fields under the control of the Liberal Party. He wished a fund could be established for adequate payment of the Socialist mis-

* In 1891, the "Twentieth Century Press" was established, for printing *Justice*, and Socialist and general publications. Present Manager, W. A. Woodroffe, 103, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

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sionaries. George Lansbury* was now an ardent assistant of the S.D.F., and, at a meeting which discussed the *pros* and *cons* of a new organisation, Lansbury declared that the S.D.F. was independent of all political factions; it had definite aims and objects, and an unbroken record of work devoted to the cause of the proletariat. Quelch insisted that an independent Labour Party must necessarily stand for Social-Democracy. From month to month, *Justice* adverted to this theme, and attacked any proposal for an "invertebrate" association. Keir Hardie, elected to Parliament for West Ham, drove to the House jauntily in cycling knickers and cloth cap, and presaged a novel type of member; it was not the S.D.F. type. The Trades Union Congress, with some eagerness, talked of Labour Representation; and James Macdonald (not Ramsay M.) went so far as to urge that no candidate for Parliament should receive the approval and help of the trade unions unless he espoused the socialisation of the means of production and distribution. All the varied sections, Social-Democrat, or trade unionist, or "Labour," rejoiced when, in November, Trafalgar-Square was again opened for public demonstrations.†

A Conference at Bradford, in January, 1893, comprising 115 delegates from a variety of associations, founded the I.L.P. The delegates included Keir Hardie, Joseph Burgess, Tillett, F. W. Jowett, Ben Turner, Pete Curran, Katherine St. John Conway (later Mrs. Bruce Glasier) and G. B. Shaw. Its object was the achievement of Socialism through political action, detached from Liberalism, Conservatism and Liberal-Unionism, etc. The I.L.P. undoubtedly captured ad-

* B. 1859. M.P. for Bow and Bromley. Issued *Lansbury's Weekly* (since deceased), formerly General Manager of the *Daily Herald*; holds broad Anglican views.

† At least a humble foot-note should be dedicated to Mary Gray, who opened the first Socialist Sunday-school at Battersea, 1892.

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herents who were unprepared to study the historical basis of Socialism, or to accept the very emphatic programme of the S.D.F. Its atmosphere had an alluring haziness, in which the disciples could move towards collectivism without coming too closely to grips with theories; it had attractions for the sons and daughters of chapels; it appealed more to women; and, on the whole, it possessed homelier and more genial methods of social meeting.* A Roman Catholic author, Mr. Joseph Clayton, puts facts with a certain rough correctness:—

In its attitude to the trade unions the I.L.P. differed from the S.D.F. of the 'eighties. The leaders of the New Unionism became leaders in the I.L.P. The S.D.F. was secularist; the I.L.P. from the first counted Roman Catholics amongst its members; and its supporters, drawn in many places from the Free Churches, looked favourably on the Labour Church which John Trevor, an ex-Unitarian minister, had established. . . . At that first conference at Bradford, Hardie was the outstanding figure. . . . Religion (and Hardie was a Christian)—mystical but quite positively Christian—and poetry colour all his speeches. †

So the Social-Democratic Federation and the Independent Labour Party went on their ways, divided mainly by intellectual and temperamental qualities. British society being what it is, the I.L.P. was destined to cast the wider net of membership. Which party had the more germinal and creative force is another question.

Both S.D.F. and I.L.P. were profoundly moved by the tragedy (to be repeated, alas! later) of a Miners' Strike, and by the death of two miners through military shots following on a riot at Featherstone. William

* I was a member of the I.L.P. from 1904 to 1916, in Leicester and London, and was for some years an I.L.P. member of the Leicester Town (City) Council. I left on the War issue, 1916.—F. J. G.

† Clayton's *Rise and Decline of Socialism in Great Britain, 1884-1924*.

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Morris (who had resumed friendly relations with Hyndman) wrote to the *Daily Chronicle* (November, 1893):—

The first step towards a new birth of art must be a definite rise in the condition of the workers. Their livelihood must, to say the least of it, be less niggardly and precarious, and their hours of labour shorter; and this improvement must be a general one, and confirmed against the chances of the market by legislation. . . . The miners are laying the foundation of something better. The struggle against the terrible power of the profit grinder is now practically proclaimed by them as a matter of principle, and no longer a mere chance-hap business dispute.*

And again, the topic of German gifts for democratic leadership arises. In reply to Bax, Hyndman affirmed:—

The Germans have the defects of their qualities, and their drill-sergeant methods of discipline, their tendency to hero-worship, and their almost slavish deference to leaders, render them most unsafe guides for other peoples. This is especially true with respect to Englishmen and Americans.

The pronouncement was not very Marxian!

The year 1894 mooted the idea of Hyndman, M.P., for Burnley,—a vision never fulfilled; prophets are out of place at Westminster. In the *Manchester Guardian*, he cheerfully stated that his friends thought he would win, and he said: "The highest patriotism I can imagine is that England, which has led the world in capitalism, should also lead in the glorious change to universal co-operation and Socialism." At a New Year's gathering, George Lansbury spoke joyously of the progress of the S.D.F., and the audience cheered; he mentioned the name of John Burns, and the audience hissed. At the S.D.F. headquarters (337, Strand), Hyndman busily lectured on economics. In Northampton Henry

* Mackail's *Morris*, Vol. II, p. 297.

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Labouchere, M.P., the genial editor of *Truth*, debated with him, and, in a spirit of compromise, asked for a recognition of the virtues of both collectivism and individualism, while Hyndman emphasized the dominant historical influence of collectivism; the bed-rock inventions such as the wheel, canoe, sail, rudder and loom were the products of primitive communal wit, and nobody knew the individual inventors. A less amiable controversy was occasioned by the bomb-throwing of anarchists at Barcelona and elsewhere. Hyndman did not hesitate to aver that force was at times a necessary counter to tyranny; and he hinted that "money-grabbing Christians" prized a Bible which commended the woman Jael for slaying the oppressor Sisera. On the other hand, he regarded the anarchists as "lunatic," since they adopted methods exceedingly ill-adapted to their ends. Such views naturally raised the wrath of certain critics. But the S.D.F. prospered in its 91 branches; and, at its annual conference, Hyndman reviewed the progress since 1881, and spoke in tones of triumph. At Burnley, he gaily entitled an address: "The First Monday morning under Socialism," though, as a friendly reporter observed, his happy picture made Lancashire appear the more miserable by contrast! Citizens of Reading packed a large hall, shouted when he declared that Social-Democracy was nearing its goal, and sang the song of the Red Flag. Election alarms sounded. Joseph Burgess, as a Labour candidate pure and simple, was seeking to capture Leicester. In London, J. E. Dobson and other stalwarts, though unsuccessful in their efforts to win seats on the School Board, did at any rate fill the air with rousing cries for Free Meals, Secular Education, and anti-clericalism. This election enthusiasm flowed full in 1895. At the General Election the S.D.F. and I.L.P. candidates,—Hyndman, Lansbury, Geo. Barnes, and a considerable number of others, introduced into the polls a portent for Tories and Liberals alike. The Burnley result came out

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thus:—Stanhope (Lord Weardale), Liberal, 5,454; Lindsay, Conservative, 5,133; Hyndman, 1,498. But, on a broad survey, the New People (if so we may term the Social-Democrats) were not dismayed; and *Justice* declared that the Liberal Party was “smashed.” At Southampton, the I.L.P. personality was a young man from Elginshire, James Ramsay MacDonald,* and he gained 866 votes; but the S.D.F. whisper ran ominously: “MacDonald was opposed by our Southampton comrades because of the chameleon-like character of his candidature.” Hyndman, Quelch, and their colleagues made a wonderful year of it, with defiance breathed against Czarism, against Lord Rosebery (winner of the Derby Race, 1894; and fifteen months British Premier 1894-5), against the House of Lords, against Cecil Rhodes of South Africa, and against an economic policy which threatened an “approaching catastrophe in India.” An Aberdeen journal described Hyndman—“broad and powerful in physique, with features large and regular,” “eyes that betoken a faithful and devoted friend, but a dangerous and powerful enemy,” “a great heavy beard, and a fine stock of hair now tinged with the first grey.” The “dangerous enemy” lectured on economics again at the Strand rooms; led the laughter of 2,500 people in the Manchester Free Trade Hall at the Liberal collapse, with “England, Arise!” and the “Marseillaise” interspersed; for a Glasgow audience, pointed the moral of recent strikes of dockers, miners and railway-men; and beamed at the total of a hundred S.D.F. branches in Great Britain. Continental relations had an interest. Vandervelde of Belgium joined Hyndman in a New Year’s celebration in London (1896); and the deaths of Marx’s friend, Engels, and the Russian Nihilist “Stepniak” (Kravtchinski: author of *Underground Russia*) evoked

* B. 1866. Prime Minister in Labour Government, 1924. His wife was an admirable worker for the Labour Movement among women.

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marked sympathies. The lectures just alluded to were published in 1896 as the *Economics of Socialism*.^{*} The book of twelve chapters provides, in a style clear of Marx's defects, a clear presentment of Value, Profit, Rent, Interest, Wages, etc., and a chapter on "Industrial Crises" carries on a topic handled in Hyndman's *Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century* (1892), a work in which he depicted the failure of capitalism and finance in the crashes and confusions of 1815, 1825 and so on to the Barings' collapse in 1890. We have frequently pointed to Hyndman's habit of viewing things historically, and the first chapter of *Economics*, on "Methods of Production," is an admirable example. In this he passes, in sharp and vivid strokes, from the Primitive Times (illuminated by Lewis Morgan, Tylor, and others) to the present age of transition to the system of socialisation. We cite a typical passage:—

As we began in the early history of our race with narrow, tribal communism, provided with and based upon small means of production; so we are now proceeding to world-wide communism on an immensely higher plane, in accordance with the greater powers over nature which we possess, as the result of greater knowledge and closer intercommunication. . . . The long process of splitting up from the earlier communism is at an end, and the recombination in the shape of the higher and final communism is at hand. Those who try to draw a distinction between evolution and revolution, or speak of evolutionary or revolutionary Socialism and Socialists, misunderstand the entire theory of sociological development, as formulated by the whole scientific Socialist school. Revolution simply means that the evolution of society has reached the point where a complete transformation, both external and internal, has become inevitable.

Big meetings applauded Hyndman at Bradford, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Darwen. At the latter place,

^{*} The latest edition (1922) had been revised by the author. Pub. Grant Richards.

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he caustically referred to Gladstone's friend: "It would be interesting if, on reading the speeches of John Morley, they could get anything out of them that would benefit the people of Great Britain, either in the present, or in the near future." While we are taking these northern glimpses, we may record that the S.D.F. branch at Burnley listened to a lecture by J. R. Clynes, of Oldham, on the clash between a Christian life and capitalism; and by "Christian" Clynes meant neighbourliness, whether manifested by Christian, Buddhist or Atheist. Naturally, both in speech and print, Hyndman fiercely denounced the Jameson Raid upon the Boer territory in South Africa. Another cause of disturbance confronted him in the Anarchists at the International Congress of Socialists and trade unionists in London (July, 1896). The gist of the trouble may be perceived in the shouts of the Anarchist group in defiance of the main body of the Congress: "To hell with these Parliamentary wire-pullers!" In the end the Congress approved General Armaments of the People in place of Standing Armies; also Arbitration Tribunals, and the abolition of Secret Treaties. The German leader, Liebknecht, wrote in *Justice* that he classed Anarchism as Individualism. All Socialist circles were mournfully clouded by the death of William Morris in October. At the opening of the year, he had met Hyndman, Liebknecht and Jaurès in a London meeting, and was acclaimed with enthusiasm. Shortly after Morris's death, Hyndman spoke of his memory as "sweet as the music of his verse, and encouraging as the hearty welcome with which he never failed to greet his comrades in the Cause." John Leslie expressed the democratic gratitude for Morris's Socialist songs:—

For this we love you, and for this revere you,
For this your name shall ever cherished be;
For this our children's children still shall hear you,
As sounds your voice across the silent sea.

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When a ghastly famine recurred in India (1897), and was slaying masses of peasants, Hyndman seized the opportunity. A Mansion House meeting of "charity" drew together a Lord Mayor, two dukes, Lord George Hamilton and the rest. Hyndman broke the series of genteel speeches with an amendment: "That this meeting of citizens of London calls upon the Secretary of State for India to suspend for the current year the monthly drawings on the Indian exchequer, and to authorise the Government of India to devote the many millions sterling thus rendered available in our impoverished Dependency towards the saving of the many millions of human lives which must otherwise be sacrificed." The City Marshal and two policemen escorted Hyndman from the Chamber, and cut short his comments on the "drain" of Indian wealth due to the British administration. A week or two later, on St. James's Hall platform, with the Positivist Beesly presiding, Michael Davitt took up the protest: Dadabhai Naoroji, the Parsee M.P., followed, and, after a tremendous ovation, Hyndman said things left unsaid at the Mansion House, and clenched the whole impeachment by exclaiming: "The same class who sweat the Indian people sweat the English workers!" This sweating of our own people was brought to a melancholy issue, in the latter part of the year, by a strike of men and lock-out by masters on the question of the eight-hours' day in the Engineering trade; George Barnes being the men's leader. By January, 1898, as many as 80,000 workers were locked out. The men, for the time being, were defeated. During the conflict, Eleanor Marx had spoken on behalf of the men at the Leicester Secular Society's hall, where the President, Sydney Gimson, a master-engineer, had provided her with a fair and good-humoured hearing. Her suicide (March 31st, 1898) deeply shocked the Socialist world. Will Thorne told, at her graveside, of the help she had rendered in support of the Gas-Workers' Union. Hynd-

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man more than once expressed admiration of her cultured intelligence and her keen sympathy for the proletariat. A happier scene may be unveiled in a banquet, given in the merry month of May, at the Monaco Restaurant, London, in honour of Hyndman. The company had a many-coloured mentality; it included Robert Applegarth the trade unionist, George Jacob Holyoake the Owenite Co-operator, Edward Bernstein and Karl Kautsky from Germany, D. Naoroji, and the editor of the *New Age* (and ex-editor of the *Daily Chronicle*), Mr. A. E. Fletcher, who was in the chair. The Chairman, in rousing tones, affirmed that Hyndman's deeds and influence were leading to a union of democratic forces against plutocracy and aristocracy. The Rev. Stewart Headlam said Hyndman lived for the Coming Age; for that Age he fought with brain as well as voice. George William Foote* judged that the only way to serve the Future and to fulfil our debt to the Past was to work in the living Present, and Hyndman had done that ably and faithfully. In that same month died Gladstone, of whom John Morley wrote a biography in three volumes, and of whom Hyndman wrote that he deserved the honour of Westminster Abbey, but that, in spite of his many merits, he had no real sympathy with democracy.

Africa, north and south, kindled anxious attention. Hyndman vehemently condemned the war, conducted by Kitchener of Khartoum, in the Soudan, for he saw the Imperialist and profiteer in Kitchener's track. Yet he took occasion to guard against "the falsehood of extremes." "We Socialists are not Quakers; we are not for peace at any price, by any means," he wrote. Social-Democracy was the only sure guarantee of peace. And when the Russian Czar initiated the Hague Peace Conference (1899), St. James's Hall's comment was a huge demonstration for "Social-Democracy and International

* B. 1850; d. 1915. Imprisoned for blasphemy in 1883; editor of the *Freethinker*.

Peace." Hyndman scorned a Peace Plan collaborated by a Czar and the journalist, W. T. Stead. Cunningham Graham called shame on the slaughter of aboriginal races in the Soudan and elsewhere. Liebknecht claimed that the German Social-Democrats who could fight Bismarck could very well cope with the pygmies that followed him. Jaurès cried "Long live the international proletariat!" Vandervelde hailed the International Red Flag. Musing, perchance, on what seemed the splendid promise of Liebknecht and his disciples, Hyndman advised the readers of *Justice* to study the language of Germany's fifty-two millions who would outwit the "blundering, crack-brained mannikin,"—Emperor Wilhelm II! Another object of Hyndman's attack was by no means "crack-brained," namely, Sacerdotalism; a topic on which he delivered a course of lectures at the Holborn Town Hall. Praising certain elements in medieval catholicism, he yet mistrusted its modern, Jesuit-directed internationalism. "If," he said, "it comes to a conflict between Sacerdotalism and Free-thought, we must be prepared, no matter what we call ourselves, to fight the priesthood." So, again, with a type of financial Jewish internationalism, such as had profit-making designs on the Transvaal mines. A supposed Socialist, named Theodor Rothstein, fervently protested against this reproach of the Hebrews; but Hyndman did not budge. All England, and, indeed, the world, were now watching the disorder seething in the land of rocky velds and fertile plains, of a singular alternation of serene fields and diamond mines, of a vast medley of Boers, Britons and Brown Races. On June 30th Trafalgar Square resounded with the hum of an immense crowd, and Hyndman lifted up his voice against the "scoundrelly adventurers who had got hold of the mining country of the Rand" (Transvaal); and he disdainfully recited the "good old British names" of Eckstein, Beit, Solomon, Rothschild, and Joel,—hence the benevolent Rothstein's upbraiding

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just noted. In October, the Boer War opened its miserable three years. Hyndman recognised that the old-world methods, religious and economic, of the Boer Republics could not endure, and that the British power must eventually win; but he vehemently hated the exploiting motive that animated certain wire-pulling agents in the unhappy assault on Kruger. The South African War was a part of the class war. Yet Blatchford supported the Chamberlain-Milner war-policy, and the Fabian Society refused to condemn it. On the other hand, a friendly contact was set up between Hyndman and Bradlaugh's friend, the Liberal and Rationalist, John M. Robertson, who very spiritedly opposed the war, and, in a personal tour in S. Africa, threw a light (for the *Morning Leader*) on painful facts. Africa, however, did not monopolise Hyndman's thought, as was shown in a *Justice* article (July, 1900) significantly entitled: "China and the Awakening of Asia." The title foreshadowed a book that would appear in 1920.

Both British Labour and Continental Socialism (America did not weigh heavily) reached a kind of turning-point in 1900. A conference at the Memorial Hall, London (February) discussed Labour Representation in the House of Commons. James (not Ramsay) MacDonald pleaded that no candidate should be approved who did not adopt the programme of the socialisation of production, distribution and exchange. Keir Hardie's plan prevailed; and a Labour Representation Committee (L.R.C.) was formed to support candidates who definitely stood "in the interests of Labour." J. Ramsay MacDonald was appointed secretary; and we may observe, in the same sentence, that the S.D.F. withdrew from the Committee in 1901. The souls of MacDonald and Hyndman were cast in exceedingly different moulds. In a sort of Janus way, they both symbolised Labour: the faces turned in opposite directions. As little as possible shall we cite Hyndman's opinions of

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MacDonald; but, at this point, we may quote the Roman Catholic, Clayton:—

An elementary school teacher, but never a workman, and never associated with the trade union movement, MacDonald left school teaching in Bristol (where he picked up the idea of Socialism) for the uncertain and highly precarious living of an unattached journalist in London. In the Fabian Society he learned not only what Socialism could do for mankind, but what the Fabian Society could do for its promising recruits; as private secretary to a Radical M.P. he saw at close quarters how the political game was played. Shrewd and observant, he mastered without difficulty the social habits and customs of the British middle class,—the ruling class. Marriage, a successful marriage, with Margaret Gladstone (daughter of Professor Gladstone and niece of Lord Kelvin) placed him definitely in the middle class; it strengthened immensely his position in the Labour Movement by removing all fear of poverty, and it provided opportunity for travel.*

On the International side, a loss was suffered in the death of Liebknecht, the judicious leader who was anxious at the growth (so Hyndman said) of Pan-Germanism among the younger Social-Democrats. The Paris Congress of 1900, though excluding the troublesome Anarchist element, was yet disturbed by the conflict of French sections. At this Congress Hyndman spoke wrathfully against the Imperialism which injured S. Africa, India and China; and he lapsed into a far happier humour when he proposed (successfully) the establishment of an International Secretariat at Brussels. Years later, he wrote: "The year 1900, the beginning of the Twentieth Century, may be regarded as the date when Socialism or Social-Democracy really took its place as the coming material religion of the universal brotherhood; first, of the

* J. Clayton's *Rise and Decline of Socialism in Great Britain*, 1884-1924, pp. 118, 119, and several pages more.

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workers of all nations, and then of world-wide humanity, in its various stages of class-struggle and national and social development. . . . The new International was then founded and organised. . . . Paris, the city which has so often inspired humanity with the highest ideals for the emancipation of man, was fittingly chosen as the centre at which this new advance should begin.* Amid the stir of these events and the hubbub of the General election (October), however, it is worth notice that Hyndman and his comrades never ceased to agitate for Free Maintenance of school children. We accent the fact, because it indicates a somewhat rare alertness in remembering the homely issues in spite of the dramatic allurements of grand politics.

* * * *

In the period which we now trace up to the eve of the World-War, we mark three impulses in social evolution as seen from the British standpoint. The British Labour Movement moves into a political groove which it shared, more or less uneasily, with the declining Liberalism, and which (we may here pertinently add), under Mr. Asquith's exceedingly astute touch, regularised Labour as a "Party" of the conventional type in 1924; we refer to the vote by which Asquith's Liberal Party defeated the Conservatives, and so enabled Labour, though in a minority, to form a Government. The general Socialist Movement broke into a variety of manifestations,—Guildism, Syndicalism, and the rest. And the German menace, discerned with any sort of keenness by very few eyes (but Hyndman had such eyes) was preparing a drastic test of all policies and ideals. Hyndman was restive under these changing conditions. A superficial reporter might easily make out a case for a weakening of Socialism through a dispersion of effort, and the collapse of the technical and official "International" in 1914 would emphasize the

* *Evolution of Revolution*, chap. xxxi.

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case. But the multiple forms of the Labour and Socialist programme and action in 1901-1913 were testimonies to an immense vitality. The War, as 1927 can bear witness, gave renewal to the energy of the revolt against poverty; and Hyndman, as prophet, has been justified.

Our prophet constantly praised his brother prophets who laboured before him. At the Kelmscott Club, Hammersmith, early in 1901, he recited, in a Homeric spirit, a list of such pioneers,—Saint-Simon (“one of the greatest Socialists that ever lived”), Paine, Priestley, Cartwright, Burdett, Spence, Cobbett, Oastler, Stephens, Sadler, Vaughan, Blanqui (“he was a Communist, so are we all!”), Fourier, Bronterre O’Brien, Jones. And in contrast, he warned against a trade unionism which maintained class distinctions by favouring some grades of labour more than others. At Glasgow, where the Socialist Scots nurtured wild views, he fluttered a meeting by accusing Ramsay MacDonald and others of belittling the class-war factor. A week later, in London, he exclaimed that history was made up of class wars, and the war would become sharper, and the trade unions would be powerless to prevent it. He even quitted the S.D.F. Executive (though not, of course, the Federation), and openly said: “I am quite astounded at the ignorance and apathy of my countrymen,”—an expression that indicated anxiety at the new trend in the Labour Movement, as distinct from the Social-Democratic. And yet a Parisian journalist (in the *Temps*) so far misunderstood his action as to hint that Hyndman was lapsing into compromise, and hankered after a seat in the next Liberal Cabinet! It was difficult to detect signs of compromise. Home Rule for Ireland was still his urgent claim. “Socialism and opposition to clerical domination,” he insisted, “can make no thorough headway in that long-suffering country until the national aspirations have been allowed free scope.” In a review of William Digby’s book (ironically entitled *Prosperous British India*), Hyndman said that “no such awful

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crime has ever been committed in the history of the human race as that which England has committed in India,"—the allusion being to the extreme poverty of the peasants.* Nevertheless, if foreign voices jeered at British Imperialism, he would not permit exaggeration. He continued to oppose the South African war, but he thought of the Coloured Races as well as the Dutch. Both Boers and British, he said, crushed the Black Man. In any case, he added, "I do not believe we are acting worse than the other European powers would have acted in the same circumstances."

When Bebel, in the German Reichstag (January, 1902) made a similar reply to attacks on British policy in the Boer War, Hyndman commended him. The miserable conflict closed on 31st May.

Perhaps, to some Labour eyes, the Taff Vale Judgment (a legal decision which left trade union funds open to claims for damages done in strikes) was the chief shadow over the year 1902. Hyndman was now becoming alert to a worse evil, and he began his long series of warnings, maintained till 1914, against the danger of war with Hohenzollern Germany. In June, he drew attention to the fact that the bulk of the journals read by the well-to-do classes of Germany were "furiously hostile to England"; and he appended a prayer that, on our side, the press should exercise self-restraint. In all possible ways, he helped to strengthen the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels. In December, at a meeting of the Bureau, he besought the International colleagues to work for peace. But the years would pass in fatal indifference to the repeated predictions, which he uttered with almost the melancholy of a Hebrew seer, of the coming tragedy. And his personal life had its

* Digby (d. 1904) was a merchant and journalist in India. In 1898, on the occasion of the banquet, Digby recognised that Hyndman used exceedingly vehement language, but also recognised the undaunted courage with which, for twenty years, Hyndman had pleaded the cause of "our much-suffering Indian fellow-subjects."

sadness. A long sickness, clouded by depression, laid him low. But he spiritedly reacted when S.D.F. comrades sent him a message of sympathy and hope. He was eager, he replied, to jump from bed, and share once more in the struggle; and "it is a fine thing, friends, to have a creed like ours, which is at once a science, a philosophy, and a religion." Hyndman must have smiled when Maltman Barry publicly lauded his efforts, and yet regretted that he had not remained in the ranks of the Conservative Party, and so aided the workers more than he could do as an avowed Socialist. The workers did, alas! need help. The pages of *Justice*, week after week, rang with wrathful articles on Unemployment. In a genial interlude, the Socialists swarmed into Queen's Hall (March, 1903) to welcome Hyndman's return to health and combat. The chairman, A. E. Fletcher, merrily sketched a Revolutionary Cabinet,—Naoroji as Secretary for India, Crane as First Commissioner of Works, Hyndman as President of the Co-operative Commonwealth; and when a voice alluded to Bax the Rationalist, Fletcher promptly named Bax "Archbishop of Canterbury"! At the close of Hyndman's rousing oration, in the course of which he foretold that the English jackass was about to kick and dislodge his Liberal-Conservative masters, two ladies advanced, accompanied by the (for once!) silent G. B. Shaw, and presented flowers to Mrs. Hyndman, whose patient care had restored the Leader to the Movement. It was, indeed, a Hyndman Renaissance! The list of his crowded meetings during the next few months included Manchester, Northampton, Glasgow, Newcastle, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, Liverpool, Southampton, London. One of his main topics was the futility of expecting either Free Trade or Tariff Reform to produce sensible alleviation of poverty. "Protection," he said, "is utter humbug as a remedy and nobody knows this better than Mr. Chamberlain; Free Trade is utter humbug as a remedy, and nobody knows this better than

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Lord Rosebery." Mr. H. H. Asquith having hinted that drink was the cause of British poverty, Hyndman offered the eminent Liberal a fee of a hundred guineas to debate that point either in the Queen's Hall or St. James's Hall; but history records no such debate. Yet the whirlwind campaign did not disturb the campaigner's judgment when hot-heads urged a general strike. He said that "the same amount of organisation and determination which is needed to give any chance of success for a General Strike would suffice to bring about a complete social revolution." Even in Paris (October) when addressing Socialist students, with Jaurès in the chair, he broke into ridicule of Joseph Chamberlain's Tariff-cure for social ills. Back in London, at the Queen's Hall, where an immense audience passed Will Thorne's motion against both Tariffs and Free Trade, Hyndman was hailed with a roar of cheers, and the song of the "Internationale." Our cartoonist, Walter Crane, was present, and next morning wrote with enthusiasm: "If there was only some scientific method of concentrating the fervour and force of such meetings upon political *action!*"

The outbreak of the Russian-Japanese War (1904) let loose an ample Socialist hatred of Czarism, and also flung into clearer view the relation of Asia to Europe. "I hope Japan will win," exclaimed Hyndman at the outset; and, months later, he said "The crushing of Russia is a service done to mankind." In a *Justice* article (February), which he told his American friend, Gaylord Wilshire, was the best he had ever written, he upbraided commercialism and "blood-sucking Christianity in the Far East," and demanded "for Asiatics as for Europeans the right to work out their own destinies in their own way." It goes without saying that he condemned the use of Chinese wage-labourers in the South African mines. He had himself, more than thirty years before, employed Chinese labourers in California, and greatly respected their qualities, so that

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the objection lay against their employment by profiteering mine-owners. At the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam (August), he and all the other delegates rose and cheered when Katayama the Japanese, and Plechanoff the Russian, shook hands fraternally. At that Congress, the black-bearded and oratorical Guesde had, as against his fellow-countryman Jaurès, scathingly censured any participation by Socialists in the bourgeois Governments; and Bebel spake likewise; and Hyndman supported, and Ramsay MacDonald did not. But the interpreter, Adolphe Smith, was at this time of the opinion that the German, "especially the North German, is by nature singularly unfitted to play a leading part in international politics." And Hyndman had previously (May) commented on the Kaiser's hostility towards France. "It is improbable," said Hyndman, "that Wilhelm II will be able to open the Seventh Seal, and start the battle of Armageddon, but he has certainly done his country all the harm he possibly can." But he did not spare other tyrants. In a paper presented to the Amsterdam Congress, Hyndman wrote, as in letters of fire:—

The French in Algeria and Tonquin; the Russians alike in Europe and in Asia; the Germans in Africa and China; the Dutch in Java and Sumatra; the Americans in the Sandwich Islands, the Philippines and Porto Rico; the Belgians on the Congo; each and all carry on the same methods, and only fall short of the English in the scale of their depredations, because they have not as yet so wide a field for robbery.

It should be noted that the "Entente Cordiale" with France had been concluded by Great Britain in April; and noted also that the S.D.F. continued to press for the establishment of a democratic Citizen Army, "with officers chosen by the people themselves."

The children were never forgotten. In 1904, Hyndman had appeared with G. W. Foote at a demonstration

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in favour of the abolition of the so-called "Religious" Instruction in the people's schools; and the S.D.F. incessantly clamoured for Free Maintenance. In 1905, a Conference, attended by two hundred and fifty delegates, met under the Lord Mayor of London's presidency at the Guildhall, and debated the question of the physical welfare of the children. Sir John Gorst declared that "no such thing as a starving child should exist in an Elementary School or elsewhere"; and Hyndman's speech was immensely applauded. This Conference, promoted by the S.D.F. and trade unionists, undoubtedly hastened the appearance of the Provision of Meals Act (1906). The S.D.F. sowed not altogether in vain. In the year (1921) of Hyndman's death, the Education Act, comprising previous Acts, contained this clause:—

Where the local Education Authority resolve that any of the children attending an Elementary School within their area are unable by reason of lack of food to take full advantage of the education provided for them, and have ascertained that funds other than public funds are not available, or are insufficient in amount to defray the cost of food furnished in meals under this Act, they may spend out of the rates such sum as will meet the cost of the provision of such food.*

A few weeks after his death, the factory labour of children under the age of 14 was absolutely prohibited. At a Memorial Hall, London, meeting, arranged by the S.D.F. (March, 1905), the Countess of Warwick and Margaret Bondfield spoke on behalf of State Maintenance of children.† Affairs further afield kept Hynd-

* We may here anticipate the year of the great Coal Stoppage, 1926, when, in the House of Commons, the Conservative Minister of Education (Lord Eustace Percy) said that 157 local authorities, in the week ending July 17th, were exercising their powers to provide meals, and 258,670 children were being fed.

† In 1905, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, as Scottish Organiser of the S.D.F., was energetically demanding the socialisation of the fishing industry in the Shetland Isles.

man alert with voice and pen. Before many audiences he denounced the Czarist brutality to Russian democrats. He never forgot India. Supported by Naoroji, Lajpat Rai, Mrs. Despard and S. H. Swinny, the Positivist, he declared "India House" open (65, Cromwell-road, Kensington) as an Indian social centre, and claimed Home Rule for India. He continued to warn England against the Kaiser. "It would be far worse for Europe," he argued, "for civilisation and for Socialism that the reactionary Kaiser should become the dictator of Europe than that the French Republic, with all its drawbacks, should continue to increase in strength and prosperity, and develop along the lines of freedom and progress, as it has done for the past twenty-three years." This he said in view of the recent dismissal of the French Foreign Minister, Delcassé, who had systematically countered Kaiserism. In the German Reichstag, Prince Bülow called Hyndman an Imperialist, and Hyndman celebrated the close of 1905 by a letter to the *Times*, distrustful of Prussian policy, and yet fraternally greeting the German people.

In the General Election of January, 1906, a group of twenty-nine candidates were definitely returned as Labour. But at Burnley, the foremost Socialist in England was thus placed:—F. Maddison, Liberal, 5,288; Arbuthnot, Conservative, 4,964; Hyndman, 4,932. Hyndman serenely remarked to his Burnley comrades that the defeat would mean a quieter life for his wife, who had been ill.* To Keir Hardie, newly elected Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, he offered co-operation; and it may be here observed that Hardie travelled to the Brussels Bureau (March) with Hyndman, and afterwards said: "A more charming and agreeable companion no wayfarer ever had." To

* An undated letter, written during an illness, ran: "My dear, darling Love. . . . I am feeling very ill to-night . . . I wish you were here. . . . Ever yours in death as in life,—MATILDA HYNDMAN.

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Camille Huysmans, Secretary of the Bureau, Hyndman wrote a caution not to appraise the new British Parliamentary Party too highly, but rather to watch for things more serious, such for instance, as the situation of Belgium in a war-crisis. Again brooding over Kaiserism, Hyndman affirmed that the British would assuredly rise against Germany "if her armies crossed the French frontier." He visited Paris in the spring, and, at his invitation, Clemenceau and Jaurès met Lady Warwick at lunch. It was on this occasion that Clemenceau, who had asserted, in 1889, that Socialism would fail to make way in France, observed: "I do not say so now."*

The S.D.F. maintained its running fire on the question of Unemployment, and was greatly incensed by the refusal of John Burns to receive a deputation on the subject at the Local Government Board office; and a Hyde Park gathering (at which several priests appeared with red rosettes, says *Justice*) protested at his action. Burns rallied his disciples at Battersea Park, and said he had nothing to explain away. While Hyndman was crying Woe against Burns, he paused to mourn the death of Michael Davitt, who had been his intimate friend. It was at this period that Hyndman welcomed to the S.D.F. (though it was but for a short term) "one of the most original and imaginative writers of modern times," namely, H. G. Wells. The Chief's hopes rose and fell, and fell and rose. He lamented, at the end of the year, that not a single Socialist speech had been delivered by any member of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. And a certain significance attaches to Max Beer's remark† that the Liberal Party's diluted Socialism in legislation on Trade Disputes, correcting the Taff Vale decision (1906), Workmen's Compensation (1907), Old Age Pensions (1908), Eight

* Hyndman's *Record* (1911), chap. xix.

