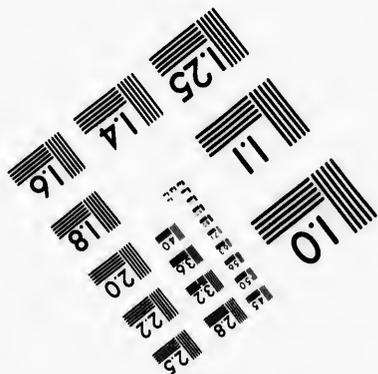
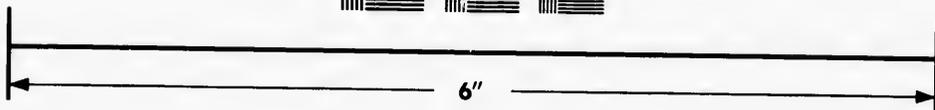
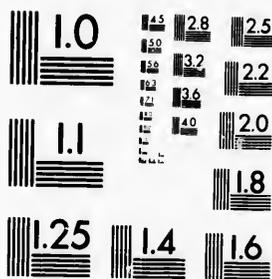
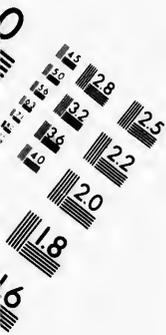


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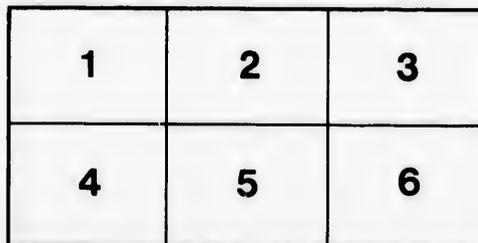
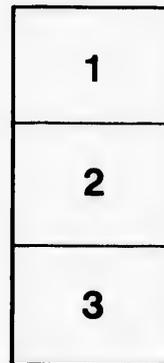
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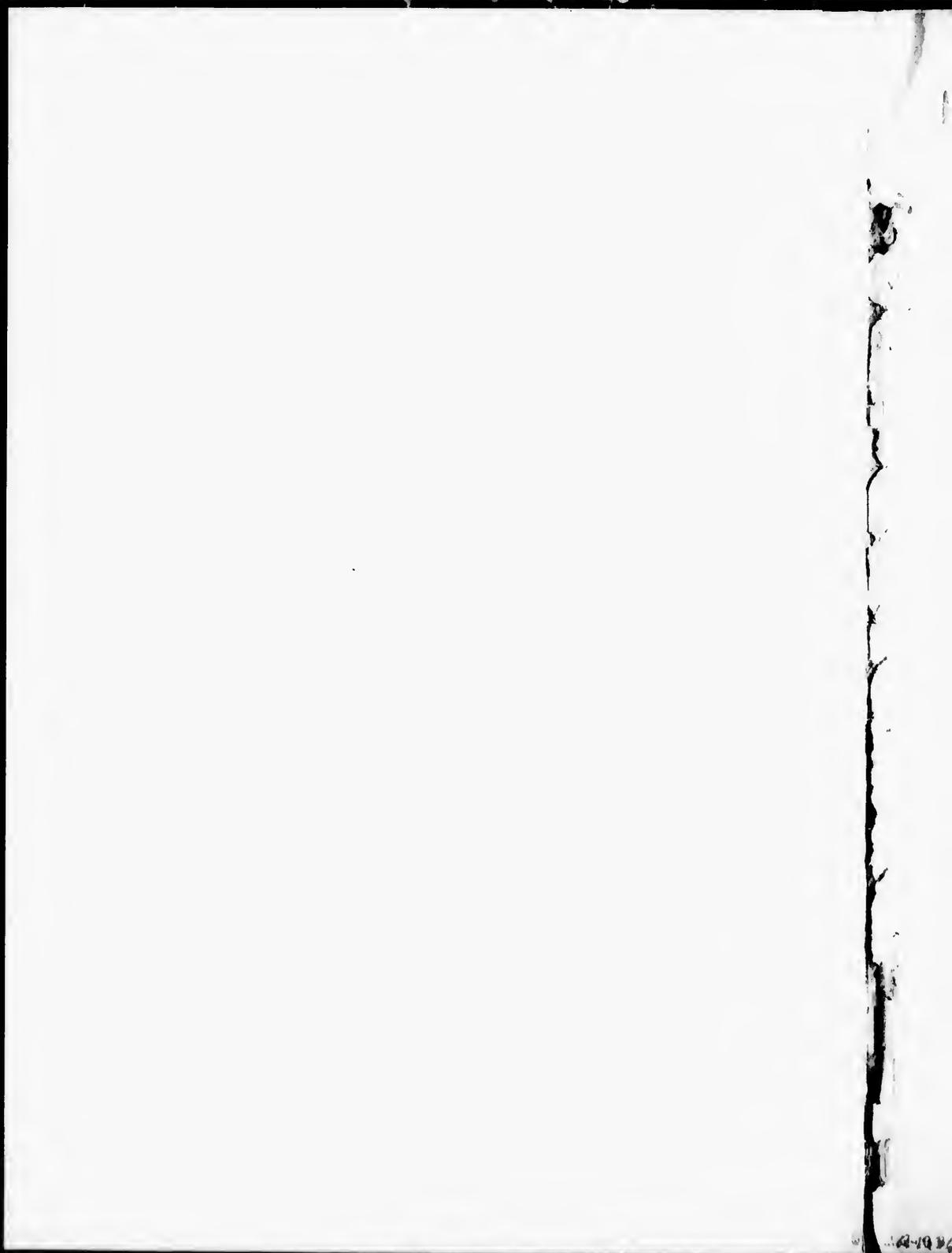
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The Forum.

