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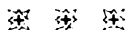
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EDITORIAL

ONE more revolution of the earth in its orbit round the sun. One more succession of spring, summer, autumn and winter. How many have gone before we cannot tell, but their number is millions.

How many will follow we cannot say, but they also may be millions. But neither one nor millions will be of the slightest concern to the universe which has infinite systems of planets wheeling round central suns and infinite time for its incalculable operations. It is to us that the year matters. We make it the measure of our lives and of their progressive development, of our organizations and their accomplishments. At the Annual Milestone we retrospect and prospect, we look at what has been and what might have been, at what may be and what ought to be. *But whatever is, is.* And only are our judgments of the past and our speculations of the future justifiable in so far as they take their departure from the existing reality, not from what *ought to be* but from what *is*.



WHEN the pioneers of the working-class movement appeared at the close of the 18th century, capitalism was as yet in its infancy,

manifesting itself in all the crudeness of that stage. And although production on a large scale had begun to show its hand in a negative way, yet the historic condition of things prevented those early champions of the proletariat from seeing in this negative development the positive remedy. The materials for the solution of the social problem which develop with the problem itself, lay as yet hidden under the undiscovered, because undeveloped, economic conditions. Hence it was that the Utopians finding no means of emancipation for the working class in their then-present economic reality, sought in personal inventive action schemes or plans for social salvation. Looking for what *ought to be*, they substituted their own inventions for the historic reality. The abuses of capitalism the deadly disease of the factory system, in the light of their *idea* could only be cured by ideological panaceas, by a harmony of a New Jerusalem superimposed upon society, the direction of which was to be an affair of absolute reason and eternal truth. The communism of Robert Owen, who lived in the first period of modern capitalism, and who was the father of the English Trade Union and Co-operative Movement, was the product of mercantile calculation, all planned out with the strictest elaboration of technical detail and which Owen believed could be put into operation irrespective of existing conditions. That these experimental heavens failed was as inevitable as the historic reality which they ignored. The future social order cannot be evolved out of man's brain, cut and dried according to some absolute standard, but can only develop out of the present. One can only think about the future in terms of the materials at hand, and then not in a particular but only in a general way. He who demands the detailed prospectus of the future society, or he who attempts to supply it, are still in superstitious thralldom to the Sovereignty of the Idea. A movement is only practical as it proceeds from the present. *The details of the future flow from the circumstances of the future.* And just as there is a healthy popular suspicion as to the bona fides of those who in tents "tell the future" by gazing into a crystal or by shuffling a pack of cards, so there is a growing need to beware of that professional class of social crystal gazers and idealistic shufflers who see in the future, a state which has its parentage in their own brains.



If the emancipation of the working class does not proceed out of the inner recesses of the mind, it follows that neither can it be brought about by any individual personality. In the rudimentary stage of capitalist society, the working class was as yet unfit for independent organized effort, it appeared as a **Its Own Moses.** down-trodden and suffering class insufficient in itself to keep itself. It looked above for some saviour to rescue it and lead it out of the wilderness. Those saviours came

they criticized, they schemed, but could not save. If denunciation of existing evils or enthusiasm for the cause of this oppressed social order could have solved the problem, the wilderness would have been left behind. To-day the movement has not yet rid itself of this utopian appendix. While in the cradle such weakness was pardonable but is now no longer so. Instead of helping, such a method hinders. *It conceals the way out of the wilderness by failing to explain the cause and to lay bare the inner nature of the evils which are simply denounced.* Once the genesis of capitalist exploitation is discovered—not invented—and understood, then the means of its removal present themselves. Those means are determined by the evolution of the system of exploitation itself. They have only to be consciously taken hold of. Henceforth the slogan of the proletariat is no longer "Help us, we perish," but "Workers of the world unite."



EVERY revolution of our planet brings us nearer to the social revolution, the downfall of the existing system and the uprising of the new order. This latter, however, must not be regarded as springing up automatically without any excitation of

The Essential the human will out of the condition of production.
Need of To-day Air is an essential prerequisite to human existence, nevertheless air does not bring forth the human race. So it is with economic conditions: they do not bring forth the social change, they are simply a prerequisite for that change. The new social order depends upon material conditions plus clearness of vision, to act in accordance with the evolutionary process, never was that clearness of vision more necessary than now. The nearer the final crisis of capitalism approaches, the greater the need for a conscious and systematic self-bringing into line of the working class. And this depends upon the extent and correctness of that class's information regarding the enemies' fortifications—*the nature of the capitalist process.* An act may be self-destructive, a weapon of suicide. To do, one must know when and how to do. He must be posted up upon the field of action, as an American writer would say. We have in a previous editorial registered our disagreement with those who seek the index of action in the stomach. "The Belly has no ears," said the blunt old Roman. The mere arousing out of discontent, is not a reliable weapon in the armoury of a revolutionary working class. It is the brain that must guide the actions of the proletarian movement, but *it must be the brains of that movement.* We believe that a good deal of the revulsion against knowledge among the working class is due to the pompous and pseudo-philosophical phrasemongering of intellectual prigs who are frequently turned loose from non-proletarian educational institutions.

To save the Labour Movement from these two extremes is our object as an organization. The first step taken was to prevent the perverting of working-class minds by securing control of a college claiming to serve the Labour Movement, by that **Something Accomplished.** Movement. Such a step being regarded as undesirable by those in possession, and that regard being expressed in the events which followed, there was no alternative but to create a new institution where a sound education could be given of a definite and clear-cut character. The success which has attended our efforts against odds which have been tremendous, is a source both of gratification and of encouragement at this beginning of the second year of our existence. Our object, however, is not exhausted in the founding of a Labour College. Our purpose is not completed with the education of a few. The education given at the Central Labour College to the selected working men of the Labour Movement is to serve essentially as a means for the education of the workers throughout the country. Arrangements are being made in this direction and we hope to be able to announce at no distant date the inauguration of a systematic provincial scheme of working class education. The training of men for the purpose of going out into the industrial world and training their fellow-workers in those questions which so vitally affect their every day life, is a work which we feel certain, will in a short time give to the Labour Movement that intelligent discipline and solidarity which it so much needs.



TURNING to the Magazine we can truthfully assert that much of the success the League has achieved during the year that has just passed is due to its agency. We have by this means been able to give to our readers much important information of **The Magazine.** an immediate character concerning developments in Oxford, which we could not have done otherwise. We had hoped at this juncture to have been in a position to reduce the price to the copper coin, and to have thus increased the circulation. Unfortunately the financial basis will not permit this reduction to be made just yet. During the year we have been obliged to distribute a good many free copies of the Magazine for propaganda purposes, and that fact, together with our limited circulation, has placed us in none too satisfactory a position. In addition to this, the cost of issuing our educational pamphlet has had to be borne mainly by the League, hundreds of copies having to be distributed without any return. The disease is one of infancy which our readers alone can cure. We are quite well aware of the limited nature of the working-class exchequer, but surely, upon so aspiring an altar some sacrificial offering could be laid that might help to forward a movement which means so much and holds such high hopes for the future of the proletariat.

To those who have contributed to these pages throughout the past year, we give thanks. We are not likely to become bankrupt in this line for some time. Especially are we indebted to "our economist," of whom we justly feel proud—Noah Ablett. His series of articles on economic questions have been a special feature of the Magazine, and we have received many letters of appreciation of this valuable work. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Ablett has recently been appointed by the Glamorgam County Council to lecture for the evening classes on Economics. Another stalwart plebeian, Mr. Edward Gill of Abertillery, has for some time been fulfilling a similar appointment for the Monmouthshire County Council. We offer our "official" congratulations. Arrangements have just been completed for the publication of a series of articles on important historic epochs and movements with especial reference to those facts that are of moment to the working class. The series will extend over the next twelve months, and the articles will be written by different members of the League, who are at present in residence at the Central Labour College. We hope they will be found helpful. What we are trying to do is simply to make a magazine that every active worker and studious investigator of the Labour Movement will find of valuable assistance. With that end in view we face the future.