† *History of British Socialism* (1919-20), vol. ii.

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Hours for Miners (1908), National Insurance (1911), etc., tended to lessen the Socialist energy in the Labour Party, and, by reaction, to produce waves of Syndicalism and Anarchism. For the Women's Suffrage agitation conducted by Mrs. Pankhurst, neither Hyndman nor the S.D.F. had any enthusiasm, for its partial programme seemed a mere class claim which left out the poorest women. But with one Suffragist, Mrs. Despard, the Hyndmans always remained on cordial terms.

Haldane's Territorial Army was not acceptable to Hyndman, because it had not the self-governing quality of a Citizen Army, and, on a rainy April day (1907) the S.D.F. shouted its opinion at a Trafalgar Square crowd. Nor did the Liberal Small Holdings Act please. Hyndman's prayer was for "co-operative agriculture in connection with co-operative manufacture and co-operative work generally." Nor did John Morley's scheme for adding two Indian members to the Council of India give pleasure,* and Hyndman sent Morley a note containing the brimstone phrase "profound contempt"; and at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, poured out wrath on the "awful nightmare of British misrule," and afterwards addressed a large overflow meeting in Long Acre on the same subject. Another vial was devoted to Czarism when (June), at the Holborn Hall, he and Cunningham Graham and J. F. Green welcomed a band of Russian rebels. "Our Russian comrades," he cried, "are breathing into the world a new vigour, and no more splendid mission was ever undertaken by men on this earth." In August, the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart was attended by Vandervelde, Bebel, Singer and the (then) Pacifist Hervé, and Hyndman moved the assembly by his recital of the Indian mortality from plague,—half-a-million monthly. At the same time he acknowledged the benefits conferred by English rule in

* Opportunity may be taken to commend a remarkably full record of *The Development of Self-Government in India, 1858-1914*, by C. M. P. Cross, of the University of Chicago (1922).

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the shape of railways, irrigation, afforestation, etc. Hyndman's colleague, Quelch, enlivened Stuttgart with a criticism of the Hague Peace Conference of Government representatives, hinting that methodised war would aid exploiting capitalists to reduce their own losses in conflicts. This slur on authorities, Russian and other, prompted the local rulers of Wurtemberg to give Quelch ten hours' notice to quit, and the Social-Democrats of London received him with hand-shakes, cheers and Red Flags. During the winter, Hyndman drew crowds to Chandos Hall by eight lectures on Socialism,—discourses which, it is almost needless to say, carried the listeners over large spaces of history. His age was now 65, and he began to take on a certain grey air of venerableness. At Picton Hall, Liverpool, he was saluted as "The Father of Social-Democracy in Great Britain."*

"The Father" strode vigorously through 1908, and one half-smiles (and only half, for the first two were to die in 1909) at the tone in which three rather weary spirits saluted his apostolic zeal. The three were Meredith, George Greenwood,—he of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* and the Suez Shares,—and Robert Blatchford. Said the novelist: "Nature has cast me aside, and I do not like this mere drawing of breath without payment for it; however, I take pride in those who fight gallantly with honest conviction of the justice of their cause." Said Greenwood (writing from a sick-bed), after discussing China, Japan, and Socialism: "However, you certainly are going it very successfully just now, though as to the probable outcome we two never have agreed, and never can agree." Said Blatchford, who was in a melancholy humour and underlined a *Damn!* in his letter: "You say we shall win—Oh, brave and cheery veteran!" The S.D.F. branches and Socialist Women's

* A note is due to A. R. Orage, a brilliant ex-school teacher who, in 1907, assumed the editorship of the *New Age*, and later propagated Guild Socialism, and yet later, the Douglas "Social Credit" theory.

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Circles were numerous and full of spirit; and Walter Crane's May-day cartoon showed the Liberal and Tory "Mrs. Partingtons" trying to mop back the Atlantic tide of Socialism. *Justice* bitterly chided Philip Snowden for tracing much poverty to alcohol. Glasgow "unemployed" scared comfortable citizens by a midnight march. Victor Grayson, M.P., turned out of the House of Commons for a meteoric denunciation of bourgeois callousness, was uproariously greeted by 12,000 grateful unemployed on Tower Hill, while *Justice* growled: "The Labour Party is a mere tail of the Liberal Party." Hyndman exhilarated his Hindu friends by entitling an article "Bande Mataram!" (Hail to the Motherland!), illustrated with photographs of Indian temples. Keir Hardie called Hyndman a "pestilent jingo," and Th. Rothstein piously deprecated, when the S.D.F. Chief declared that war with Germany was "inevitable if we shut our eyes to facts," and that "the steady and systematic increase of the German navy is directed against Great Britain, and our naval security in the North Sea." He said again: "If our Island is worth defending, we may all have to fight for it." And when Frederic Harrison, in the *Positivist Review*, pointed to Prussia's harsh treatment of Poland and to other actions as a "sinister portent which must make Europe uneasy and suspicious," Hyndman coincided, and hinted at Austrian designs on the Balkans, and remarked that Social-Democracy must oppose "both Capitalism and Kaiserism." And Will Thorne, M.P., encouraged by the S.D.F., pressed a Citizen Army Bill on the unwilling attention of the House of Commons.

Forty thousand children worked half-time in the steamy cotton mills of Lancashire (1909). So stated Alice Hart in *Justice*; and the scandal was not removed till twelve or thirteen years later. Such facts would not be communicated to Indian "heathen" by missionaries. But not for publishing such facts was *Justice* excluded from India at this period. Under the administration of

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Morley ("Honest John Morley," cried Hyndman in derision), the paper was forbidden because of Hyndman's incessant attacks on the defects of British rule. George Meredith told Hyndman he was unjust to Morley; but the remorseless critic saw a vision of the famine-stricken ryots, and persisted. At the time of the Czar's visit to London, the police seized copies of *Justice* in Trafalgar-square because of its unveiled bitterness towards the Russian autocracy. Perhaps Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Bülow would have approved of its suppression for its never-halting reminders of the German menace. Hyndman was calculating the significance of a combination of Germany and Austria and Turkey, and of the growth of air-machines, while Mr. Lloyd George serenely observed that "the invasion of England by means of an aerial fleet is pure fiction." It was left to the Socialists, again, to express organised anger at another type of tyranny when, under Catholic influence, Francisco Ferrer was court-martialled and shot at Barcelona for supposed sedition. On his prison cell wall he wrote: "Let no more Gods or exploiters be served; let us learn rather to love each other." In Trafalgar-square, J. F. Green, and J. O'Grady; and Cunninghame Graham, and Hyndman denounced the murder of a Spaniard whose real offence was the promotion of secular education and an ethical "anarchy" which forbade violence. The crowd in the Square stood awhile silent and bare-headed, and proceeded to demonstrate outside the Spanish Embassy.

Facing a great audience at the Queen's Hall (April, 1910), Hyndman pointed to his brow and exclaimed:—

"I read in the papers of great balsams to keep away wrinkles, and to give beautiful countenances shining out upon the world. Come amongst us! Work with us! As old Liebknecht said to me once, we Socialists keep perennially young!"

It was on this occasion (Lady Warwick presiding) that he passionately scorned the Free Traders,—“Free

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Trade has solved no social problem,"—the teetotallers,—
"look here, comrades! if I lived in a slum, I should
drink in a slum!"—and Parliament,—
"I should like to see the House of Lords removed, and the House of Capitalists [Commons] too!"—and when voices in the Hall cried "Shame!" on bad housing, he burst out:—

"Shame on you! When wealth can be made as plentiful as water; when the powers of man over nature are greater than the world ever dreamed of in the past; when every new invention goes to make wealth more easily; and when every channel of distribution is choked with the riches already produced, you dare not—that is what it amounts to!—you dare not fight even to regain such wealth, comfort and prosperity as were enjoyed in this country five hundred years ago."

Only three months previously this buoyant soul had endured a third defeat at Burnley. In spite of eager crowds that stood in the snow awaiting him at Burnley station, and in spite of processions with Chinese lanterns and Red Flags, and in spite of his forthright speeches, the result of the General Election poll at Burnley appeared:—Arbuthnot, Conservative, 5,776; F. Maddison, Liberal, 5,681; Hyndman, 4,948. A North-countryman shrewdly observed that Hyndman was not a good candidate because "people knew he meant what he said!"

King Edward died in May, and *Justice* black-bordered a report of one hundred and thirty lives lost in a Whitehaven colliery explosion. The summer blazed sultrily with Tom Mann's Syndicalism,—the doctrine that craftsmen should control the craft, and shopmen the workshop,—
"The men who manipulate the tools and machinery are the possessors of the necessary power to achieve something tangible, and they will succeed just in proportion as they agree to apply concerted action."*
This Syndicalism troubled our waters for some three

* Mann's *Memoirs*, pp. 254-5.

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years. Hyndman did not support it. Nor did he support the General Strike resolution moved by Keir Hardie at the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen (August, 1910). Hardie was in a brimming-over Pacifist mood, and sought to dissociate the British Movement from the articles written by Hyndman and Blatchford on the German menace, and he even ventured to affirm that: "No country, not even despotic Russia, would dare to attack an unarmed nation."* The Copenhagen Congress, attended by 896 delegates, of whom 189 were Germans, ousted Hyndman (in his absence) from the International Bureau, and substituted Ramsay MacDonald. The German Social-Democrat voters had then, for Reichstag elections, a strength of 4,000,000. They were soon to lose one of their most capable leaders, the "very jolly Jew," as Hyndman dubbed him, Paul Singer.

The year 1910 closed with a fourth defeat at Burnley in this wise:—Morrell, Liberal, 6,177; Arbuthnot, 6,004; Hyndman, 3,810. Bepin Chandra Pal expressed sorrow, and thanked the S.D.F. candidate for his untiring championship of India's claims. To an illuminated address from Burnley friends, the rejected one replied undismayed:—

We are apt sometimes to forget that we are working along the inevitable line of human development for the earlier achievement of the greatest Social Revolution the world has ever seen. . . . A tremendous transformation has taken place already in the thought of the people. It is really not the same country that it was a generation ago in regard to the general opinion on all social questions. From such thought to action can be no very long step, and the apparent apathy and dullness of to-day arises, as I believe, from the growing discontent with the existing situation, and the incapacity to grasp as yet the full significance of the new forms which are growing up under the old surroundings.

* Stewart's *Life of Hardie*, p. 301.

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Harry Quelch might well sigh (March, 1911) for the "United States of Europe."* He and Hyndman fulfilled the unpleasant duty of perpetual foreboding. It was time, said Hyndman in January, that Socialists should clear their mind of cant in the department of foreign policy, and either decide that Great Britain was an island worth defending, or fall in with G. Hervé and Tolstoi and demand the sale of the Fleet. Of course, the S.D.F. opposed Edward Grey's (Viscount Fallodon) encouragement of Russian-British encroachment in Persia. And, while we touch on these oversea questions, we may note how the death of a great student of foreign affairs, Sir Charles Dilke, drew a tribute of admiration from Hyndman. "Dilke," he said, "never failed to serve his country to the best of his ability, with the full resources of an active and well-trained mind." While the signs abroad were disquieting, the earth at home trembled with strikes,—a coal-strike and a dockers' strike, and a transport-workers' strike, with Tom Mann, and Harry Gosling and Ben Tillett ("one of the first orators in the trade union movement," Hyndman called Tillett) rushing to and fro as fiery heralds. The general disturbances quickened the desire for Socialist unity, and Social Democrats and other groups amalgamated, more or less uneasily (the I.L.P. not assisting), as the British Socialist Party.† The Liberal Party nervously supplied a new palliative to poverty in Lloyd George's scheme for insurance of workers against sickness (and later against unemployment); and Hyndman ironically compared it with Bismarck's measures of Social insurance and their anti-Revolution motive.

Hyndman, in the serener hours of the rather noisy year, 1911, put together his autobiography‡ and, in the

* In 1841, Comte had a vision of a moral re-organisation, "in which a new and finer diplomacy may at last realise the gradual construction of the European Republic, foreseen by the noble Henry of Navarre and the genius of Leibnitz."

† In 1911-12, the S.D.F. called itself S.D. Party.

‡ *Record of an Adventurous Life* (1911).

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Preface, he remarked: "I am one of the very few left who knew both Mazzini and Marx well," and the reference to Mazzini was linked with his conviction that Social-Democracy for Britain was dependent upon appreciation and safeguarding of the British nationality. To many bourgeois and aristocratic readers this lively and incisive volume was the first revelation of the new England created since 1881. An old friend, W. H. Maudsley,* studied the book, smiled at its clamant hopefulness, and wrote: "The truth perhaps is (although you will not, I dare say, recognise it) that you have gone astray in your vocation, and that you ought to have continued in your father's faith [Evangelicalism], and become a Prophet in Christian Israel."

A radiant episode was the Chief's Seventieth Birthday Dinner, at the Café Monico, London, 7th of March, 1912; and we who assembled in that happy company, and were cheered by its speeches, reminiscences and music, were deeply indebted to the convening secretary, F. H. Gorle (S.D.F. colleague and contributor to *Justice* for many years). Hyndman and his wife sat among the Old Guard of the pioneer campaigns,—Quelch, Lee, Mann, Irving, Oliver, Connell of the "Red Flag," Hunter Watts, Jack Williams, Smith-Headingley the Interpreter, Barwick, Tom Lewis, Marson, Crane, G. B. Clark, Leonard Hall, Horrocks of Salford; and though the list may appear to some eyes like the mysterious "Ham, Cush and Mizraim" of the Hebrew Chronicles, they symbolised one of the best strains of courage in our national story. Messages flowed in from the home-land and from oversea,—from Bax, Stewart Headlam, Edward Carpenter, Lansbury, Harrison, Beesly, Hardie, Thorne, the *Clarion* ("May you live to be the first Socialist Premier"!), Russel Wallace, Bebel, Ledebour, Van Kol, Guesde, Kautsky, Branting, Cipriani (Italian political prisoner twenty-two

* D. 1918. Author of *Body and Mind* (1870); he gave £30,000 to the L.C.C. for the treatment of mental patients.

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years), Roubanovitch; and, as a separate and lone star, we add Rosalind Travers. G. B. Shaw and H. G. Wells spake epigrams and goodwill, Jean Longuet told of the Chief's love of France, and Hyndman, flushed with musical honours, reviewed the toilsome way of thirty years in the wilderness (1881-1911). "It was splendid to look back," he said.

And forward!

The British Socialist Party (B.S.P. including S.D.F.) met at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and accepted the Executive's Report which said: "We have a brilliant future," and discussed strikes, Citizen Army, education, and the rest; and Hyndman said at the close: "Future generations will thank us for our work, as we thank Marx, Owen, Ernest Jones, Bronterre O'Brien, and thousands more." But the year was troubled by a coal-strike, by Tom Mann's Syndicalism and his arrest for the "Don't Shoot" leaflet (appealing to soldiers at strike crises), and by a war in the Balkans. During a dockers' strike in London, Ben Tillett asked God to "strike Lord Devonport dead,"—his lordship being chairman of the Port of London Authority, and not too amiably disposed towards a prayer for higher wages. Hyndman furiously denounced Lloyd George's raising of the load-line of ships (increasing risk of mishap), and the self-profiteering of some M.P.'s by ingenious foreknowledge of the value of Marconi Company shares; and he again expressed apprehension of Catholicism as "our most dangerous enemy." Amid these stern alarms was heard George Lansbury's tinkling bell, intimating that the whole of J. Ramsay MacDonald's policy (J. R. M. being now Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party) was "based on expediency"; and other bells tinkled the news of MacDonald's lurching with the Kaiser Wilhelm II in London. In November, Hyndman issued his second volume of autobiography*,

* *Further Reminiscences, 1889-1912* (Macmillan).

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—a second cataract of wit, wisdom and social history. One chapter was ominously headed: "The German Menace," and its serious presages led up to the final note: "Believing, as I do, that the success of German militarism will be injurious to European civilisation, I hope there may yet be time to organise an effective democratic league against it; but this has not been done yet by any means." Hyndman again emphasized the caution that no General Strike should be attempted without carefully thought-out and thorough preparation in the interests of the overwhelming majority of the nation. And in view of the enormously quickened attention aroused on the subject of finance since Hyndman's death, a few lines from his chapter on "Business" may be cited:—

Our City magnates, Semitic and Caucasian alike, know the bank-rate, they know what bills are out, they can form a general idea of the aspect of foreign markets, and they can talk learnedly about the fluctuations of trade, the ups and downs of stocks, the necessity for caution, and a larger gold reserve; but of why there should be crises, what are the causes of "bad times," they are ignorant. . . . There are two things to be noted in English upper-class life during the past twenty years: the growth of the influence of Catholics in "society," and the increase of the domination of German Jews in finance. When I first knew the City, Englishmen could and did still hold their own in nearly all departments. Now the prominence of the foreigner, and especially of the Israelite, is very marked.

The words might have been penned by Major C. H. Douglas.*

Mrs. Pankhurst,—non-Socialist and even anti-Socialist,—had developed the Woman-suffrage movement into a somewhat frenzied hubbub and house-burn-

* In 1912 onwards may be noted an interest in Guild Socialism, advocated by G. D. H. Cole, A. R. Orage, and others.

ing; and the resistance of Ulster to Irish Home Rule had called up, in certain social groups and army circles, a confused boding of civil war; and the two spectacles combined in a tableau which helped to assure the Hohenzollern mind of Britain's detachment from a coming European struggle (1913). In passing, we may remark that Hyndman recognised the right of Ulster to contract out of an Irish Home Rule Scheme. The Osborne judgment was annulled, and trade unions might continue levies on members (except the self-exempted) for political objects. But the strike zealotry showed no abatement, and Conservatives and Liberals watched events in anxiety. Tom Mann even held a Syndicalist Congress. Bebel died in August, and left the German Socialists less well led; and, in spite of Hyndman's strong protests, the International Congress,—the Dutch party and Camille Huysmans (Bureau Secretary) and the German Party so wishing,—was postponed from Vienna, 1913, to (oh, irony of the calendar!) Vienna, 1914. In March, a new Balkan war reduced the Turkish control of European soil to a small area containing Constantinople; and this struggle developed yet another in which Bulgaria lost territory to Turkey, Roumania, Greece and Servia. So Bulgaria was left sullen, and Servia offered a larger barrier than before to the Austrian-German urge towards the East. Could a Socialist Congress at Vienna have checked the tragic drift into a European convulsion, due, in the main, to Germany's sense of a hostile encirclement by France and Russia? In April, Hyndman implored the B.S.P. to study the national defence. "There is one way," he argued, "and one way only by which we can hope to preserve peace against the persistent and increasing menace of war. This is to convince the German Government by thorough preparation for defence of the hopelessness of successful attack, or of any endeavour to starve Great Britain into submission to her avowed policy of militarist expansion." For he saw the extreme probability of

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Britain being dragged into the disaster. We may even allow, with Dr. G. P. Gooch,* that "the root of the evil lay in the division of Europe into two armed camps which dated from 1871, and the conflict [1914] was the offspring of fear no less than of ambition; the old world had degenerated into a powder magazine." Even so, Hyndman was justified in his unwearied resolve to awaken the proletarian masses to the danger, and to all the military issues it involved.

On September 17th, Harry Quelch,—the heroic, the steadfast, the clear-eyed and clear-brained,—died after severe illness. He had given up the editorship of *Justice* in April, having conducted the paper since 1886. "I do not think," said Hyndman, "any abler working-man has ever come to the front anywhere to fight the good fight on behalf of the oppressed wage-earners." After a silence at Quelch's grave, the multitude of mourning friends broke into cheers for the Social Revolution.†

On the threshold of the summer, Hyndman had been unusually pensive, and glancing from Ireland to the Balkans, and around at the strike turmoils of English cities, he murmured: "Misery at home, and danger abroad."

A company of women gathered at Chandos Hall in March, and listened eagerly to an earnest and sensible discourse by Matilda Hyndman. She deprecated sex rivalry in social and economic progress; and she sorrowed over the prostitution which was the inevitable complement of the association of marriage with property ideas, as had been the case under both Paganism and Christianity.

* In *History of Modern Europe* (1919), in which the details of the pre-war situation are marshalled with every effort at impartiality.

† H. W. Lee succeeded Quelch in the editorial chair of *Justice*, January, 1914, after vacating the B.S.P. secretaryship, which he had held (S.D.F., and S.D.P.) for twenty-eight years. Lee has all the time "kept right on."

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“No one could have served and loved Hyndman better than Matilda, for seven-and-thirty years. She must have been beautiful as a girl, and she was brisk and charming when I” [it is Rosalind Travers who speaks] “knew her in middle age. She supported him through good fortune and ill. She accepted Socialism, and the extraordinary change of life that it required, with cheerful philosophy; she kept a smiling face through the hard days of 1887, when they finally left Devonshire Street, and went into very comfortless rooms in Buckingham Palace Road—and through all the financial uncertainties that followed. She watched over him, tended him, laughed at him when necessary, and offered him sound common-sense, which he did not always take! . . . Like many countrywomen of good yeoman stock, she was a shrewd and skilful organiser in practical affairs. The Party will never forget the work she did in providing free meals for children in London during the late Eighties and early Nineties.” . . .

In the summer she fell sick. Hyndman made a hasty visit to Leicester, and spoke at a by-election meeting for E. R. Hartley, the stalwart Socialist and quiet-humoured Yorkshireman who was trying,—unsuccessfully,—to breathe Social-Democracy into the stolid soul of I.L.P. Leicester. He hurried back to Queen Anne’s Gate. June days watched her sinking. On Saturday, 28th June, Hyndman wrote to his present biographer:—

My dear wife died at 10 o’clock last night. She had been joking with the nurse and myself ten minutes before. She passed away quite painlessly. I am quite heart-broken and overwhelmed with grief. . . . Life is at an end for me.

She was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery, and the coffin was crossed with broad red ribbon.

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The story of the Great Propaganda since 1885 has been so uniformly exacting in its call on our attention, that we have seen Hyndman's domestic life in the merest of broken lights. Of the circles in which Hyndman,—a companion whose small remarks dropped good sense quite as readily as his oratory sparkled with humanity,—chatted and exchanged anecdotes and jests with Butler Johnstone, and M. Purcell Fitzgerald, and Boyd Kinnear of Fifeshire, and Meredith, and Lady St. Helier, and the rest, we have furnished no entertaining glimpses. Nor (strangest and darkest omission of all) have we cited any of the numerous letters, done in excellently clear handwriting, in which George Bernard Shaw sought to convey new visions to the Seer. On Shaw and a hundred other pleasant asides the "moving finger" has writ in Hyndman's two autobiographical volumes. But a Kentish village, twenty-four miles from London, where black-timbered cottages rest lazily under the Chart hill, amid trees and chalk rock, should receive a word. For some years, Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman had an old house at Brasted, as a retreat from the racket of London; and in this green corner, the Chief would talk with Okey,—("from Basket-maker to Italian Professor" his story ran), and Legros, the French artist and anti-"impressionist." From dusty places and fields of argument where he had smitten the Philistines hip and thigh, he and Matilda stole away to—

. . . . that indescribable charm derived from an exquisite old lawn, partly fringed by the old, uncultivated flowers, which recalled the delights of childhood, with the ancient tower of the church peering out above the trees across the fields, and the grass-covered hills stretching away beyond in the distance. There was no rush of restless human endeavour here, no thought of appointments to keep, or of speeches to deliver. The songs of the birds, the ripple of the brook, destined later to be a river, the swish of the wind among the leaves, the glimpse of a

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heron as it sailed away to its ancestral fisheries, the pleasure of lazy conversations with intimate friends on everything above and below which led no whither.* . . .

Yet he gathered in "the harvest of a quiet eye," and observed that Kentish farm-labourers were ill-fed and ill-paid. Hyndman, a Cambridge man, had a certain heart-touch with that other Cambridge man, who blazoned in English poetry "the short and simple annals of the poor." It is true and just to say that no eminent Social-Democrat ever dedicated so much incisive thought to the needs of English agriculture, and of its humble servitors, as did Hyndman.

* * * *

There is more to tell. But the essential Hyndman has been revealed. The reader is now entitled to judge whether it was right to anticipate this revelation by opening the record with a view of the chamber hung with black,—the chamber of a mechanical and profiteering social system,—and then of Lamennais' Young Soldier, who answered the inquiry "Whither?" with the ringing cry:—"I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the peoples, for the sacred rights of the human race." Let the reader also judge if the name of "Prophet" was fitly chosen. Hyndman could not, except in a high philosophic sense, be called a politician. Lancashire had a correct instinct when, four times over, it shut the Burnley gates to the House of Commons in his face. "Another way invites," as Virgil said to Dante in the sombre valley. The politician's soul, often worthy and earnest, is limited by certain conventions of debate and compromise, and the duty of handling what are called (sometimes with unmeant irony) "practical issues." This soul manœuvres and pauses, and is tempted to delay, and perhaps even ruin its efficiency, in committees, all the time flattering itself with the idealist catchwords of

* *Further Reminiscences*, chap. xx.

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"Liberalism."* Hyndman was, in an ultimate sense, more practical than the "practical" men; he produced more effect. As Prophet, he had a singular gift of relevance; that is to say, he beheld the main objectives, he beheld the whole of the main objectives, and he beheld nothing but the main objectives of economic salvation, with resultant salvations moral and intellectual. His speeches, his articles, his books, his programmes, even his more intimate chats with political friends and disciples, were always relevant; they were clogged with no waste, no rhetorical piffle, no sentimental sob, no solemn pulpiteering. This passionate relevancy, this inability to turn his eyes from the spectacle of the people's sorrows and necessities, entirely accounted for what seemed exaggerations and premature assurances. He would foretell a crash in five years to come, and it did not come; or a happy dawn, and it did not come. All the great Prophets have this habit of foreshortening. Isaiah proclaimed the acceptable year of Yahweh; and the year, in a literal significance, did not arrive. The Early Christian voice cried: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand" !—"at hand"; whereas a practical politician might have cried: "A first instalment of the Kingdom is proposed."† And Dante (and the "Divine Comedy" stood in Hyndman's library), who was a good European and studied politics, and even economics, did not draw a plan for a Council of State, but flashed Hell, Purgatory and Heaven upon the astonished gaze of Italy. Prophets correctly see things happen at the rate of their own enthusiasm, and as if that enthusiasm moved the commonwealth; and at such a pace the Revolution would arrive in the five years. On

* Reaction against the manifest evils of this type created the Mussolini of Fascismo, 1922. The remark is made with no intention of approval or disapproval.

† Or a Herbert Spencer: "Repent ye! It is incumbent on us all to envisage modern problems from a new sociological standpoint, for the trend of evolution is manifestly towards a superior type of individuals and institutions."

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the other hand, Hyndman's "catastrophes" in India and Britain did not occur for the simple reason, and the noble reason, that his own appeals wrought an awakening, and a willingness, and an activity. In the case of his warning against the "German menace," he dealt with no wholesome evolution: he mournfully watched and indicated the accursed avalanche. It is accurate to say that, just as the face of England was changed by Cromwell and the Puritan merchants and reformers, so the face of England was changed by Hyndman and his comrades of 1881-1913. The Labour Party usefully, but not with too much intelligence, faith and courage, followed in his steps; and, in 1927, it awaits new impulses. Hyndman's success is engraved in British history, not, as petty critics might ask, in the realisation of this or that proposal, but in the totally fresh direction taken by the community mind since he heralded the "Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch." He succeeded because he dealt with the whole of the social situation. He supported trade unions and strikes, but only as auxiliaries to a considered general economic and political scheme. If he had eyes for the Indian ryot, he never forgot the ragged child in the English street. His reorganisation of industry would invariably include agriculture and the countryside. With economic betterment must go a liberal education. The dreams of the brighter Morrow never loosed a link with the instructive story of the past, from Primitive Man to the Industrial Revolution. It was this sense of history which gave him the conception of the Social-Democratic Revolution, not as an old-fashioned scrimmage of mobs and Soviets and guillotines, but as a necessary swift sequel to Capitalistic and Financial development, and the aroused universal conscience. He was, withal, an intense Englishman; and, while he was the most international-minded of all the British Socialist leaders of his time, he remained definitely and unshakeably attached to his Motherland. It was this relevance, this almost unique detachment from the small

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political allurements and by-plays, and this strong feeling for completeness and large-scale aims, that marked him out as a central figure, and drew to him sturdy and manly spirits as companions in the rugged way. Even in his moods of utmost wrath, he preserved a calm inward alertness for facts and accuracies; and he had a keen instinct for the right kinds of data, and the right kinds of people, Western or Oriental, to supply them. Hence, he often appeared autocratic, because he was impatient with the slipshod, the half-hearted, the furtive, and the inefficient. To him, the emancipation of the Poor was a high science and art; and he had the sure touch of the craftsman in the spiritual craft.

The summer of 1913, which snatched Matilda from him, was a winter to him. He had said: "Misery at home, and danger abroad." In a strange and novel solitude he repeated it.

He knew it not; but when, in the autumn, he planned to go to Italy and France for awhile, a revolution in his own personal life was on the threshold. It would bring him a surprise of love and vitality, of quickening companionship and intimate help, of a serene light after the shadow of grief.

And after that, for him and for us, and for the world, would come the tragedy that slew ten million men, and vials of cruelty would, as in the ancient Apocalypse, be poured upon sea and land, with terrible voices, with thunders and lightnings, and an earthquake "such as was not since men were upon the earth," and men would gnaw their tongues for pain.

CHAPTER V

ROSALIND TRAVERS

THE placid stream of Arun flows to the English Channel amid downs and woods, and the greenest of grass, and reedy banks, past Arundel Castle, past copses and silent glades that have changed but little since the Norman Conquest, past serene villages and cottage gardens, and past Tortington House which stands among its trees some two miles from the Castle. Tortington House symbolised the virtues of county families; its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Travers, represented Sussex Liberalism, and those easy Victorian doctrines of "freedom" and "progress" which smiled in drawing-rooms while humanity rotted in the slums of Sheffield, Whitehaven and Dundee; and Rosalind Travers, who roamed solitary in the woods, and built both simple and lofty rhymes as she roamed, was granddaughter to the devout Charles J. Ellicott,* Bishop of Gloucester, whose evangelical meditations on the New Testament Gospels and Epistles provided a thin religion for middle-class minds. This dark-haired and lucent-eyed girl, Rosalind, conformed with the customs of Church, Liberalism, and the curious patronages known as "charity," and was withal a zealous teetotaller. Her inward mind reacted resolutely against her social environment, and she developed a passion for wandering alone in rural cycle-rides, and in 1909 in Finland, and in 1913 in those romantic lands which lie between the vastness that we call Russia, and the throbbing civilisations of the West; and she de-

* B. 1819; d. 1905.

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veloped also a passion for composing a type of poetry, ornately phrased and pleasantly chiming, though touched with a somewhat austere aloofness.* At times, she had troubled glimpses of town-poverty:—"I've beheld," says a man in her play "Fire of Life," "ugly London sights in my time—boys' faces pinched and blue with hunger, men waiting with their naked feet in the half-frozen slush, and women huddled like bundles of rags on the bridge-steps." At the back of all moved a sort of gigantic ethical spirit, agonising and undismayed and Promethean:—

I saw

The burning path of Pain, which whoso finds
May follow to the stars.

The Promethean spirit is embodied in the human evolution, more significant to us than the "impassive Powers" of universal laws and forces:—

 | Our quiet God
Threading the fires shall walk beside thee sure.
Where is our God? look up, and look within!
His head is crownèd with the dreadful lights
Of uttermost stars, his tranquil eyes o'erlook
The arch of all eternity, and yet
His naked feet still know the blood and slime
Of mankind's stony way.
Lo! there is One hath taken us by the hand
Mightier than all the Powers, yet pitiful,
Our fellow-toiler and our wingèd friend;
Growing with our stature, lovelier in our love,
Guardian of all our hard-won grace, the Soul
And Spirit of Humanity Divine.
O Powers, that look with scorn on mankind, see!
Are we not Gods, we things of clay and fire
And tears? for lo! we have conceived this God!

* Her two volumes of plays and poems are *The Two Arcadias* (1905; introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett), and *Thyrsis and Fausta* (1907).

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He stood beside us in the primal days
Unseen, when man was but a formless' fear
Thy presence alone, O Human-God! O Star!
Makes the night bearable; yea, we lift up
Our tiny lamps with gladness, knowing well
That whoso strives in smallest kind to pierce
The storm-ridden gloom, shall labour not alone.
Thou work'st beside him, God!

Our poetess drew much encouragement from talks in the British Museum, or better still in countryside strolls, with the learned Richard Garnett,* and she pictured him, in reminiscent verse, as a kind of Michael Angelo who genially conversed with poetesses, and she cherished the fatherly and charming letters he wrote to her in years shortly preceding his death. More agitating scenes and topics, however, were alluring her. In 1908 (at the age of 34) she marched in a Woman's Suffrage procession, and the soul of Tortington House was deeply scandalised, and Rosalind went into exile,—though she needed small driving into such banishments!—for ten months in Finland. Much struck by the sturdy Social-Democratic life and manners of groups of Finnish women and men, she returned to England, determined to find out the quality of Socialism in her own native land. One Sunday afternoon, in July, 1909, she saw, from the windows of the Lyceum Club, a procession with red flags on the way to an anti-Czar demonstration in Trafalgar Square. She put on her hat, hurried to the Square, rejoiced to behold a great crowd assembled to denounce the Imperial enemy of her beloved Finns, and, in her ardour, mounted the Nelson-column plinth where orators,—Keir Hardie, Bernard Shaw, O'Grady, Quelch, Adolphe Smith, J. F. Green, the Russian Aladin, and H. M. Hyndman,—were to utter fiery messages on the text of "Down with the Czar." "A short,

* B. 1839; d. 1906; superintendent of the Museum Reading Room, etc.; author of biographies of Carlyle, Emerson, Milton, Coleridge, etc.