AUGUST, 1890.

PROPHETS OF UNREST.

It was, I confess, very late, and only in dearth of other reading, that I took up the last, and, if popularity and circulation are the tests, the most successful, of all the "Utopias." I am little attracted by compositions of this class, either as fictions or as speculations. As fictions they seem to me inevitably insipid, whatever the talents of the author, since they deal with characters which are preterhuman. Speculation can no longer interest when it loses hold of reality and probability, and when, if you are so matter-of-fact as to attempt criticism, the hypothesis or project slips away into the inane.

An historical interest and a social importance of a certain kind these visions have. They are apt like the rainbow in the spray of Niagara, to mark a cataract in the stream of history. That of More, from which the general name is taken, and that of Rabelais, marked the fall of the stream from the middle ages into modern times. Plato's "Republic" marked the catastrophe of Greek republicanism, though it is not a mere "Utopia" but a great treatise on morality, and even as a political speculation not wholly beyond the pale of what a Greek citizen might have regarded as practical reform, since it is in its main features an idealization of Sparta. Langland's vision of reform heralded the outbreak of Lollardism and the insurrection of the serfs.

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The fancies of Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre heralded the Revolution. Rousseau's reveries, be it observed, not only failed of realization, but gave hardly any sign of that which was really coming. The Jacobins canted in his phrase, but they returned to the state, of nature only in personal filthiness, in brutality of manners, and in guillotining Lavoisier, because the Republic had no need of chemists.

There is a general feeling abroad that the stream is drawing near a cataract now, and there are apparent grounds for the surmise. There is everywhere in the social frame an outward unrest, which as usual is the sign of fundamental change within. Old creeds have given way. The masses, the artisans especially, have ceased to believe that the existing order of society, with its grades of rank and wealth, is a divine ordinance against which it is vain to rebel. They have ceased to believe in a future state, the compensation of those whose lot is hard here. Convinced that this world is all, and that there is nothing more to come, they want at once to grasp their share of enjoyment. The labor journals are full of this thought. Social science, if it is to take the place of religion as a conservative force, has not yet developed itself or taken firm hold of the popular mind. The rivalry of factions and demagogues has almost everywhere introduced universal suffrage. The poorer classes are freshly possessed of political power, and have conceived boundless notions of the changes which, by exercising it, they may make in their own favor. They are just in that twilight of education in which chimeras stalk. This concurrence of social and economical with political and religious revolution has always been fraught with danger. The governing classes, unnerved by skepticism, have lost faith in the order which they represent, and are inclined to precipitate abdication. Many members of them—partly from philanthropy, partly from vanity, partly perhaps from fear—are playing the demagogue and, as they did in France, dallying with revolution. The ostentation of wealth has stimulated to a dangerous pitch envy, which has always been one of the most powerful elements of revolution. This is not the place to cast the horoscope of society. We may, after all, be exaggerating the gravity of the crisis. The first of May passed without bringing