In this world if you do not say a thing in an irritating way you may just as well not say it at all, because people will not trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them.—*G. B. Shaw.*

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
 After passing of a cloud,
 When a fit of laughter gits ye
 An' ye'r spine is feeling proud,
 Don't fergit to up and fling it
 At a soul that's feelin' blue,
 For the minit that ye sling it
 It's a boomerang to you.

Capt. Jack Crawford.

Walter Vrooman, the founder of Ruskin College, has
 has just died after a long and painful illness.

Easy Outlines of Economic Science

No. 11—The Great Contradiction (?)

NOTE OF EXPLANATION OF TERMS USED.

(1.) Composition of capital. Capital is divided into (or composed of), two main elements (1) accumulated past labour, i.e. machinery and raw material, and (2) living labour-power, i.e. wages capital. The proportion between these two is called the composition of capital. Spoken of in units of £100.

(2.) Constant Capital: abbreviated in the text to the letter c. That part of the £100 invested in machinery and raw material is called constant capital because its value does not change. If, say, it is £80 value before production commences it will only be £80's worth of commodity when it is sold.

(3.) Variable Capital: abbreviated in the text to the letter v. That part of capital per £100 invested in labour-power, i.e. wages, is called variable because being value-creating it varies in value before and after production. If it is £20 value before production it may represent £40 when commodity is sold.

(4.) Surplus Value: abbreviated in text to the letter s. The difference between the value in use and the value in exchange of labour-power.

THIS is the last article of the series. It will have been seen that no systematic course has been adopted, the object being to break the back of the most controversial of the questions in current Marx-criticism literature. Should it result in some of our readers making a fuller investigation of this subject from Marx's own works, the writer will be quite satisfied.

The great contradiction (as it is called) in the Marxian theory has for its chief exponent Boehm-Bawerk, the eminent Austrian apologetic-economist. Its history is as follows: Engels in his preface to the second volume of *Capital* found it necessary to refute certain statements to the effect that Marx had merely plagiarized Rodbertus (a Prussian contemporary). In order to more clearly demonstrate the impossibility of this he sets a problem to these people dealing with a subject that had only partly been entered into in Vol. I, and the explanation of which was to appear in Vol. III. which could not be published for some months. Those months became nine years. (1885-94). In these nine years, says Boehm-Bawerk, there grew up a regular prize-essay competition to solve this contradiction. "I consider it," he goes on to say, one of the most striking tributes which could be paid to Marx as a thinker that this challenge was taken up by so many persons, and in circles so much wider than the one to which it was chiefly directed. Not only the followers of Rodbertus, but men from Marx's own camp, and even economists who would probably have been called by Marx vulgar economists; vied with each other in the attempt to penetrate into the probable

nexus of Marx's lines of thought which were still shrouded in mystery." The charge of plagiarism was dropped like a hot coal. The problem had done its work. What was the problem?

THE PROBLEM.

According to the labour theory of value it is only the living element—labour-power—that can create value. Machinery, however productive it may be, is only the result of past labour and can only transmit its own value to the product. It cannot increase that value. In the actual world of production the proportion of machinery and raw material (past labour) to living labour power varies. Of £100 invested £90 may in one case be invested in machinery and raw material and only £10 in labour-power, while in another case £60 may be invested in the former and £40 in the latter. Obviously then the case where £40 per £100 is invested in labour-power more value will be represented in the product than would be the case where only £10 was so invested. Equally obvious does it appear that if these commodities are sold at their values estimated in labour the capitalist who invests £40 per £100 will secure a higher return on his money than the capitalist who has only invested £10 per £100. And yet everybody knows that a Carnegie whose capital consists mainly of machinery does not get less return per unit of capital than a small millowner with old fashioned machinery and much labour power. What is more, it is a fact acknowledged by Marx (in fact it is Marx who first analysed this fact), that there obtains an equal average rate of profit in all the spheres of production whatever the composition of the capital may be. The challenge of Engels is in the following words:—"If they (Marx-critics) can show how an equal average rate of profits can and must come about, not only without violation of the law of value, but by means of it, I am willing to discuss the matter further with them." The third volume of *Capital* appeared, and Engels criticizes in the preface the answers to the problem he set. No one had solved the question though a few had come near it. But Engels does not point out any definite passage wherein the solution is contained. Boehm-Bawerk looks up the third volume and fails to find the solution. Given space it would be interesting to show why he failed, but this is not important and must now be put aside for another occasion. Failing to find the solution, Boehm-Bawerk writes a book in commemoration of an eminent Austrian professor, which is devoted to showing the impossibility of reconciling what he calls the "great contradiction." The book is entitled (tragically enough) *The Close of the Marxian System*, was published in English by Fisher Unwirth, and may now be seen in the British Museum. As an economic criticism a novice could easily detect the superficiality of this book. Nevertheless it is well written, and in a very smart, spicy, and entertaining manner. His method is the *reductio ad absurdum*. Here is a sample.

Speaking of Marx's system of averages he says: "A mayfly lives only a single day, while an elephant lives 100 years. On the Marxian plan we might say that in spite of these variations we can strike an average length of life of 50 years and 12 hours between them. For by as much time as the elephant lives longer than the fly, the fly lives shorter than the elephant. The deviations from the average therefore mutually cancel each other." Readers who *do not know* the "Marxian system of averages" will be inclined to smile, and readers who *do know* that system will also be inclined to smile, but from rather different conceptions of where the humour appears. Boehm-Bawerk regards the Marxian system as the aberrative of a great mind, which aberration he is reluctantly compelled to point out. After explaining the alleged contradiction he shows the impossibility of its solution. So precise is he in this that he reduces his ideas to the form of the following dilemma: "Either products do actually exchange in the long run in proportion to the labour attaching to them—in which case an equalization of the gains of capital is impossible; or there is an equalization of the gains of capital—in which case it is impossible that products should continue to exchange in proportion to the labour attaching to them." Thus Boehm-Bawerk publishes his failure to solve the problem, and restates it in an apparently impossible way.

MARX STATES THE PROBLEM.

