

mously increased, but it is not hard to discover who benefited by it. The capitalists soon became very rich, as we find in both Britain and America, and yet the laborers were not greatly benefited. In Britain they were for some time worse off than ever, and would have been in America had population been excessive.

Now the principle of competition had tended to make men individualistic, selfish, caring for no one else. It had also tended to make them greedy of gain and emulous of each other. Their success only heightened the passion for wealth and distinction. They seemed to care nothing as to how they ground down their workmen. Indeed, they were being further and further removed from a true knowledge of their position, and knew them only as instruments of production. The sole idea of the capitalist was the reduction of the cost of manufacture. This is quite a praiseworthy purpose as regards the agency of Nature, for Nature can stand such reduction to any extent. Man, however, cannot endure a constant reduction in his wages without soon ceasing to exist, and, worst of all, enduring a great deal of misery before he actually gets to the ceasing point. Not many, however, actually get to that extreme directly; they usually remain at the miserable stage. This was the case of the English workmen at the time of the development of modern industry. When they appealed to their employers they were met with the not very encouraging reply, that the matter was all in their own hands. "The fact is," said the employers, "you are too numerous. At any time there is, according to an economic law, so much money to be spent as wages. Thus the wages of each workman will be determined by the number of workmen among whom the whole amount is to be distributed. Political economy tells us," they urged, "that the wage fund cannot be increased, therefore, our dear friends, you will clearly perceive that we cannot help you. Your only remedy is to diminish your numbers." Having thus shifted the responsibility from themselves to Nature, or to the workman himself, they could enjoy the prospect of their ever-increasing thousands without any qualms of conscience. But, as Carlyle says in "*Sartor Resartus*," "there must be something wrong. A full-formed horse will in any market bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs-d'or; such is his worth to the world. A full-formed man is not only worth nothing to the world but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself." Yes, there was something wrong; the