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stout, bearded gentleman in a frock coat and top hat," —Hyndman,—read in her face a genuine enthusiasm (she had already written her Finnish ideas to secretary Lee), and, at intervals, chatted with the Liberal, teetotal poetess.* So the first meeting of Rosalind Travers and H. M. Hyndman took place in the midst of Social-Democratic shouts and banners. A call at the flat in Queen Anne's Gate shortly afterwards brought Miss Travers into genial acquaintance with Matilda Hyndman.

For eighteen months Rosalind Travers served Sussex Liberalism, more or less hesitatingly, and, in the quiet of Tortington House, wrote her *Letters from Finland* (1911). At the opening of these Letters she confesses: "I always had a longing for wildernesses and wide open spaces, and, as a girl, it was my dream to visit the bayous of North-West Canada, and go down that strange river which flows northward between vanishing woods and empty plains to the Polar Sea." Her brightly descriptive chapters portray Finland's wooden houses, lakes and islands, swamps, forests of firs and pines and birches, and granite rocks. She delights in rapid sketches of the people,—such as a Sunday group of men in "proper Sabbath black" and big fishing-boots, the women in dark shapeless jackets and with kerchiefs knotted under chins; or a crowd of dancing lads and maids, who sing as they step. And even here the instinct of aloofness impels her:—

Afterwards I strolled out again alone, and discovered a little fragrant woodland path leading up-river. Now it was deep in forest, now it led across tiny meadows smooth-shaven as a pleasaunce with the cropping of the cattle, and finally on to bare rocks beside the heavy-sounding rapids of Koivu, with the blue and golden glimpses up stream.

* From this point onwards, see Rosalind Travers Hyndman's *The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman* (Grant Richards; 1923; with four photos of Hyndman). Her work teems with interest, both personal and political.

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A note to Hyndman (May, 1911) told of a kind review of *Letters* in the *Times*, and slightly brushed politics, and he replied:—

Dear Miss Travers,

Thank you for your letter. We shall be pleased to see you if you look in here on Thursday morning. We shall probably be going out of town, if I can get away on that afternoon for a few days' fresh air. I should much like to review your book for *Justice*, but I am quite unable at present to do any more literary work for Socialism. It is too heavy a strain. I am just passing my own *Record of an Adventurous Life* through the press. . . . I have also two or three other books in view, and unless circumstances call me into the House of Commons (I shall not fight another contested election), I shall devote what remains to me of life to literary work of my own, taking up the thread which I practically broke off with my *Historical Basis of Socialism* in 1883. More than thirty years of absolute devotion to Socialist propoganda is enough, and the mass of our own people are quite incapable of appreciating what I have done.* Perhaps they will understand it better when my reminiscences appear. . . . Economics will force the pace here in spite of the lack of education. That is the danger. I am not a Pacifist, and I never was. Under present conditions, armaments are absolutely necessary in order to prevent military Imperialism from heading back Socialism; as Catholic tyranny and torture headed back Protestantism over a large part of Europe. You might look at a letter of mine in the *Morning Post* of last Saturday on National Defence when you are at the Club. The fact that there has been no answer to it is rather significant.

Yours very truly,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

* Another prophet once said: "Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed" (*Isaiah* vi, 10).

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Miss Travers evolved so far in her political sympathies that, in April, 1912, Hyndman was liberally giving her his views on strikes and Syndicalism. For example:—

I don't consider Syndicalism has any chance here. It has taken no root at all as yet. Verbose, reactionary rubbish, about equally compounded of ignorance, impatience and hysteria! Gustave Hervé, a really able man, adopted it and gave it some literary form, in a lunatic interval; but he has now openly admitted that Social-Democratic methods are best.

In August, she was travelling in Galicia, and Hyndman was enlivening,—or depressing!—her with an essay on the uselessness of strikes detached from a conscious and resolute concentration on a new social organisation. Her seven months' travel in the Balkans, Dalmatia and Hungary loaded her memory with social data which the Chief gladly made later use of. Another Continental rush in April, 1913, took her,—aided by Hyndman's introductions to Socialist leaders,—to Austria and Bohemia. "Through him," she says, "I first made acquaintance with the adorable city of Prague, never dreaming that Hyndman and I were to ride in triumphal progress round it, with Catherine Breshkovsky, eight years later on" (1921). Our sprightly tourist was now learning Russian, and exchanging notes with Russian Revolutionists in London, and helping them with donations of money and articles in their *Free Russia*. The summer and autumn of 1913 saw her active as a social welfare worker (if the much-worn term may be used) at a "Settlement" in Canning Town, and joyfully assisting children's theatricals, and the like.

What had become of Thyrasis and Fausta and the Arcadias? Or even Prometheus? Was poetry forgotten? Very obviously the mind and heart of Rosalind Travers were swiftly advancing into the midmost rush of the Social-Democratic movement. And retreating

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from romance? Twice had the God Eros crossed her path. But had these two episodes perchance (it was in truth more than a "perchance") left her with bare experiences only, and not taught her the profound affection that weds a personal attachment and a passion for a great Cause?

This very year would create that affection.

Our record has already told how Mrs. Hyndman lay ill in June. Rosalind Travers often called to see the "bright patient,"* and the last time she heard Matilda's voice, it sounded "cheery and strong." But (so runs her own story) "she died quite suddenly; and, not knowing it, I came upon our dear old man in the first hours of his grief. Poor darling, I was never in my life so poignantly and desperately sorry for anyone as I was for him."

Summer saddened into autumn. Death in the home; deaths in the circle of the Social-Democrats: "misery at home and danger abroad." Hyndman bowed under the heavy burden; and when he lifted his eyes, and saw the poetess who sought to console him, he beheld pathos in that figure also. He knew not then, that life had at times seemed to her hard and purposeless, and she had come near to thoughts of suicide: Her social ideals halted between two worlds. The way was pain, and might not lead to the stars. She had been approaching him, step by step, in trust that his firm judgment might reveal to her a resting-place, or a clear road. And now he himself was sore-stricken and shaken. They conversed; they exchanged letters. In October, he was (apparently in answer to her inquiries) deprecating a tendency of Labour Colleges to generate prigs, and he closed his reflections on the political prospect with the sigh: "We are drifting into very troubled times, and there is no captain on the bridge." His correspondent, too, was

* Chap. V of *The Last Years*.

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drifting. She half-planned to go to Russia, and aid the anti-Czarist revolutionaries. How he dissuaded her may be read in the following letter* :—

Oct. 31, 1913.

Dear Miss Travers,

Do not think I want to play the heavy father, or grandfather, in your affairs. But I really do believe that, if you allow your sentiments to overpower your reason, you will spoil your life. This I should much regret in the case of a lady I like and admire. You have, in my opinion, a very interesting and useful career before you. In fact, you are only just entering upon it, in the world of letters, politics and sociology. Your writing and your poetry will tell more and more, and one side of your activities will vivify and strengthen the other. All this on the assumption that you remain in England, and give your faculties the chance of fullest development. To throw all this away in a chase after a will-o'-the-wisp, in a foreign country, which can scarcely fail to end badly for you, to the great loss of the Movement, seems to me little short of madness. Don't mistake impulse for reflection, whatever you do.

I do not think, as yet, you have quite found your outlet. The material religion of Socialism has not gripped you with what I may call its cosmic inevitability and omnipotence; you yourself having the privilege of participating in, of helping on, and even of anticipating the realisation for mankind of the splendour of the communal life under the highest intellectual, psychical, ethical and æsthetic culture. We need not give up our endeavour to remedy the collective ills of the present while ever striving towards the delights of the Socialist future. Why go back to work in the Stone Age (Russia is scarcely out of it), when you have been lucky enough to be born into the last era of human slavery? Besides, you cannot hope at heart, or in mind, to do any good. If you cannot bear with any patience the delays in

* Here given complete. Ensuing letters, for reasons which the discerning reader will divine, will not be printed unabridged.

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a country you know, what sort of despair will seize upon you in a country you don't know? Your duty lies here to your hand.

Say 5 instead of 5.30 next Wednesday, if the same to you.

Yours very truly,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

Such was his counsel for her. For himself he had plans, and he presently wrote to her (4th November): "About six months from now, or perhaps nine months, I am going to make a great personal effort to pull things together in this island, having done all I can do to lead up to it in the meantime." He would first rest and ponder; about mid-December he would go abroad. "I want," he further said to her (November 15th), "to get away very much indeed. I go, if all is well, to the Bax's at Nice first, then to stay with Lady Warwick at Villà Roquebrune for Christmas, and to travel on with her to see the Herrons at Florence afterwards.* Altogether, I shall try to be away two months." In the same note, he dropped an abrupt caution: "You are too neurotic; you are brooding over something." One item in her brooding, however, was innocent enough; she was studying the economics of Woman, and was just then preparing for *Justice* a notice of Mrs. Hilda Swanwick's *The Future of the Woman's Movement*, and detecting that lady's avoidance of the root causes of woman's, and especially the proletarian woman's, troubles. The reviewer said: "Had a bourgeois women's demand for enfranchisement moved, step by step, with their efforts towards economic independence, as happened in Finland and Scandinavia, there would be no objections to it worth answering,"—a remark which had an S.D.F. ring! Meanwhile, the man who meant to repose in Nice made the Albert Hall ring (19th November) with his

* G. D. Herron, b. in U.S.A., 1862; Congregational minister; Christian Socialist; his marriage doctrines caused perturbations; removed to Italy.

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comments on strikes and unemployment, Ben Tilleit and Jack Williams assisting. On the last day of the month, Hyndman took the chair at a meeting before which Miss Travers laid her views on "Woman the Blackleg." A day or two later, the new lecturer was chatting through the evening hours with the Chief, and next day (December 5th) his political essay-letter to her opened non-politically: "I had a most enjoyable walk home. I don't think I ever saw Orion so bright and imposing; his sword, in particular, had a very encouraging gleam." On December 11th, he related to "My dear Miss Travers" how he had made "to-night" a welcoming-speech to Anatole France at a London reception. Comrade Anatole would have smiled, without a trace of irony, if he had marked the Pilgrim's Progress of Rosalind Travers towards,—she knew not what, and Hyndman knew not what, but at the moment it seemed like secretarial helping and literary collaboration. A dinner-party of four,—Hyndman, the poetess, philosopher Bax and Mrs. Bax—spent a jocund evening, and the Bax's inferred that the poetess was glad to be there. Hyndman was to leave for Paris, Tuesday, December 16th. On Sunday he dispatched a post-card which asked the author of *Thyrsis and Fausta* to bring her poems for him to read as he travelled. She brought the book Monday, and she talked of her dreams, of her efforts to unfold herself from trammels, of past tears.*

* Her lines on "Repentance" (in *Thyrsis and Fausta* (Elkan Matthews, 1907) express a mood which we all, theological or non-theological, may comprehend. Of five stanzas, the fourth runs:—

Who shall cast down the wall of my longing, the prison I
hate and love?

Clean my soul from her tainted past, bring the linked strife
to end?

Alone I must fight the course; my power unholpen prove;
No wings of the morn shall lift me o'er the trammels of
good or ill.

Forsaken now, the soul that once journeyed with God to
friend!

—My God estranged! Yet keep me faithful to Thee still!

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At parting, they kissed. And whatever the astronomers might have observed that night, Anatole France would have thought, in his tenderest humour, that Orion had a very encouraging gleam. Next day, comrades Herbert Burrows and F. H. Gorle saw the Leader off on his Continental journey. Early that evening, from the Normandy Hotel, Paris, he wrote:—

December 16, 1913.—My Dear Rosalind,—I wrote you a hurried line before leaving, and now I send you a little letter from here I rarely or never change, and my friends and affinities of fifty years ago (my lovers such as I had, are all, alas! dead), are my friends and affinities of to-day, men and women. So, having become friends, and a little more than friends, no change will come on my side in the direction of breaking away. But my first thought is right; I am too old for you. . . . See if you do not, without in the least regretting that we have come to know one another, arrive at the same conclusion; 72—39! Here am I writing to you from Paris, whence I used to write twice and even three times a day to her [Matilda H.], when we were apart. I see nothing derogatory in that, either to her memory, or to your sympathy. . . . And now I am going off to write that Manifesto. . . .—Your affectionate, H. M. HYNDMAN.

The Manifesto appealed for a combination of the various Socialist parties in Great Britain; it appeared in *Justice*, the ensuing February. The Manifesto was not far advanced that evening, for the writer turned to the book of poems, and, past midnight, while Paris slept, he was musing thus:—

I have never done you justice. May be, till now, I never gave myself the chance, as I ought, to understand you, and enter into your mind and heart. To-night I have begun. . . . The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them in the days to come will lie stretched out before you to see and to describe. From the depths of

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sadness below to the heights of ecstasy above you shall touch every chord that can thrill and uplift mankind. It is no accident our meeting. You are much more and much better, my child, than I am, when once you grasp fully what it is in you to do, and say, and sing.

On Wednesday, he again recalled the figure of Matilda:—

My darling wife, who has gone from me, was cherished, not only by me but by the whole Movement, for what she had done for Socialism and for me. You would not like me, or respect me, if my love for her, who gave up everything of pleasure and even life itself to strengthen and help me in the work I had to do, grew cold and passed like a dream, after thirty-seven years of marriage and fifty years of love. I would not for my own feeling's sake do anything, even for you, whom I love too, which would seem to show I was not duly regardful of her memory. You see that clearly when you talk of months of delay to come.*

To a French lady who had stayed with the Hyndmans at Brasted, and with whom he dined on Wednesday evening, he let fall a hint of the new-found friendship, and the Frenchwoman beamed approval. In the course of a long letter, written that night, he recited the incident, and thought how the poetess might add to his fervour in rousing the all-too listless workers of England:—

I did not imagine another woman could come into my life in this way. It is a great idea at least to try to stir an apathetic and besodden people to make themselves felt in what they might be and do. And it is well to endeavour to give the world a push, even if we fail. We need not fail. But, if we do, there are failures that are greater than success. I have sat in the darkness of the tropics under the glimmer of the stars, listening to

* The first of R. T.'s letters which survive in this series is dated December 20th.

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the sougling of the leaves in the wind, and the great chorus of the waves of the Pacific, smashing out their song upon the reef. I have sat and dreamed and waited. Suddenly, like an inspiration, a mountain peak in the distance is tipped with glory, and, sweeping down the valley comes the dawning of the day. Somehow, I feel like that this morning. (*The preceding passage was added to the letter of December 17 on the morning of the 18th.*)

Yes, but that mood of dawn and serenity alternated with moods more agitated, as when he remembered his seventy-two years:—

December 18.—Too late! “Not altogether possibly,” you may gently whisper to me, in your desire to soothe my heart, but the tears come into my eyes as I recognise the truth as it is and must be. Do not think me maudlin or depressed, sweetheart. I am neither. I only see things as they are. Sadness is not maudlin, nor is sorrow hysterical.

December 19.—I shall live to see you a great poet. . . . The woman world-poet harnessed up with a platitudinous greybeard! . . . I am not in the least an ascetic. . . . We will not dine *and* go to the theatre. We will dine one night, and go to the theatre another. Dining is an art; acting and the enjoyment of acting constitute a greater art. Don't mix and spoil them. I hate music at a good dinner. I want conversation then, and the display of taste all round. I am a Socialist partly because what I enjoy myself I want for all, with the education and the refinement to appreciate and *distinguish*.

December 20.—If you can't love me, although you have said you do, tell me that plainly. . . . Then my daughter, and only my daughter shall you be. I will not allow any thought of another relation to enter into what I shall thenceforward regard as a sacred trust. . . . I can be of use to you in the development of your great

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faculty; I know I can, and I want to be near enough to you to watch the workings of your mind and heart.

December 20.—I wanted to punish you like a naughty wilful child who goes out of her way to irritate for sheer love of mischief. But don't mind what I said in my haste. I know I have your love, and I do want to see you use your genius. So give me all yourself again, and don't pretend you are ashamed to do it. I am only a man who has loved deeply, and who, in spite of that deep love, has erred like other men. Take me into your charge, and I will take care of *you* and be tender to you and appreciate you.

It seems scarcely worth while to take detailed note of a vision of wealth of which we catch gleams in these mid-winter letters; wealth to accrue from certain industrial undertakings in Galicia and Assam. A Socialist hall in memory of Matilda, and a glut of Socialist motor-cars for propaganda lent brilliance to the prospect; but the poetess shrewdly smiled, and expected nothing, and she was wise. Yet Hyndman was able to fling a significant scrap of history at her when he stated that, years ago, he had been offered £1,800 a year for writing four leading articles in a London paper each week. Bursting with vitality were these mid-winter letters; they thrilled with love, physical and spiritual, with politics, with social philosophy, with poetry. Baggage packed amid eager fits of writing; train southwards; and in the train the traveller was reading the poems again, and pausing at the Faun's song:—

Would you know how daffodils
First came to be?
Bubbles they of sleepy laughter
Breaking lightly free
From the lips of waking dryads
Stirring drowsily;
Loth to leave their wintry couches
Ere a leaf is on the tree.

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And so to Marseilles, and another hotel, and to more note-paper, and he was drawing distinctions between the high love of souls and that coarse mode which "apes do as well, and better"; and then :—

December 21.—The little lyric on the daffodils is exquisite. . . . But there is much more of sweetness and thought and power in you than there has yet come out of you. . . . My dear, dead wife used to chide me for writing so often to her when I was away. Yet she felt sad when she did not get "her" letter. Is it going to be the same with you, sweetheart? Somehow, I am fanciful enough to think she sees what we are doing, and approves. She loved me very much. She will love you.

December 22.—You will find out the boy in me; perhaps you have found him out already! . . . You will get a wider view of the world and the kosmos and man than even you have got yet. You will winnow out of yourself the last grains of Liberalism, and of "reform," and even of "revolt." You will be a noble revolutionist, Rosalind mine, and you shall follow me, not crying or mourning, to the grave, but rejoicing rather over good work well done. I did start Socialism as a Cause in England, dearest, and I did keep the courage of the revolution high, when it had well-nigh died down in all else, for three-and-thirty years.

And now, at last, we may draw from the packet a letter from the poetess herself, the previous messages having been destroyed, probably by her own hand, at a subsequent date :—

Women's Settlement, Canning Town,
December 20, 1913.

My Dear Love,—

Just a brief line to reassure you about the Manifesto, and also to greet you at Nice. As you will see, I returned the Manifesto by the next post, with unimportant suggestions. . . . You asked if anyone had ever written

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as you have to me. No, nothing that sounded so true. But I must ask the woman's question: Will it last?— And there I've paused for several minutes, pen in hand. I know it can't; the lovely brief hour of illusions must pass, and you'll see me for what I am. But by then, my dear, I shall have loved you for a long time, and you'll forgive me some things because of that. My wonderful friend and love, do you see what a long way we have gone in a week? Not a week yet since we parted, and how near we are, and very near to "le grand amour." It will not be that until I really love you for yourself, not only as I do now, with admiration and respect, and a heart filled with gratitude for your love. But I must know you a little longer first. It is wonderful, dear; I never dreamed of such a thing. I thought we might be good helpmates and occasional playfellows—but this! . . . You said you had been in great pain, dear, torn between Past and Future. I understand, and I'm so sorry, but it cannot quite be avoided. If *she* knows, she must be so glad you are going to be happy, and yet—oh, my dear! never let her think that we could forget her.

The worst of being literary is that one criticises even a genuine emotion. I am afraid of being sentimental and German, yet there really was a little human truth in Goethe's much-mocked-at "*Stella*";* and it's not the worst side of our nature that accommodates itself to a kind of triad. Goodbye, greet the sun for me, and remember that Tortington, Arundel, is my address next.

Your loving ROSALIND.

Belfort Bax and his wife welcomed Hyndman to their villa at Nice. Swift exchanges of frank self-unveil-

* At the age of 25, Goethe wrote the play *Stella*, and the closing scene portrayed an elder wife (who had a daughter), renouncing her husband, Ferdinand, in order that he may be happy with *Stella*; but she does so in an amiable spirit, promising him, even in absence, her friendship, and exclaiming: "We are both thine." In later editions of Goethe's play, Ferdinand commits suicide.

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ing had excited the two correspondents into moods of surprise that yet fled like lightning, and the lady's telegram: "Ich liebe dich" (I love thee) on December 22 decisively closed a week of storm. Mrs. Bax happened to open the telegram, and she and the author of *The Roots of Reality* (which he was then revising) heard the explanation and rejoiced. That same day the poetess wrote:—

Of course I love you, though I certainly wasn't sure until you made me angry. I do love you, and it is "le grand amour"; and, unless you cease to love me, it will see out your day, and probably mine. . . . Christmas Day was the season when wood spirits came into houses, and mortals drew closer together against the cold. If I'm a wood spirit, it is a very solid and Greek one; but, if you'll take me into your lonely house, I'll stay there for love of you. Dear, let me make you happy and take care of you, not from the almost mechanical kindness that I should give to anyone in trouble, nor even from admiration and companionship in our great Cause, but for real love.

The house was not lonely after May 14th, 1914. At first, however, the plan of a marriage at the British Consulate in Nice was discussed, and presently abandoned. In a sort of theoretical mood, and in paper argumentation, indeed, the lady rebelled against the Ring and the Register; but, in the end, she finally and demurely trod the beaten track, and concentrated, alertly and gaily and with more zeal than the Economist Lecturer himself, on the economics of 9, Queen Anne's Gate, though somewhat disturbed the while by surmises as to the attitude of her Anglican and Liberal family. With admirable good humour, she refused to sit up at nights counting the possible treasure from Galicia and Assam. The Grand Tour into Italy was cancelled, and Hyndman returned to London on Wednesday, January 14th.

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From letter-bags of the interval we choose a few stray leaves and lines; and first from Hyndman's:—

December 23.—The Bax's are so glad, and they say all my friends will be so equally. Anyway, I am glad, rejoicing, exulting, feeling as if I were a young man entering upon a great career. . . . You are so generous and so noble as to help me bear my sorrow without asking me to forget. . . . I had a delightful walk with Bax up to an eminence whence we had a lovely view of the bay and the snow-clad Alps. . . . I have done, and may yet do, things worth doing. They are, and they will be, all yours, without any dishonour to the woman who kept me alive and helped and tended me, so that in turn I may make them yours.

December 24.—You come from afar, and you bring your life of other days of long, long, long ago with you. You don't know yourself how you get these feelings from antiquity. You throw back to the wild women of the Northern pirates on the one side, and to some poetess of the isles of Greece, on the other. You have, strange to say, in view of your confessions, the purity of the one combined with the almost unbridled passions of the other, and—and—just a touch of prudery too!

December 25.—And how you will fight by my side, and for Socialism, and for me! . . . I am making my will to-day or to-morrow, leaving all I have (which I do hope will be big*) to you. . . . And now you tell me that, as soon as you marry me, you will long to leave me to go off to be by yourself. . . . I could not stand it. Far be it from me to cramp your life or restrict your desires. A woman like you has a right to have an existence of her own. "Her soul was like a star and dwelt apart." But there are double stars too, and they don't change their relative positions. . . . If moor and firs and hill-top and fen-land, in solitude, attract you more than genuine love and devotion in company with me; if . . .

* It was not.

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December 26.—I love you for yourself, for your courage, for your energy, for your great parts, and because—why does a man love? But I want you for more. Socialism, which you have not yet fully grasped, is a glorious religion. I have given up to it thirty-four years of my life. My late wife did the same. I see a hope, perhaps more than a hope, of personally pushing it forward in the few short years that remain to me. . . . I would give even *you* up, dear, though to do so would tear the heart out of me, rather than not go on. It is my fate. So we will go together, won't we, dear! Do not let your regard and even your affection for me mislead you. It may be a serious matter for more years of your life than at the moment seems likely. Remember, I am beyond the canonical age already; that I am a man of formed habits, and, perhaps, not too good temper; that I shall be going down the hill all the time; that, though my affairs seem at last to be very prosperous, they may turn out not to be so prosperous as they look,* which would be a serious thing for you; that you are a bright, vigorous, attractive woman with poetical genius, who might marry *anybody*. . . . I do want you, my love. . . .

December 27.—Even Bax here, who denies all real greatness to woman, is forced to admit there is genius in your verses. . . . You shall have your marshes and your moorlands, your firs and your forests, your winds and your tempests all alone. If you need them, you shall have them. I will keep reverently away, waiting, waiting, waiting, only for you to come back to my sun and my sea and my love. . . . Yesterday, I went to hear Beethoven's Second Symphony, exquisitely played. There was majesty and sweetness and beauty in the opening "Adagio Molto" and its "Allegro"; and, though I was too late to hear them, the whole repeated itself in my ear, for I used to play the first flute in it in the Cambridge University Musical Orchestra. But then, what had been only partly became nearly wholly Mozart

* They did so turn out.

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in the glorious "Andante." The "Scherzo" was almost Beethoven. The "Finale" was Beethoven getting to know himself. His next Symphony, the splendid "Erioca," is his all through. You are on the eve of your Eroica Symphony. I hear the music and the joy and the fulfilment of it now. . . . I know Sussex well. I see your garden, and your little town [Arundel], and your downs, and your dog. I like dogs, and all dogs like me.

December 28.—I can taste you, sweet, to use Disraeli's expression in *Henrietta Temple*. If I did not know something of the bad side of life, how should I be able to see and know the good? For you are good as well as able. . . .

High up (near Monte Carlo) many hundreds of feet is an old deserted Saracen fortress used by the Moslem rovers as a "safe deposit" for the fruits of their innumerable piracies. You could climb up to it, and picture to yourself the scenes of blood and rapine. And there the abandoned castle stands whilst the cruelties which its owners perpetrated still go on in a new shape in the frightful slums of our great industrial cities.

December 31.—I don't think you quite understand Socialism even yet. I am going to try to give you my idea of it, and why I cling to it, and have clung to it so long; why also my dear wife so thoroughly believed in it. If that religion once grips you, all else will seem very small.

The same sheet of blue French note-paper on which this last remark was written blazed into this good-night word: "I could almost sing for joy, and disturb the house at twelve o'clock." So passed the year, and so opened a year,—the saddest that ever was in the world's history. On New Year's Day he wrote: "You have given me the right to call you my wife, and my wife you will be till I bid you the last farewell." And she was writing from the Canning Town Settlement, in intervals of preparing for East-End children's stage-plays,

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and furbishing their theatrical costumes made by her own hands :—

January 1, 1914.—It seems as if I should form a habit of praying for you. Prayers to make the Deities laugh and cry, dear (if they had hearts!)—so catholic in the most uneclesiastic sense! There was a Finnish forest woman who said : “Jumala (the Lutheran deity recommended to her) is powerful, but there are other Gods too, and there is no harm in standing well with all!” Having recommended you to my own God, Prometheus, I cannot but think that all this bulk of Western belief has *created* a Power, a stream of tendency of some kind; and since I was bred to be in touch with that, I had better address Him in the usual manner. Then how can I ignore the much vaster and older stream of tendency to worship the maternal forces spiritualised? “Mary, Mother of God” shall always have my reverence. And then, am I not Greek? Must I not remember the most ancient of forces, Aphrodite, Mother of Life? And last of all, dear, I think of your elder wife. Goodbye to-night.

Hyndman, whose political meditations often and oddly mingled with endearments, warned her against special little enthusiasms for Poland, or Finland, or Austrian Slavs, or Ireland. A revolution in Russia, he said, could be helped much more in England and France than in Russia itself.* “Revolution in Great Britain,” he affirmed, “however achieved, will ensure revolution elsewhere.” While this doctrine was on its way to her at Arundel, the poetess’s soul was roaming :—

January 4.—I have been looking over some letters of yours. . . . It evidently takes a very great man to write a good love letter. They are so generous; the way you give your whole heart is so adorable! I wonder if men

* Singular that some people have thought an English revolution best evolved through Russia!

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are as much touched by simplicity as women? I suppose your heart has in some miraculous way kept young, for there are phrases that make one draw one's breath as at something divinely child-like.

But, on January 5th, the child-like man told her he was of "very hasty temper, irritable, apt to say bitter things," and she must not interfere with his sociology, for "there I am a bigot, a fanatic." And next day he addressed her as "Sweet!" and then sternly corrected her notion that the Roman Republic was a happier institution for the slaves than the Empire. On the contrary, the Emperors were more democratic; for example, Trajan,—“On the whole, the greatest and purest man who ever lived; he walked about Rome as a private person for twenty-five years, with never a single guard,—doing good in almshouses, care of children, orphanages, etc., all over the then civilised world.” But we must hurry our narrative, and follow Hyndman to London:—

January 6.—If you had not come, so nobly and touchingly into my life, at the end of my life, or getting on that way, I believe I should have broken down altogether.

January 8.—Are the letters you write me the writing of a woman of the world of 40, who has been near to leaving life because it was not worth living? They are the letters of a sweet, dear girl who has known sorrow and disappointment, but has re-discovered herself through real love.

January 10.—I am in the late evening of life, and the sun for me is slowly setting as it sinks into the west; but sharing a little in your brightness and your youth. . . .

January 12.—My dead elder wife and I passed (bless her!) through terribly hard times. All my fault. I cry at the thought of it. Her comfort and happiness were

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sacrificed by my foolishness and fanaticism. . . . You say, nevertheless: "I would rather marry you than wait till your argosies come in."

Meanwhile, writing in the train from verdant Arundel to grey Canning Town she said:—

January 12.—"Mes Vieux" [parents] are troublesome, but they are really trying to behave well. Let us imagine that *we* had a daughter, you and I, who, after a mild career in party politics, settled to marry Mr. Asquith.* . . . My very first impression of you (and remember we owe it to Finland that we ever met at all) had not the rather slumbrous geniality of the bear to which you often compare yourself; far more the irritable vigour of the lion. I was afraid of you from the first; in some ways I am still. It is difficult to imagine you working with equanimity in a subordinate position—even subordinate to the Pope, we'll say! No, my dear, I am going on steadily to remind you that you are a great man. I want you to have that serene, deep-seated, rock-like confidence in yourself that is usually only granted to the mediocre or the very stupid. With that, you will no longer need to re-assure yourself, or recall, as it were, your claims to have a very wide hearing; you'll simply take it, with the simplicity and success of an archbishop of the old school. You are going to do a number of very surprising things, and they will be more effectively done if you start them with a firm belief in yourself, *and this you have not got yet*. 'Tisn't enough to be sure one is the bearer of a message from the Almighty; one must be quite certain that no one else in the world could deliver that message. . . . The day after to-morrow perhaps? My darling, my own dear husband, how glad I shall be!

They met in London on the evening of January 14th, exactly four months before the marriage. The shadow

* With this little jest we may shut the door on further references to difficulties raised at Arundel by the marriage with a Social-Democratic leader.

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of the approaching War here falls over our otherwise smiling page, and we must hasten our pace; and of the pile of letters of that period, we repeat but a few echoes. Fragments from Hyndman,—

January.—My own betrothed,—Scarcely has the big chair lost the impress of your shape than I begin to write again to you. . . . When I told my housekeeper that I had seen you off for seven or eight days, she said: “You will miss her very much, sir”; and when I emphatically replied that I should, she went on: “The lady has been great company for you, sir, I’m sure”; which also I admitted. All very nicely and frankly said.

I see Ramsay MacDonald had a very long interview with Lloyd George on his return from India. . . .

The big revolution, wife mine, is here in Great Britain, not in the forests of Finland, or in the wilds of rural Russia.

I must not repine, but I wish I were young. Then I could be of more use to you in so many ways.

At this point, we remark that R. T. was carefully considering ways and means of the future co-partnership at 9, Queen Anne’s Gate, and she struck this note:—

To be severely practical, I shall believe in the success of your financial enterprises [Galicia, etc.] when you can tell me, dear love, that your debts are all paid,—such sorrowful debts, too, some of them.

Hyndman continued:—

This coal strike is annoying, and, though not serious, it serves to show the bourgeoisie, and all whom it may concern, how much real trouble workers may give again and again, even when they cannot by any possibility win outright. On the other hand, have 13,000 men the equitable right to hold up the coal supply of the metropolis?

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February.—Your exquisite poesy will help us to almost unhopèd-for happiness. Can a man be more in love than I am? I doubt it. Hardy [novelist] has married Miss Dugdale. We are in the fashion!

Doesn't Ulster show what might be done by the workers here, if only they, poor creatures, had a tenth part of the pluck of those dour and disagreeable Orange fanatics?

I am taking up a wreath to Kensal Green to-morrow morning, Valentine's Day, our wedding day with my elder wife. You would not wish me not, I know.

Surely some unknown Power has its uses for us in the fight against the horrors of to-day. Prometheus?

(At Burnley).—I have just returned from making a speech to our Sunday School children! It was quite pathetic to see the hundreds, I might say, even thousands of people crowding round me. My arm was nearly shaken out of its socket, and my hand was quite sore.

March.—Love which is real love grows with marriage. . . . Even the pain it gives cannot be spared.*

May.—We will live in the world of Socialism and literature, but we will always have our own sweet converse to fall back upon in restful activity and thoughtful repose.

May 13.—I kiss you; I love you. Ever your own devoted husband, HARRY.

They were married at Prince's Row Registry, London, in the presence of "eight well-chosen friends" (including the staunch Social-Democrat, H. W. Lee, editor of *Justice*). The old Chief and Rosalind Travers Hyndman spent sunny days at Lelant, Cornwall, and,

* Let the sensible woman's voice break in by foot-note: "My dearest love, I've found a much better piece of business. For that £1,500 I can get you an annuity of £202 10s." (24 March). We may say here that no April letters are in the pre-wedding packet.

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among other things, talked over the manuscript of a pamphlet on *The Life to Come*.^{*} This Utopian sketch revealed a community where "there is no longer any difficulty whatever in supplying, by the light and pleasant and healthful work of all, not exceeding three hours a day of necessary labour, the fullest possible demand for everything that tends to make existence happy"; where machinery met the question: "Who will do the dirty work?"—where a sane environment and education eliminated the so-called "lazy"; where gold-currency and narrow conceptions of "credit" were superseded; and where the historic sense never lost its gratitude to the past, from Primitive Communism onwards.