It may be of interest to know what Marx himself says on this point. Was he aware of this contradiction? Let us examine Vol. I. "This law clearly contradicts all experience based on appearance . . . Everyone knows that a cotton-spinner who (reckoning percentage on the whole of his capital) employs much *c.* (machinery and raw material) and little *v.* (Labour-power) does not pocket less than a baker who employs much *v.* and little *c.* capital" (p. 294). "I shall show in Book III . . . that various rates of surplus value may, under given conditions, express themselves in a single rate of profit." p. (533). "We shall see in Book III that the rate of profit is no mystery as soon as we know the laws of surplus value" (not otherwise). Marx then was very much aware of this apparent contradiction. It is said however that he constantly contradicts in Vol. III what he says in the first volume; saying in the first volume that commodities are always *sold* at their labour-values and denying this in Vol. III. This is important enough to investigate, and has a close bearing on Boehm-Bawerk's dilemma. "It requires a fully developed production of commodities, before, from accumulated experience alone, the scientific conviction springs up, that all the different kinds of private labour, are constantly reduced to social labour. And why? Because in the midst of all the accidental and ever fluctuating exchange relations between the products, the labour time socially necessary for their production forcibly asserts itself like an over riding law of

nature. The law of gravity thus asserts itself when a house falls about our ears. The determination of value by labour time is therefore a secret hidden under the apparent fluctuations in the relative value of commodities" (Vol. I, p. 46). "We have in fact assumed that prices = value. We shall however see in Book III that even in the case of average prices the assumption cannot be in this simple manner." (Vol. I p. 203, F.) See also pp. 576-7. It can be seen from this that not Marx but Boehm-Bawerk makes the erroneous statement that commodities according to Marx are *sold* at their values. A diligent study of Vol. I and II will show that in no place (except when he deliberately *assumes* it) does Marx say that commodities are *sold* at their value. What he has laid down, and that with the precision of a social law, is that the value of commodities are determined by the labour-time socially necessary to *produce* them. But as has abundantly been shown in previous articles that value is not created in exchange but in *production*. Value is only *realized* by exchange. Between the production and consumption of commodities there obtains the sphere of circulation. Large numbers of capitalists are engaged in the unproductive work of circulation. What effect has this on value. Boehm-Bawerk has never thought of this. What has he been doing? The first born of his dilemma is sadly damaged. Let us look at it now. "Either products do exchange in the long run in proportion to the labour attaching to them—in which case an equalization of the gains of capital is impossible." Now if we substitute "commodities" for "products" and "social labour-time" for "labour" the first part may quite reasonably be consistent with the latter part. For if one commodity exceeds, and another falls short of, the social labour-time, there is no impossibility in the uniform action of the market equalizing these differences. The process will be shown later.

A MISSING LINK.

What Boehm-Bawerk fails to see is the difference between production and circulation. He talks of them in his dilemma as if they were one. He might with as much reason have said that if a certain material to be put in a crushing machine were uneven it would therefore be uneven after it had been crushed. Of course it remains to be shown that the process of circulation does unify the differences of production. This is now to be done. In a world where there is no change, no movement, no accumulation B.-B.'s criticism would be quite legitimate. But capitalist society as has been shown is composed in all its industries of different spheres of production. If not there would be no big and little firms, there would be no competition, in short no capitalism. Capitalist society is maintained only by constant increasing revolution in all spheres. The forces of competition constantly shout in the ear of the capitalist "March! March! March! Bigger and yet bigger machines; more division of labour; larger armies in the industrial battle;

constant displacement and replacement of labour-power; Competition! Competition! On! On! to your impending doom." But in any given sphere of production immediately there is an improvement in machinery by any one capitalist, it is clear that the theory that commodities are sold at their values meet with a disturbing force which will deflect the operation of that theory. New conditions obtain, hence new results necessarily follow. Let us consider a given industry, say, that devoted to the production of hats. We should find the various capitals composed of different proportions of machinery and raw material to labour-power. Thus obviously the values *produced* would vary. But on the market the hats would be *sold* not at various prices but at the *same* price. What would that price be? According to Marx the price would be equal to the value of the commodity produced by the capital whose composition (C. and V.) would be equal to the average composition of the whole capital employed in that sphere of production. Assume that this would be a capital of 75c. + 25v., assume also that the degree of exploitation or surplus value in that industry would be 100 per cent. The price would then be 75c. + 25v. + 25s. = £125. Here then commodities *are sold* at their values. But in all other capitals the commodities are obviously *not sold at their values*. But that does not make the theory of value untrue, as we shall soon see. Take a capital composed of 60c. + 40v. (and surplus value being 100%) + 40s. The value *produced* would be £140. But on the market, as we have seen, only £125 is received. Hence £15 value not accounted for. What becomes of it? Let us see. Take now another capital composed 90c. + 10v. + 10s. Value *produced* = £110. But as we have seen value received = £125. Hence £15 *received* and not produced. From where does it come? From capital composed of 60c. + 40v. + 40s. which is called capital of lower than average composition. This process goes on all over industry, "lower" capitals producing greater value because they employ more labour power have to give up all over and above the average to "higher" capitals, and thus *an equal average rate of profit* (in our example—£25) is brought about. If this were not so, capitalism could not exist; "progress" could not arrive, and we should have the state of society in which Boehm-Bawerk's dilemma would be relevant. For why would capitalists employ more machinery (non-value creating capital) and less labour-power (value-creating capital) if they could not get the average rate of profit?

The eventual result (as we have shown in previous articles) of improvements in production is to produce more commodities (wealth) at the same value. But now does not this destroy the theory of value? No more than a daisy growing in a field in apparent contradiction to the theory of gravitation, does in reality contradict that theory. How do we measure the disturbance of value where commodities are not sold at their values? *Only by the theory of*

value. The deviation coincides with the extent of the disturbance. The apparent "contradiction" is the strongest proof of the accuracy of the theory. Under capitalism, the contention of Marx is that value in the market is reduced to price of production, i.e. cost to capitalist and average profit, in our example £125. But before the price of production can be explained value must be explained in its actual working. Vol. I. called *Capitalist Production* where as we have seen value does obtain in its purity, is of course devoted to an explanation of value in its purity. Vol. II. called *Capitalist Circulation* is devoted to the disturbing effects of circulation. Vol. III. called *Capitalist Production as a Whole* is devoted to the operation of production and circulation "purity and disturbance" as it is in the actual industrial world viewed as a whole. Only now Value is seen to be reduced to price of production. This is the method of all science. Newton first examines gravitation in its purity and then only is in a way to explain and measure disturbances. Darwin first examines selection in a pigeon-cote protected by the artifices of civilization. Then and then only is he in a way to go out into the world and examine selection according to nature with all its disturbances. So also with Marx. But Boehm-Bawerk, still influenced by pre-evolutionary methods of reasoning, argues as though the world were static, just like some of the old Greek schoolmen. Compare, for example, his dilemma which we quoted, with this old Greek puzzle which was once considered good reasoning:—"If a thing moves it must move from where it is to where it is not. It cannot move from where it is because if it does it would not be where it is. It cannot move where it is not, because it is not there." (But things do move.) If the proportion between machinery and raw material, and labour-power were the same in every sphere of production then the theory of value as derived from production would also apply exactly to the market. But we should then have a static world and Boehm-Bawerk might well become its greatest exponent. But then we should not have capitalism, and it is capitalism Marx set out to analyse, and so well has he done it that we have the whole system as a living picture, not in repose as an abstraction of political economy, but in all its animated reality, and its coarse, crude, contradictory, but defined evolution. Marx points out and *explains* the contradictions. Boehm-Bawerk sees one contradiction after Engels points it out, and not understanding its explanation, accuses Marxian economics of being contradictory, instead of, as is the fact, the capitalist system.

What, then, becomes of the great contradiction? Unfortunately for Marx-critics there is no contradiction great or otherwise, on this point in Marxian economics. It would be a contradiction had Marx said that equal amounts of capital with *different* proportions of labour-power *produced* equal surplus value. But it was the opposite he said. It is *not* a contradiction that equal capitals, whatever their

composition *receive* equal profits. But the difference between *produce* and *receive* is not known to our critic, or, being known, is ignored as a quibble. Whereas the difference between the two is that between production and circulation, and surely the veriest tyro will see that that is of some importance for a political economist who wants a reputation for scientific method.

A POSER FOR THE CRITIC.