forth anything more portentous than an epidemic of strikes, which, though very disastrous, as they sharpen and embitter class antagonisms, are not in themselves attempts to subvert society. Sir Charles Dilke, after surveying all the democracies, says that the only country on which revolutionary socialism has taken hold is England. German socialism, of which we hear so much, appears to be largely impatience of taxation and conscription. Much is called socialism and taken as ominous of revolution which is merely the extension of the action of government, wisely or unwisely, over new portions of its present field, and perhaps does not deserve the dreaded name so much as our familiar Sunday law. The crash, if it come, may not be universal; things may not everywhere take the same course. Wealth in some countries, when seriously alarmed, may convert itself into military power, of which the artisans have little, and may turn the scale in its own favor. Though social science is as yet undeveloped, intelligence has more organs and an increasing hold. The present may after all glide more calmly than we think into the future. Still there is a crisis. We have had the Parisian Commune, the Spanish *Intransigentes*, nihilism, anarchism. It is not a time for playing with wild-fire. Though Rousseau's scheme of regeneration by a return to nature came to nothing, his denunciations of society told with a vengeance, and sent thousands to the guillotine.

The writer of an "Utopia," however, in trying to make his fancy plausible and pleasing, is naturally tempted to exaggerate the evils of the existing state of things. "Looking Backward" opens with a very vivid and telling picture of society as it is:

"By way of attempting to give the reader some general impression of the way people lived together in those days, and especially of the relations of the rich and poor to one another, perhaps I cannot do better than to compare society as it then was to a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hungry, and permitted no lagging, though the pace was necessarily very slow. Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers, who never got down, even at the steepest ascent. These seats were very breezy and comfortable. Well up out of the dust, their occupants could enjoy the scenery at their leisure, or critically discuss the merits of the straining team. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition

for them was keen, every one seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. By the rule of the coach a man could leave his seat to whom he wished, but on the other hand there were many accidents by which it might at any time be wholly lost. For all that they were so easy, the seats were very insecure, and at every sudden jolt of the coach persons were slipping out of them, and falling to the ground, where they were instantly compelled to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach on which they had before ridden so pleasantly. It was naturally regarded as a terrible misfortune to lose one's seat, and the apprehension that this might happen to them or their friends was a constant cloud upon the happiness of those who rode."

And what are the feelings of the passengers toward the hapless toilers who drag the coach? Have they no compassion for the sufferings of the fellow beings from whom fortune only has distinguished them?

"Oh, yes; commiseration was frequently expressed by those who rode for those who had to pull the coach, especially when the vehicle came to a bad place in the road, as it was constantly doing, or to a particularly steep hill. At such times the desperate straining of the team, their agonized leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who fainted at the rope and were trampled in the mire, made a very distressing spectacle, which often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling on the top of the coach. At such times the passengers would call down encouragingly to the toilers at the rope, exhorting them to patience, and holding out hopes of possible compensation in another world for the hardness of their lot, while others contributed to buy salves and liniments for the crippled and injured. It was agreed that it was a great pity that the coach should be so hard to pull, and there was a sense of general relief when the specially bad piece of road was gotten over. This relief was not, indeed, wholly on account of the team, for there was always some danger at these bad places of a general overturn in which all would lose their seats."