As to the bride's dreams of lovely tours in forests and lake-lands, let her speak:—

Before I knew my dear husband (and myself) so well, I bargained with him that I should have six weeks' holiday, all alone, every year. "Smiling wise-like," as country folks say, he consented. Year after year came round, and the total of weeks of solitude due to me rolled up, as he joyously noted, to quite a large block of time, but I never claimed it; and I do not think we were apart from each other as much as ten days in our seven-and-a-half years. †

His anticipations of her new unfolding of poetry were not realised. But it may be said that, in her household loyalties and in her unceasing care of him, she embodied a womanly epic which drew from us who knew them at Queen Anne's Gate, and (in 1917-21) Well Walk, Hampstead, the sincerest admiration; and she undoubtedly lengthened his life by her devotion. It was her logic of love that detected Hyndman's place in English history and persevered in a movement which

^{*} Written, 1913; pub. in 1925, 31 pp., by Hyndman Literary Committee (54, Colebrooke Row, Islington, London, N.1.).

† Chap. VI of *The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman*.

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successfully enshrined his bust in the National Portrait Gallery, in August, 1922.* Her valuable and bright-humoured record of his *Last Years* contains a most honourable tribute to the Elder Wife, and well-balanced appreciations of the attitude and action of Hyndman and his supporters in the tragic years of the War and the after-time. The book was written in 1922, and published the next year. For the issue of *Last Years*, and other publications associated with his memory, she made careful provision by the initiation of the "Hyndman Trust" and "Hyndman Literary Committee." At the close of her story of the *Last Years*, she did homage to the prophetic figures in history who give glory to the genius of humanity by their passion for social ministry: and he, whom she knew so intimately, was a central spirit among them, and she finely spoke of their, and his, gift for evoking response:—

They have used it for the glorifying of each common day, changing the bread and wine of homely mutual life into the continual presence of a god: And, being themselves conscious ministrants of a great force, the personality of those who aid them is of less moment than their readiness to serve. We [women] recognise with no heart-burning, but with the joyous pride of faithful servants that such a master could make almost any soul—willing to love, Elder or Younger—into a devoted wife.

* * * *

The reader will here, we trust, pardon an unconventional break in biographic custom, when we deem it

* The pedestal bears the inscription: "Henry Mayers Hyndman, Founder of the British Social-Democratic Federation, Born March 7, 1842, died November 22, 1921. Bronze bust by Edward Lacey, presented July, 1922, by the Hyndman Memorial Committee." Among the members of the Committee were Lady St. Helier, the Countess of Warwick, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir James and Lady Frazer, Mr. Seton-Watson, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. J. R. Clynes, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Dan Irving, T. Kennedy, H. W. Lee, W. A. Woodroffe, and many other Social-Democrats and Labour men.

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fitting to notice, at this stage, the death of Rosalind. The present writer, when conferring with her (1922) about the establishment of the Hyndman Trust, observed only a casual meaning in her remark that, after completing the *Last Years*, she would "go away." Perhaps it meant more than met the ear. In the letters quoted, we have caught a hint that, in moments of depression before her engagement to Hyndman, she had felt and resisted an impulse to quit life. For her, the Promethean Over-lord trod with "naked feet the blood and slime of mankind's stony way." She had sought solace in passionate by-paths. She roamed Finnish and other solitudes. A measure of serenity she experienced as she struck a graceful and stately music from the lyre of poetry. Perhaps an ampler happiness came to her as she laboured among the children of the East End of London. When she knew Hyndman, and felt the magic of his enthusiasm and his message on behalf of the desolate and the oppressed, she unfolded the best in her woman-soul, and both thought and acted in steady purpose and in delight of service, and, among England's daughters, none ever gave a more genuine offering to the altar of the common weal. She said:

I saw,
The burning path of Pain, which whoso finds
May follow to the stars.

Who are we judges that we should say that, even in the breaking of a heart, the stars are not reached?

On Sunday, April 8th, 1923, she lay unconscious in bed at Well Walk, and on Monday morning she died. Without question, she had taken a large dose of veronal. The evidence at the inquest at the Hampstead Coroner's Court told of a note left in her writing, referring to her husband: "It is nearly a year and a half since he died, and I simply cannot go on living without him any longer. If there is any sort of personal survival after

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death, he may be wanting me." It was she who begged leave for periodic solitude, and yet, after all, related: "I do not think we were apart from each other so much as ten days in our seven-and-a-half years." A kindly light led her to the home where beat the heroic heart which had redeemed her from her earlier agony of unrest.

On Saturday, April 14th, her remains were cremated at Golders Green.*

For seven-and-a-half years, she had done her purest and her happiest for humanity, for the suffering multitudes, and for Hyndman. She stepped with Hyndman on the road of a mission and evangel, where his spirit gave rhythm and harmony to all the work. When he had gone, the rhythm seemed broken. She paused a little while to render homage to his memory, and then laid herself across his tomb, and silently passed.

* Farewell addresses were given by Dan Irving, H. W. Lee and myself.—F. J. G.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR YEARS, 1914-1918

IN changing sunshine and rain ten thousand citizens assembled in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, August 2nd, 1914, to "express their deepest detestation of the international war that seems to be on the point of breaking out," to "protest against any step that may be taken to support Russia, either directly or indirectly, in consequence of any understanding with France," and to "urge the workers to unite to prevent their respective Governments from engaging in war, and the British Government to confine itself to bringing about peace." The British Socialist Party, the Independent Labour Party, and the Trade Unions were represented among the speakers on the east, north and west platforms of the Nelson Column, the chairmen being Hyndman, Keir Hardie and George Lansbury. On that same Sunday died Felix Volkhovsky, a member of the heroic order of anti-Czarists which was (in 1917) to yield place to a less noble order; and we who gathered in the Square lifted hats at the references to the death of Jean Jaurès,* who had been shot in Paris by a "patriot" the Friday before. A man in the crowd raised his little son to look at Hyndman, saying: "I saw him in this Square thirty years ago." But during many of those thirty years Hyndman had spoken, like Cassandra, to unheeding ears, and warned against the "German menace." The menace was realised for us at midnight, Tuesday, August 4th, when

* B. 1859; professor at Toulouse; Socialist M.P. in 1892 onwards; founder of *L'Humanité* in 1904; Agnostic.

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the British Government's ultimatum against the German invaders of Belgium lapsed.

The World War had actually opened on Tuesday, July 28th, when Austrian guns fired across the Danube at the city of Belgrade; Servia not having complied with demands that followed upon an Austrian Archduke's murder at Serajevo in Bosnia (28th June) by pro-Servian hands. Dr. Gooch* has surveyed the factors of the War, and found it natural that Servia should wish to develop into Yugo-Slavia and so include kindred Slavs; natural, also, that Austria should desire to retain its position as a "Great Power," and so should resist this trenching upon its lands; natural, also that Germany, with whom Italy and Roumania were but nominal allies, should aim at the preservation of Austria, and so avoid falling into peril between Russia and France. But the terrible fact stands clear that the statesmen of the Austrian Empire (a monarchy comprising fifty million people) sounded the onset of the World War. The Austria of 1914 cannot be classed as a helpless tool of the Hohenzollern influence. And Scheidemann and the mass of Socialist deputies in the Reichstag voted the Hohenzollern war credits; and they represented 4,500,000 voters.† It is worth while to recall Hyndman's words written in 1904 in *Wilshire's Magazine* (U.S.A.). He was discussing the revolutionary value of an armed citizenhood, in Japan, Germany or elsewhere:—

There are 3,000,000 of them [German Social-Democrats], at least; they have not less than two-fifths of the German army at their control; they know precisely what they want; they are tyrannised over by a Government, mean, belated and degrading to the last degree; they have reached the economic period when transformation is easy. They see all this, and still they wait. But

* *History of Modern Europe* (1919), p. 555.

† Professor Beesly had, years before, acutely remarked that, in effect, the German "Social-Democrats" merely reached the level of British "Liberalism."

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are they not just a trifle tame? Are not their knowledge, their moderation and their discipline almost too complete? Is not their long-suffering almost too humble? They have been a revolutionary party for 40 years. Where is their revolution?

And now ten years had elapsed. It is important here and now, to face an issue which haunted some Socialist minds, namely: "Is it reasonable to ask the proletariat to defend a capitalist country?" Nothing can exceed the candour with which Hyndman stated this tragic question. He speaks of the England of 1914-18:—

With London the centre of the financial world, with England's supremacy in shipping still maintained, with the wealth derived from India pouring into her lap, and the productions of her Colonies largely at her command, this was in brief the social condition of the population:

1. England had a much larger number of parasites in proportion to her population than any other country in the world.

2. England had a greater area of wretched insanitary slums in proportion to her population than any civilised country in the world.

3. England had a larger acreage of good, tillable land uncultivated in proportion to the population than any other civilised country in the world.

4. England paid a smaller remuneration to her working population in proportion to her total wealth than any country in the world.

5. England imported, from inferior soils thousands of miles away, six-sevenths of the wheat necessary to supply her with bread.

Why, then, was it worth the while of her wage-earners to fight against Germany in defence of such a state of things, when Germany, in spite of her tyrannous militarism and Junkerdom, took more care of the physical and educational condition of her people than the governing classes of Great Britain did of their wage-

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earners and dependents? Because, as the English saw at once, capitalism dominated by Junkerdom would be worse than capitalism under a political and social system [the British] which would soon enable the last form of human domination to be overthrown. This, partly conscious, partly unconscious, was the motive which took the wage-earners of Great Britain on to the battle-field, where the parasitical and expropriating class were, as a class, with some exceptions, fighting for the maintenance of their own supremacy.*

Yet another basic consideration of Hyndman's is best stated at this stage, since it helps in explaining the difference between his attitude and that of a section of the Labour Party. He did not want the workers to support the war as helots, or unconditionally:—

The Labourists lost the opportunity of bargaining with the Government for the support of the workers, when the War began, in return for far-reaching social changes; and they were swept along, with the tide of general national feeling, first into the great rush of volunteering and then into conscription, to meet the terrific drain of men necessary for a World War. All that thirty-three years of assiduous Socialist propaganda had been able to effect in our strangely stolid England had been to make ready for a flabby Labour Party, which could not even take advantage of such a magnificent chance as came their way in August, 1914. †

* Chap. XXX of *The Evolution of Revolution* (1920). And we may here quote an instructive remark made in 1915: "All wars are no more of necessity economic wars than all internal national conflicts are of necessity class struggles. . . . The wars in China, Burmah, S. Africa, Morocco, Tonquin, Cochin China, Madagascar, Manchuria, Korea, Cuba, Tripoli and the Philippines were undoubtedly all of them capitalist wars. . . . The wars of emancipation, such as those of Hungary and Italy and the Balkan Principalities, cannot be brought under this head; nor can the wars of Germany against Austria and France, The war of Great Britain, France, Russia, Servia, etc., against Germany and Austria-Hungary (1914), is likewise not a capitalist war in its origin."—Hyndman's *Future of Democracy*, a volume of essays published by Allen and Unwin, 1915.

† The chapter just quoted.

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As Hyndman expressed himself thus publicly, so he often expressed himself in private conversation. His position in 1914-18 did not result from a sudden impulse of nationalism. It was the logical terminus of many years of study.

* * * *

Very rapidly we trace events from the beginning of 1914. Walter Crane brightened January with a cartoon which portrayed Socialism mounting the stairway to the Co-operative Commonwealth. But though the Commonwealth is much nearer in 1927 than in 1914 (for the entire globe rings with the democratic calls), the Hohenzollern madness would fling tragedy across the ascent. Eugene V. Debs* was assuring Hyndman (January 31st) that "many thousands of Socialists on this side [of the Atlantic] love you and hold you in highest respect for your uncompromising loyalty to the Socialist movement through all the years of your active life"; and he told the news that, in America, "the Anarchists are all jubilant over the prospect that Syndicalism may disrupt the Socialist Party, but they will again be disappointed; revolutionary political action and revolutionary industrial organisation will finally win out against all opposition both from without and within." But Debs, good soul, was not gifted with lucid judgment.† Hyndman never looked to America for leadership. He had more confidence in England, but even here, the lack of definite and resolute aim often rendered him desperate; and, renewed in spirit by his friendship with

* Socialist candidate five times for U.S.A. Presidency; President of Railroad Union; imprisoned for opposition to U.S.A. participation in War, 1916; d. 1926.

† I was in U.S.A. all that winter, and concluded that genuine American Socialism, suited to the soil, hardly existed.—F. J. G.

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Rosalind Travers, he was planning what evangelists term a revival. The Manifesto of which we heard echoes in a certain Paris hotel clamoured for a Party which should unite the B.S.P., the I.L.P. and the Fabians; and it proposed (successfully) that the B.S.P. should again affiliate to the Labour Party. A significant touch of what may be called British Commonwealth Socialism was felt in London when a procession of 250,000 citizens welcomed H. J. Poutsma and eight other Labour leaders who had been deported from the Union of South Africa by decree of the governor, Lord Gladstone. A few weeks later, at a B.S.P. Conference in London, Hyndman was energetically supporting demands for national free transport, co-operative agriculture, abolition of slums, and the removal of back-street children to happy country-schools. An apparently trifling incident at this Conference merits a note. A Russian Jew, J. Fineberg, who had a measure of English kinship in him, informed the B.S.P. comrades that numbers of the Continental Socialists understood the Labour Movement in this country better than many of us did ourselves. At that period, indeed, an obvious sprinkling of East Europeans made a home in the B.S.P. and kindly supplied political advice. At midsummer (*Justice*, June 25th), Hyndman sounded the almost monotonous alarm again and affirmed that the German menace "against France on land and against England by sea, has brought about a state of things which has resulted in a most harmful competition in armaments, and has thrown France into the arms of Russia." With the same noble monotony he repeated the cry of "India for the Indians: Bande Mataram!" In Paris Jaurès presided at a Socialist meeting, and urged that, when war threatened, the workers on opposite sides should demonstrate through a General Strike. In that case, shrewdly observed Adolphe Smith in his report and comments, the murder of the Archduke, and the threats of Austria, should have been met by a strike on *both sides of the Danube*.

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Thus we return to Trafalgar Square, and the British Commonwealth's entry into the War at midnight of August 4th.

Defenders of the old social order in which manhood's powers and womanhood's powers have been exploited as commodities in the labour market say that the Collectivist control of railways, food and the rest during the War was necessary in a time of life-and-death crisis, but is unnecessary in normal peace periods. As if a period in which poverty slays its myriads and deadens the souls of millions were a normal time! Hyndman, of course, insisted that, imperfect as the control was in 1914-18, and subject as it was to private profiteering, it still was vitally beneficial, and should have been developed after the War into a permanent Socialism. His scrutiny passed beyond railways and food. He put his finger on that system which almost the last page of the third and last volume of Marx's *Capital* had marked as the climax of the exploiting machinery, namely, the banks and their grip of the public credit. "The bank system," said Marx, "is, from the standpoint of formal organisation, the most artificial and highly evolved product which capitalist society is capable of creating." No sooner was war declared, than the Government ("capitalist" in this case if ever it was!), knowing that the British banks could not produce at the call of customers the cash which they were supposed to hold in safe deposit, protected the banks, and allowed them to refrain from calling up unpaid share-payments. Presently Treasury notes were issued on the national and social credit; and social credit is the only true basis of money. Protected or not, the private companies called "banks" (including the Bank of England, which has been a private company from its foundation in 1694 till 1927) have exceedingly little gold to match their paper; and gold has vanished from our purses and shops since 1914. At one breath of war, the walls of the banking Jericho fell flat, and the public credit of the British people's industry, wit and blood

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was unveiled as the only true support of our commerce and finance. Here is Hyndman's description of the bankruptcy of August, 1914 :—

The Ministry [Mr. Asquith's] gave way to a shriek for help from the great joint-stock banks of the Clearing House. The directors all saw that, if they were left entirely to their own resources, they would either have to call up forthwith the unpaid margin on the subscribed shares held by their shareholders, or get State aid in some shape, or go bankrupt. Why they should not have been left to take the first course, which was the proper, business-like way of proceeding, has never been explained. But, in fact, what occurred needs no explanation. Private finance, as represented by the shareholders, had to be propitiated. So the Government at once granted a Moratorium against the public and in favour of the banks. The legislature, that is to say, rushed in to protect, or save from bankruptcy, institutions which had been, and still were, paying heavy dividends on shares, a great part of whose nominal amount consisted in uncalled capital. So enormous is the influence of these great banking institutions that the Government policy in favour of their shareholders was accepted almost without demur. Few saw what a strong argument would be placed at the disposal of the mass of the community, in the near future, in support of a demand for the nationalisation of the vast establishments, now almost a monopoly, and the constitution of a State Bank covering their whole field of financial operations.*

On September 29th, Hyndman asserted: "The one object of the Government has been and is to help the very rich and to safeguard the capitalists." This sentence terminated a brief but very keen memorandum pre-

* Chap. XXX of *The Evolution of Revolution*. While Hyndman was writing this work, Major Douglas was taking up the Finance problem, and publishing his first sketch of his theory of "Economic Democracy," Social Credit and Price Control.

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pared for the National War Emergency Committee. The Committee was established on August 5th, and comprised representatives of Trade Unions, Co-operative Societies, Fabians, I.L.P., and the B.S.P. Among the members were Mary Macarthur, Susan Lawrence, Margaret Bondfield, Ben Tillett, Fred Knee,* Robert Williams, and Hyndman—the four latter being Social-Democrats; chairman, Arthur Henderson; secretary, J. S. Middleton. During the first few weeks of its existence the Committee, whose views were treated with no small respect by the Government, passed resolutions in favour of control of food supply, and regulation of food prices; feeding of school children daily; work for the unemployed; prevention of the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund from being used to dispense with Government aid to soldiers' wives and children; reclamation of ill-cultivated soils; national control of shipping; and, later, resolutions in favour of rent restriction and food rationing. Sidney Webb, the Fabian, heartily co-operated with Hyndman, the Marxian. The body was often termed the National Workers' Committee. For nearly three years it functioned. It was one of the liveliest factors in the national providence and resourcefulness, stimulating the Government and reassuring the working-classes after whom it was named. The days when the German armies were smashing through the ancient cities and industrial villages of Belgium was not the time for uttering triumphant reflections on the progress of Socialism. But, in our present quieter moments, we may well pause to reflect on the change in the England of the Napoleonic struggle, and the England of the Crimean War. At those crises in our country's history not a single citizen dreamed of proposing a National Workers' Committee. The "Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch" was not, after all, a vain phrase.

* A valiant soul; d. December, 1914.

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It was while the German armies were engaged in the ^{of}rape of Belgium that the I.L.P. discussed the War at an assembly in the Memorial Hall, London (Keir Hardie, on the platform, looking weak and ill), and J. Ramsay MacDonald said: "We must not humiliate Germany." But he did not say: "We must not humiliate Austria." In September, MacDonald, J. A. Hobson and others formed the Union of Democratic Control which, while aiming at the admirable objective of enduring peace realised by the popular will, avoided reference, in its statements of "policy," to the evil influences of finance and capitalist exploitation.* Just at this date, Hyndman was discussing with C. H. Norman the entry of Britain into the War, and saying: "The treacherous and ruffianly attack upon neutral little Belgium settled the matter for me; it would have been infamous if we had failed to declare war on her behalf, and in order to save France from destruction." He added a fortnight later: "More obvious Socialist progress has been made here in six weeks than was made in the previous six years." A Russian Socialist voice, that of George Plechanoff, gave testimony: "The victory of Germany means the setback of progress in Western Europe, and the definite or almost definite triumph of Russian despotism."

If we devote a page or two to the "Conscientious Objector" to Military Service, it is both because of an incident in which Hyndman figured, and because the personal problem symbolises a large division of opinion between sections of the Labour Party in Great Britain during the War and since. We need not linger over the Quaker, since it has been the British custom for two centuries to respect the disciples of the "Inner Light" given by God; though one cannot help noticing that Quakers (who are not usually poor slum-dwellers) never

* It is a little singular that the Union's Executive, 1914-15, included a lady, Mrs. Swanwick, whose father was a Dane, and who was born in Munich, and Mr. E. D. Morel, whose father was a Frenchman and who was born in Paris.

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practise passive resistance to Army and Navy taxes. In 1914-18, a number of young men, who were backed by a portion of the Labour Party, adopted the title, allowed by law, of "Conscientious Objectors," and put forward their claims before tribunals of magistrates. Anybody who has a fair acquaintance will judge that some cases arose from cowardice,* some from an unpleasant assumption of moral superiority, and some from a reasoned and courageous ideal of human brotherhood. The Latin term "conscience" indicates a "commor. or joint knowledge" of right and wrong, not a merely personal notion. Every community has its public opinion on moral questions,—bloodshed, sex, property, etc. This public opinion is the actual arbiter among the innumerable claims made, in the name of progress, by heroes, martyrs, reformers, pioneers, cranks, fanatics, and fools. On the whole, and in the long run, each community decides on what is best under its special social conditions. It is the duty and the right of individuals to affirm their views on policy and morality. But the individual citizen should offer his view in the spirit of service towards the common weal; and he should remember (and this is where the value of an education in social history comes in) that, as civilisation marches it gains in collective wisdom, and the responsibility of personal dissent, while never vanishing, becomes more serious. And we repeat (what Conscientious Objectors often forget) that the affirmation of the absolute claim of personal conscience is far-reaching logically, and must apply to questions of sex, property, and general life and manners as well as to military service. Rightly or wrongly, the "C.O." is asking for the privilege of enforcing his private judgment as to sex, property, general life and man-

* Not in itself contemptible. Until the happy day when military service can die out, it might well be regarded as a social duty of medical men and educators to register clear cases, in early youth, of constitutional nervous weakness. The records would make many further inquiries unnecessary.

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ners, and bloodshed. One cannot help feeling that the defenders of the "C.O." have not always studied the issue as displayed on this wide ground. Here we may insert the very interesting record of Hyndman's opinion on a question that arose in 1916:—

The Magistrate who gave the case in the Middlesex Appeal Tribunal against the Conscientious Objector, H. W., did so on account of the fact, expressed in his own judgment, that H. W. is a Socialist. As a Socialist, said the Magistrate, he could not object by reason of his conscience; therefore, W. could not conscientiously object.

Such a statement is quite outside the province of a Magistrate sitting on a Tribunal as a public official to decide on a matter of compulsory Military Service, and the statement itself is obviously ignorant and prejudiced.

A Socialist is a person who strives to hasten on great social changes, which will abolish the last form of human slavery, and will establish co-operative work and communal distribution for the benefit of all, but he also believes in, cultivates, and endeavours to act up to, the highest possible ethic of international fraternity. His opinions develop in him a very sensitive conscience, and give him a clear conception of social and moral duty to others and himself. This has been proved by the careers of Socialists all over the world. They have been, and are to-day, sufferers for conscience' sake beyond probably any other people in their respective nations.

Consequently, though myself for fifty years an advocate, as a Socialist, of compulsory military training, for a complete democratic National Citizen Army, all soldiers and all citizens, on a modification of the Swiss system, I nevertheless assert that H. W. has the right to have his case as a Conscientious Objector to militarist conscription by the dominant class reopened and argued before the Central Tribunal. I do this on the ground that W. is fully possessed of the conscience which the Magistrate denied to him; that this conscience tells him (wrongly, as I believe) all human beings are necessarily

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his brothers; that it convinces him he must not wound or slay any of them, even in a good cause, or in self-defence; and therefore leads him to object to military service which compels him to outrage his moral sense in that way.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

April 18th, 1916.

In reproducing this common-sense defence of H. W., we are, of course, anticipating discussions which raged later than our present point in 1914. This year was passing when a curious and pathetic reminder of an incident of 1904 reached Hyndman. At the Amsterdam Congress of 1904, held while the Russian-Japanese War was in progress, the delegates cheered at the sight of Plechanoff, the Russian, shaking hands with Katayama, the Japanese. Katayama had been compelled to quit Japan on account of his Socialism, and he had found an uneasy home among the 150,000 fellow-countrymen of his, settled in California mainly as unskilled labourers and farm workers. He was quite needlessly afraid that U.S.A. might make war on Japan, but not so needlessly anxious that the lot of the Californian Japanese might become very unhappy. What advice the Chief gave him is not recorded, but the fact that Katayama should consult him trustfully was a tribute to Hyndman's influence in international fields.

In those fields, all the moral and economic forces were being tested,—churches, education, pacifism, Socialism, imperialism, capitalism, finance. The year 1915 unveiled, though not yet in fullest breadth, the vastness of the test. In the enlarged theatre of war, we saw the weakening of Russia, the Dardanelles episode, the Salonica campaign, Egypt involved, Servia crushed in a shocking martyrdom, Italy joining the Allies and seeking to win the "Unredeemed" north-east, Japan guarding the Far East as an Ally, India drawn into Europe's tragedy, German colonies de-Germanised, the British

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Navy practically dominating the high seas, the "Lusitania" sunk, and the ghastly trench-war in France made yet more ghastly by poison-gas. In a hurried visit to London, Emile Vandervelde talked good sense to the B.S.P. at Chandos Hall. He remarked that the German Socialists, while voting for a war against the French democracy, felt compelled to defend Germany from the Czar's Cossacks; nevertheless, their vote against the war credits would have reflected lasting honour upon the Socialist world. In any case, a Hohenzollern victory would destroy the freedom without which Socialism was rendered impossible. Early in the year, Vandervelde had observed, as had Clemenceau, the anti-British-French-Belgian attitude of certain of our Labourists. Hyndman horrified the sticklers for Socialist etiquette by sending a letter to the non-Socialist Clemenceau's journal, *L'Homme Enchaîné*, and deliberately classing a small Scottish group,—Ramsay MacDonald, Keir Hardie, Bruce Glasier and Anderson,—as pacifist in the sense of anti-British in relation to the War. This I.L.P. group, associated with the doctrine of a pamphlet, "How the War Came" (implying it came by the general responsibility of Europe, no nation being worse than another), was a dissenter from the Labour Party's policy of supporting the Allies. Another cleavage was manifested when, with the approach towards compulsory enlistment, the I.L.P. section could advise nothing more effective than Conscientious Objection and strikes, while Hyndman and Kennedy and their colleagues repeated their pre-War proposal for the democratic Citizen Army. Said Kennedy (*Justice*, April 22nd): "The conquest of political power by the working-class, the democratisation of the military machine, and common agreement amongst the workers of the world, based on community of economic interest, can alone end war." Hyndman, speaking at a big meeting at Sheffield at the same date, was optimist in saying that "the men who come back from the front as victorious

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soldiers of a victorious army will have capacities of persuasion at their command which will preserve them from grovelling in misery at the feet of the plundering minority." It was a thought which he frequently expressed. It was not realised. But the militant spirit since uttered, as for example in the Coal War of 1926, came nearer to realities than the pacifism that would have surrendered to the Hohenzollerns. Hyndman was already foretelling, regretfully enough, the split of the post-war "International." "It was ridiculous for Socialists to imagine," he told the Fabians at Essex Hall (April), "that, immediately peace was proclaimed, everything would be as it had been before, and that it would be possible to hold International Congresses without having serious conflicts within them." Assuredly the international links must be preserved. In the world commonwealth the interests of the masses coincided. But let national organisms pursue the immediate practical tasks of building up their special economic democracies. Note Hyndman's reflections:—

It is wonderful that an international organisation, scarce fifty years old as an ideal, and barely fifteen as a reality, based solely upon economic and social truths, should have made the way Socialism has. Mere outsiders were so impressed with our power that not a few actually thought that we might be able to avert the greatest War of all time. We could not have a stronger tribute to the position we had won. The power of Socialism was, of course, greatly overrated. The more sober among us were well aware of that, and told the world so. We are still only at the beginning of our work, and now much of it will have to be begun over again. . . . It is already apparent that the only safe road to Internationalism is through a more complete acceptance than ever of the rights of nations and races to deal nationally and racially with their own affairs.

The careful reader will detect here a more workable method than the vague declamation of the Communist

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Manifesto of 1848, which was rather an apocalypse than an agenda. Hyndman candidly recognised the collapse of Marx and Engels' countrymen:—

The Germans had virtual control of International Congresses from 1900 to 1914 because the majority of Socialists trusted their superior ability, organisation and discipline. This leadership is now finally at an end, destroyed by the Germans themselves. Mere intellectual superiority or great numbers do not ensure high character. All see that. The International Socialist Congresses, therefore, will be very different, and I venture to predict much more truly international after than they were before the War.

Not that he cared, as some did, to keep up a continued reproach against the German Socialists. He rather emphasised the work that lay nearest to hand in Great Britain; and it was, for him, not at all a novel idea provoked by despair at the War:—

Just in so far as each nation and each race becomes thoroughly Socialist within its own limits does the probability increase of a speedy understanding with all the others. . . . I have always hoped myself, as I put it plainly in my "England for All" of 1881, that our own country, with its political and personal freedoms secured for us by our ancestors, would take the lead in this noble emulation, in which none can fail. It may be that after thirty-five years of continuous effort I shall yet witness a great sweep forward towards that splendid achievement.—(*Justice*, April 29th.)

Anybody who comes fresh to the topics dealt with in our present biography will readily perceive how Hyndman's clear and unhesitating nationalism, irrevocably leagued with international sympathies, must commend his Social-Democratic message to the modern judgment far more effectively than the quavering appeal of a Pacifist Labourism which was too often associated with a background of theology.

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On the food problem, the Leader never kept silence. All wheat, he urged at a Manchester Labour demonstration, should be commandeered by the Government, and retailed at pre-War prices, the capitalists covering the loss through depreciated currency. Why should firms make enormous profits, while wages dropped? At Trafalgar Square, on a bitterly cold day, Hyndman again attacked food prices. It was on this occasion that Jack Jones of Silvertown stirred the crowd to laughter by referring to a Member of Parliament's watchful care over shipping interests (the M.P.'s father being a high-dividend ship-owner), and citing the text: "Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" To the representative of the *Co-operative News* (March) Hyndman delivered an opinion, which he often repeated, to the effect that various great industrial services should be nationalised through the Co-operative Societies:—

Your 1,500 societies throughout the country are being effectively and satisfactorily developed by committees of probably 15,000 men and women. This gives you, to start with, 15,000 people trained in business oversight, and well able to watch and criticise further developments in collective ownership and control. I was glad when the other day we were discussing the question of food supplies at the War Emergency Workers' National Committee, and you proposed that the Co-operative Movement should be asked to consider the question of co-operative colliery ownership, and that the motion was seconded by one of the miners' leaders. . . . Even the German Government has done something in the direction of assistance in transport, and the development of agricultural areas. Here, certainly, is one of the great branches in which Co-operation may speak a decisive word in this country.

And he went on to speak of the Co-operative purchase of modern farm machinery and of motor transport. Since the date of this interview, a strong tendency has

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impelled the more progressive Co-operators towards definite union with the Labour Party.

Besides keeping an eye on the profiteering of the trading capitalist, Hyndman held the engineers of finance well in view. In the issue of small amounts of Government War Loan Stock to wage-earners, he saw an ingenious plan to revive the old economic system, and to strengthen the worship of the money-fetish. The American Loan, which has since been used to extract enormous values from British social credit, he scrutinised very narrowly, and he drastically condemned the employment of our chief judge, Lord Reading (Rufus Isaacs) as the negotiator. "How comes it," he asked in *Justice* (October 7th), "that Lord Reading was the principal negotiator of this very questionable Loan? Surely this is a position not at all in keeping with the best traditions of the English Bench? That the Lord Chief Justice of England should be engaged in such a business leaves a nasty taste in the mouth." In a like searching spirit, he wanted to know (as his friend Mr. T. Gibson Bowles wanted to know) why the Foreign Office permitted so many neutral merchant ships to carry to German agents vast cargoes of food and war material. The "Declaration of London," approved by a Naval Conference of the Great Powers in 1909, did indeed allow such a traffic, but the Declaration had never been ratified by Parliament. "On the sea," said Hyndman (December 9th), "where our fleet dominates water-borne trade, Sir Edward Grey still plays the German game, while admitting that his maintenance of the Declaration of London, month after month, as the law of the ocean, was a fraud upon this nation and its Allies." In such decisive modes Hyndman maintained the very difficult two-fold duty of supporting the War, and yet candidly censuring, in Socialist language, the profit-making and dubious influences that hid behind the Government machinery. The "Declaration" was, of course, finally disowned.

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He was entitled to more intervals of repose than he secured. Mrs. Rosalind Hyndman relates how she lured her husband down to the summer landscapes of Sussex, where they wandered in woods, plucked wild strawberries, and joyed in the many-coloured flutter of swarms of butterflies. At times, seated on the grass, they caught the ominous thrill of guns from across the Channel, and remembered how the battle-fields in France mocked our capitalism, our Socialism, our education, and our religion. And death touched the Leader's own circle. In March had died the eminent cartoonist, Walter Crane, whose pencil drew designs with a brilliance of poetry and a glow of heart. "Nobody," recorded Hyndman, "not even William Morris, did more than he to make Art a direct helpmeet to the Socialist propaganda. He was a part of one's higher life; his influence was maybe the greater and more ennobling that he never seemed conscious that it could have such a wide and deep effect." From the ranks of the Positivists, who have so often been noticed in our story, passed Edward Spencer Beesly, in July. Hyndman never accepted Positivism in its economic schemes (which included the ideal of moralising the capitalist), but he fraternally acknowledged the rightness of Positivist action in the cases of the French Communists, of Dreyfus, and the evils of British Imperialism. Of Beesly, Hyndman affirmed: "Having no belief in a future life, he did what he believed to be his full duty here, with no hope of reward beyond the regard of the humanity whom he had so splendidly served." Incidentally, we may recall Hyndman's view that the disciples of Comte, like Comte himself, had not justly appreciated the debt that modern civilisation owes to the early Socialist evangel of Saint-Simon. The brave old opponent of the Boer War, A. E. Fletcher, died in the autumn. Keir Hardie, whom the War had sorely distressed, passed in September. Hyndman rendered generous tribute to the ex-miner; and Joseph Burgess, praising Hardie's courage when

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holding a very solitary position in the House of Commons, said that he was himself "an Independent Labour Party." The death of Edouard Vaillant,—“our dear old comrade, the veteran of the Commune of Paris, the friend of Blanqui, and one of the most enthusiastic Internationalists and Pacifists of the past fifty years” (such were H. M. H.’s words)—drew another sigh of regret from European democrats.