Suppose now for a change Boehm-Bawerk were asked: "Sir, we have studied your criticism diligently and it seems the only thing you believe in is the average rate of profit. How now then is this average rate of profit formed?" Asking him for the bread of knowledge he would in return, with a shake of the head, give the tram-ticket of marginal utility. He could do no better than chant in discordant chorus with his brethren:—"We are professors of the science called 'dismal,' the highest aim of which is to prove that it is not a science. There is nothing left to us but a marginal dose."

The End.

NOAH ABLETT.

EXTRACTS: Reprinted from
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Ludwig Gumplowicz

A GREAT sociological light was extinguished when, on August 20th last, Ludwig Gumplowicz ceased to exist. The double suicide of this remarkable man and his accomplished wife, Franciska, is now well known to the world. It was a deliberate act on the part of both, without any brain-softening or the slightest tinge of an unbalanced mental state on the part of either. They were a devoted couple, and his prolonged sacrifice for her during so many years of her invalid life would form the subject for a romance of heroism, could it be written. Life for either without the other was impossible, and the dread malady would soon, as both knew, have left her alone. Simultaneous death was far preferable. Nietzsche says that the suicide displays such heroism that he almost deserves to live. Never was this more true than in the present case.

As one of the certainly very few Americans who knew Gumplowicz personally, it seems to me to be almost a duty to join in the general expression of regret at his loss. But his work was certainly done, and his tragic end only prevented a far sadder one by a few months at most. He had passed his seventy-first year, and even good health

would not have preserved him for science many more active years. There is, therefore, reason for being reconciled to the fact as it has transpired.

I took special pains to journey from Vienna to Graz in 1903, on purpose to meet him and thresh out face to face some of the problems that we had long been discussing in letters. He has been called a pessimist, and perhaps deserved the name, but one passage in an article of his, well describes himself; and never will it be more appropriate to repeat it than now. He says :

When we speak of "pessimists," we think of morose growlers who are always cursing and never satisfied; while we mean by "optimists" people who are content with themselves and the world. This association of ideas is far from exact. On the contrary, the facts are precisely the reverse. The pessimist in world-philosophy is usually an optimist in life. The troublous course of the world does not surprise him; he expects nothing better; he knows that the world is evil, that it cannot be otherwise. Thus he has no ground whatever for being unsatisfied with life; it is as it always was, and always will be. He enjoys *des Lebens Unverstand* as a comedy of nature. The case is different with the optimist in world-philosophy. Convinced that things may be better if man will only better himself, he stumbles against rude disappointments at every step, and he is constantly complaining that men, and with them life itself, is ever failing to make improvement. In eternal expectation of better times, he experiences constantly new disappointments and falls from one despair into another. The optimist in world-philosophy usually presents to us in life the picture called up by the word "pessimist".

Conformably to this general description I found him the gentlest of men, the type of kindly suavity and apparent contentment with his lot, which was hard even then, as he was absolutely confined to Graz and to the tender care of his beloved invalid wife. As to the latter, I was unable to see her on that occasion, as her health did not permit, but three years later, when I again visited Graz and enjoyed a second prolonged interview with Gumplowicz, I was so fortunate as to meet her a few minutes in the park and converse with her. She was a highly cultivated and refined lady with a well-stored mind and charming manners, speaking French without the slightest accent. I could well understand his devotion to such a person.

Toward the end of 1907 his health began to fail, and in a letter dated November 15, 1907, he mentions it and says: "The doctor describes my condition as 'nervous prostration in consequence of a nervous shock,'" but he did not intimate at that time anything more definite, although it seems that a council of doctors had pronounced his case one of cancer of the tongue.

It was in his letter October 24, 1908, that he first explained to me the nature of the "nervous shock" of a year previous. In that letter he says :

Things are going better with me now, and they were really bad only in the opinion of the doctors, who appear to have been mistaken. This is the way it was: At the end of 1907, in consequence of a wound made by the sharp corner of a tooth there was formed a small scar and swelling on the tongue. The physicians suspected a *carcinoma* and advised an operation. I could not reconcile myself to it, and was resolved to take my life in case the opinion of the doctors should be proved correct. However, such was not the case. Since the vote of the doctors ten months have elapsed and no single symptom of *carcinoma* has shown itself—on the contrary the swelling has diminished, and I find myself quite well.

Alas! it was he who was mistaken.

My last letter from him is dated March 28, 1909. At the end of the letter he says:

I am in a bad way—my wife also, who thanks you heartily for your friendly words, is very poorly, so that we are both thinking more of the other side, and life is a burden to us. I am sorry that I must close this letter with such bad news about myself, but I do not consider my situation as at all tragic, for I have already reached my seventy-second year. I have also the satisfaction of seeing my *Rassenkampf* (Race Struggles) appear in the second edition (after 26 years!), and before my departure I shall leave to the world still another little *Sozialphilosophie*—my swan song.

The new *Rassenkampf* with all his early papers appended, in which he first set forth his great theory in 1875, reached me on May 27. This work, as he told me at the beginning of our correspondence, contains his "system." His other numerous works are only amplifications of it. No one understands Gumplowicz who has not read his *Rassenkampf*. The *Schwanengesang* I have not yet seen. I acknowledged the former with hearty congratulations, but I was then just leaving for Europe, and I received no further word from him. Mrs. Unger, however, received a short pathetic note from him dated August 8 (twelve days before the fatal act) which she has kindly allowed me to see. He tells her that it will be his last letter to her and that he writes it with a great effort. He makes a suggestion regarding the English translation of the *Rassenkampf* (undertaken by Mrs. Unger some time ago from the original edition, but not completed), sends his greeting to her, and in a postscript, to me.

At the banquet of the Bern Congress of the International Institute of Sociology on August 21st, a postal card to him was circulated and packed with the signatures of admiring friends. I made mine so plain that he could not overlook it.

Thus has passed from our midst a striking figure, which, whatever may be the fate of his theories and original ideas, will ever stand as a prominent landmark in the history of sociology.

LESTER F. WARD.

The Case against Ruskin. College Proved by Documentary Evidence

II.—WHO CALLED THE TUNE?

THE reader who has compared the appeal from the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee with the letter published in the pamphlet on the *Burning Question* Appendix II., will need no more convincing of the two-faced character of Ruskin College policy. The letter referred to is typical of many which have been sent to well-to-do people whose sympathy with the Labour movement is nil.

But in the history of the old institution nothing is more curious than the fact that Mr. Lees-Smith's opinions have become more reactionary in precisely the same degree as the reactionary influences have obtained the upper hand, and his own progress in the academic world has kept pace with both these related phenomena. By comparing the note-books of students of different years, his progress from something akin to Socialism to "individualism" of the type represented by the Charity Organization Society and Mr. Harold Cox, is very clearly traceable.

In 1903 he had gone so far as to proclaim that "the great remedial principle," which could not be departed from in any system of Poor Relief or of unemployment amelioration was that "the position of the assisted person must be less eligible than that of the independent labourer of the poorest or lowest class. That person has no ground of complaint if his position is less desirable than that of the poorest who directly or indirectly contribute to his support." Needless to say this is the characteristic attitude of the C.O.S. He admitted, however, that it was difficult to make them so ineligible without outraging humanity. Two years later he advanced so far as to proclaim that "it is desirable that Committees [for the administration of Unemployment Relief] should not be too subject to pressure from the public, or they will not act without prejudice . . . that is why the Government gives such small powers to Local Committees, and vests nearly all authority in a Central Committee at London, which, being so far away, is practically impervious to public influence. The reason for the limitation of the power of Board of Guardians is that they show a tendency to cheap and thoughtless generosity." He went on to commend the University Representatives on the Oxford Board of Guardians because during term time, when they were present, the Board was far less generous. He condemned the Unemployed Bill of the Conservative Government of 1905, as being far too advanced. In 1903 he proved, to his

own satisfaction at any rate, that the introduction of the principle of the minimum wage would rob those who at present earned anything below the standard set up of any employment whatsoever; and he applied this principle to Trade Union action, showing that the raising of wages or bettering of conditions tended towards unemployment and more sweating in the long run, not to mention the fact that the "wages of waiting" would be reduced with the probable consequence that the capitalist would invest less money in this country!