These picturesque passages, we have no doubt, will sink deep into the hearts of many who will pay little attention to the speculative plans of reconstruction which follow. For one reader of "Progress and Poverty" who was at the pains to follow the economical reasoning, there were probably thousands who drank in the invectives against wealth and the suggestions of confiscation. But is the description here given true or anything like the truth? Are the masses toiling like the horses of a coach, not for their benefit, but merely for that of the passengers whom they draw? Are they not toiling to make their own bread, and to produce by their joint labor the things necessary for their com-

mon subsistence? As to the vast majority of them can it be said that they are leaping and plunging in agony under the pitiless lash of hunger, fainting at the rope and trampled in the mire? Are they not with their families living in tolerable comfort, with bread enough and not without enjoyment? Has it not been proved beyond doubt that their wages have risen greatly and are still rising? Have not the working classes, unlike the horses, votes? Is there really any such sharp division as is here assumed to exist between labor and wealth? Are not many who have more or less of wealth and who could have seats on the top of any social coach, laborers and producers of the most effective kind? Can so good a writer be the dupe of the fallacy that only those who work with the hands labor? What is the amount of the hereditary property held by idlers in such a country as the United States, compared with that of the general wealth? Do the holders even of that property really add by their existence to the strain on the workers as the passengers by their presence add to the strain on the horses? Supposing they and their riches were annihilated, would the workers feel any relief? Would they not rather lose a fund upon which they draw to some extent at need? The hereditary wealth which is here taken to be the monster iniquity and evil, what is it but the savings of past generations? Had those who made it spent it, instead of leaving it to their children, should we be better off? Then, as to the feelings of the rich toward the poor: can a Bostonian, as this writer is, look round his own city and fail to see that heartless indifference has its seat only in the souls of a few sybarites, and that philanthropy and charity are the rule?

Utopists and communists are set at work by the belief that equal justice is the natural law of the world, and that nothing keeps us out of it but the barrier of artificial arrangements set up by the power, and in the interest, of a class. Break down that barrier by revolutionary legislation, and the kingdom of equal justice, they think, will come. Would that it were so! Who would be so selfish and so ignorant of the deepest source of happiness as not to vote for the change, whatever his wealth or his place on the social coach might be? Unhappily, neither equal justice nor perfection of any kind is the law of the world,

as the world is at present, toward whatever goal we may be moving. Health, strength, beauty, intellect, offspring, length of days, are distributed with no more regard for justice than are the powers of making and saving wealth. One man is born in an age of barbarism, another in an age of civilization; one man in the time of the thirty years' war or the reign of terror, another in an era of peace and comparative happiness. No justice can be done to the myriads who have suffered and died. Equal justice is far indeed from being the law of the animal kingdom. Why is one animal the beast of prey, another the victim? Why does an elephant live for two centuries and an ephemeral insect for a few hours? If you come to that, why should one sentient creature be a worm and another a man? In earth and skies, in the whole universe, so far as our ken reaches, imperfection reigns. The man who in "Looking Backward" wakes from a magnetic slumber to find the lots of all men made just and equal, might almost as well have awakened to find all human frames made perfect, disease and accident banished, the animals all in a state like that of Eden, the Arctic regions bearing harvests, Sahara moistened with fertilizing rain, the moon provided with an atmosphere, and the solar system, which at present is so full of gaps and wrecks, symmetrically completed. All this is no bar to the rational effort by which society is gradually improved. But it shuts out the hope of sudden transformation. Society, like the bodily frame, is an imperfect organism; you may help its growth, but you cannot transform it. To revolutionary violence the author of "Looking Backward" is wholly averse. He uses only the magic wand.