A French journal published a cartoon in which Death drives up to the entrance of the Hohenzollern mansion at Potsdam and is challenged by an officer: “Sir, you surely do not seek our Kaiser?” And Death replied: “What! can you suppose I wish to suppress my chief provider? No; I only came to take lessons!” Lessons were provided in 1916, with a damnable freedom,—at Verdun, on the Somme, on the borderland of Austria and Italy, in Roumania (whose ruin widened the “corridor” for the German “Urge towards the East”), in Servia, at Kut, and at the battle of Jutland. And President Woodrow Wilson wrote Notes of expostulation to Germany. Would Pacifist Labour leave Servia unaided? Thousands of Servians fled from their homes to escape massacre, and perished from cold and hunger in the mountains, while their towns and villages were burning. Hyndman commented:—

Under these circumstances, I cannot understand how Socialists of any school can refuse to do their utmost to aid and encourage ruined Servia in the War and at the Peace. Internationalism means not the suppression of nationality, but the full outlet for national aspirations and their joint co-operation for the complete emancipation of the people.

When, in 1919-20, Servia was logically combined with kindred communities into Yugo-Slavia, was there any so-called Socialist of the Tolstoyan or theological order who disagreed? But it was not a theological

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Pacifism that created Yugo-Slavia. In the same spirit, Hyndman looked on at the extraordinary defence of Verdun. Perhaps to the astonishment of the "Union of Democratic Control," he even praised the British!—thus:—

Was ever such a rush to arms, at any period of history, as that which was witnessed here in the autumn and winter of 1914? I say never. And the men who thus volunteered to stand by our French friends in the field did so with no enthusiasm for their own conditions here at home. They knew and know that the workers of Great Britain neither own this island, nor are even the best paid among them really free men. No; in their curious undemonstrative way, they were inspired with something nobler than aspirations for national prosperity.

He turned to the soldiers of Verdun and said:—

We send them and our French Socialist comrades, who gladly form part of the French armies, our most cordial congratulations on the splendour of their achievements and the heroism they have displayed. They have shown themselves fully worthy of the best of their ancestors, and we are confident that their sacrifices will not have been made in vain. Vive la France!—(*Justice*, March 16th, 1916.)

"Revolution" was his text when he met (Mrs. Rosalind T. H. at his side) an enthusiastic audience in the Palace Theatre, Burnley (March). Czarist Russia was an evil power, he said; the German (that is, Hohenzollern) menace a yet greater evil; but another evil,—capitalism—awaited the revolution. Soldiers in the trenches, and especially the men in the Lancashire regiments, were discussing Socialism. For his part, while he supported the Government in its War with Germany, he did not hesitate to denounce the treacher-

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ous employment of the non-ratified Declaration of London to serve enemy interests; nor to accuse the Government of gross neglect of agriculture. This was the Government which, while careless as to an ample utilisation of British land, was so eager to bolster up the bankrupt banks by means of British social credit. At Burnley, as also later, Hyndman loudly damned the raising of new armies (men between 18 and 41) by "conscription"; that is, compulsion under the old undemocratic martial law and class rule. The situation was improved when, on the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Government in December, Labour was admitted to high places,—Arthur Henderson to the War Cabinet, George Barnes to the Ministry, and William Brace and George Roberts to Under-Secretaryships. One can at least reflect that the appointments would have equally astonished Palmerston, Gladstone and the Chartists!

The B.S.P. reached its inevitable split in April. At Caxton Hall, Salford, the Annual Conference assembled, in a restless and anxious mood, on a Sunday morning. A majority of 76 against a minority of 28 voted for the exclusion of the press reporters. The particular point mattered little. It was a case of spirit against spirit; of (in effect, but, of course, not in set terms) a pro-German policy against a pro-Allies policy. The minority marched from the Conference Hall amid a confusion of jeering and singing, and their eager talk in a Manchester hotel that day and the next resulted in an Advisory Committee; and this again led to the formation of a small but resolute National Socialist Party (June, 1916). This N.S.P. embodied the S.D.F. tradition. With Hyndman were associated Dan Irving, Jack Jones, Bax, Lee, Woodroffe, Hunter Watts, Gorle, J. Stokes and "Mr. Interpreter" Adolphe Smith-Headingley; and the modest roll-call should not omit the man,—Joseph Burgess, of whom it might be said, as he himself had observed of Keir Hardie, that, in honest forth-right-

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ness he was himself "an Independent Labour Party."* The brave little eight-page war-time *Justice* continued to speak the mind of the N.S.P. As in England, so also in the International Socialist field, opinions clashed, or wavered in a nervous neutrality. To Camille Huysmans, who, early in 1916, wanted the International Bureau to meet; and to Van Kol who, in the autumn, had urged a Congress of Neutral Socialists at the Hague to press for a speedy peace, Hyndman returned a regretful No. It was useless, he said, "to indulge in mere sentimental preachments when millions of men were fighting to the death over more than half the civilised world." It was this same sense of the overwhelming drama of the realities of the War which made him deprecate such actions as the shooting of the reactionary Prime-Minister of Austria-Hungary (Count Stürgkh) by Friedrich Adler. The removal of a mediocre tyrant had no practical influence on the vital conflict of nations. Meanwhile, the N.S.P. had turned its thought to a question of more immediate importance than the views of neutral Socialists. It issued a Manifesto to the "Socialists of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other British Colonies." This document disowned the doctrine of Pacifism implied in an I.L.P. resolution: "That this Conference" (Newcastle, Easter, 1916) "is of opinion that the Socialists of all nations should agree that henceforth the Socialist Parties should refuse support to every war entered into by any Government, whatever the ostensible object of the war, and even if such war is nominally of a defensive character." Not even in 1927 are we adequately alive to the importance of treating the British Commonwealth of Nations as a social unit, capable of being rallied for emancipation from the

* My first personal contact with Hyndman was on the occasion of my taking the chair for him, about 1908, at a Leicester meeting. From April, 1916, when I supported him in the N.S.P. direction, and onwards till his death, I met him very frequently.—F. J. G.

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wage-earning squalor, and from international finance, as well as for defence against any new militarism. A further Manifesto of the N.S.P. in October appealed to the people of Great Britain and Ireland and to "fellow-citizens in the British Dominions and Colonies":—

We extend this appeal to you in India, Egypt [Egypt was then a Protectorate], Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Whatever is good, or has good promise, in the British Empire, can be realised only by the vigorous organisation of Socialists in all these countries with common-sense adaptation to local customs and needs. Along such lines all sections of the British Empire may all together take the lead in the reconstruction of a more powerful Socialist International, taught by the dreadful experience of the War that strong national organisation must precede international action, or failure will be the inevitable result.

One part of this "Empire" presented ancient and ghastly difficulties. In his *England for All* (1881), Hyndman had foreshadowed Home Rule for Ireland. "A complete agreement between England and Ireland," he said, "will be possible only when the people of both countries can control their own policy, and secure at home and abroad that the benefit of the many, not the gain of the few, should be the end." The cordial friend of Michael Davitt almost lived to see the realisation of Home Rule in the establishment (1922) of the "Saorstát Éireann." No Englishman more consistently advocated Irish autonomy. But he lamented the useless waste of life in the Dublin "Rebellion" of Easter, 1916, and deplored the death of James Connolly. An ardent Socialist, Connolly had issued a work on *Labour in Irish History*, and thus profitably indicated a line of aspiration and progress superior to the merely political line of a Parnell or a Healy. His friend, John Leslie, thought he must have joined the Sinn Fein effort on the desperate chance of imparting a Social-Democratic direc-

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tion to Irish Home Rule. Leslie said of him: "Of all the men whom I have ever known or could ever read of in tale or history, there is not one who brought a cleaner soul, a more disinterested enthusiasm or a courage more undaunted to the service of the working people than did James Connolly." The verdict of Hyndman ran thus:—

The Sinn Fein rebellion has been a very sad affair. The self-sacrificing energy and misguided patriotism which led its supporters to run such hopeless risks might have done much to help on the cause of "Ireland a Nation," in the highest sense, during the great period of reconstruction which must come after the War. Much more than a reverence for Ireland's history and language, and an eager desire to control their country's destiny at any cost, was needed to give such a revolutionary effort any chance of success against the overwhelming forces on the other side. . . . Though Connolly had long gone out of our own movement, he did thorough good service while he was with us, and was unquestionably an honest, determined and capable enthusiast with brains. . . . There can be no sadder criticism on our society of to-day than that fine, able fellows should have seen so little hope for their class and their country that they deliberately threw themselves away on this mad endeavour; and that the national soldiers of the same social stratum as themselves should feel impelled to shoot them down as men afflicted with criminal insanity.

Hyndman would no doubt feel to-day a discreet measure of satisfaction at the present Irish Free State's position, with an ambassador at Washington, and a delegation at the League of Nations Assembly. But he would remind his Irish friends that they needed a wider, popular and non-Catholic school system, and, in agriculture and manufacture, the abolition of the wage serfdom.

Nor did he forget Asia. Perchance, when India attains complete self-government, a grateful community will adorn a hall at Delhi or elsewhere with a tablet re-

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ording the names of the British citizens, by no means few, who have supported the Home Rule movement; and the name of Henry Mayers Hyndman will shine amongst them. Our Indian readers should be interested in the following letter, written to the *Morning Post*, on "The Condition of India" :—

Sir,—As the first sentence in your leading article of to-day (March 2, 1916)—“The hardest Social-Democrat has in these latter days ceased to raise the cry of the bleeding to death of India by an alien bureaucracy”—may lead some to imagine that I have abandoned the opinions set forth in my article, “Bleeding to Death,” in the *Nineteenth Century* of 1879, you will perhaps allow me to say that this is not so. I am as firmly convinced now as I was then that the agricultural population of our Indian Empire is becoming poorer and poorer owing to our alien rule. I have temporarily ceased to agitate on this very serious subject because I consider that, at the present time, the main thing for all Englishmen to take in hand is how best to beat the Germans. I hope, also, that one result of victory will be to grant self-government to the peoples of India in return for their support in this terrible war. I have before me a recent pamphlet by my friend Lajpat Rai, which puts the necessity for this policy in very plain language. And Lajpat Rai, though he has suffered from great injustice, is not hostile to British supremacy.—Yours faithfully,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

He showed a like attitude to the Chinese Republic, whose President, Yuan, died in June. Missionaries and financiers, he grimly remarked, had been “forced” on China by Western Powers, and Japan was not guiltless on the financial side. Our democratic sympathies should go out to the Asiatics generally. He hoped the 900,000,000 people of China, Japan and India would not “adopt the civilised and Christian methods they have suffered under when they are conscious of their real strength and begin to exercise it.” This Awakening of

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Asia, as Hyndman was wont to call the self-assertion of the East, has since developed more significantly, and, quite apart from the supposed or real promptings of Bolshevism, will go on irresistibly. Indeed, in this sphere, as in others, we may class the Bolshevist factor, which is so formidable to some eyes, as parasitical.

It will be allowed that our Veteran deserved the spring holiday which his wife planned amid the beech-woods of Surrey, and the summer laziness amid the wild roses and ivy-covered farms of Sussex. The Poetess had something of the witch in her when she drew the man of demonstrations, and platforms, and newspaper articles, and economic history into rural solitudes where she and he kindled a picnic blaze with furze, and beech-twigs, and birchwood and pine branches, and sat on the grass and gazed musingly on a landscape of blueish hills, and winding streams, and tiny cottages.

So lapsed the months, fair and sweet for Sussex, and accursed and devilish for the trenches of Flanders and France, and for the ships at sea. And President Wilson continued to write Notes of expostulation to Germany.

Another elder of the Socialist tribe, very different in type from Hyndman, printed his meditations that year. Edward Carpenter's *My Days and Dreams* told how the writer had eagerly read *England for All* in 1883, and how he had happened upon a committee meeting of the early S.D.F., and seen Hyndman, Morris, Burns, Champion, Joynes, Burrows, and others in deep confabulation. Carpenter, like the rest of us, tried to measure the ethical meaning of the World War. The folly of mankind in permitting war to occur was terrible; and yet (so pondered the author of *Towards Democracy*) the extraordinary passion which kept the nations at war appeared to indicate the insurgence of a greater life within which each individual moved, and which was more vivid and tremendous than that which was lost in battle. Call Carpenter a mystic; or regard his concep-

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tion as a view of the life of humanity collective; in either case, he speaks of things that appeal to the heart of the soldier, or of the messenger of peace and goodwill.

The agonies of civilisation deepened. Surely Dante himself could never have imagined his picture of the Inferno could be so exactly realised in his own Europe:—

Here sighs, with lamentations, and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

In the year 1917, the United States (April), and Greece (July), and Brazil (October) entered the War on the side of the Allies. The Italians suffered a cruel defeat at Gorizia. In France the German forces retreated to the Hindenburg line. At sea the submarines sank without warning. Russia dared its first revolution, not without hope, in March; and plunged, less hopefully, into Bolshevism in November. Coming events in the East cast a somewhat cheerful foreshadowing in Allenby's occupation of Jerusalem.

Hyndman energetically maintained his action in the War Emergency Committee, and, long before our food was rationed, he advised the fixation of the price of the quartern loaf at sixpence during the War; the abolition of rent during the War; and "enforced rationing of food for all classes." An S.D.F. voice,—that of Will Thorne,—urged the House of Commons to issue a "Family Book" of claims to food for each household. It may be seriously doubted if, during the whole course of the War, any democratic proposal surpassed the boldness,—let us say, audacity, in Danton's vivid sense,

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—of Hyndman's resolution at the National Workers' (War Emergency) Committee on August 9th. Of course the Russian Bolsheviks have issued imposing demands for the socialisation of this, that and the other; but they only had to confront a cowed bourgeoisie and a vast chaos of ignorant peasants. Our S.D.F. Chief put forward his demand for the Conscription of Riches, while surrounded, so to speak, by the most powerful Middle Class in the world. The principle he insisted upon is so vital, and, whether in 1914-18 or since, so little recognised, that we deem it important to reproduce his motion and its preamble in full:—

Since practically the whole adult male population of Great Britain is liable to conscription for active service in the field, thus being compelled to risk life and limb for the defence of a country which they do not own; since more than 90 per cent. of the soldiers conscripted are of the wage-earning class; since the munitions of death and the munitions of life are produced or obtained by the labour of the same class,—

The Workers' National Committee demands that the entire riches of this island be conscripted and placed at the disposal of the community at large, in order to meet the enormous cost of the War and the expenses of thorough social reconstruction after the Peace; such conscription of riches to be made from and after January 1, 1918, as follows:—

(1) Home and foreign bonds and all shares and debentures in public or private companies, with interest earned and payable thereon; thus giving the community entire control for the purposes mentioned over all mines, factories, workshops, railways, shipping, tramways, waterways, etc.

(2) All deposits in banks.

(3) All insurance companies; the welfare of actual insurers and annuitants being safeguarded by the community;

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(4) All land in town and country, with all buildings, to be held and dealt with as public property ;

(5) The whole adult population to be liable to conscription for productive and distributive labour, as may be decreed by a Constituent Assembly, elected under Proportional Representation, all adults having the right to vote ;

(6) All members of the community to have an equal right to a high standard of life in food, clothing, habitation, leisure and general opportunities for full intellectual, moral and physical education and enjoyment ;

(7) A registry of ownership prior to conscription of riches to be made and kept.

The War Emergency Committee passed this drastic motion. This Committee, as the reader will recall, was not an official Government body, but it had the ear of the Government, and was consulted by the Government. Of course, the Government of Mr. Lloyd George which, like all modern Governments, was largely dominated, even in periods of mortal strife and terror, by Finance, did not so much as look at this proposal ; and the daily press did not discuss it. And all the while, young men were blasted to fragments in the trenches, and sunk in lonely spaces of the sea ; and brave voices responded to Rupert Brooke's call :—

If I should die, think only this of me ;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Nor was it merely England that faced the dilemma. All civilisation had to face (or shall we say, it must now, impelled by the honest grief and rage of the millions, face) the question: Which do we value the more, Material Riches or the Life of Humanity's Youth? Hyndman reflected for two months. Why should he withdraw his startling challenge to Finance and Privilege? He would, on the contrary, expand it. It hap-

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pened that, in the autumn of 1917, the delegates of the Co-operative Societies had ceased membership of the War Emergency Committee. Hyndman mused over the fact that these disciples of Robert Owen did not always treat their employees fairly; and, in the sacred name of "dividends," they had been occasionally known to sweat their serving men and serving women. Very well. Let the Government conscript the Co-operative movement also, with its 3,000,000 shareholders and 11,000,000 customers. And who asked for this tremendous new step in British social evolution? Not a Pacifist who, in the name of God and conscience, lived in a security bought by the blood of young martyrs in France, or the Dardanelles, or Kut; but a Social-Democrat who had pleaded for preparation for the peril, and who now, from August 4th, 1914, to November 11th, 1918, supported the policy of the Allies. Ten years have elapsed since the following passage was written (*Justice*, October 4th, 1917), but for all the years yet to come, they deserve memorial as a living scripture in the national record:—

The overwhelming majority of common Englishmen, who are quite resolved to win the War against Germany, are not going to stick at trifles as to the manner of paying for it. The rich, who do only an infinitesimal part of the fighting, will have to do *all* the paying when the day of reckoning comes. Our comrades and fellow-citizens have not been risking, and many of them losing, their dearest possessions,—namely, their lives and their limbs,—for the purpose of securing the permanent ownership of Great Britain to the landowners, capital owners, shipowners and profiteers, sweaters and swindlers generally. Not they!

The Prophet's hope and faith foreshortened the course of events; for the social reconstruction did not, and, indeed, could not, advance at the pace of war and profiteering. In the old days, Isaiah had the same noble

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impatience, and he made the Lord cry: "I bring near my righteousness; it shall not be far off, and my salvation shall not tarry!" When, on our opening page, we put into Hyndman's mouth the words of Lamennais,— "I go to fight for the deliverance of my brothers from oppression, to break their chains, and the chains of the world,"—we were thinking of the splendid passion which forced Hyndman into this clamant prayer of "England for All,"—the Wealth of All England for the Service of All her Daughters and Sons. But what the men and women of 1918 did not hasten, and could not hasten, to accomplish, their children will achieve. So broad was the Chief's vision that even the phrase "British Republic" had no attraction for him unless it implied economic democracy. In April he had urged the "Need for a British Republic." But he did not calculate for a naive exchange of a President for a King. Nor did he calculate for a grand republican direction by Whitehall clerks and Permanent Officials. He said:—

British capitalism being bankrupt, alike in intelligence and in organisation, it was wholly unable to conduct the War without adopting Collectivist methods. Consequently, the whole community has been forced, whether it liked this or not, into State Control, State Ownership, State Bureaucracy, State wage-slavery, which, taken together, are commonly called "State Socialism." To that State Socialism we Social-Democrats are, of course, bitterly opposed. It is directly antagonistic, in every shape and way, to all our conceptions of Social-Democracy, in theory and in practice. . . . I advocate the immediate recognition of a democratic, not a plutocratic, Republic for Great Britain, as an indispensable step towards our national emancipation. . . . Not the few, but the many are winning this War. It is the England of the people that has gone forth to fight,—to fight for the freedom of nationalities. Shall we common folk in Britain, then, alone remain enslaved when the great battle is won?—(*Justice*, April 5th.)

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Incidentally, we note that these reflections on the decline of monarchy were prompted by the suspicious hesitation of King Constantine of Greece as to which side his morality should incline him to take in the War. The Greek people and the Greek leader Venizelos decided; Constantine being deposed in June, and Greece joining the Allies in July.*

The Hohenzollern Government had declared, on January 31st, that it would prevent all navigation, that of neutrals included, in a zone around Great Britain, France and Italy, and in the Eastern Mediterranean; but one United States passenger ship per week might pass to England, if it were stripe-painted, and if it followed a route marked out by the Germans. The United States proclaimed war against Germany on April 6th, and against Austria-Hungary on December 7th. American Socialists held conflicting opinions. Victor Berger of Milwaukee, and a group of colleagues, had called upon the citizens to "send telegrams or letters to President Wilson, to the U.S. Senators and Congressmen, and demand that American citizens and American ships be forbidden to enter the war zone, except at their own risk" (February). The telegrams failed. But the heart of *Justice* does not seem to have exulted over much; and perchance it was a little moved by a letter from an American Socialist (pro-Ally), who pointed out how U.S. plutocracy had repressed Labour, and even hinted that "Morgan is our king"; that is, "High Finance is our king." But the U.S.A. assistance in the struggle with Junkerdom was important. Hyndman, thinking things

* To our remarks on the republican conscription of wealth we may add a reference to the appearance, in 1917, of G. D. H. Cole's *Self-Government in Industry*. Mr. Cole, like Hyndman, deemed State Socialism as intellectually bankrupt, and advocated the control of industries by Guilds, acting in conjunction with the State. The year 1917 also witnessed a certain agitation for industrial control by "Shop Stewards"; but *Justice* (Dec. 13) observed that "national control of the distribution of products cannot possibly be exercised in the workshops where they are produced."

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over in the verdant peace of Monk's Gate (July), penned an Open Letter to Woodrow Wilson, in which he took care to preach Social-Democracy as well as salute the American intervention.* The letter has an interest because, in order to indicate to United States readers how his Socialism was mated with respect for the autonomy of nationalities, he enumerated nationalist leaders and foreign democrats with whom he had been on terms of friendship,—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Saffi, Cipriani, Davitt, Vaillant, Guesde, Jaurès, Wilhelm and Karl Liebknecht, Bebel, Marx, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxembourg, Naoroji, Khaparde, Chandra Pal, Lajpat Rai, Labroff, Stepniak, Volkhovsky, Vera Sassulitch, Plechanoff, Roubanovitch and Kropotkin. As a climax to this catalogue, he said that, as a Socialist, he was convinced each nation should carry out its own economic development in its own way without forcible interference from any other nation,—hence his opposition to Germany in 1914; and yet, of course, he anticipated a time when all the nations would work harmoniously together in full co-operation. He could not close the letter without breathing a hope for the self-government of India, Egypt and Ireland. In the result, it could not be affirmed that, in the United States, the War-period produced any appreciable uplift for American Socialism; so it suffices to say that, near the close of 1917, and for the first time in the Republic's history, the President addressed a representative and national Labour Conference. Democracy may, or may not, be thankful for small mercies.

Some of us have never quite known whether to be indignant with, or to smile at, the singular National Labour and Socialist Convention held at Leeds in June. A thousand delegates attended; one of these was Bertrand Russell the philosopher. It passed resolutions for peace with "no annexations and no indemnities," and for the establishment of "Soldiers' and Workmen's

* The letter was printed in a Deseret (Utah) journal in August. We know of no other copy.

Councils" in the Russian mode, and another resolution congratulated the Russian people on the March Revolution. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was present at the Leeds Convention, had previously given voice to the possibility of enlisting Russia "in a crusade in support of a great policy for European emancipation," and he continued: "I feel that a pronouncement from the Russian Revolutionists on the question of European nationalities. . . . will have a tremendously good effect upon all the belligerents, and is necessary if the moral declarations with which the War started are to be fulfilled when the War ends." But even an S.D.F. mind was magnetised by Russia; and J. O'Grady* told a Leeds audience (not the Convention!) that the Russian democrat Kerensky "was the greatest personality he had ever yet come in contact with." O'Grady's judgment was premature. As to the Leeds Convention, Hyndman had little to say; but he was watching keenly a movement which appeared designed as a logical sequel to it, namely, a Socialist conference in Sweden for the discussion of the issues of war and peace. At this period, the contrast between Hyndman and Romain Rolland was curious. Rolland was a French literary man who retired to Switzerland, and serenely judged all nations in a book entitled "Above the Battle." That he should long for peace was an admirable attitude; but not so admirable was the temper which, when Europe was suffering as it had never suffered before, sat on high and pronounced calm verdicts which seemed to manifest fraternity towards the authors of the devastation of France. Hyndman preferred, at the risk of being labelled "militarist," to resist even peace, if it threatened Social-Democracy, and a Hohenzollern victory would mean that threat. He and his N.S.P. colleagues had emphatically opposed attendance at a Congress of the Socialists of the Allied Nations (March). In America, the Socialist, English Walling, had adopted a similar

* Afterwards K.C.M.G. (1924) and Governor of Tasmania.

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attitude towards such proposals. The Dutch Socialist, Troelstra, actually visited Berlin and conferred with the Foreign Minister of the Hohenzollern Government; and the signs were many that Germany was seeking to obtain peace on terms that might be more favourable if commended by various Socialist groups. The Labour Party in Great Britain approved the plan of an international Socialist Conference in Sweden. The French Government refused passports to delegates to this meeting; the British Government did not refuse. This Stockholm Conference was never held; but, as in a mirror, the project and the discussions about it reflected the extraordinary difference of opinion among Socialists, and the Hohenzollern willingness, however sullen and however dubious in motive, to parley for peace. In April, *Justice* had thrown out a pretty plain hint that the German Government was certain of its own Social-Democrats for purposes of peace negotiations, and sought to influence Socialists in Allied countries in the direction of a peace as agreeable as possible to the Hohenzollerns. Austria was enticing Russia from the Entente, and the success of the design would release Austrian forces to increase the attack on Roumania and Italy, and release German forces to increase the attack on English and French positions. This melancholy forecast, indeed, was justified, though it was Germany, and not Austria, that assisted the Bolshevik capture of Russia, with the resultant secession of Russia from the Alliance. In June, Hyndman spoke his decisive mind on the Stockholm Conference (in a *Land and Water* article); and we repeat our claim of respect for his courage. A chorus of a school of moralists, who possessed an amiable earnestness rather than the fortitude that grips tragic realities, would have welcomed any word of his for peace. He wrote:—

The principal aim of the Germans at the present time, as it has been for many months past, is to open serious negotiations for peace while their armies are not mani-

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festly beaten, while their forces occupy Belgium, Servia, Russia, Poland, a great portion of Roumania, and the wealthiest manufacturing districts of France, while their Alliances are practically intact, and, above all, while the Hohenzollern Dynasty is still in complete control of Germany itself. Their General Staff knows perfectly well, and the German people are slowly learning the truth, that the main objects for which the War was entered upon—the leadership of Europe and world domination—cannot possibly be achieved by the Central Powers *this time*. The battle of the Marne was the first important set-back to the plan which, we can now see, was so nearly successful. Since then, in spite of all victories on the Eastern front, every day that has passed has pushed the aggressors further back from their real goal. Now the great question arises for them: "How can we make use of our present position to cajole the Allied Governments and peoples into peace chafferings which will save the appearance of defeat and leave us such advantages that we may begin afresh, when conditions are much more favourable to us than they have proved to be on the present occasion?" That is the question now exercising the German mind. And the answer to it must be given quickly.

Hyndman did not expect a revolution in Germany, and even now, looking back on the tired lapse of Berlin from monarchy into a republic in November, 1918, we cannot see the marks of a profound revolution. The entry of the United States into the World War would make the Hohenzollern fall more definite. Two methods of relief were visible. One was to enlist the help of the neutrals,—Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Swiss, and above all Dutch,—in paving the way to profitable negotiations. The other was to play upon the Pacifist, and in many cases theological, hearts of Socialists in all countries. Already, modest Socialist groups had met and whispered at Zimmerwald and Kienthal. And now Camille Huysmans, Belgian Secretary of the Inter-

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national Socialist Bureau, and Branting, the Swedish Socialist leader, were ready to co-operate in the Stockholm meeting; and Troelstra had made a happy trip from Holland to Berlin; and, wonderful to relate, Cachin and other Socialists,—sons of devastated France,—inclined to mercy; and Victor Adler (not Friedrich) of Vienna still dreamed of German Socialism as teacher of the democratic world. Hyndman reviewed these facts and personalities, and came to this hard but unalterable conclusion:—

I regard with the gravest suspicion any efforts for peace made either by Socialists or others until the Germans are beaten and have stated their terms for cessation of hostilities. We must, therefore, shake off all war weariness and even distrust, however justifiable, while this, the greatest menace that has threatened the progress of humanity, is being finally crushed down. Those who oppose the policy of the nation and its Allies must be fought tooth and nail. The French majority [Socialists] thought to win over the minority by fair words and fraternal deeds. Consequently, the less has swallowed the greater. That ought to be a lesson to us. I am more of a revolutionary Social-Democrat, if possible, than ever I was. But I am quite convinced that until German jackbootery and wholesale infamy are proved to be *unsuccessful* and *unprofitable*, there is no hope for the Co-operative Commonwealth, National or International, and that pro-German Pacifism is treachery to the human race.

As the Stockholm vision faded, a faint new expectation centred on an Inter-Allied Socialist Conference at the Central Hall, London, in August. It was attended by Vandervelde, De Brouckère, Longuet, Renaudel, Albert Thomas (later head of the International Labour Office of the League of Nations at Geneva), Creswell from South Africa, Henderson, Snowden, MacDonald, Shaw, Webb, Hyndman. In secret they met, despite Bernard Shaw's ridicule of "secret diplomacy." In

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secret they dissolved; and since resolutions must needs, by self-imposed rule, be unanimous, and since an N.S.P. motion, though defeated, broke unanimity, no Stockholm Conference could be evolved out of the Central Hall assembly. A few days later, the Trades Union Congress cold-watered Stockholm completely. Nor did the German Social-Democrats attempt to hurry peace by revolution. A French journal, *La Victoire*, neatly portrayed their psychology,—

The Revolution in Germany.—The Kaiser: "Warn the revolutionary comrades that I shall review them to-morrow at four o'clock!"

The memorable months of July to November, 1918, would give a vivid reply to the Stockholmists who confidently affirmed that no unmistakable defeat of the Hohenzollerns was possible. And to-day we can easily judge whether, simply on the ground of clear calculation, Hyndman and his friends were in the right or wrong. Far more difficult, obviously, is the question whether the prophets of a Co-operative Commonwealth were justified in advising the prolongation of the War. The spirit of the age warrants our shutting out the theological motive. We need not parley with the people of the Inner Light and the New Testament texts. But was the opposition to the Stockholm Conference an act of loyalty to Social-Democracy and its gospel of world unity on a republican basis? Our individual answers will really depend upon our individual conceptions of social evolution. This is another way of saying that our individual answers depend upon our individual studies of history; and appreciation of the value of history is not universal in the world of Labour and Socialism. Karl Marx's theory of Capital could not move without the aid of history. Hyndman's sense of history was deeper than Marx's. If we fancy vast social changes are mainly brought about by appeals to abstract splendours, such as Freedom, Fraternity, Peace, Righteousness, and the

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rest, we shall believe that war can be eternally abolished by a Seven Years' Campaign, or by the enthusiasm of delegates from innumerable committees. It is indeed indispensable that we should express our best impulses in such words; but are they the deciding factors? If, on the other hand, we have learned from social and economic history that the ascent of man from hard primitive conditions has been a long purgatory, illumined by triumphs of industry, discovery, invention, enlargement of view and sympathy, but accomplished only by human self-reliance, human experiment, human courage, then we recognise that, at certain crises, our imperfect faculties and vision can only be made finer and purer by conflict, perhaps even unto death. The sooner we can devise means of averting conflict the better. But this devising implies intellect, subtlety, patience, and even scientific genius. This genius is unfolded mainly in souls that we call Leaders and Prophets; but, even in the masses, a kind of social and political genius may be evoked by discipline and experience; and only where this double genius (if one may so speak) exists and works can a nation effect a true revolution; but the discipline and the experience may need to be baptised by tragedy. We have put into our own inadequate phrases the doctrine which Hyndman held, as against the sentimentalist and the word-spinning Pacifist. He believed that England had reached the point where the double genius was near its manifestation. That was why he gave out his swift, unambiguous opinions as to the necessity for England to continue the fight against Junkerdom. Even in the staggering case of Italy, and the bewildering case of Russia, he had positive things to say, while others faltered and sighed in the name of conscience.

A sudden attack on the Italians by a larger mass of German troops who had swollen the Austrian front in the hill country of Gorizia had resulted in vast Italian losses, —tens of thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns. Hyndman knew the peaks and valleys; he had wandered

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over the region in Garibaldi's campaign of 1866. The people had Italian sympathies, and would be ready enough to give warning of the German approach. How then account for the abrupt retreat of the Italians, if it was so unlikely that the Italians were taken by surprise? Was treachery at work? Was German finance at work? Was anti-Nationalist Pacifism at work? And was not clericalism favourable to Austria? Such questions illustrated his habit, in a crisis, of asking questions that probed, that cut to the centre. In any case, his sympathy rushed to the Italians, supported by a sense of the peril to the Allied cause in general :—

Surrender by Italy now would mean her disappearance as a Power in Europe, and would entail endless humiliation in the near future. No foreigner need tell her that. She has plenty of nobly patriotic and self-sacrificing men at home. But it is useless for us to disguise from ourselves what this disaster means to us for the time being. . . . Even if Englishmen were not impelled by honour to do their utmost for our Italian friends, in this fourth year of an exhausting War, our own interests and those of France call aloud to us in the same sense.—(*Justice*, November 1st.)

But a far more complicated event, and far more exacting in its test of the power to appraise and judge amazing and bloody facts, was the Bolshevist chaos (which custom compels us to name "revolution") of November, 1917. To this very day, ten years later, innumerable minds are confused in trying to interpret the swift rise of Lenin, and a small clique of supporters, to the dictatorship of Russia.

We will state the Russian situation as concisely as possible, our sole purpose being to exhibit the issue which confronted, not only the elder type of Social-Democrats in Russia (such as Plechanoff and Katherine Breshkovsky), but the Socialists in Great Britain, France and elsewhere. Between March and November a

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Constituent Assembly, with Kerensky as a leading spirit,—Kerensky the Socialist, Kerensky who willed to maintain the War against the Hohenzollerns,—represented an effort to base a republic on the popular suffrage. Such an effort, conducted on the western edge of a Eurasian continent, mainly peopled by ill-educated land-workers, required a greater genius than Kerensky; and it was damaged by disputes between Kerensky and his military colleague, Korniloff. A German train and German finance carried Lenin and his "revolutionary" group to St. Petersburg (Petrograd, Leningrad, X-grad), and, with commotion and preliminary bloodshed, a Soldier-Workman Council, or Soviet, displaced the Constituent Assembly. The Lenin party, rightly disgusted with Czarism, resolved to close a war waged by a Russian Emperor against two Germanic Emperors; and an armistice suspended the slaughter of Russian youths by the immensely more efficient German armies, and before long (March, 1918) a so-called "treaty" of Brest-Litovsk closed the conflict, and left the Ukraine and other territories at the disposal of the Hohenzollerns. Among the rapid results were the independence of Finland, and the release of large German forces for dealing death to Italian, French and British. For clearer comprehension, we may anticipate events, and observe that, in July, 1923, a Constitution of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was established, and opened with the following statements:—

Since the time of the formation of the Soviet Republics, the States of the world have divided into two camps—the camp of Capitalism and the camp of Socialism.