Mr. Sydney Webb's argument against this view was calmly described as "a tissue of error." Later on in his course of lectures in 1905 he pictured the terrible consequences of the "shock to security" which would follow the confiscation of unearned increment, and, he continued, "if there is not full compensation, that is confiscation to some extent." He therefore in 1903 favoured land nationalization by the 30 or 40 years' purchase system, but by 1905 he described land nationalization as "robbery," and even the taxation of land values he looked upon with suspicion. These extracts have been taken out of the middle part of his course. The earlier lectures were devoted to the theory of value. First, during the course of what he described as "an impartial examination" of Marx he declared that he could not sufficiently express his contempt for that system. Those of the students who had previously read their Marx were of opinion that he could not more completely have demonstrated his ignorance of it, since he regarded "price" and "value" as interchangeable terms, whereas the whole argument of Marx is that things are not sold at their real value. One other point which he developed in his later years was, that, "the workmen, irrespective of Trade Unionism, always gets in the shape of wages the net product of his labour provided there is unrestricted competition." Similar contrasts between his earlier and later teaching can be picked out by the dozen from the note-books of students of different years.

Enough has been said to show the increasingly reactionary tendency of his teaching, and that development has gone on until the present time, his successors following in Mr. Lees-Smith's footsteps. Neither is it true that "the other side" was represented. The whole course in Economics has for years been nothing but apologetics, and nowadays the same statement applies to the other lectures as well.

Holding the Trade Union Conference appeal in our hands, we challenge denial of the statement that Ruskin College has played the game of running with the Labour hare and hunting with the hounds of Capitalism, and in view of the character of the teaching it is clear that it is really working for the latter, to whom it betrays working-class students.

W. H. SEED.

Review

"Ruskin College and Working Class Education," . . . This is a pamphlet issued by the small minority of the students of Ruskin College, who, after the strike at that institute, agreed to the new conditions brought about by the dismissal of Mr. Dennis Hird. It is published in the name of Mr. F. W. Walker, but we may presume it is to be an official reply to the case published on behalf of the new (Central) Labour College. There is little that is new in the pamphlet; it is mainly a rehash of the charges and counter charges made during the year concerning the governing authorities of Ruskin College, a mixture of childish spleen and more childish logic. If the process of reasoning shown in this pamphlet is a specimen of the results of the new *regime* at Ruskin College, then all that has been said against it is justified. Witness the following: "We can only attribute the one-sided attitude of the *Review* to a desire for a back kick at Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., who happens to be on the Ruskin College Executive." Our readers knew that we gave much time and study to the dispute. Our conclusions were come to after due weighing of the facts on both sides, our columns were free to all sides to state their case, and were so used. The Annual General Meeting decision was the result.

Railway Review, Dec. 17th, 1909.

THUS the *Railway Review* on the new edition of "inexactitudes" from Ruskin College. Space will only allow of our mentioning one or two falsehoods which find shelter under the covers of the pamphlet above mentioned. On p. 12 is given a report of *the speech that should have been* [for the purposes of the Ruskin College people] *made by Mr. Hird*. It is sufficient to say that no such speech was made by him: On p. 21 we find "On Wednesday, April 1st, 1909, the night before Mr. Leon and Mr. Carlyle reported to the students the Council's decision, Mr. Hird attended a "strike" committee meeting and in the evening delivered a speech at the "Plebs" Social. *Mr. Hird was in London on Wednesday, 31st March*, the date of Council Meeting; *the "Plebs" Social was held on Thursday*, April 1st, *after* Mr. Leon and Mr. Carlyle had "brought the news."

On p. 21 we are told, Mr. Hird started the "Plebs" League, while on p. 26 it is stated that it was the I. W. W.'s who started it!

On p. 23 we are told that the essay of Mr. Evans was published in "Plebs" Magazine "*in an amended form*." Will Ruskin College be prepared to rest their case on the truth of this statement?

But the crowning tit-bit is the attempt to convert *in face Romuli* (p. 26) into "in Rome as it is." We have no doubt it "*should read*" "Here in England it is," but the point is that it does not, (unfortunately for Ruskin College). It *does read* "an idealist experiment on the dregs (or excrement) of the people." We quote

the following from a letter on the point by an Oxford tutor "as I said *in facie Romuli* means the Roman people with special reference to their legendary disreputable origin. Whoever for controversial purposes alleges that *in facie Romuli* here means respectable citizens of the ordinary class, may, I think, be justly characterized as playing the part of a shifty knave."

The following dictionaries corroborate the above letter, and our translation—Webster's; Chambers; The Standard; Andrew's, Latin-English; Dr. W. Smith's, Latin-English; and many others.

As regards "Professor Lees Smith and Trade Unionism" (page 28), we again refer our readers to our remarks on that subject in our November number, also to Mr. Seed's article on another page. Another case of "*should read*" different, but, unfortunately for Ruskin College, and its supporters, it "*does read*" as we quoted it.

On p. 34 we are given the reasons why the Labour Party must not be allowed representation in Ruskin College Council. Was ever anything more farcical? The Working Men's Club and Institute Union, which comprises a large number of Liberal and Tory Clubs among its affiliated bodies, is to have members on the Council but the Labour Party must not.

We read on p. 38 that "There is a Library of several thousand volumes." We remember also a curious note in the recommendations of the Committee of Enquiry's Report, "We think that it may be necessary to add to the College library some more copies of books on subjects dealt with in the curriculum." There seems to be something wrong about the well stocked library! Is it possible that "the friends of the institution" have been "dumping" their surplus of "oddities" on Ruskin? Might we here suggest the addition of a good Latin-English Dictionary to Ruskin College Library in view of a recent difficulty in translation?

The pamphlet reminds us of certain puzzle-picture cards issued by enterprising traders at this season of the year, and we turn to the last page expecting to find on the bottom:—*Puzzle—Find the Argument.*

But alas! even this ending is denied us. Or perhaps, the pamphlet should have a sermon to the "rebels" to finish with; we suggest the following:—

"To carry nothing to extremes is the wise man's maxim. Be in opposition if you choose, blame if you will, but decently, and crying out all the while 'Long Live Ruskin College.' The true virtue is common sense—what falls ought to fall, what succeeds ought to succeed. Providence acts advisedly, it crowns him who deserves the crown; do you pretend to know better than Providence? When matters are settled—when one rule has replaced another—when success is the scale in which truth and falsehood are weighed; then

doubt is no longer possible, the honest man rallies to the winning side, and although he may happen to serve his fortune, he does not allow himself to be influenced by that consideration, but thinking only of the public weal, holds out his hand heartily to the conqueror. To keep his place is the duty of a good student. Learn to sacrifice your secret preferences. Appointments must be filled, and someone must necessarily sacrifice himself. What do you set yourselves up to be, I wonder? Learn that we are just as good as you. If we choose we too could be intractable and untameable, and do worse things than you; but we prefer to be sensible people. Folly has its rights, but it has also its limits. A man may be a brute, but he has no right to be a rebel."

Correspondence

"SOCIALISM AND SOCIETY"

[Mr J. R. Macdonald, M.P., has sent the following reply to our offer of space in the Magazine to reply to Mr. Ablett's article on above in November number.—*Ed.*]

DECEMBER 16TH, 1909.

DEAR SIR,

Please excuse delay in replying to your letter of November 1st. I have only just returned from India.

I have no intention of replying to the article you enclose, as it carries its own reply to anyone who has read my book. To anyone who has not, a reply would simply be a restatement of my position.

Yours truly,

GEO. SIMS, ESQ.,
High Street, Oxford.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

"THE LOGIC OF DIRECT REPRESENTATION"

DEAR SIR,

My recent article on the above subject has evidently touched a sore spot for it has elicited two criticisms, or rather, one criticism, because the letter of "Ex-Oxonian" was intended, I presume, more as a witticism, and as such, was more fit for the pages of *Comic Cuts* or *The Daily Express*. The more sober (!) reply which formed the leading article in last month's magazine calls for some further remarks from me. Let me say at the outset, Mr. Leader writer, that I fully "understand the forces which have called the Labour Movement into being," &c. I am well aware that the wages system, with all its barbarities, is at the bottom of the whole mischief; and it is no logical argument against my position to dilate at length on the "source" of the Labour Movement, because, and while we are agreed on that point, we are still no nearer agreement on the ultimate question. The whole point of my attack (which cannot be over-emphasized) was the arrogance of the individual members of the Parliamentary "Labour Party" in claiming to be the ONLY M.P's who both could and did represent the "workers" of the United Kingdom. It is a big claim to make and at once ostracizes all who cannot see their way to subscribe to the Party's

constitution. Those ostracized include such men as Victor Grayson and Chiozza Money, as were the miners representatives before their Federation decided to affiliate. Messrs. Grayson and Money are avowed Socialists, and yet, forsooth! are less fit to voice the "interests" of Labour than "Labour M.P.'s" who are not Socialists. That is the plain logic of the doctrine; and it is that doctrine which I object to. It "it is not the turn of a vote (or, to prefer my other words: the adoption by a party or mere subscription to a formula,") that makes a man competent to represent "the wage-earning class, but the adoption and promotion of a special and independent policy," then Victor Grayson must be a competent representative of Labour. Yet he is outside the "Labour Party." Grant that and the whole point for which I have contended is also granted (*vide* last two sentences of my original article). Your leader writer, admitting the imperfections of "Labour Representation" (a healthy symptom!) repudiates my suggestion that the cause is lack of logic. Well, I simply echo: "*Time* is the only Doctor."

Contrariwise, I believe the difficulty can be "overcome by a definition." I suggested three (*vide article*). The last one, which I think the best, is practically identical with the one given by your leader writer, viz:—representation of the INTERESTS of the "Workers," interpreting the last term in the broadest sense. This disposes of the dilemma on the horns of which I was to be impaled.

My concluding remark is this: the whole argument hinges on our definition of the terms employed. I have argued throughout on the broadest grounds and have endeavoured always to take the univocal standpoint. I now leave both my article and the after criticism to the judgment of your readers. The subject is a vital one and, admittedly, polemical. Hence a dispassionate and unbiassed study would prove fruitful.

J. S. WHITEHEAD.

THE GOLD SICKLE,

OR

Hena, the Virgin of the Isle of Sen

A TALE OF DRUID GAUL

BY EUGENE SUE,

Translated from the Original French by DANIEL DE LEON.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

HENA then took from her copper belt the little gold sickle and crescent that hung from it. She tendered the former to Guilhern the labourer, the second to Albinik the mariner, and taking a ring from her finger she gave it to Mikael the armourer, saying to the three:

"I wish my brothers to preserve these keepsakes out of love for their sister Hena."

All those present remained astonished and holding in their hands the gifts that the virgin of the Isle of Sen had delivered to them. They all remained standing and so speechless with astonishment that none could utter a word, but looked uneasily at one another as if threatened by some unknown disaster. Hena finally turned to Stumpy :

"Stumpy," said she, "I shall now let you know who is to be the third sacrifice of this evening"; and taking the hands of Joel and Margarid she gently led them back into the large hall, whither all the others followed. Arrived there, Hena addressed her parents and assembled relatives :

"My father and mother know that the blood of a cowardly murderer is an expiatory offering to Hesus, and that it might appease him—"

"Yes—you told us so, dear daughter."

"They also know that the blood of a brave man who dies in pledge of friendship is a valorous offering to Hesus, and that it might appease him."

"Yes—you told us so, dear daughter."

"Finally, my father and mother know that the most acceptable of all offerings to Hesus and most likely to appease him is the innocent blood of a virgin, happy and proud at the thought of offering her blood to Hesus, and of doing so voluntarily—voluntarily—in the hope that that all-powerful god may deliver our beloved fatherland, this dear and sacred fatherland of our fathers, from foreign oppression! . . . Thus the innocent blood of a virgin will flow this evening to appease the wrath of Hesus.

"And her name?" asked Stumpy, "the name of that virgin who is to deliver us from war!"

Hena looked towards her father and mother with tenderness and serenity and said :

"The virgin who is to die is one of the nine female druids of the Isle of Sen. Her name is Hena. She is the daughter of Margarid and Joel, the brenn of the tribe of Karnak!"

Deep silence fell upon the family of Joel. None, not one present, expected to see Hena travel so soon yonder. None, not one present, neither her father, nor her mother, nor her brothers, nor any of her other relatives, was prepared for the farwells of the sudden journey.

The children joined their little hands and said weeping :

"What! . . . Leave us so soon? . . . Our Hena? . . . Why do you journey away!"

The father and mother looked at each other and sighed.

Margarid said to Hena : "Joel and Margarid believed that they would have to wait for their dear daughter in those unknown worlds, where we continue to live and where we meet again those whom we have loved here . . . But it is to be otherwise. It is Hena who will precede us."

"And perhaps," said the brenn, "our sweet and dear daughter will not long have to wait for us—"

"May her blood, innocent and pure as a lamb's, appease the wrath of Hesus!" added Margarid; "May we soon be able to follow our dear daughter and inform her that Gaul is delivered from the stranger."

"And the remembrance of the valiant sacrifice of our daughter shall be kept alive in our race," said the father; "so long as the descendants of Joel, the brenn of the tribe of Karnak, shall live they will be proud to number among their ancestors Hena, the virgin of the Isle of Sen."

The young maid made no answer. Her eyes wandered with sweet avidity from one relative to the other as, at the moment of undertaking a journey, the departing one takes a last look at the beloved beings from whom he is to be separated for a while.

Pointing through the open door at the moon that, now at her fullest, was seen across the evening mist rising large-orbed and ruddy like a burning disk, Stumpy cried:

"Hena! . . . Hena! The moon is rising above the horizon . . ."

"You are right, Stumpy; this is the hour," she said unwillingly taking her eyes from the faces of her beloved family. An instant later she added:

"Let my father and mother and all the members of my family accompany me to the sacred stones of the forest of Karnak . . . The hour of the sacrifice has come."

Walking between Joel and Margarid, and followed by all the members of the tribe, Hena walked serenely to the forest of Karnak.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FOREST OF KARNAK.

The call for assembling that was issued to the tribes at noon, had run from mouth to mouth, from village to village, from town to town. It was heard all over Breton Gaul. Towards evening the tribes proceeded *en masse*—men, women and children—to the forest of Karnak, the same as Joel and his family.

The moon, at her fullest on that night, shone radiant amid the stars in the firmament. After having marched through the dark and the lighted spots of the forest, the assembling multitude finally arrived at the shores of the sea. The sacred stones of Karnak rose there in nine long avenues. They are sacred stones! They are the gigantic pillars of a temple that has the sky for its vault.