There—in the camp of Capitalism—national enmity and inequality, colonial slavery and chauvinism, national oppression and pogroms, imperialist brutalities and wars.

Here—in the camp of Socialism—mutual confidence and peace, national freedom and equality, dwelling to

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gether in peace, and the brotherly collaboration of peoples.

The attempts of the capitalist world over a number of decades to settle the question of nationality by the combination of the free development of peoples with the system of the exploitation of man by man have proved fruitless. On the contrary, the skein of national contradictions is becoming more and more tangled, threatening the very existence of capitalism. The bourgeoisie has been found impotent to organise the collaboration of peoples.

Only in the camp of the Soviets, only under the conditions of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, mustering around itself the majority of the population, has it proved possible to destroy at the roots national oppression, to establish an atmosphere of mutual confidence, and lay the foundations of the brotherly collaboration of peoples.*

Lenin died in January, 1924. His successor as Chairman of the Soviet of People's Commissars was Rykoff, a Russian of unmixed blood; and with him were associated a group containing four Jews,—Trotzky, Kameneff, Radek and Zinovieff; a Pole, Dzerzhinsky; a Georgian, Stalin; a Roumanian, Rakovský. In 1927, the Union governed 9,251,796 square miles of Soviet land, and 141,851,250 people, mostly peasants, only a small minority being "proletariat" or urban wage-earners. It may be convenient to complete our sketch by citing a passage from a U.S.A. pamphlet:—

Soviet Russia has fought against the Central Powers [for a few weeks, 1917]; and the Poles, French, English, Japanese, Czecho-Slovaks, Cossacks, and even Americans have invaded its territory. Denikin, Koltchak, Wrangel, Yudenich and numerous other White [Czarist] leaders backed by foreign gold have marched up and down the country, destroying railroads and

* Foreign Office pamphlet, pub. H.M. Stationery Office, 1924.

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bridges, ravaging, burning and carrying away livestock, taking many of her chief cities, and reaching at one time even to the gates of Petrograd. Never claiming the support of a majority of the people, frankly admitting that their [the Soviet Leaders'] Government was the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, they have beaten down all opposition.*

The Bolsheviks have inaccurately named themselves "Communists." "Commune" is a term which properly describes such small urban or district republics as the Parisian revolutionaries tried to set up in 1871. Karl Marx, who used the term in his Manifesto of 1848, obviously had in mind the "Communists" of countries in which industrial and financial capitalism had developed to a point where the proletariat consciously gained the power to form a political party, and prepared to take over the social organisation. Russia was not such a country, and the Bolsheviks uttered Marxian words in a non-Marxian environment. They have even pretended, after the manner of the fly on the wheel, to teach the English people how to accomplish revolution. They might, it is true, speak with some competence on Asiatic affairs, since Russia belongs to Eurasia; but that is ground unknown to Marx.

George Plechanoff, perhaps the first of the Russian Marxians, had hastened from London to Petrograd in April, 1917, saying to Hyndman: "I go home full of enthusiasm and rejoicing." He co-operated with Kerensky, and was pro-Ally in sentiment. His health failed, and, after November, the Leninite police harassed him, and he died in May, 1918. He was a distressing symbol of the disillusion of many Russian Socialists. Will Thorne, O'Grady and Stephen Sanders had returned from Russia, in June, and, as Labour delegates,

* From one of the "International Conciliation" pamphlets (407, West-117-Street, New York City), which give useful and impartial political information.

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told of the happy promise of Kerensky's administration. In August, Russian audiences in Moscow applauded Plechanoff, Kropotkin and Katherine Breshkovsky when these three Socialists counselled the prosecution of the War against Austria and Germany. In November came the Bolshevist explosion. Then came also the test for the two types of British Socialists,—that which enjoyed the luscious catchwords of Lenin and Trotzky, and that which concentrated on the realities of Russian geography, economics and social history. It is not too easy for us to-day to state a verdict on the Bolshevist episode. In 1917, it was important to arrive at a rapid judgment of Bolshevism, and of its probable influence on the fortunes of Social-Democracy in the West.

Hyndman's speedy and curt pronouncement ran thus: "The Bolshevist coup d'état in Petrograd is helping militarism in Prussia, and reaction in Russia." By "reaction" he meant "increasing the internal troubles and confusion, and rendering the solution of the problems of food and transport more hopeless than ever." For the rest of his life he maintained the same general attitude. In leisurely and philosophic reflection, he devoted a chapter of his *Evolution of Revolution* (1920) to "Bolshevism and the Russian Revolution." After tracing the valuable emancipating work done by the Russian Social-Democrats from 1898 to 1905, the indignation caused by the massacre of crowds of citizens who demanded reforms ("Bloody Sunday," 1905), and the strikes which forced Czardom to convene a Duma, Hyndman said:—

The first Duma, or Constituent Assembly, elected by the whole country, did really represent the full amount of development to which Russia, with her 165,000,000 [in 1905] peasants, the vast majority of whom were uneducated, had yet attained. It was not, of course, a Socialist Assembly, though Social-Democrats and Agrarian Socialists were well represented. But the majority of its members were opposed to any continu-

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ance of the arbitrary powers of the Czar, and there was good reason to hope that, if all advanced parties made common cause to this end, a new political era would dawn for the nation, in which the great social problems of the land and the city industries might be peacefully worked out. This was the view of George Plechanoff, the brilliant founder and leader of the Marxist Social-Democratic Party. But it was not the opinion of Lenin (or Ulianoff), the head of another section of the same party. Lenin, though a fanatical Marxist himself, and at this time a great admirer and friend of Plechanoff, was bitterly opposed to any arrangement whatever with the educated classes and the bourgeoisie. This, according to him, would take all the fighting class spirit out of the real revolutionary force, the propertyless proletariat, who, though a small minority of the population, contained within themselves all the real knowledge and power necessary for a class-conscious revolution. . . . Plechanoff argued, on the contrary, that the first thing to be done was to rid Russia, as a nation, of despotic rule, and that those who were ready to strive honestly with the mass of the people for that purpose, whether they belonged to the bourgeoisie or the peasantry, were useful, and, indeed, indispensable, allies. . . . At this point of Lenin's opposition—with the help of Trotzky, Zinovieff, and others, who afterwards co-operated with him in more serious circumstances—to Parliamentaryism generally and Plechanoff's policy in particular, the real foundations of irreconcilable antagonism to all forms of co-operation with other parties, and the fanatical determination to seize power by a minority, were laid.

Thus Lenin; thus Plechanoff; and Hyndman condemned Lenin. For such differences of opinion no infallible solution exists. But Lenin had had no training as a citizen of a country with strong political traditions (and, in that respect, England is the leading example of the world); and Hyndman was born and bred in such a country, and had shown both originality and skill in the

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practical leadership of a thirty-nine years' (1881-1920) movement. So far as Hyndman's political theory was concerned, the debate was ended by the common-sense remark: "Permanent social revolution and Communist reconstruction can only be successfully achieved when the bulk of the population in any given country understands and is ready to accept the new forms which have, consciously or unconsciously, developed in the old society." To such considerations we must, of course, add the element of the influence of personalities. The rise of Leninism might have been prevented if Kerensky had possessed a sterner character. Mrs. Hyndman, who had no little shrewdness of perception, met Kerensky several times in 1918, meditated on his "rather singular beauty, his fine eyes and striking features," and his likeness to "a man of Tartar blood drawn on ivory by an eighteenth-century painter of miniature"; and she concluded, with Hyndman, that he lacked will-power and lucidity of judgment. Kerensky's weakness lent strength to the Hohenzollern Kaiser, who sent the German armies in France this exultant message:—

The year 1917 with its great battles has proved that the German people has, in the Lord of Creation above, an unconditional and avowed Ally on whom it can absolutely depend. . . . Trusting in our righteous cause and in our strength, we face the year 1918 with firm confidence and iron will. Therefore, forward with God to fresh deeds and fresh victories!

For a few moments we turn to homelier scenes. Early in the year husband and wife spent some weeks at a remote Buckinghamshire farmhouse, and took walks past a woodland fountain, and so on to (says Rosalind) "my favourite spot, a little dark rushy pool, surrounded by dwarf oak-trees, high on the open moor. My dear old man was still a good walker, and those were 'gold and silver days.'"^{*} In March, Herbert Burrows sent birth-

* Chap. x of *The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman*.

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day wishes, and laughed at the memory of a long companionship: "I don't know any instance in politics or sociology where two men like you and me, infernal individualists as we are, have really been so absolutely in accord for more than thirty-five years! It is a tribute to our principles, or ourselves,—to both!" In August, the Hyndmans moved to a house once occupied by John Masefield,—13, Well Walk, Hampstead, and they were happy in the pleasant rooms and the garden. A comic effect of the change was a dislocation of the meeting-place of the N.S.P. Executive. We had often met at Hyndman's flat in Queen Anne's Gate,—a petty but undismayed group of three, or four, or five, or six, legislating for the Socialist universe; and now we assembled with Hyndman in a shadowy, cob-webbed chamber in Clerkenwell, but still undismayed. One evening, the crimson light from the fatal explosion at Silvertown shone into the dusty room.

In November died Jack Williams. Hawker, stableman, cab-washer, window-cleaner, and general handyman, he typified, in his wage-earning sorrows and his unemployed intervals, the "proletariat" of the Western world. Street-corner orator, and prisoner for free speech in the streets, Williams was an extraordinary example of energetic faith and service to the Socialist cause. Sometimes he strayed into middle-class and aristocratic "social welfare" or "missionary" assemblies. The staunch old trade unionist tailor, James Macdonald, had known him many years, and related (*Justice*, November 15th, 1917) how Williams dropped into a drawing-room meeting which was discussing methods of bringing the heathen into the Christian fold:—

The chair was occupied by an elderly lady, who waxed eloquent on the necessity of spreading a network of missionaries from some coast-line right into the interior of some benighted place where the people were heathens of a very low type. Jack spoke, protesting

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against the sending of missionaries out to foreign parts, when people at their very doorsteps were crying for food, and living under conditions that were certainly as bad as those of any heathen. The lady of the chair rose in the most dignified manner, and, pointing with her fan to Jack, said if that person was invited here, it must have been a mistake; he had no right to be there whatever. Jack rose slowly from his chair, with a particular look in his face that I have always noted in him when going to say something nasty, looked round the room, at the floor, at the ceiling, at the walls, at the audience. Then, raising his forefinger and rubbing his ear, his gaze slowly fell on the lady, and he began at his best cockney style: "It's like this 'ere, mum; you don't ask the heathen if they want your missionaries. They go whether they are invited or not. So, as I regard you as heathens, and of a very vicious type, I came to missionise you"! A few suppressed giggles were all the reply that Jack heard as he leisurely left the room.

A sad crowd gathered at Williams's grave at Walthamstow, and James Macdonald, Ben Tillett, and Hyndman paid tribute. "Jack Williams," said the Chief, "was a man of the people. Rough in his diction, untutored, he made mistakes; yet, so great was his sincerity, that men of education who heard him refrained from smiling as they would have done in the case of a less sincere man. He had set before us an example of life-long devotion to the Cause in which he believed, and for which he lived." A letter from Smith-Headingley, published at this date, recalled how he had met Williams at the club in Rose Street, Soho, about 1871-2, in the company of Paris Communists, and other political refugees. We trust the reader will deem this brief page rightly dedicated to the memory of a simple Englishman, who rendered truer service to his Motherland than many high-placed politicians and philanthropists. And we may here refer to a very different, but admirable servant of humanity who died, aged 84, a few weeks

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later,—Felix Moscheles, the painter and (in the best sense of the term) pacifist. Moscheles was the godson of the famous composer Mendelssohn. He was a fellow-worker with Hodgson Pratt in the aim of international peace, and a stout opponent of the Boer War. In politics he got no further than Liberalism; but Hyndman greatly admired him, and said that, for Moscheles, "peace was something much higher than the undisturbed continuance of commercial piracy, and industrial sweating; he firmly believed that only by the maintenance of international peace was continuance of human progress possible."

Stern reason drives us to the record of the last phase of this accursed War, and extracts from us a sigh of satisfaction that, for the sake of democratic order and progress, and the ultimate emancipation of the masses from poverty, the Hohenzollern ideal was broken in 1918. That alone counts. All else is blood and shame. The German General Staff prepared for the decisive effort, in a spirit which we must hold in respect, in the sense that such courage may one day, we hope, be devoted to nobler and constructive aims. They seemed to say, like a fabled captain of old,—

Perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet
May serve to better us and worse our foes.

A gigantic gas attack; the bombardment of Paris by long-range guns; the union of British and French forces under Foch (March 28); Haig's appeal (April): "Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement; with our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end"; the approach of the Germans to the very threshold of Amiens, and within forty miles of Paris; the turn of the battle-tide on July 18th; the break in the Hindenburg line; the rush of American auxiliaries; the attack

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of British seamen on Zeebrugge,—heroic climax of a wide heroic achievement in all the seas; Allenby's swift advance to Damascus and Aleppo; Bulgaria's armistice (September 29th); Turkey's armistice (October 31st); Austria's armistice (November 4th), and bitter payment for the arrogant folly of July 28th, 1914; the German armistice, November 11th; the flight of the Hohenzollern Kaiser in an ignominious motor-car into Holland; the somewhat superficial "revolution" in Berlin,—we write this catalogue easily; but the most real and human memorial is cut in the hearts of millions of mothers; and in presence of that monumental grief the kings, presidents and politicians are petty shadows, and the profiteering financiers and contractors are mire and filth under the feet of sorrow. Once again we watch our friend Hyndman.

In January, the War Emergency Workers' National Committee appointed Hyndman, C. T. Cramp and Duncan Carmichael* as representatives on the Government Consumers' Council; and J. S. Middleton, the excellent Secretary, in announcing the three names to the Ministry of Food, justly complained of the slow and inadequate steps taken by the Cabinet and the bureaucrats. The capitalist powers had not grappled with the problems of agriculture, municipal kitchens, children's meals, using the Co-operative Societies' resources, and national rationing. Hence the Workers' Committee "feels very much like a fire brigade called up after the blaze has got going and the task given to it almost hopeless." Patience and good humour carried the nation through a difficult food shortage which F. H. Gorle (whose smiles adorned *Justice* each week) described in a sort of Hamlet phrase: "The times are out of joints." The Consumers' Council endured two years and a half, and Hyndman became one of its most familiar and brisk figures, infusing such topics as bacon and tea, or the de-

* D. Sept., 1926; a staunch S.D.F. worker.

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struction of the uneconomic rat, with a dramatic social and sociological interest. Four times had Burnley refused him entry into the House of Commons. On the Consumers' Council, in wit and good devices and advices, he rendered willing and ungrudging service, and played the simple citizen when not permitted to act the statesman. He rejoiced when (July) J. R. Clynes was made Food Minister. In the *Times* (January) he rang again the alarm-bell for our decayed agriculture, and he read this lesson to aristocratic landowners :—

I hoped, indeed, that, trying to emulate the patriotism of the Samurai of Japan, under far-less dangerous circumstances, they would have thought of England and Scotland first, and their rents afterwards. Had they done so they would have combined with the great mass of the people to force upon the Government, and their own profiteering farmers, an organised system of cultivation with the best manures, the best machines, and the best skilled labour, including the prisoners of war. . . . What do we see? Thousands upon thousands of acres of good arable land lying derelict, or not being utilised to anything near the extent of their productive power, while private park lands, pleasure lands, and pastures are left untouched.

He contrasted this selfish neglect with the German efficiency in so vital an industry: "The value of German agricultural produce *increased* to the capital amount of £3,000,000,000 in twenty years before the War." One would like to know whether, at a Day of Judgment, the British landowners would claim to have been patriotic in the years 1914 to 1918. Or were they Conscientious Objectors to the lessening of profits and joys?

Other profiteers were the gentlemen of finance. At the Inter-Allied Socialist Conference in London in September, Kerensky was invited to explain the position in Russia. One cannot admire his capacity of judgment.

He declared that, in spite of the Bolshevik usurpation, the mass of the Russian people had never abandoned the struggle against German imperialism; he desired Allied intervention in Russia; he believed the Bolshevik tyranny could only maintain itself as far as the German bayonets penetrated. As to Allied intervention, Hyndman had other views than Kerensky's. He detected a suspicious influence behind the "White" supporters of Russian monarchy:—

Do not let us underrate the weight and importance of international finance, Gentile and Jew, at this great crisis in the world's history. The one object of bankers and loan-mongers is to get "their" interest on "their" money. All human considerations are subordinate to that. . . . It is thought that investors have a better chance of getting their interest out of the poverty-stricken peasants of Russia under a monarchy, Czarist or Constitutional, than under a republic. France has lent Russia upwards of £1,000,000,000. . . . The Rothschilds also hold piles of Russian securities in their vaults.—(*Justice*, September 12th.)

It was an amazing tangle. Kerensky, the republican, asked for Allied help. Lenin ("a furious fanatic, destitute of any moral sense, either personal or political," said Hyndman) resisted the Allies and the Whites. Hyndman deprecated intervention, for the same reason that he condemned private land-ownership in Britain; it would bolster up an undemocratic minority. He had corresponded with the British War Office, in association with Dr. Gavronsky and other clear-headed Russian politicians, and advised aid to the 30,000 Russian troops who could support the Constitutional Assembly against the Bolsheviks. The advice was rejected.

Just as he had counter-moved against the Stockholm Conference, so Hyndman objected to the mission of General Smuts on a covert peace-parley with Austria. He gave no sympathy to proposals made by Camille

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Huysmans, who interviewed him at Well Walk (Mrs. Rosalind's teapot taking a humble part in the scene), and proposed an "All-in" Socialist Congress, which would triumphantly formulate good peace terms with Austria and Germany. The N.S.P. Executive signed a Manifesto, written by their Leader, and saying: "We now know precisely what our enemies intend. The fate of Belgium, of Servia, of Russia, of Poland, of Roumania proves conclusively what will happen to France and Great Britain should this renewed assault of baffled fury and desperation result in victory." And an N.S.P. telegram to Haig declared that the Party "is confident that you and your glorious army, in concert with Pétain and his splendid battalions, will achieve complete victory, and will secure for us and our Allies permanent peace for universal democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth." (Foch took over the united command two days later.) On a rainy Sunday, July 14th,—the Fall of the Bastille Day,—Ben Tillett, O'Grady, Will Thorne and A. M. Simons (U.S.A. Socialist) addressed a demonstration in Trafalgar Square; and Hyndman appeared on the Nelson column plinth whence, four years earlier, he had joined in the protest against war,—a protest annulled by the German invasion of Belgium. "After four years of terrific warfare," he exclaimed, "our hearts and minds turn naturally to France. This day of celebration of the French Revolution is ours too. The fall of the Bastille rang the death-knell of Feudalism. The fall of Germany will ring the death-knell of Militarism and Capitalism." Some of us had met Charles Edward Russell and John Spargo* in London in the previous March. When the visitors from U.S.A. asked if we thought the German seizure of the French Channel Ports would induce Britain to propose peace, we replied No. The note of

* Author of an interesting biography of Karl Marx. British born.

faith which Hyndman sounded on July 14th he maintained till the end. Early in October he observed:—

Nothing has been more astounding than the coolness and determination with which Great Britain, her Dominions and France faced the terrible period of danger and uncertainty which the Allies had to encounter between the disasters of the spring and the commencement of the turn of the tide. Nothing can be finer than the way the peoples received the succession of amazing victories that the same peoples and their armies with their Allies, and then with their splendid American comrades, have recently gained. . . . M. Clemenceau [then Premier] is specially to be congratulated upon the magnificent service he has rendered to the common cause. Since he took upon himself the tremendous responsibility of office at one of the most serious crises in French history, now nearly a year ago, he has transformed the entire outlook of affairs in France. Had not Clemenceau acted as he has acted, even Foch's genius might have failed to save his country.

With this expansion of glad feeling there mingled doubts concerning our anti-German Conservatives and our pro-German Liberals. Were these two factions going to take us back to the old finance, the old exploitation, the old sermons on Free Trade or Protection? When the Germans surrendered unconditionally, and, in this one rapid action, gave the lie to the oft-repeated Pacifist assertions that neither side could win, Hyndman expressed a natural content. Who more than he had tried to rouse England to the German menace? Who, more than he, had kept a clear vision of the relation of the War to Social-Democracy? Who, more than he, had demanded the double result of the tragic struggle,—the defeat of the militarist society of which the Hohenzollern policy was the detestable symbol, and the subjugation of money-power, land-owning-power, and industrial-capitalist-power? No voice from the Quaker meetings, no voice from the Union of Democratic Con-

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trol, no voice from the Independent Labour Party, no voice from the Stockholm Conference circle had uttered, with the fierce emphasis of his voice, the demand for the entire conscription of wealth, and personal service for the need and the salvation of the democracy, and the removal of the curse of poverty. In the course of the present chapter, we have frequently cited Hyndman's utterances during the test period (in the history of civilisation) of 1914-1918; and it is understood we have only quoted an example here and there from each year. In those speeches, delivered with confidence and calm amid the hurly-burly of war, one may find the whole programme of Social-Democracy outlined; not in a code of moral maxims concocted "above the battle," but in a plain and definite plan of socialisation in the realms of finance, agriculture, manufacture, and republican policy. Social-Democracy is not a rebellion. It is an order of economics and citizenship designed to displace the class-war. It calls for a profounder statesmanship than the competitive modes of the past,—the Elizabethan mode, the Cromwellian mode, the Colonial War mode of the Eighteenth Century, the French Revolution mode, the Napoleonic conflict mode, the Capitalist mode of child-labour and women's wage-labour and unemployment-starvation. It calls for swift and competent vision and decision in the conduct of the Economic Republic. To rank all Hyndman's visions and decisions as entirely competent would be absurd. We make no such claim. But, in the hour of the world's hell and purgatory, he did at least offer an example of Socialist steadfastness and ability in dealing with the realities. Had the general assembly of Labour and trade unionism exhibited a like firmness and clearheadedness in 1914-18, the post war transition to the Co-operative Commonwealth would have been brief. It would have been brief, because the reactionary classes would have recognised political genius in the rising democracy, and not merely the clamour of Direct Actionists or the devout noise of pul-

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pits. Even Hyndman's political opponents acknowledged his capacity for Continental views and world views. The Labour Party retired from the difficulty of direct touch with Peace problems by a Conference vote (November, 1918) withdrawing its official support of the Government,—the support having been limited to the War period. Hyndman had no inclination for such evasively moral attitudes, and he regretted Clynes's resignation from the Food Ministry. "Undoubtedly," he said, "Clynes has been much the most successful of the Labour men who have had control of a Department; as a whole he has done well." The veteran Socialist was even willing, if chosen, to take part in the Peace negotiations, because he would have an opportunity to safeguard the interests of the wage-earning democracy as well as assist in framing a treaty in the spirit of the "good European." The Conservative organ, *The Morning Post* (November 27th), published the following proposal:—

WHY NOT MR. HYNDMAN?

Now that the Labour Party have insisted on withdrawing their representatives from the Government, the Party will have no representative at the Peace Conference—a circumstance that is to be regretted. But we notice that a demand is put forward by the National Socialist Party* that that veteran Democrat and Socialist, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, should be regarded as "a fit and proper person to act as a representative of Great Britain at the Peace Conference." The merits of this timely suggestion leap to the eye. From the Labour and Socialist point of view Mr. Hyndman is unexceptionable. He has spent the best part of a long life in advocating the cause of Social-Democracy. He was a member of the International Socialist Bureau for the first ten years of its existence; and even the most advanced advocate of the cause of "the people" will not venture

* Executive resolution: "H. M. H. is a fit and proper person to act as a representative of Great Britain," etc.—*Justice*, Nov. 28th.

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to object that Mr. Hyndman is not thorough-going. There is, indeed, no other man in the movement who can boast of such services as his. From the national point of view Mr. Hyndman is equally unexceptionable by reason of qualifications which, among the leaders of the British Labour movement, are unique. He is a well-graced linguist to begin with. He knows at first-hand France and Germany and their leading public men, as well as those of the smaller nationalities on the Continent. He could meet on equal terms the best-trained delegates of enemy countries, for he knows not only their characters and mentality, but the history and the geography of the many complex international problems with which the Peace Conference will be faced. Without disparaging the men who to-day direct the British Labour movement, is it possible to deny that there is not one of them who is not handicapped by the limitations of extreme insularity, and who, faced with Continental problems and conditions, would not be liable to "the blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised?" Finally, Mr. Hyndman has another qualification to which exception can be taken only by those who dare not take it. He is a sound patriot; an Englishman who does not allow his Socialism or his democratic passion to produce anti-nationalism. His attitude and influence during this War have deserved the fullest confidence of his countrymen, to whatever Party they belong, and his name would inspire an equal confidence among our Allies, if he were named one of the British delegates. We have always unflinchingly combated most of the articles of Mr. Hyndman's political creed, but differences of opinion and faith have never obscured the fact that Mr. Hyndman is a man whom the strongest opponents can both respect and trust, and for our part we believe that the Government could make no more acceptable decision than to invite him to a place at the Peace table, especially if it were the place which report has reserved for Lord Reading.

Among Continental leaders who would have welcomed Hyndman at the Versailles' table were Clemen-

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ceau and Masaryk. In the end, the delegates selected were Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Lord Milner, A. J. Balfour and George N. Barnes. It might not be a distressing puzzle for the reader to choose a name which might have yielded place to Hyndman's, without lowering British dignity. Even India might have rejoiced to nominate him. In the last week of the year he was affirming, as he had affirmed on countless occasions: "British domination of India is not only harmful to Indians, but to the workers of Great Britain. It constitutes a permanent obstacle to democratic organisation all along the line."

On the more domestic side of affairs we may shortly state that the Representation of the People Act, 1918, accorded the Parliamentary vote to women aged 30 (Socialists always claiming equal suffrage for the sexes); that the Labour Party now stated its object as "to secure for the producers by hand *or brain* the full fruits of their industry," and at once manifested an interest in Liberal-Labour politicians outside the trade union classes; and that the N.S.P. held its first Annual Conference at West Ham Town Hall in August.* Slipping away from the agitated world of conferences, the Hyndmans had spent tranquil days in Dorsetshire in the early summer, and roamed the breezy downs, and wandered on the old British ramparts at Maiden Hill by Dorchester, and paid homage to the Memorial of the seven Dorset labourers who were "transported" to Australia for transgressing the scandalous law against trade combinations (1834). On a series of afternoons, the Hyndmans visited the author of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and Mrs. Hardy, at Max Gate. The veteran gentlemen talked of philosophy and lesser things, conscious all the while of the battle-field massacres. If Hardy was inclined to

* At which the present writer read a paper (printed by Hyndman's wish) sketching a Humanist plan of education, ethical, civic, artistic, scientific, industrial, for all youth to age "18 or beyond."

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murmur: "I don't understand at all why what was, on the whole, an ameliorating course that humanity was pursuing should have been jerked entirely out of its direction, and made to lapse altogether for an indefinite time; but it has occurred, and to be awakened to it is disheartening,"—yet he would not thrust away Hyndman's more cheerful prophesyings; and it was good to talk in the sunlit garden thus:—

The two gentlemen were a great contrast as they sat philosophising in the sun, against the green background of leaves. Dane or Saxon in his fair colouring, my husband's broad head and leonine silvery beard seemed to take and hold the light; Hardy, dark and small, with his keen, bird-like face, was a Kelt, a man of the forest and the shade. Two very different subjects roused him, and then the swift glance became a wider gaze, and one saw that his apparently black eyes were really deep blue.*

In the long evenings of the earlier months of 1918, Rosalind and her husband had chatted oft, merrily or earnestly, on favourite authors,—Aristophanes, Euripides, Æschylus (thrice they read *The Persians* drama), Sophocles, Catullus, Chapman's Homer, and Shakespeare, and Scottish ballads, and the Ingoldsby Legends, and the "Chansons" of Béranger, and simple German folk-lyrics—and (adds Rosalind) "he cared little for Heine."

Thus, amid the world-tempest, had passed four years of the married life which opened in the almost careless days of May, 1914. Seven years before marriage, Rosalind Travers had dedicated to the memory of Richard Garnett a graceful and dreamlike poem, "In Praise of Friendship."† Her soul had wandered to a mystic White Isle in the Euxine Sea, where a Temple of

* *The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman*, Chap. xi.

† "Laus Amicitiae," in *Thyrsis and Fausta* volume (Elkan Mathews; 1907).

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Friendship crowned a shining hill. Her meditations glided onwards to a future in which a universal harmony of the man-soul and woman-soul would express companionship at its best. Then would women be—

Free in their ample womanhood to find
Rich unsuspected strength and stedfast will;
To work with men and know them, mind to mind,
Proven deed-brothers in the fight with ill
And tyrannies of by-gone years until
(The severing sense of deep unlikeness past
With broader knowledge), men and women fill
Their destiny of friendly union, cast
Old bonds of secret fear upon the winds at last.

Many an old bond had she cast since she visited the White Isle. She had even cast an old freedom. Even the Wander-Passion that flew to far forests and lonely pools and vales had faded, and she fastened upon herself, in an exhilaration of liberty, the seeming bond of service to an old Prophet, whose "silvery beard seemed to take and hold the light," and whose chosen dwelling was pitched amid the roar of angry multitudes, and the flutter of processions, of debates, of loud claims. She was a good wife.

CHAPTER VII

THE THREE CLOSING YEARS, 1919-1921

WHEN the fasting season of Lent arrived in March, 1919, our friend expressed the public relief at the disappearance of the rationing system: "What are forty days of Lent after two years of rationing?" And despite all the anxieties of the post-war time, Hyndman exclaimed at the New Year: "Those who stick loyally to Social-Democracy never really grow old. Thus it is that, as a young man of close upon 77, in full health and vigour, I can heartily wish the workers and readers of *Justice* a Happy and a Prosperous Socialist New Year." Our weekly paper had just begun its 36th year.

The General Election had hoisted Lloyd George to renewed office, with sixty Labour M.P.'s in the Opposition. Among the fresh M.P.'s was Dan Irving, to whom Burnley had given 15,217 votes; as against some 12,000 to a Conservative, and 8,000 to a Liberal. The sprightly Jack Jones was returned for Silvertown (West Ham). Noteworthy, in a division of Leicester city, was the defeat of Ramsay MacDonald by J. F. Green,—Green having supported the Allies all along.* The N.S.P. organ remarked that the Labour Party has increased its influence by the defeat of MacDonald. The attitude symbolised by this remark was not due to any personal animus. Indeed, we may do sincere credit to Mr. J. R. MacDonald by acknowledging that a difference of political theory, honestly manifested on both sides, en-

* John Frederick Green; b. 1855; Peace Movement worker; editor of *Concord*; Positivist.

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tirely accounted for the hostility shown by the Social-Democrats. Since 1900, when he assumed a virtual control of "Labour" policy, MacDonald had adhered to an "evolutionary" method which acted in a nineteenth-century "Liberal" manner on a Socialist basis. Both in theory and in temperament Hyndman strongly diverged from this method. In the early post-war months, neither method could count on a clear course. Hyndman saw anarchy close. His pamphlet on "The Only Way to Avert Anarchy" (February, 1919), recalled how the War Emergency National Workers' Committee had, in September, 1914, supported the offer of the great Co-operative Societies to place their whole machinery at Government disposal for the communal service, and the offer was repeated later; but "big profiteers, big capitalists, big banks, and big Jew financiers were preferred by Mr. Lloyd George and his clique to the best interests of the country." And now, with the armies returning from overseas, industry was dislocated, no unifying plan was contemplated, "direct action" by large-scale strikes was threatened, and anarchy was at the door. Agriculture, railways and mines should be forthwith socialised, with "short hours of labour and a high standard of life" assured to all workers. A recent Commission of Inquiry into the coal mines had been confronted by the claim of Mr. Straker (Secretary of the Northumberland Miners), that the miners and the community should jointly own and manage the coal mines:—

And what the Coal Miners say, the Railwaymen, the Transport Workers, the Factory "hands," the Agriculturists of every grade will all clamour for together. In fact, they are beginning to demand it now. We are at the end of a period. Wage-slavery and Capitalism are doomed, as Feudalism and Serfdom were doomed, as Land and Slave-ownership and Chattel-slavery were doomed: . . . Here in Great Britain, where the economic forms are all in readiness for this splendid emancipation and reconstruction, we

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may attain the desired consummation without violence and bloodshed. That is what we hope to see. It would be the greatest triumph by far that humanity has yet achieved through all the upheavals of the past, from primitive Communism and democratic barbarism to the organised Co-operative Commonwealth on an infinitely higher plane.