In the measure that the tribes drew nearer to the place, their solemnity deepened.

At the extremity of the avenue, the three stones of the sacrificial altar were ranged in a semi-circle, close to the shore. Behind the mass of people rose the deep and brooding forest, before them extended the boundless sea, above them spread the starry firmament.

The tribes did not step beyond the last avenue of Karnak. They left a wide space between themselves and the altar. The large crowd remained silent.

At the feet of the sacrificial stones rose three pyres.

The centre one, the largest of the three, was ornamented with long white teils striped with purple ; it was also ornamented with ash, oak and birch-vee branches, arranged in mystical order.

The pyre to the right was somewhat less high, but was also ornamented with green branches besides sheafs of wheat. On it lay the body of Armel, who had been killed in loyal combat. It was almost hidden under green and fruit-bearing boughs.

The left pyre was surmounted with a hollow bunch of twisted osiers bearing the resemblance of a human body of gigantic stature.

The sound of cymbals and harps was presently heard from the distance.

The male and female druids, together with the virgins of the Isle of Sen were approaching the sacrificial place.

At the head of the procession marched the bards, dressed in long white tunics that were held round their waists by brass belts ; their temples were wreathed in oak leaves ; they sang while playing upon their harps : "God, Gaul and her heroes."

They were followed by the ewaghs charged with the sacrifices, and carrying torches and axes ; they led in their midst and in chains Daoulas, the murderer who was to be executed.

Behind all these marched the druids themselves, clad in their purple-striped white robes, and their temples also wreathed in oak leaves. In their midst was Julyan, happy and proud ; Julyan who was glad to leave this world in order to rejoice his friend Armel, and journey in his company over the unknown worlds.

Finally came the married female druids, clad in white tunics with gold belts, and the nine virgins of the Isle of Sen, clad in their black tunics, their belts of brass, their arms bare, their green chaplets and their gold harps. Hena walked at the head of the latter. Her eyes looked for her father, her mother and relatives—Joel, Margarid and their family had been placed in the front rank of the crowd—they soon recognized their daughter ; and their hearts went out to her.

The druids ranked themselves beside the sacrificial stones. The bards ceased chanting. One of the ewaghs then said to the crowd, that all who wished to be remembered to people whom they had loved and who were no longer here, could deposit their letters and offerings on the pyres.

A large number of relatives and friends of those who had long been traveling yonder, thereupon piously approached the pyres, and deposited etters, flowers and other souvenirs that were to re-appear in the other worlds, the same as the souls of the bodies that were about to dissolve in brilliant flames, were to re-appear in a new body.

Nobody, however, not one single person, deposited aught on the pyre of the murderer. As proud and joyful as Julyan was, Daoulas was crestfallen and frightened. Julyan had everything to hope for from the continuance of a life that had been uniformly pure and just. The murderer had

everything to fear from the continuance of a life that was stained with crime. After all the offerings for the departed ones were deposited on the pyres, a profound silence followed.

The ewaghs led Daoulas in chains to the osier effigy. Despite the pitiful cries of the condemned man, he was pinioned and placed at the foot of the pyre, and the ewaghs remained near him, axes in hand.

Talyessin, the oldest of all the druids, an old man with long white beard, made a sign to one of the bards, who thereupon struck his three-stringed harp and intonated the following chant, after pointing to the murderer :

"This man is of the tribe of Morlech. He killed Houarne of the same tribe. Did he kill him, like a brave man face to face with equal weapons? No, Daoulas killed Houarne like a coward. At the moon hour, Houarne was asleep under a tree. Daoulas approached him on tiptoe, axe in hand, and killed his victim with one blow. Little Erick of the same tribe, who happened to be in a near-by tree picking fruit, saw the murder and him who committed it. On the evening of the same day the ewaghs seized Daoulas in his tribe. Brought before the druids of Karnak and confronted by Erick, he confessed his crime.

Whereupon the oldest of the druids said : "In the name of Hesus, *He who is because he is*, in the name of Teutates, who presides over journeys in this world and others, hear : The expiatory blood of the murderer is agreeable to Hesus . . . You are about to be born again in other worlds. Your new life will be terrible, because you were cruel and cowardly . . . You will die to be re-born in still greater wretchedness forever and ever through all eternity . . . Become, on the contrary, from the moment that you are re-born, brave and good, despite the sufferings that you will endure and you will then die happy, to be re-born yonder, thus forever and ever, through all eternity!!!"

The bard then addressed himself to the murderer, who emitted fearful cries of terror.

Thus spoke the venerable druid : "Daoulas, you are about to die . . . and to meet your victim' . . . *He is waiting for you, he is waiting for you !*"

When the bard pronounced these words, a shudder went through the assembled crowd. The fearful thought of meeting in the world alive him who was killed in this made them all tremble.

The bard proceeded, turning towards the pyre :

"Daoulas, you are about to die ! It is a glorious thing to see the face of a brave and just person at the moment when he or she voluntarily quits this world for some sacred cause. They love, at the moment of their departure, to see the tender looks of farewell of their parents and friends. Cowards like yourself, Daoulas, are unworthy of taking a last look at the just. Hence, Daoulas, you will die and burn hidden in that envelope of osier, the effigy of a man, as you have become since the commission of the murder."

And the bard cried :

"In the name of Hesus ! In the name of Teutates ! Glory, glory to the brave ! Shame, shame on the coward !"

All the bards struck upon their harps and their cymbals, and cried in chorus :

"Glory, glory to the brave ! Shame, shame on the coward !"

An ewagh then took up a sacred knife, cut off the murderer's life and cast his body inside of the huge osier effigy of a man. The pyre was set on fire. The harps and cymbals struck up in chorus, and all the tribes repeated aloud the last words of the bard :

"Shame on the coward !

Soon the murderer's pyre was a raging mass of flame, within which was seen for a moment the effigy of a man like a giant on fire. The flames lighted the tops of the oaks of the forest, the colossal stones of Karnak, and even the vast expanse of the sea, while the moon inundated the space with its divine light. A few minutes later there was nothing left but a heap of ashes where the pyre of Daoulas had stood.

Julyan was then seen ascending with radiant mien the pyre where lay the body of Armel, his friend—his pledged brother. Julyan had on his holiday clothes : a blouse of fine material striped white and blue, held around his waist by an embroidered leather belt, from which hung his knife. His caped cloak of brown wool was held by a brooch over his left shoulder. An oak crown decked his manly head. He held in his hand a nosegay of vervain. He looked serene and bold. Hardly had he ascended the pyre, when again the harps and cymbals struck up, and the bard chanted :

"Who is this ? He is a brave man ! It is Julyan the labourer ; Julyan of the family of Joel, the brenn of the tribe of Karnak ! He fears the gods, and all love him. He is good, he is industrious, he is brave. He killed Armel not in hate but in a contest, in loyal combat, buckler on arm, sword in hand, like a true Breton Gaul, who loves to display his bravery and does not fear death. Armel having departed, Julyan, who had pledged brotherhood to him, wishes to depart also and join his friend. Glory to Julyan, faithful to the teachings of the druids. He knows that the creatures of the All-Powerful never die, and his pure and noble blood Julyan now offers up to Hesus. Glory, hope and happiness to Julyan ! He has been good, just and brave. He will be re-born still happier, still juster, still braver, and ever onward, from world to world, Julyan will be re-born, his soul being ever re-incarnated in a new body the same as the body that here puts on new clothes."