It was at this political juncture that a small section of Socialists, unable to grasp Hyndman's conception of a resolutely organised attack on the British mind by means of a definite and detailed demand based on the natural economic situation and adapted to the British habits of procedure, fell back on the old-fashioned appliances of "Direct Action" and Minority dictatorships. This section dubbed themselves Communists; and, in essence, their objectives were the objectives of Social-Democracy. They lacked the intelligence which could rise to the practical shaping of economic schemes, as distinct from the elementary outbursts of sheer discontent. The same temper was now exhibited by some members of the Independent Labour Party. The I.L.P. had, till the War, worn garments of mildness, and, during the War, had displayed an anti-Ally Pacifism and a touch of Quakerism. But certain I.L.P. minds took on the "Communist" colour; and "Communists" developed a habit of interrupting Social-Democratic meetings, and, in a variety of ways, expressing primitive rebelliousness in a country which seriously needed stern but business-like proposals. Thomas Kennedy, who was now secretary of the National Socialist Party, and who had a large experience of popular agitations, said (April):—

As an old member of the S.D.F., I can remember the time when our ethically minded and anti-revolutionary friends of the I.L.P., as they were then, received with horror any reference to the class-war, or to the use of physical force as a desirable method of argument. Peaceful persuasion of the capitalist, and an appeal to

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his better nature, was the approved I.L.P. policy. Nowadays apparently Lenin is their god and guide, disturbance of the right of public meeting their most important work, and fraternal alliance with Direct Actionists and other undesirables their accepted line of action.*

The noisy interjections which echoed through the Central Hall at Westminster on the occasion of a demonstration addressed by Hyndman, Irving, Thorne and Jack Jones (April) were signs of the origin of this new species. When, in May (*Justice*, May-Day issue), Hyndman repeated words from the closing page of his *England for All*: "For the first time in the history of mankind the whole earth is at our feet. The men who do the work of the world are learning from one another how it is that the poor and the miserable, the unfortunate and the weak, suffer and fall by the wayside. We, perhaps, alone among the peoples can carry out with peace, order and contentment those changes which Continental revolutionists have sought through anarchy and bloodshed," —he was using the terms of 1881 with the full significance of 1919. He was addressing a community which, through his own educative efforts and the dreadful experiences of the World War, was morally and intellectually ripe for the democratic change. The chaos of unemployment and the huge Coal Stoppage of 1926 have only illustrated Hyndman's prophecy of anarchy, and emphasised his idea of a scientific social design as against mere convulsion and clamour. Nor did this policy ever imply a lessening of his indignation. One might almost say indignation was his pulse and breath. When, at the N.S.P. Annual Conference at Northampton, he passed from one social topic to another, he spoke with the old Trafalgar Square voice and heart, and particularly when he angrily stated the foolish fact that "we British only produced one-sixth of our food." It was

* As an old I.L.P. member, 1904-1916, I confirm Kennedy's criticism.—F. J. G.

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truly a year for anger, when such anomalies as the Silvertown Explosion compensation account were possible. The State (that is, the Conservative, Liberal and financial interests) paid £1,643,161 to the owners of damaged property; and to the relatives of the dead, and to those injured in what was a disaster directly associated with National Service, the sum awarded was £30,434. This balance-sheet needed a commentary from a man like James Thomson, poet of "The City of Dreadful Night." Yet, amid all his angers, the old Socialist never failed to give praise to the British forces which, in 1914-18, preserved the integrity of a country which was probably destined to lead civilisation in the new economic democracy. He never dreamed that a Social-Democrat's duty was confined to a curse on Capitalism. So when Sir Douglas Haig issued his final War dispatch, Hyndman paused (January, 1919) to render honour to Haig's generalship and determination against overwhelming attacks. "Haig underwent, on an immensely larger scale, all and much more than all that Wellington suffered from the politicians of his day during his masterly retreat on the lines of Torres Vedras, and before the tide turned against Massena." The allusion to politicians was, in Hyndman's mind, coupled with his very inferior opinion of the part played in 1917-18 by Mr. Lloyd George. "Never," declared Hyndman, "has any nation at any period of history fought a more difficult or dangerous fight against a long-prepared campaign of ruthless aggression." We record these words in the confidence that, when the people of our islands reach the ultimate serious issue of the Socialist order as against the old individualist and class-rule order, they will recognise the sound national instinct of the Founder of the Social-Democratic Federation.

Of the Treaty of Versailles, signed June 28th, we need not make detailed examination. It will suffice to refer to Hyndman's interest in three salient topics,—France, Poland and the League of Nations. We have heard how

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he loved the French spirit in his earlier years: he loved it still in the great crisis. Little as he cared for Woodrow Wilson's project of the League of Nations, he at least regarded it as part of a wise plan which would ally France, the United States, and the British Commonwealth. Unhappily, as so many of us Europeans deem, the United States evaded both this triple alliance and the League. France, out of a population of 40,000,000 had lost 1,500,000 men in killed and missing (Hyndman put it at 1,000,000). The first thing to be done must be the provision of French security against any further attack. An independent and fearless France was indispensable to civilisation. He closed his reflections (*Justice*, February 20th):—

Remember, too, it is a new France that we acclaim in our joint victory. To all the great qualities her sons and daughters have displayed for centuries, she now has added the calm confidence in time of defeat and disaster which has gained for her the admiration even of her ruthless enemies. We English, who have owed so much for many generations to French initiative and French genius, should declare aloud at this critical juncture that, whatever may come of the League of Nations, we now and ever hereafter stand side by side with France.

In spiritual curiosity one would like to know how a French Pacifist Socialist would judge this passage. Would he loathe the thought that a foreign Social-Democrat should admire the French quality and history? Or that anybody of any type whatever should admire France? And would Tolstoyan Poles (if any such exist) object to Hyndman's enthusiasm for a reunited Poland? Lecturing six years after the conclusion of the War, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher remarked that the political reconstruction of Poland, due to the simultaneous downfall of the Austrian, Russian and Hohenzollern monarchies, was "one of the greatest surprises in history." Why such a surprise? Did not the young men of

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Italy, France, and the rest shed their blood for that event as part of the great liberation? Hyndman did not wait till after the War. While the Allied fortune was at low level,—in February, 1918,—he had delivered an address at the Holborn Restaurant under the auspices of the "Polish Union" Society, with Sir James Frazer (*Golden Bough* Frazer) in the chair. The partition of Poland,—the three mutilations of a people in 1772, in 1793, and in 1795,—was, declared the Chairman, "one of the most monstrous and shameful crimes in history." Hyndman threw his customary glance at history,* and told of John Sobieski's defeat of the Turks, and the Polish stand against "the Germanic hordes in the form of the Teutonic Knights," and of the heroism of Kosciuszko in 1813, and the struggles of 1863. He insisted that one result of the War must be the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and it must be borne in mind that Hyndman said this at a time when his Socialist opponents foretold that the War would close like a stalemate in chess. It was right, he said, that Poland should come to a thorough understanding with Bohemia; indeed, an Allied success must imply emancipation for many nationalities. His thesis on the present occasion ran:—

You are faced here, not merely with a Polish problem, but with a European problem; and when the Poles claim, as, in my opinion, they rightly claim, at any rate the free port of Danzig and the command of the Vistula, they are demanding what is geographically necessary for the permanent peace of Europe. It is not merely a Polish claim, it is a European claim, and should be supported, in my judgment, by everyone who looks forward to freedom as the future of the new Europe. Well, if that be so, then you see an enormous vista open out before you. You have here a population bound together by ties of race, language and religion. The religious

* "Systematic history," wrote Comte in 1842, "is the necessary basis of political education."

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part of the matter, as you know, comrades and friends all, is no matter to us as Social-Democrats; we let each one have his own religion, we do not interfere with him; we go for the economic position.

The speaker's wish that Poland might be represented at the Peace Congress was fulfilled. On the opening page of the Treaty of Versailles (June, 1919) appears the entry: "The President of the Polish Republic, represented by Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski, President of the Council of Ministers, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Mr. Roman Dmowski, President of the Polish National Committee"; and, with a thought for Bohemia, we may add: "The President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, by Mr. Karel Kramar, President of the Council of Ministers, Mr. Eduard Benesh, Minister for Foreign Affairs."

With regard to the League of Nations, Hyndman expressed profound suspicion, mainly on the ground that the more militant-minded Powers, backed by capitalism, would govern the League's machinery. From time to time, in the formative stage of the League, 1919-20, he repeated his doubts, and his conviction that the benefit of the institution would be small unless the League's Council possessed an armed force to ensure its decisions, and unless the workers of all countries had elected delegates. The embodiment of the League's Covenant in the Treaty of Peace he condemned as a cause of delay in the European settlement. It is a little curious that the I.L.P. uttered a like condemnation, while Lee, the editor of *Justice*, though not sanguine as to the value of the League, considered its creation at Versailles as "an encouraging sign of the times." Of course, Hyndman's objections were directed against the enemies of international harmony,—capitalism and profiteering. "We, as Social-Democrats of very long standing," he affirmed, "heartily welcome the attempt to establish a League of Nations for the purpose of pre-

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venting War" (*Justice*, March 13th, 1919). Death prevented his forming a maturer judgment as the League developed, but it is proper to note that C. H. Douglas, the severest critic to-day of international finance, has frequently indicated the danger lurking behind the policy of loans, authorised by the League, to crippled nationalities. The loans fit in too dubiously with private banking interests, and the outworn creed of the Gold Standard.* As to that other sort of League, the Socialist International, Hyndman saw no immediate hope of its valid revival. Not only did he feel that the revival was useless unless the German influence in its control was reduced to legitimate proportions; but he agreed with the judicious conclusion of a Russian observer, Dr. Gavronsky, that "until the Socialist movement is reconstituted and consolidated in the various nations, there is little chance of a real and effective International being possible." And he was interested in the announcement of an American correspondent, Max Weiler (November, 1919): "The Socialist Party of America is, of course, a thing of the past. It was already crumbling before the War as a result of the pernicious activities of the 'Yellow' Socialists; and it needed but the tiniest shove on the part of the pro-German element to complete the ruin. . . . The treachery of the German Social-Democrats has undoubtedly been the cause of the general disruption." When the present biographer, at this period, remarked that Hyndman had always tended to over-rate the Continental Democrats, and to under-rate his own English political sense, he replied:—

Very likely you are right. But it is difficult to put oneself back even into his own time. There was no Socialism in England in 1881, and what there was (to be Irish!) was of the international type. Moreover, the

* Nevertheless, in broad results, the League has done well; and as I have on hundreds of occasions commended the work of Geneva in addresses to young people, it seems fair that I should here register my view.—F. J. G.

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Germans and French did then lead genuinely in Socialism; the Germans in economic and historic theory, as well as in organisation, the French in idealism and action. I am ready to admit we pushed Internationalism, and possibly Marxism, too far, though Marx's analysis of Capitalism is all right. But I don't see how the S.D.F. could have got the standing it did get had we not been international as well as national for some time.

Hyndman would not receive, without qualification, Marx's doctrine of the power of the materialist basis of human life to shape morality and the whole intellectual experience. But, as we have just seen, he adhered to his first admiration of Marx's general study of economic history. And he would never agree that the Bolsheviks were true Marxians. It was folly to expect a genuine Social-Democracy to function in a community of peasants, of whom nearly 90 per cent. could neither read nor write, and who looked upon the ownership and cultivation of the land as their individual business. Said Hyndman (*Justice*, May 15th, 1919):—

I suppose there is not a Socialist living who has not been anxious, at one time or another, to put forward the hands upon the dial of progress, no matter at what risk to the works inside. I know I have felt so myself. As Marx once said to me: "When you have been impatient as long as I have been, you will begin to be patient then." And, in spite of an occasional outburst, the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century was patient. Certainly, if I am any judge of the man and his works, he would have been the very last to advise the scrapping of the Democratic Constituent Assembly [November, 1917], and the institution of a dual monarchy of massacre, in the name of Marxism which has nothing to do with Marx.

Nevertheless, Hyndman fixedly opposed the intervention of Western Governments in the domestic affairs of Leninite Russia. And, while we are gazing eastwards, we mark his unremitting interest in India. When

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the Chelmsford-Montagu plan of administration was sketched (with its dyarchy, or two-fold government, British-Indian), Tilak and Khaparde and other Nationalist Indians earnestly desired that he should appear as a witness before the joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament. Though the proposal fell through it was a striking proof of respect for a man who had disinterestedly applied himself to Indian problems for nearly fifty years.*

Many leisure hours in 1918 were dedicated to a biography of Georges Clemenceau, and the volume was issued early in 1919. Clemenceau was born six months before Hyndman. When a medical student, aged 21, he had been imprisoned for a fortnight as penalty for talk-Republicanism in the days of the Second Empire. From that time onwards, his energies, as Radical, patriot and humanist, were concentrated on the service of France and civilisation. Though not a Socialist, he pleaded for the amnesty of the Communards. He resisted French Imperialist tendencies in Tonquin, Annam and Madagascar, and deprecated quarrelling with England over Egypt; and he joined Zola in the six-years' campaign for justice to Dreyfus. All these episodes are narrated, in clear and generous descriptions, by his friend Hyndman. But it is evident that the central motive of the book is to portray the "Tiger" of French political debate, as a man of prevision who, while entirely free from Chauvinist heat, studied German psychology, and felt compelled to warn against the German urge towards military supremacy in Europe. The Socialists offered futile plans; Vaillant would annul the threatened war by a general strike; Jaurès saw a useful device in a possible reduction of the British fleet. Little enough of the fire-eater could be detected in Clemenceau's attitude

* In the British economics of 1919 we should chronicle the activity of the advocates (Cole, Penty, Reckitt) of "National Guilds" for running industries; and the publication of C. H. Douglas's "Social Credit" theory.

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when, at the period of ominous discussions on Morocco (1912), he exclaimed: "I have at heart no bad feeling, no hatred towards the German people; I want no provocation. . . . The difficulty between Germany and ourselves is this,—Germany believes the logical consequence of her victory (1870) is domination. We do not believe that the logical consequence of our defeat is vassalage. We are peaceful, but we are not subjugated. We do not countersign the decree of abdication and downfall issued by our neighbours." The defeat of France in 1914-18 would have thrown back Socialism for two generations at least, for capitalism would have found no barrier in Prussian Junkerdom. Hyndman expresses sympathy with such Frenchmen as Albert Thomas, whose sentiments resembled those of the British S.D.F. In Caillaux he saw only a "financier of financiers," who had manipulated money during his whole career. "As a matter of fact," comments Hyndman, "finance was, and is, the most pacifist of all the Internationals"; and the financier (be it observed) is not identical with the manufacturing and trading capitalist. When the final hour of the tragedy begun in July, 1914, was reached, Clemenceau proudly claimed the victory for his nation. Victory had been willed, he cried, "not by God, but by France!" To Clemenceau, who had served as Premier since the darkest stage of 1917, and to Marshal Foch, the Senate uttered the gratitude of the country. The veteran Rationalist could afford to be magnanimous, and he joined in a service of thanksgiving in the cathedral of Lille.

We may roam a few moments in homelier scenery. In February, 1919, Mrs. Hyndman lay "in a little bright corner room of a big women's hospital," where she had undergone a serious operation. Her Harry frequently called. Her reminiscence is brief, but smiling:—

I can still see those clear, sunny days of belated frost, and the daily arrival of a dear old figure,

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amazingly like a medium-sized Polar bear in fur coat and goloshes. Who would not get well at top speed to cheer such a visitor? And so, of course, I did. He stood the worry of my operation extremely well (its seriousness being for a time concealed from him), and he won the hearts of all the pretty, young, overworked nurses.*

In the summer the Hyndmans went down to Cambridge, and visited Henry's old college, Trinity, and lunched with Sir James and Lady Frazer. Nearly sixty years had fled since, as an athletic and musical undergraduate, he had strolled round the cloisters of the college court, and danced at the great ball given by Trinity to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their marriage (1863). The interval was spanned by a bridge of many arches, such as Addison saw in his "Vision of Mirza," and reached from the contented Victorian bourgeoisie and the all-too-quiescent masses to the apocalypse of the World War and its revolutionary sequel's. As Hyndman drove with his wife to the station for the return to London, he suggested that, in the eventful interval, certain books had influenced him, and helped to determine the course of his public life; and leisure hours might be pleasantly filled with a descriptive chat about them. The result was a somewhat fragmentary group of notes on "Books of a Lifetime,"—Marx's *Capital*; Morgan's study of those sexual customs in the primitive "gens," which both revealed mankind's inborn sense of social order, and capacity for readjustment and development, communal and moral; and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." It was the radiant, creative and tremendous "unbinding" that captured Hyndman's imagination, and we who know the recesses of the veteran Social-Democrat's soul have no difficulty in penetrating to the

* *Last Years*, chap. xii. One of the last letters preserved among the Hyndman MSS. may be cited at beginning and end: February 17th, 1919." My own dearest and darling wife,—I cannot write long as I have not begun my *Justice* article yet. Walking up the hill in pouring rain, I felt tired. . . . Much love. Many kisses. Ever your own loving HUSBAND."

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reason. Prophet Hyndman experienced exultation in poet Shelley's Utopian vision :—

Another Athens shall arise,
And, to remoter time,
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take, or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than one who rose,
Than many unsubdued;
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Some musical genius of the future, he hoped, would match melody to those verses. To tell the truth, however, Hyndman was not a typical book lover, lapping the syrup of phrases and descriptive periods. He had excellent taste for anything in literature, English or Continental, that directly quickened a social vision or an appeal to the popular heart; but that means using books as a skilled artificer might use metal, stone or wood. His habit of mind is illustrated casually in a note to his wife (September, 1917), written while he was detained on some business in a dusty corner of the old Justice office :—

I have been reading Plato's *Republic* again. Do you know, old Socrates, with his hair-splitting about the Just, Justice, etc., strikes me as an infernal bore! He never tells us what Justice is, after all! He couldn't, because it was for him, and his scholars, a pure abstraction. And the cult of abstractions leads no whither. I don't wonder the Athenians got impatient. And the old chap was really a reactionary, whose school produced some damned objectionable characters,—Alcibiades to

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wit, etc. " Mais quand j'ai vu qu'il doutait de tout, je croyais que je n'avais besoin de personne pour être ignorant !"^{*}

But we must quit Socrates in the market place, and step into the year 1920; and give first place to India and the East.

The massacre at Amritsar carried out by General Dyer has been utilised as a reproach against Dyer personally; but its real accusation is against a system of foreign control; and Hyndman so treated it when he took occasion to say that the total population of India was 315,000,000; that there were only 200,000 Europeans and Eurasians in India, all told, and few of these made homes in the country; that Indians, outside the 70,000,000 of inhabitants of the Native States, had no effective control whatever over the Government of their own country; that British hands drained out of this impoverished mass of humanity at least £35,000,000 a year without commercial return (*Justice*, June 3rd). A few weeks later, he praised the patriotic energies of a Brahman, Bal Gungunder Tilak, recently deceased. Weak in health, but strong in purpose, Tilak had come to England in 1918, and, as the representative of many Indian parties and races, trusted to find a seat at the Peace Conference. When, a disappointed man, he left for home, he addressed the following letter to Hyndman:—

London, *November 3rd*, 1919.

Dear Mr. Hyndman,—I cannot think of leaving England without feeling the great weight of obligations that you have laid me under; and, as the date of my departure approaches, I more and more deplore my in-

* "I need none to teach me ignorance"! Auguste Comte, while honouring Socrates and Plato with places in his Historical Calendar, blamed Socrates for detaching morals from Greek science, and blamed the brilliant, poetic Plato for the rambling doctrines (put into Socrates' mouth) which have "exercised even to our own day an intellectual and social influence of a disastrous kind."

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ability to adequately acknowledge your kindness, to my country and to me personally. You have laboured hard for her for the last forty-five years, and your latest book, *The Awakening of Asia*, is a fitting coping-stone to the magnificent edifice of your life-long work, and the chapters in it about India are being already circulated in the form of a booklet, and will in future be admitted as a masterpiece of political vision. To myself personally you have always kindly and freely given advice during my prolonged stay of over a year in the country, and helped the cause of Home Rule for India by your powerful advocacy of her complete emancipation from foreign domination. When I return, I shall naturally speak of your kindness, and my countrymen, already bounden to you, will listen to you more than anybody else. Kindly, therefore, let me have a message from you about the present situation, and work in the immediate future, that I may convey it to them.

I am, yours sincerely,

B. G. TILAK.

The book referred to by Tilak* was completed in 1917, but the censorship shrewdly held it back till after the War, because its vigorous censure of British rule in India would have received a far-from-calm study. The "Awakening" is, of course, chiefly manifested in India, in China, and Japan. We have seen how strenuously Hyndman contended for Indian Home Rule. In the same spirit he expressed satisfaction at the attainment of autonomy by Japan, entirely free from the interfering activities of the White race. A chapter on "The Mistress of Asia" betrayed uneasiness lest Japan, while legitimately developing her native capacities, should seek imperialist domination over China. He was not opposed to the provision of outlets for Asiatic emigration in British Columbia, Southern California and Western Australia; but the problem could only be met by a joint policy, friendly towards China and Japan, of the British

* Pub. Cassell; 291 pp.; 1919.

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Commonwealth and the United States. Meanwhile, it was impossible to maintain the claim of the Whites to "rights of entry and settlement in China itself against the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the Chinese people." With regard to one phase of the relation of the White race to Asia, Hyndman spoke vigorously when many politicians kept timid silence. He condemned the association of Christian missions with economic and political designs. The early Catholic missionaries may not have fostered such designs, but, in effect, religious propaganda did co-operate with the European trader. "Asia," says Hyndman, "is the land of long memories. These attempts to obtain civil domination through religious propaganda have never been forgotten either in China or in Japan." In any case, Christianity does not harmonise with the racial genius of Japan or China; and in India, where the British rule gave peculiar advantages to the Western agents of the Gospel, the community as a whole shows no sign of approaching Christianisation. In short, Hyndman demanded the general acceptance by Europeans and Americans of the principle of "Asia for the Asiatics." Such an acceptance should prepare the way for an enduring co-operation of the genius of the East and the genius of the West in dealing with common economic and social needs and possibilities.

Events in Soviet-land produced no change in Hyndman's judgment. He rated Lenin's abilities high, admitted his sincerity, and damned his programme. "Lenin is playing for a stake that, unless all history and all economics are to be read backwards, he never can win. It is an astonishing personality, and an amazing career." A slightly comic reflex of the Russian "Revolution" occurred at a Central Hall meeting in February. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Paul Dukes, lately returned from Russia, rendered a lucid and detailed account of the unhappy country in which he lived, 1909-1919. Without a word of bitterness or rhetoric, he revealed the lack of

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genuine democracy, and the foolish repression of the Co-operative Societies. When Hyndman moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, a small group, brimful of Bolshevik piety, yelled him down; yet these zealots had listened to Dukes in silence! And a sorrowful ghost of Russia appeared at the N.S.P. August Conference, when Nicholas Tchaykovsky, — educationalist, and philosopher after the manner of Spencer and Comte, and anti-Czarist,—declared that the Russian peasants were at heart far from Bolshevism.

With uneasiness, Hyndman noticed the aloofness which, in 1920, was manifesting itself between Britain and the United States. He said (*Justice*, August 5th):—

The United States has no direct grievance against this country; nothing in the slightest degree approaching to the ground for animosity which existed from San Francisco to New York when I first landed in America, a few years after the close of the Civil War. On the contrary, in nearly all negotiations which we have had since that date, we have given way even too readily to the demands of the United States, sacrificing the interests of Canada in particular to an extent resented by the great Dominion at the time.* Hence, with judgment on our part and goodwill on the part of America, there is no reason why the two nations should not co-operate in the near future. . . . America and England together can peacefully solve the different problems of the Pacific Ocean. No other Powers can.

Since 1920, the heavy war debt to U.S.A. has not tended to create a love-feast atmosphere. A British payment of £33,000,000 yearly till 1932, and then £38,000,000 yearly till 1984, kindles our meditation, not on any innate avarice in Americans, but on the mystical and all-too-sacred methods of Wall Street and Inter-

* Hyndman referred to the way in which his old friend Webster (Lord Alverstone) yielded points to U.S.A. in the case of the Alaska boundary line.

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national Finance. On such questions, American Socialism has no clear voice. In fact, Hyndman regretted the visible weakening of popular Socialism in U.S.A. Writing to Mr. English Walling (early in 1921) he deplored a tendency to Fabianism; that is, to drop the appeal to the masses and to rely upon a genteel intellectualism for the permeation of Social-Democratic ideas in a capitalist-governed community. Nor would such a policy meet Bolshevism. He told Walling:—

It is absolutely impossible for us to fight Bolshevism and Anarchism successfully unless we all go out and meet their advocates among the mass of the people. It is not pleasant; but even I, at just over 79, am obliged to do it. . . . A year ago, I was howled down by a knot of alien fanatics in the Central Hall, Westminster. But since then we have never lost a chance of exposing Bolshevism to the people. I twice did so successfully myself to big crowds in the open air. But my doctor won't let me do any more open-air work. No, no; the time has gone by, if it ever existed, when *great masses of men* can be brought to see the truth, and act upon it, by a separatist clique of highly educated men; and we want the great masses of men—must have them, in fact! —in International Socialism, if we are going to do any good.

So here was ancient Britain preaching democracy to the young America of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine! The whirligig of time brings its chuckling revenges. Hyndman condemned Bolshevism in Italy also. When, in the autumn of 1920, metal workers seized, and attempted to run, numerous factories in Italy, it looked to some eyes like a beautiful vision of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and the Day of the Last Judgment on Capitalism. Hyndman put his foot on the programme. "Mere factory-grabbing," he said, "by the factory employees will not solve the great social problem before civilised mankind. In

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fact, if the telegrams from Milan are correct, they are finding it out already; the difficulty of obtaining raw material being their first obstacle. . . . Their momentary success will only throw back the cause for which they are striving." In due time, Benito Mussolini produced a striking commentary on the Bolshevist apocalypse of Milan.

Not the least poignant misery of that time shot through the soul of Ireland. Only a few days after Hyndman's death, the Articles of Agreement were signed which formed the basis of the Irish Free State. But two passions, "Loyalist" and "Republican," were in dreadful deadlock in November and December, 1920. On a Sunday morning, some two hundred men in gangs raided houses and hotels in Dublin, and murdered fourteen military officers and two civilians; and reprisals of blood and fire made Ireland an inferno. Municipal and private property was destroyed by British hands, and masses of citizens fled from their homes in terror. "Let us recognise, with shame and horror," exclaimed the old Chief, "that our armed forces are behaving like Huns"; and he inspired a Social-Democratic manifesto containing the following pungent lines:—

Our countrymen will have to recognise, as the S.D.F. recognised nearly forty years ago, that full self-government must be accorded to the Irish, whether this takes the form of a Republic or not. Economic relations and trade with Great Britain as the sole available market for Irish agricultural produce may gradually lead to goodwill between the two countries; while Unionist Ulster, no longer able to pose as the English garrison of the North, will have to come to peaceful and friendly terms with its ancient foes. Withdrawal of the British armies, recognition of Irish self-determination, and frank acceptance of the decisions of an Irish Constituent Assembly, whatever they may be, constitute the only policy towards Ireland which holds out any chance of success now, or any hope of a better understanding in the future.

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Hyndman essayed a "Sketch of the History of Ireland," and pondered the Brehon laws and tribal customs, and then gave up the desperate task.* The democratic Ireland of serener days will surely remember that the Prophet of English Socialism unflinchingly supported her freedom.

We say the War split International Socialism. It would be more scientific to say that the War revealed, as under magnesium light, the natural cracks and divergencies already in existence,—a crude type in Moscow and Eurasia; a more valid yet somewhat confused type in Brussels and the Continental West; and a unique and far maturer type in Great Britain. The more deeply Hyndman studied the situation, the more decisively he concluded that, in England, "the real social Revolution has already begun"; that "political power is now at the disposal of the people, if they will but vote straight"; and, like Moses viewing the Promised Land, he murmured: "It may be that, within the lifetime of those who read these lines, England will lead the way in completing the greatest social transformation of all time" (*Justice*, April 29th). Not that a Labour Party "triumph" at the polls would realise this transformation. As Thomas Kennedy observed, a Parliamentary majority, secured on the old lines of the "swing of the pendulum" of the public mind, could do little in reconstructing economics; and "a majority attained by consciously expressed desire on the part of the organised workers is the only safe and effective instrument for the attainment of our Social-Democratic objects." It is matter for rejoicing that the essential and national significance of Hyndman's long labour was clearly emerging. On the right-hand margin of the road of progress

* Brehon laws and tribal customs are interestingly noticed in J. W. Jeudwine's *Foundation of Society and the Land* (Williams and Norgate; 1918); and whether for Irish, Scottish or English history Mr. Jeudwine's facts about climate and agriculture are of value.

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moved a body whose sentimental and compromising Labourism was merely the nineteenth-century Liberalism grown a little taller; on the left appeared tumultuous groups of Direct Actionists, General Strike enthusiasts, and so-called "Communists" who did not understand the historical mode of arriving at Communism.* Hyndman emphatically repudiated the policy of a General Strike, urged by the miners in September, 1920 (and abortively rushed at in May, 1926). A full programme of economic emancipation and control (wage-system excoriated for ever), nationally urged by a politically educated and organised general mass, could alone evolve a stable result. Why suppose Hyndman was too sanguine? England created a Republican enthusiasm in 1642; a wide-spread Liberal enthusiasm with Board Schools to back it in 1880; why not a yet more highly disciplined enthusiasm for the age that speaks in wireless and is conquering malaria! It was the sense of security in his rational method as against both compromise and hysteria that led Hyndman into an honest elemental joy when the National Socialist Party, in August, readopted the historic title of 1884,—“S.D.F.” Nor did he forget to recall that the term “Social-Democrat” was coined by Bronterre O’Brien.

On the other hand, “melancholy marked him for her own” when, on December 14th, he took part in the funeral ceremony of one of the most remarkable institutions of the War-time,—the Food Consumers’ Council.†

* “The Communist Manifesto of 1847-8 is quoted as advocating simultaneously Socialist *coups d’état* in every civilised country, as if Marx and Engels had not long ago repudiated the tactics set forth by them in their youth.” (*Justice*, November 25th. Apparently Hyndman’s note.)

† Present: Sir Thomas Allen (chair), Mrs. Cottrell, Dr. Marion Phillips, Mrs. Reeves, Messrs. Argyle, Duncan Carmichael, Coley, Dudley, Hyndman, Neil Maclean, M.P., Poulton, Walker, Watkins, Wilson. Also present: C. A. McCurdy, M.P., and F. H. Coller, C.B. (official).

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When we think of the lofty indifference of the upper classes towards the physical needs of the masses in earlier crises of British history, we accept it as a remarkable change that the Government should have deemed it politic to listen with respect to this modest Council on the themes of wheat, bread, butter, milk, cheese, bacon, meat, margarine, sugar, jam, and the rest. The Council had for more than two years watched the supply, quality and prices of these commodities, in the interest of 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 families. It, of course, had advisory powers only; but its influence checked profiteering, and aided just rationing. Here was *oikonomia*, household management, in a concrete and vital form, and Hyndman was at his wittiest and most resourceful point of character when seated at this Council. He had felt sheer delight in the measures, severely limited as they were, adopted by the Government for the control of prices through its Ministry of Food. It was like a little prologue to the drama of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Not only was he happy in the prolongation of the Council into the after-war years; he wished the Ministry of Food and this attendant Council to go on permanently, for the task of price-regulation, elimination of needless middle-men, creation of communal kitchens and restaurants, centralised national buying, reduction of transport charges, drastic action against short-weight offenders; all this scheme to be associated with public control of agriculture. But McCurdy and Collier, figures of black (if we may dare speak so), shuffled into the Council room on December 14th, and announced the approaching dissolution of the Ministry of Food. Sad, broken sentences fell from Mr. McCurdy's official lips: "The Government has been faced with a continuous demand from all sections of the House and Press, and all sections of the community, for the restoration of British trade to British freedom. . . . I do not know whether this may be the last opportunity I may have of meeting you. . . . I regret. . . .

I know it will give you pain. . . .” and the Food Controller retired. Hyndman observed that the dying Council had only cost £5,000 in two years, and he wondered that Mr. McCurdy, loving the Council so much, had yet kicked it downstairs! Behind the jest, however, a deep indignation seethed, and Hyndman often spoke wrathfully of the “Anarchy of Food” that followed. The Age of Gold returned for the profiteers, and they comfortably laid up for themselves treasures and self-acting household machinery for the days of General Strikes. The whole incident exactly illustrates Hyndman’s oft-repeated view of Social-Democratic policy; here was a case where a public that knew its own need and mind, could have risen, claimed and obtained, without one drop of bloodshed, a substantial economic advance. So we seal up the black-bordered envelope of the last Minutes of the Council, and sigh: “Where was the Labour Party?” and close the subject by quoting a letter from Frank H. Coller, “official head of the Ministry of Food,” written to Rosalind Hyndman after the old Chief’s death:—

I was attached to the Consumers’ Council at its outset, and soon became friends with Mr. Hyndman, although we had scarcely a point of view in common beyond such as a similar upbringing, and a desire to do the best for everybody, involved. I shall always remember his very genuine eloquence, and his sincere desire to rescue the oppressed, as one of my most interesting associations with the Food Ministry, and I venture to ask you to accept my condolence on losing the companionship of a great but simple man.

Since we have just, sulkily enough, muttered allusions to the Age of Gold and to Price Control, it may be timely to note one of Hyndman’s latest reflections on the Gold Standard so idolised by modern Finance. He respected metallic gold as a measure of value for general

commodities, and his remarks on that point would satisfy an orthodox banker (*Justice*, January 3rd, 1920). But, at the end of his examination of the functions of gold, he suddenly slid into proposals that even Mr. Arthur Kitson might receive with grace* :—

But if a whole nation is using all its resources to produce wealth for the use of the entire community, then and in that case we have no need whatever to go round by way of gold in order to discover the quantity of social labour embodied in the various goods needed for the general use. We could tell to a nicety how many hours of such average labour had gone to produce so much of each and all of the necessaries and luxuries of life as are required for the satisfaction of the community, in return for social service. Money for home purposes would cease to be of any utility. When, however, collective exchange of our supplies, for the purpose of obtaining raw materials and luxuries from other nations, was dealt with, we should still probably have to use gold as a standard in balancing our purchases, though even here it is possible that a system of barter on a large scale might be devised.

And even in this same year 1920, editor Lee of *Justice* was advocating the introduction of international barter in order to avoid the absurd fluctuations in the rates of money exchange (December 30th). Hyndman untiringly talked against the "money fetish"; that is, the valuation of money, which is a mere means of exchange, in forgetfulness of the basic human values of life, its sustenance and its enlargement. Capitalists, under the present money system, felt obliged to convert goods into money before proceeding with further useful production, and the pause often reacted injuriously upon both business and the public comfort.

* See Kitson's *Unemployment* (Cecil Palmer) and other works.