"Oh, Gauls ! Ye proud souls, to whom death does not exist ! Come, come ! Remove your eyes from this earth ; rise to the sublimity of heaven. See, see at your feet the abyss of space, dotted by these myriads of mortals as are all of us, and whom Teutates guides incessantly from the world that they have lived in towards the world that they are next to inhabit. Oh, what unknown worlds and marvellous we shall journey through, with our friends and our relatives that have preceded us, and with those whom we shall precede !"

"No, we are not mortals! Our infinite lives are numbered by myriads of myriads of centuries, just as are numbered by myriads of myriads the stars in the firmament—mysterious worlds ever new, that we are successively to inhabit."

"Let those fear death who, faithful to the false gods of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews, believe that man lives only once, and that after that, stripped of his body, the happy or unhappy soul remains eternally in the same hell or the same paradise! Aye! They are bound to fear death who believe that when man quits this life he finds *immobility in eternity*."

"We Gauls have the right knowledge of God. We hold the secret of death. *Man is immortal both in body and soul*. Our destiny from world to world is to see and learn, to the end that at each of these journeys, if we have led wicked and impure lives, we may purify ourselves and become better—still better if we have been just and good; and that thus, from new birth man rises incessantly towards perfection as endless as his life!"

"Happy, therefore, are the brave who voluntarily leave this world for other regions where they will ever see new and marvellous sights in company of those whom they have loved! Happy therefore, happy the brave Julyan! He is about to meet again his friend, and with him see and know *what none of us has yet seen or known, and what all of us shall see and know!* Happy Julyan! Glory, glory to Julyan!"

And all the bards and all the druids, the female druids and the virgins of the Isle of Sen repeated in chorus to the sound of the harps and the cymbals:

"Happy, Happy, Julyan! Glory to Julyan!"

And all the tribes, feeling the thrill of curiosity of death and certain that they all would eventually become acquainted with the marvels of the other worlds, repeated with their thousands of voices:

"Happy Julyan! Happy Julyan!"

Standing erect upon his pyre, his face radiant, and at his feet the body of Armel, Julyan raised his inspired eyes towards the brilliant moon, opened his blouse, his long knife, held up the nosegay of vervain to heaven with his left hand, and with his right firmly plunged his knife into his breast, uttering as he did so in a strong voice:

"Happy—happy am I. I am to join Armel!"

The pyre was immediately lighted. Julyan, raised for the last time his nosegay of vervain to heaven, and then vanished in the midst of the blinding flames, while the chants of the bards and the clang of the harp and cymbals resounded far and wide.

In their impatience to see and know the mysteries of the other world, a large number of men and women of the tribes rushed towards Julyan's pyre for the purpose of departing with him and of offering to Hesus an immense hecatomb with their bodies. But Talyessin, the eldest of the druids, ordered the ewaghs to restrain and hold these faithful people back. He cried out to them;

"Enough blood has flown without that which is still to flow. But the hour has come when the blood of Gaul should flow only for freedom. The blood that is shed for liberty is also an agreeable offering to the All-Powerful."

It was not without great effort that the ewaghs prevented the threatened rush of voluntary human sacrifices. The pyre of Julyan and Armel burned until the flames had nothing more to feed upon.

Again profound silence fell upon the crowd. Hena, the virgin of the Isle of Sen, had ascended the third pyre.

Joel and Margarid, their three sons, Guilhern, Albinik and Mikael, Guilhern's wife and little children all of whom so dearly loved Hena, all her relatives and all the members of her tribe held one another in a close embrace, and said to one another :

"There is Hena . . . There is our Hena !"

As the virgin of the Isle of Sen stood upon the pyre that was ornamented with white veils, green and flowers, the crowds of the tribes cried in one voice : "How beautiful she is ! . . . How holy !"

Joel writes it now down in all sincerity. His daughter Hena was indeed very beautiful as she stood on the pyre, lighted by the mellow light of the moon and resplendent in her black tunic, her blonde hair and her green chaplet, while her arms, whiter than ivory, embraced her gold harp !

The bards ordered silence.

The virgin of the Isle of Sen sang in a voice as pure as her own soul :

"The daughter of Joel and Margarid comes to offer gladly her life as a sacrifice to Hesus !

"Oh, All-Powerful ! From the stranger deliver the soil of our father !

"Gauls of Brittany, you have the lance and the sword !

"The daughter of Joel and Margarid has but her blood. She offers it voluntarily to Hesus !

"Oh, Almighty God ! Render invincible the Gallic lance and sword ! Oh, Hesus, take my blood, it is yours . . . save our sacred fatherland !"

The eldest of the female druids stood all this while on the pyre behind Hena with the sacred knife in her hand. When Hena's chant was ended, the knife glistened in the air and struck the virgin of the Isle of Sen.

Her mother and her brothers, all the members of her tribe and her father Joel saw Hena fall upon her knees, cross her arms, turn her celestial face towards the moon, and cry with a still sonorous voice :

"Hesus . . . Hesus . . . by the blood that flows . . . Mercy for Gaul !"

"Gauls, by this blood that flows, victory to our arms !"

Thus the sacrifice of Hena was consummated amidst the religious admiration of the tribes. All repeated the last words of the brave virgin ;

"Hesus, mercy for Gaul! . . . Gauls, victory to our arms!"

Several young men, being fired with enthusiasm by the heroic example and beauty of Hena sought to kill themselves upon her pyre in order to be re-born with her. The ewaghs held them back. The flames soon enveloped the pyre and Hena vanished in their dazzling splendour. A few minutes later there was nothing left of the virgin and her pyre but a heap of ashes. A high wind sat in from the sea and dispersed the atoms. The virgin of the Isle of Sen. brilliant and pure as the flame that consumed her, had vanished into space to be re-born and to await beyond for the arrival of those whom she had loved.

The cymbals and harps resounded anew, and the chief of the bards struck up the chant:

"To arms, ye Gauls, to arms!"

"The innocent blood of a virgin flowed for your sakes, and shall not yours flow for the fatherland! To arms! The Romans are here. Strike, Gauls, strike at their heads! Strike hard! See the enemy's blood flow like a stream! It rises up to your knees! Courage! Strike hard! Gauls, strike the Romans! Still harder! Harder still! You see the enemy's blood extend like a lake! It rises up to your chests! Courage! Strike still harder, Gauls! Strike the Romans! Still harder still! You will rest to-morrow . . . To-morrow Gaul will be free! Let, to-day, from the Loire to the ocean, but one cry resound—'To arms!'"

As if carried away by the breath of war, all the tribes dispersed, running to their arms. The moon had gone down; dark night set in. But from all parts of the woods, from the bottoms of the valleys, from the tops of the hills where the signal fires were burning, a thousand voices echoed and re-echoed the chant of the bards:

"To arms! Strike, Gauls! Strike hard at the Romans! To arms!"

* * * * *

The above truthful account of all that happened at our poor home on the birthday of my glorious Hena, a day that also saw her heroic sacrifice—that account has been written by me, Joel, the brenn of the tribe of Karnak, at the last moon of October of the first year that Julius Cæsar came to invade Gaul. I wrote it upon the rolls of white skin that my glorious daughter Hena gave me as keepsake, and my eldest son, Guilhern has attached to them the keepsake he received from her—the mystic gold sickle of the virgin druid priestess. Let the two ever remain together.

After me, my eldest son Guilhern shall carefully preserve both the writing and the emblem, and after Guilhern, the sons of his sons are charged to transmit them from generation to generation, to the end that our family may for all time preserve green the memory of Hena, the virgin of the Isle of Sen.

(The End.)