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The observation just cited occurs in a volume issued in the latter half of 1920,—*The Evolution of Revolution*.* It is dedicated: "To my Comrades of the old Social-Democratic Federation, the Pioneers of Scientific Socialism in Great Britain 1880-1911." The book splendidly embodies the writer's intense feeling for history. He was marked off from the shallowness of the Direct Actionists by this very quality. They jumped into tumult, and called it Revolution. He paced the long road of the past, and traced the Co-operative Commonwealth as an unavoidable outcome, in the more developed nationalities (Britain foremost) from social order and ideas; and this outcome was a Revolution in the sense that it was a re-birth, a renewal, a profound re-organisation. And, though the assertion sounds paradoxical, it is true to say that such a re-birth, accomplished without battle, marks a far more vital change than the musketry of Cromwell, the surrender at Yorktown, or the guillotines of 1793, to say nothing of the pompous creeds and grievous massacres of Soviet Russia. So Hyndman ploughed his immense field,—Primitive Communism, the Rise and Fall of Slavery, Rise and Power of Gold and Usury, Feudalism and the break from Feudalism in the Jacquerie of France, the Peasants' War in England, the Bauernkrieg in Germany, and so on to the two "bourgeois revolutions," English, French; and culminating, in a wide survey, more readable than Marx's and of more immediate use to us than Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, of the Growth of Capitalism and the signs of its Fall. Thus he brings us to the practical issue of our time: How are we to know the veritable mark of Revolution? He stipulates that members of the community, and more particularly the

* 406 pp.; pub. Grant Richards. A gift copy is inscribed by Hyndman: "Rosalind Travers Hyndman, with loving thanks for most valuable help and encouragement, from her grateful husband, November 26th, 1920."

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"worker," shall be intellectually able to appreciate* the social conditions of their nation; and, if any measure of force seemed required, it should only be applied as preliminary to entering on a carefully organised industrial and political plan already designed; but,—

Where freedom of speech, freedom of combination, together with political freedom and voting power, have been secured, the use of the political weapon in the first instance is by far the best course, and in the long run the most effective. This arises from several reasons: (a) The wage-earners who, being too ignorant of the real interests of their class or insufficiently organised, will not go to the ballot-box to vote for their champions, certainly will never go to the barricades to fight for them effectively; (b) If they win on the political field they are in a very much stronger position to enter upon actual civil war, and are ready to take over the machinery of government for the benefit of the whole community; (c) Direct action, by means of successive strikes, or a General Strike of all the workers, would only disorganise the whole of the existing machinery of production and distribution which they desire to secure for themselves and the whole community.†

And the new control of the social economy, being vested in the national representatives and the actual organisers of the social services, would in no wise function as a "State" or "Bureaucratic" ("Whitehall"-directed) Socialism. To our brief notice of Hyndman's excellent work we should like to add what ought to be an obvious comment,—that our Elementary and Secondary Schools should invariably offer youth the best possible World History, in reasonable outline, with emphasis on

* Such "intellectual appreciation" by no means calls for glib essay-writing at the end of a University Extension Lecture course by Miss Arabella Researchwork, or Stanley Diploma, Esq. Jack Williams could appreciate the economic case, but could write no "admirable" essays.

† Pp. 323, 324.

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economics, though never neglecting the records of art, science and religion. The notion that such instruction must involve "controversial" issues is a vulgar error which betrays the poor level of the older sort of conceptions of "history."

Domestic life passed with comparative ease for the Hyndmans, though a weakened income obliged the man who used to be reputed a "wealthy Socialist" to share with some friendly "others" his house at Well Walk, Hampstead. In the spring he and Rosalind had spent tranquil weeks in "a queer, quiet, sunny little dwelling on the Hythe canal," and the veteran could tramp the Sussex beach in foam and breeze, telescope in hand, and gaze across the sea by Dungeness. As we saw by a line in his letter to Walling, he was forbidden by the doctor to speak in the open air, his last street-corner speech being delivered on an August Sunday morning in Beckton Road, Canning Town, to "a thick, attentive crowd of men, and a few women."* In accordance with our habit of memorial, we record the sorrow felt in S.D.F. circles at the death, in June, of an old friend of William Morris, J. Bruce Glasier, who, in companionship with his wife, Katherine St. John Conway, toiled very nobly in the Socialist cause. And, though we have just chronicled Hyndman's last open-air speech in the ordinary sense of "speech," we add here that, in September, he stood with a crowd of comrades by a grave in the Forest Hill Cemetery, and said a few touching sentences in honour of brave Harry Quelch, buried there in 1913.

And now, with some heaviness of heart, we step over the threshold of 1921, and enter the last stage of the Prophet's career.

"I go to fight," said Lamennais' soldier, "for the deliverance of my brothers from oppression, to break their chains, and the chains of the world." We say it

* *Last Years*, chap. xiii.

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with the extreme of deliberation,—no man in history ever fought for the deliverance of his brothers more devotedly and more fraternally than Henry Mayers.

In all the glorious roll of England's sons
Who loved our people, served them day and night,
And shook our highways with intrepid voice,
Exploiters damned, and dragged foul wrong to light,
And fought for right, companioned or alone,
No knightlier name than Hyndman's will be known.

We would like, at the outset, to repeat a voice from Australia. Our earlier pages told of H. H. Champion's collaboration with the S.D.F. pioneers, and of some of the frictions,—so frequent in all new movements, evangelic or other!—which detached him from the British ranks. And here he speaks:—

Melbourne, *April 27th*, 1921.

Dear Hyndman,—I really must write you a letter of congratulation on seeing that you are launched on your 80th year. It seems a long time ago since you used to come down to the pleasant little place at Cookham, and walk in the quiet evening back and forth on the village green, while you declaimed about everything going shortly to the devil. Well, it seems you were not so bad a prophet after all, and, if I live another seventeen years, I shall be able to wag my flowing beard, and amuse the children with tales of the brave old days when Socialism (of our kind) was the private property of only a dozen of us. I see the Socialist paper [*Justice*] every week, and marvel at its growth. What has become of the first dozen who enlisted under your banner? As for myself, I landed here in 1893 with £3 capital, and have done pretty well, considering that I was sort of paralysed all down my right side, and have not written a line with my right hand ever since. Still, I am decidedly mellowing, and manage to keep my little sense of humour, and am decidedly jolly. . . . I must

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wish you plenty of our climate here during the next fifty years of your life. Please give my respects to Mrs. Hyndman, who may have heard of me as "the bad boy in the nursery."

I am, yours sincerely,

H. H. CHAMPION.

This glimpse of Mr. Champion, whose name once roused a chorus of controversy in the S.D.F. tents, leads us to utter the hope that, on the whole, the politically minded reader will have found scant cause of complaint in our personal references through this story. The passion which assails public leaders has, so far in history, acted as a necessary element in the great process of moral judgment; and the bland moralists who deem it sheer sin are both fools and blind. But the judgments of the passing day are duly expressed, and the morrow can afford to put old hatchets in the armoury. Of one "leader," Mr. David Lloyd George, Hyndman had a markedly inferior opinion. Many people did, at least, acknowledge that Lloyd George's energy in the provision of munitions and in all-round hurrying-up of national administration had its merits, though Hyndman had reasons for severely lowering this merit. But even Lloyd George's best Welsh friends would have a difficulty in defending his sloppy catch-words, such as his easy-going cry that "England should now be made a land fit for heroes to live in."* Hyndman considered that Lloyd George, by not rendering timely support to Haig's army on the Western front, had contributed to the disasters of Cambrai and St. Quentin; and that now, three years later, his methods caused disorder in Mesopotamia and Ireland. The Government and the upper classes threw out benevolent hints that heroes ought to emigrate to escape the "unemployment" riddle (the un-

* Among the jests which Gorle scattered over *Justice* ran this (August, 1921): "At last," says Lloyd George, "the nations are on the point of bursting into an anthem of peace." Until now it has been pieces.

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employed were a million in 1921), and that a wise and thrifty people might live on less wages. Hyndman flamed into a wrath which mocked at "A Land for Starvelings to Work in!" and declared that to offer such a mean policy "when the power of man to produce wealth by labour is far, far greater than it ever was in human history, is an act of social war." That was the cold, hard truth. The class war originated in the egoism of the propertied classes. Trade unionism was a first step in defence; the Co-operative Movement was an act of self-training; the Socialist challenge was a conscious vision of a change that was forcing itself. "The coolness, patience and long-suffering of our wage-slaves," said Hyndman, "is the wonder of the world. Let the dominant class take care how they venture to trade upon this spirit of non-resistance" (*Justice*, April 28th). Nevertheless, he repeated his deprecation of the wild haste of "Direct Action." When, on "Black Friday," April 8th, a Miners' strike was left without the support of Transport-workers, with the result of a collapse, Hyndman wrote to the *Times* to say he disapproved of "Direct Action", and to propose, as a shield against mob-violence,—Much shorter Parliaments; Proportional Representation; Right of Initiative in Legislation by an agreed proportion of the whole electorate; all Acts of Parliament to be subject to a Referendum to the electorate; a Second Chamber, if needed, to be democratically elected. This, perchance, was irony at such a moment in a Lloyd Georgian universe! But it was a significant warning to the dull persons who had no cure for discontent but low wages and ethical lectures on the naughtiness of noise. Needless to say, he never let slip the problem of agriculture; never ceased in this last year to remind us of the national dependence for more than five-sixths of our bread upon overseas supplies; and, like a Voice in the Wilderness, he kept on and on reciting: "No fewer than 1,200,000 acres of wheat have gone into other crops in this island

since 1918." And here we owe a meed of praise to a Buckinghamshire man, the villager, E. J. Pay, an S.D.F. worker who,—on rural greens, in city halls, and in printed pages,—has maintained for many weary years the claims of the village labourer, and the economic needs of the agriculture which ought to be "national" and is not.

"Build up a great England for the future of mankind!" cried Hyndman to a crowded audience in the Burnley Palace Theatre in February. "Back to the land!" he cried at the S.D.F. Conference in July; and this, his last speech at such Party gatherings, ended with the utterance of faith: "In a few years from now our ideals will be realised, and the youngest of us may live to see the full development of Social-Democracy, the only hope for the peoples of the world." The last article he ever wrote (his wife tells us this) dealt with "Social-Democracy and Wagedom" (*Justice*, November-December); and, in its glowing message, he spoke once again a word of gratitude to Bronterre O'Brien, and displayed once more the programme of socialised industry and agriculture, and gave thanks to the sturdy comrade just named, E. J. Pay. This article was written just after his return, with his wife, from Scotland. He had visited Kirkcaldy, a Fifeshire community which, in the previous March, had elected the S.D.F. secretary, Thomas Kennedy, to the House of Commons by 11,674 votes.* And, at this excursion, he must needs (for sorrowful memories have their own mysterious satisfaction) go to see the empty manor-house at Culrossie, the residence of the old friend, now dead, whom he so often mentions in his autobiography,—John Boyd Kinnear.† He had lost a more revolutionary friend, Kropotkin, in

* Kennedy (b. 1876) was member of the Aberdeen School Board six years; sergeant in the Italian Expeditionary Force; a Junior Lord at the Treasury in the Labour Government, 1924.

† Kinnear died in 1920. Hyndman had introduced him to Karl Marx (*Record*, chap. xvi).

the previous winter. Peter Kropotkin had gone to Soviet Russia, and found no Paradise. Anti-Czarist, imprisoned by Czardom, Anarchist in theory and British-Liberal when living among us, the author of that eminently humane work, *Mutual Aid*, had been introduced to Hyndman by Joseph Cowen in 1881. We have already recorded Hyndman's translation of Kropotkin's *Appeal to the Young*.

In March, two Socialist football teams contested in a field at Chester under "Clarion Fellowship" auspices, and Hyndman, by invitation, kicked-off for them; and he afterwards presided and spoke at their little feasts. Some weeks were spent in Sussex again, within view of the grey-blue Channel; and Rosalind would arrange his couch at the open window by the little lawn for his afternoon sleeps. She guarded him well in those declining months. It was no empty phrase of his when, in fly-leaf messages in the books he gave her, he told his thanks. She read to him, she took his dictated notes, she transcribed innumerable folios for him, and often added, by his wish, auxiliary ideas of her own; and, if ever a chill of tiredness crept into that ancient and heroic frame, he could always rest his head on her shoulder and breast. Some six years ago, he had been writing to his American friend, George Herron (then in Florence, and not long a widower), and he had sighed: "1914 and 1913 have been strange, strange years for me. 1913 was one long procession of sorrows till almost its very end. Then [and he glanced towards Rosalind] it appeared that I might again enjoy a renewal of happiness in the present, without forgetfulness of happiness in the past. This has, indeed, come about." And it seems to us fitting, as we pause by our sleeping friend on the couch at the window overlooking Hastings and the sea, to quote again from this letter to Herron:—

The possibility of life after death in any recognisable or conscious shape? How deeply we wish it, in order to meet again those whom we have loved and lived with

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here! and yet how impossible it seems. With the memory synthesis, so far as we know it, obliterated by the decay or destruction of its physical base, how can we human animals have a future spiritual life? I recognise the spiritual life and power as a function, or essence of very highly organised animate matter. But when that disintegrates, what then? You, I think, are of opinion that some influence from, or communication with, the dead is possible. Sometimes, even I have felt that this may be. But, while we live, we have so much to do that I dare not speculate upon the possibility.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish not to recognise that men and women of high attainments and great ability, who have no interest whatever in deceiving themselves, are very much more disposed to investigate, and, having investigated, to believe in a double consciousness,—mind and soul,—one of which may survive material dissolution. Even Bax, a materialist of materialists, finds his mind working a little that way. My younger wife certainly tends to the spiritual in her views of the Kosmos. But it is all beyond us. The "harmony of immortal souls" may exist, but assuredly, "whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

A rapid change of our scenery must now transport us to a Committee Room at the House of Commons, Westminster, Wednesday, June 8th, where Hyndman appeared in what might almost be termed a tableau of his Social-Democratic drama. It was forty years since Lord Beaconsfield had looked from his heavy-lidded eyes, and asked: "You do intend to go on, Mr. Hyndman?" and Hyndman had answered simply "Yes." Neither of the two gentlemen who conversed in 1881 would have pictured Hyndman debating with the Duke of Northumberland,* before a crowded assembly in a House of Commons Committee-room, on "The Cause of Indus-

* B. 1880; residence, Alnwick Castle; Conservative; interested in the *Morning Post*.

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trial Unrest." As startling that thought would have been to the ear of 1881, as, to the ear of 1927, would sound a prophecy of a King-President of the British Commonwealth of Nations lecturing at Canberra on "The Disappearance of Wage-slavery from our Community," and repeating the lecture at Capetown, at Ottawa, and at Delhi. The event was due to Kennedy, M.P. To the Duke, who was a zealous enemy of Bolshevism, Kennedy addressed a note announcing that the S.D.F. was the first national body in this country to organise and carry through a propaganda campaign against the "menace of Bolshevism," and inviting the Duke to attend a meeting at which "the constructive, political, and economic proposals embodied in the programme of the Social-Democratic Federation would be put forward by a Representative of that body," for immediate consideration and comment. The Representative, of course, would be the Hyndman of *England For All*, well-known at Burnley and in Trafalgar Square. The summer sun illumined the broad-windowed chamber, the oaken panels and benches, the audience of M.P.'s and visitors, the Chairman (University Don and Minister of Education, H. A. L. Fisher), the not-too-much-smiling Duke, and the white-haired man of Well Walk.

Hyndman observed, with pride, that some S.D.F. objectives had been achieved,—Free Meals for children, and Free Education, and the Eight-Hour Day. These were national gains. For the national defence, the S.D.F. had advocated a strong Navy and a Citizen Army, and, in 1914-18, it supported the Allies in a War which was won, not by this or that politician or even general, but by the people of Great Britain. The class war, evolved by historical causes (and the speaker swiftly glanced from Primitive Communism to Feudalism and after), was the evil from which Social-Democracy sought escape, and it sought escape also from class-rule inefficiency. Three hundred and nine people had

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robbed Britain of £2,000,000,000 in war profiteering, and public control of services had to be brought in as a check. Hyndman recited the S.D.F. programme, emphasised the scandal of bad agriculture, condemned the treatment of labour as a profit-making commodity for private gain, commended the Co-operators, laid a curse on slums, and asserted that, *in proportion to the wealth of the country* (a reservation he had to repeat when Conservative "Oh's" resounded) "the workers of Great Britain were worse educated than in any civilised country in the world."

The Duke did not deal with the Causes of Industrial Unrest further than by suggesting a prime cause in propaganda of sedition from a foreign centre, namely, the Soviet. Merely on the assumption that this was an efficient cause, he made out a good and detailed case; and he quite skilfully paralleled the aims of the Leninite Soviet and the aims of the Socialist and Labour Parties here,—though what on earth could have created the native Socialism of Britain in 1881 he did not explain.* He put his finger on such points as these,—The conflict between Hyndman's Social-Democracy and the State bureaucracy of Sidney Webb; the encouragement given (as indicated in statements by Adolphe Smith-Headingley) to Bolshevism by Germany during the War, and by international German-Jewish financiers; the sinister reaction, direct and indirect, of this subsidised Bolshevism upon the British Labour Party (as in the Leeds Convention of 1917), and in persuading our Pacifist-Labourists into anti-British manifestations in relation to Russia, Egypt, Ireland, India. During the War, the *Kölnische Zeitung* spoke gratefully of Ramsay MacDonald. Did not Hyndman dissociate Socialism from monarchy and from Christianity? And did he not counsel the use of force? And had not Smillie, President of the Miners'

* Vladimir Ulianoff (Lenin) was then aged 11.

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Federation, counselled physical force? The Duke appealed to Labour:—

To recognise the truth, cease to be the catspaws of Germany, Russia, and international Jewry; mobilise all honest, loyal and patriotic British working-men for the task of clearing out the Augæan Stables; undertake a radical reform of the whole trade union system; and earn their country's gratitude by securing that co-operation and fellowship between all parties and sections of the community, by which alone we can overcome the dangers which are threatening us.

(We have allotted more lines to the Duke than to his opponent.)

Hyndman's reply included the points,—that even the *Times* blamed the attitude of the coalowners as a cause of miners' unrest; and that it was a very dubious patriotism which allowed the present Coalition Government to extend tens of millions of credits to German industry and enable it to compete with our own.

The Duke rapped out a menacing catalogue of British Labour leaders and Party officials who bore the Soviet mark, and worked under the orders of Moscow,—Robert Williams, Harry Pollitt, A. J. Cook and the rest. Quoting the Communist Party's finance in Britain, he found that the expenditure was such as to prove money supplies from abroad, that is, Moscow. And the *Daily Herald*, the principal organ of the Labour Party, run by George Lansbury and William Mellor, acted simply as an organ of the Third (Moscow) International.

"The Duke," remarked Hyndman, "has never touched in any way the economic basis or the historic basis of our propaganda"; and, since the rise against capitalism took place world-wide, was it alleged that the world agitation was financed from Moscow? Well, finally, let Great Britain lead the world into glorious Social-Democracy.

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And so, as Mr. Fisher bowed for the vote of thanks to the chair, we broke up in groups that buzzed and re-buzzed the arguments we had listened to; and some of us were satisfied that Champion's "dozen under the banner" had projected an influence, not quite negligible, into 1921.

The next scene may, with little or no exaggeration, be called a triumph; but whereas the ancient Romans awarded their victorious soldiers a triumph at Rome, and four white horses drew the hero up the slope of the Capitol, the festival of our Social-Democratic Chief took place not in London, but in the city of Prague,—amid joyous multitudes that represented the new autonomy of a land, Czecho-Slovakia, nearly as large as England, economically rich, and containing (in 1927) some 14,000,000 inhabitants (8,000,000 Czechs). For a fortnight in July, Mr. and Mrs. Hyndman were the guests of the Czecho-Slovak Government.

More than a year previously, Hyndman had written an approving preface to an able pamphlet by Alexander Broz, on *The First Year of the Czecho-Slovak Republic*. "For a thousand years," said Broz, "the Czechs have waged a grim struggle with the Germans"; and that statement gave the keynote to the struggling and tragic elements in his survey of Land Reform, Industrial problems, Foreign Policy, and the rest. For three hundred years Austria had dominated. The German minority had imparted good lessons in education, road-making, etc., but had damaged their best values by a touch of arrogance. Hyndman's Prefatory pages praised Masaryk* for his judgment and vigour; and, incidentally, once again credited Bronterre O'Brien with the invention of the term "Social-Democracy" in 1839!

* B. 1850; President of the Republic, November, 1918; re-elected 1920.

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The Hyndmans travelled through Cologne and across finely cultivated German farm lands to the many towers of Prague by the yellow stream of Moldau. The visit was timed so as to include exhilarating views of the musical athletic exercises, in the "Sokol" (festival), performed in an immense arena by three thousand men and women. Five speeches (in Prague and Pilsen) and talks with all sorts of citizens, political and professional, and a genial reception in the Senate House,—Senators rising in salutation, and Hyndman murmuring a "Lord, now lettest!"—and trips in wooded valleys, and to two industrial towns where the factory-women wore "beautiful printed shawls,"—all these things gave Rosalind Hyndman material for a prose-lyric,*—perhaps the happiest passage in her life pictured in the brightest of her writing. Her heart pulsed riotously when she and her husband and 78-year-old Catherine Breshkovsky rode in glory through the streets, and crowds, wearing carnation blossoms, roared welcome. Of Catherine, Hyndman made this portrait in one of his articles (*Justice*, August) on Czecho-Slovakia:—

This splendid old revolutionist was attired in a Russian peasant garb, with a white kerchief drawn over her head. I have never seen a more placid, benevolent yet determined face. It is wonderful how she has retained that expression of calm contentment and confident expectation through all the long years of imprisonment and disappointment. She is one of those great women of Russia who will long be remembered, when the present time of tyranny and horror is overpast, as those who never despaired of their country, even in the period of Czarist and Bolshevik oppression and ruin.

But the Bolsheviks of Prague did not arrange a reception in honour of Hyndman. His general impres-

* *Last Years*, chap. xiv.

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sions were dispatched to his friend of many years, thus:—

July 4th, 1921. Prague.

My dear Lady St. Helier,—Here we have been in what is really a genuine Social-Democratic Republic, as the guests of the Social-Democrats and the Government, for just a fortnight. So delightful a time I have never had in all my long life. The whole thing has been splendid, and it makes us both very sad to know that it would be quite impossible to organise anything approaching to the National Olympiad of last week at home. The people, with the leadership of the Social-Democrats, had the whole thing in their own hands. Such voluntary discipline, with no words of command whatever, alike in the streets and in the great arena (which holds over 150,000 people), I could not have believed to have been possible, had I not seen it all with my own eyes. The manœuvres of the men and the women, in the great arena, were alone worth coming all the way to see. And the demonstrations and marches through the streets were quite as fine. There was no confusion whatever, no hitch in the proceedings, and the crowds along the route of the processions looked as orderly, and as much in control of themselves as the tens of thousands of trained male and female gymnasts, who trooped along without officers in military order. . . . The demonstrations and manœuvres went on for three days, with the same enthusiasm and success. It was marvellous. Naturally, I was immensely pleased with it all, especially as I know President Masaryk well, and so does my wife. The chief Ministers and organisers we also know. Masaryk himself is still away at Capri, recruiting his health. He sent me a most charming letter-telegram of greeting and congratulation, referring pleasantly to the many conversations about the War and the Peace we had at Well Walk during the War and after the Armistice. Hearing, also, from Mr. Benesh and his wife that my wife intended to give addresses in England, with magic lantern slides of the views and

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the people here, with special reference to Social-Democratic progress, he sent her the most exquisite embroidered well-to-do-peasant's dress of the olden times it is possible to imagine, for her to wear on these occasions. It is most beautiful. We have been treated personally in princely fashion. As I am the oldest Social-Democrat in Europe, and I believe in the world, and am still active in the Movement, we were given the place of honour at the final demonstration, with old Catherine Breshkovskaia, "the Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," in the next motor-car. The procession lasted three hours. When my wife and I paid a visit to the Senate, the whole of the members stood and cheered vigorously. . . . I am delivering five addresses here; three in Prague, and two in other big towns; one on "The Present and Future of England."

Your very truly,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

Mr. Lloyd George's portrait, painted for Prague by the deft Burnley hand, did not allure the fancy of the Czechs. Nor would the "Present and Future of England" have appeared to them any easier than a Riddle of the Sphinx. The country of the Sokol, practically land-locked (with right of access to the sea over the Elbe and Oder to Hamburg and Stettin), may experience the difficulty that Switzerland experiences, perhaps, in comprehending our lights and shadows. Only we who dwell here, and feel the weight of industrialism, and of Feudal tradition, and yet also know the impulse given by centuries of political effort, and who catch the scent of the ocean and perceive the distant pull of far-off kindred and strange colonial territories, can truly gauge our tragedies and our glories. But Hyndman, for all his serving-up of gall and vinegar, never failed to "proclaim the Acceptable Year," and say, in varying phrases, that "we Englishmen, owing to our geographical, social, economic and political situation, are

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nearer to the realisation of Social-Democracy and the Co-operative Commonwealth than any other people in the world." And so he and Rosalind waved farewells, and lingered again in the shadows of Cologne Cathedral, and came home to Hampstead. Putting the facts of this remarkable summer into honest scales, we who admired him could not censure the Fates. A room in the Palace of Westminster had witnessed the recognition of his status as the Prophet of Socialism at home. The Czecho-Slovakian Republic had greeted him as the Apostle of International Socialism.

An invitation to attend and to speak at the opening meeting of the autumn session of the Trinity College Historical Society, Dublin, when a paper would be read on "Labour in Parliament," closed with this little word of homage:

It is our earnest wish that you may find it possible to be present, not only on account of your long connection with the Labour movement, but also as it would give us young Irishmen an opportunity of expressing, in some slight part, our gratitude for your great work for Ireland.

In October, a note from Clemenceau thanked him for birthday wishes, and sparkled into "sincere admiration for your great character." A few weeks later, a nonagenarian Humanist, who had just received congratulatory addresses from his fellow-Positivists and from a more general circle of statesmen, artists, and men of letters and science,—Frederic Harrison, wrote as from heart to heart:—

November 5th. Bath.

My dear Hyndman,—I have kept almost to the last your very kind letter of good wishes of October 18th [Harrison's 90th birthday], really because you have been a veteran comrade in many a hard fight, and I value your testimony to my conduct in battle so much, and I

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would thank you in leisure, and would not reply with any conventional or formal thanks. I was quite touched by your most generous words of goodwill, for we have often been on opposite sides (eh?), and neither of us ever stint our strokes, be it on our side or not. And you, too, not much my junior in age, remember what we all had to put up with, say, from 1865 to 1885. And I know you mean what you say, and all you say; and you know me and mine. . . . I well know that the public Address was not so spontaneous as that which I received from our Positivist body, and it was signed, perhaps with good nature, by some who really know little of my life and work just sixty years ago, when I began to teach history to the people, and took public action on behalf of Trade Unions, Free Speech, and International Liberty and Morality. You know all that, and have done the same things. So I value your good word. . . . On the 23rd instant I am to be made an Honorary Freeman of Bath. It was voted unanimously by the Council, which consists of all parties and interests, including Labour. That is an honour voted by my fellow-citizens, with whom I live and work, which I can accept. It is neither a title, nor an affix to my name. I would not accept any Royal or official honour, which we know too often has a secret and sinister source.

Your sincerely,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

The last article Hyndman wrote for *Justice*, as already mentioned, was that on "Social-Democracy and Wagedom"; and it was noteworthy for a warning against a tendency, foreshadowed long ago by Bron-terre O'Brien, to the development of a concentrated trade unionism, or "aristocracy of Labour," intent on strikes, partial or general, and therefore supporting the preservation of the wage system. Capitalism itself would encourage such a development, as diverting the people's purpose from the Public Control of industry, which bankers, financiers and profiteers dreaded. To-

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wards such control, he demanded the method of the People's Referendum. And towards the efficiency of such popular methods he demanded a richer and wider education "for all children and young people, from the Primary Schools up to the Universities."

On Friday, November 4th, Mrs. Hyndman began fulfilling her scheme for publishing the good tidings of Social-Democratic progress in Czecho-Slovakia; and a normal winter of busy meetings seemed opening. Wednesday evening, November 9th, was raw and foggy, but a numerous company gathered in an Enfield Council School to hear Hyndman speak of "Industrial Ruin,"—British depression contrasted with German prosperity; the danger of lowered wages for miners,—and the "Way Out" through the revival of agriculture on scientific lines under national control. "*Full, free, cultured life for all,*"—these words, like a golden maxim, were the last he uttered in public.

He took a chill, and lay in bed next day. An accident to his wife left her unconscious two days; she recovered to find him collapsing to pneumonia; on Wednesday the 16th. On Friday, he rallied; and Sunday saw cheerful promise, and they talked of a holiday change for Rosalind. Early on Tuesday morning, November 22nd, without pain and in silence, he died in his wife's arms.

From many people and many lands came the murmur of sorrow; from dear old paralysed Herbert Burrows, from Masaryk, from Kautsky, from French Socialists, from Clemenceau, from Russian Socialists; from Spargo and Charles Edward Russell, from J. M. Parikh and other Indians.

Saturday, the 26th, was grey and misty, with gleams of sunshine. A procession followed Hyndman's remains to the Golders Green Crematorium. In the Chapel courtyard, where the coffin, Red Flag-draped, was raised on a high bier, with Rosalind Travers Hyndman at its side, we stood hushed,—G. B. Clark, Cunninghame Graham, Lee, Hunter Watts, James Macdonald, J.

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Connell, O'Fallon, E. J. Pay, Gorle, Arthur Lynch, Margaret Bondfield, J. S. Middleton, George Hicks, Fred Bramley, and many others that bent in mourning. Pale and motionless the widow kept her guardian place while we sang "England, Arise!" the "Red Flag," the "Marseillaise," and while five Social-Democrat Members of Parliament spoke brief tributes,—Kennedy, Clynes, Thorne, Irving, Jack Jones. It was Thorne who told of the old Chief's valiant aid to the things and people forlorn,—the Ireland of 1881, and the dull proletarian streets of Canning Town.

As a child, he had gazed wonderingly, from the porch of the Elizabethan house, at a group of hungry vagrants. A University man, he came and stayed among the people. Not for him the florid speech-making at banquets; not for him the Court Function, or even the House of Commons' bench, or the respectful deputation to Downing Street. In one of the people's schools, to a simple audience, on an occasion of no distinction, on a gloomy November night, he uttered his last message,—
" *Full, free and cultured life for all!*"

That pale and motionless woman wove her memorial verses for him, symbolising his death under the figure of a Chief of Northmen, lying on a fireship that his warriors send out to the wide sea :—

Then a flag of scarlet fire shot up
High over the misty wave,
Steady and strong as his life-long will
Folk and land to save;
Fierce as his constant wrath that burned
Over suffering poor and slave.

The fire spread out like a scarlet tree
Growing in wave and sky,
Like the Tree of Thought he planted here
In hope and purpose high.
Earth will fall like a shattered stone
Before his work shall die!

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We fighting men must turn to sleep
After the last, hard hours;
Not a man of us cares to know
If other life be ours.
But we sent our Chief away to be King
Among Immortal Powers!

* * * *

Whatever may be the faults of the Man, or in our story, no difficulty should be felt in assigning Hyndman's place in English history. The events of his public career are singularly clear. His way was as straight and firm as a Roman road. It was natural that he should admire the simple and manly Trajan who moved, unguarded, among the citizens. For modern England, he was the Prophet of Socialism; neither more nor less; from first to last; from his "Dawn" of 1881 and the great Challenge, through the long years of propaganda, to the humble meeting at Enfield, and his last sentence in *Justice*. Though he charmed and swayed multitudes, his closely attached disciples were never numerous; compact and resolute, they learned from him to rate the people's enduring welfare above the people's fleeting emotions. Powerful in eloquence, he was yet markedly direct and realist, and unwasteful of words; borrowing neither unction from the priest, nor academic phrases from the professor. Though he brought a message to the very door of poverty and despair, and spoke it in the plainest tones, he drew it from a laborious study of the material and social experience of humanity through the ages. From his lips Socialism issued as the voice of History, and not as the catchword of a riot, or the bland sentiment of an election platform. He saw rising about him, under the influence of his central idea and determination, a swarm of smaller movements and smaller men, each with a limited social use, no doubt. Some

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added a Socialist element to Liberalism. Some put a Socialist fervour into strikes and wages-battles. Some clapped a Socialist hat on a revengeful impatience, and called their spleen revolution. Some attained rank and salaries (they did no wrong), and classed him as Impossible. He turned neither to the right hand nor to the left; neither to State Socialism nor to the immature General Strike. Never did he abandon the right to use force; never did he throw aside the term Revolutionary. But the force he would employ was that which came inherently in the very life of democracy as it disciplined itself into power of government, political and material. And the Revolution was that irresistible expansion of a national organism from out of subordination into self dominion.

But the discipline and the expansion need stimulus. The people need prophets. As a servant of the humanity of To-morrow, he shouted the awakening summons to the daughters and sons of To-day. This cry of forty years was the honest, unmistakable programme of Social-Democracy, of the people's control of land, industry, transport, housing, and all that constitutes the economic foundation for the life of the citizen, the teacher, the inventor, the poet, the prophet. He cursed the class war, and pointed to the Co-operative Commonwealth. He damned the wages system, and displayed a "Life to Come," in which universal friendly exchange led mankind out of the ancient money worship and sordid ideal of "profit." For the hungry child, the dispirited unemployed, the ill-paid labourer, and the prostitute, the signs of liberation are immensely brighter through his unwearied campaign. He made the social question burn angrily in the midst of the old English polity and superficial reform and philanthropies. None more than he tried to carry the emancipating thrill from shore to shore, from people to people, and so to kindle the mutual recognition and support that we know as the Socialist International. Yet who, more than he, valued

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the safety and self-determination of English life and destiny in the crisis of the World War? Who, more than he, beheld in England the community most adapted, by history, by geographical position, by social training, by the stern lessons of economic struggle, and by political genius, to realise the aims of Social-Democracy? He had that patriotism that loves to see the Motherland take the first step towards the larger life, and wave a fraternal hand to all the nations of all languages and colours.

The essential values of Social-Democracy are the unfoldings of humanity itself,—humanity suffering, humanity inventive, humanity learning, humanity believing and hoping. Hyndman was but a Prophet, an Interpreter, a Servant of this evolution; and he rejoiced to do the service. Nearing the term of fourscore years, his ear caught the murmur of Labour's ascending millions from all quarters of the globe. He had helped. He was glad. He damned our apathy, our dullness, our inefficiency. He damned in love, and spared not himself in the hard task of the redemption of civilisation from poverty and exploitation. In his heart he knew the work he did for England and the world would never be undone. Youth and the New Time will inherit their ample meed of courage and devotion, and finish the emancipation which he and his comrades began.

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