With private property, with which it is the dream of Utopian writers to do away, go, as everybody knows, many evils; among others that of inordinate accumulation, an instance of which the other day startled New York; while, on the other hand, it is hard to see how without private property we could have the home and all that it enshrines. But let the evils be what they may, no other motive power of production, at least of any production beyond that necessary to stay hunger, except the desire of property, is at present known. A score or more of experi-

ments in communism have been made upon this continent by visionaries of different kinds, from the founders of Brook Farm to those of the Oneida Community and the Shakers. They have failed utterly, except in the one or two cases where the rule of celibacy has been enforced, and the members, having no wives or children to maintain, and being themselves of a specially industrious and frugal class, have made enough and more than enough for their own support. Barrack life, without the home, has also been a condition of success. The Oneida Community, the most prosperous of all, had moreover a dictator. So it is with regard to competition, that other social fiend of this and all Utopians. Nobody will deny that competition has its ugly side. But no other way at present is known to us of sustaining the progress of industry and securing the best and cheapest products. It is surely a stretch of pessimistic fancy to describe the industrial world under the competitive system as a horde of wild beasts rending each other, or as a Black Hole of Calcutta, "with its press of maddened men tearing and trampling one another in the struggle to win a place at the breathing holes." It is surely going beyond the mark to say that all producers are "praying by night and working by day for the frustration of each other's enterprises," and that they are as much bent on spoiling their neighbors' crops as on saving their own. Do two tailors or grocers, even when their stores are in the same block, rend each other when they meet? Is there not rather a certain fellowship between members of the same trade? Does not each think a good deal more, both in his prayers and in his practical transactions, of doing well himself than of preventing the other from doing well? After all, there is more co-operation than competition in the industrial world as it now exists. Analyze the composition of any article, taking into account the implements or means by which it has been produced, and you will find that to produce it myriads have co-operated in all parts of the world, yet have not competed with one another. The world would have one harvest if the protectionists would let us alone.

As a normal picture of our present civilization, the table of contents of a newspaper is presented to us. It is a mere catalogue of calamities and horrors—wars, burglaries, strikes, fail-

ures in business, cornerings, boodlings, murders, suicides, embezzlements, and cases of cruelty, lunacy, or destitution. No doubt a real table of contents would give a picture, though not so terrible and heartrending as this, yet rich in catastrophes. But it is forgotten that the catastrophes or the exceptional events alone are recorded by newspapers, especially in the tables of contents, which are intended to catch the eye. No newspaper gives us a picture of the ordinary course of life. No newspaper speaks of the countries which are enjoying secure peace, of the people who are making a fair livelihood by honest industry, of the families which are living in comfort and the enjoyment of affection. Buyers would hardly be found for a sheet which should tell you by way of news that bread was being regularly delivered by the baker and that the milkman was going his round.

Centuries unnumbered, according to recent paleontologists, human society has taken in climbing to what is here described as the level of a vast den of wild beasts or a Black Hole of Calcutta. Yet in one century or a little more it is to become a paradise on earth. So the writer of "Looking Backward" dreams; and to show that he does not regard this as a mere dream, he cites historical precedents of changes which he thinks equally miraculous—the sudden and unexpected success, as it appears to him to have been, of the American revolution, of German and Italian unification, of the agitation against slavery. In two of these cases at least, those of German and Italian unity, the wonder was not that the event came at last, but that it was delayed so long. In no one of the cases, surely, is anything like a precedent to be found.

In a century or a little more, if we are to accept the statement of Dr. Leete, the showman of the new heavens and new earth in "Looking Backward," society has undergone not only a radical change but a complete transformation, Boston, of course, leading the way, as Paris leads in the regeneration proclaimed by Comte, and all the most civilized communities following in her train. Society has become entirely industrial, war being completely eliminated. No fear is entertained lest when the civilized world has been turned into a vast factory of defenseless wealth, the uncivilized world may be tempted to loot it.

The state has become the sole capitalist and the universal employer. How did all the capital pass from the hands of individuals or private companies into those of the state? Was it by a voluntary and universal surrender? Were all the capitalists and all the stockholders suddenly convinced of the blessings of self-spoliation? Or did the government by a sweeping act of confiscation seize all the capital? In that case, was there not a desperate struggle? Was not the entrance into Paradise effected through a civil war? The seer was in his magnetic trance when the transfer took place, and he has not the curiosity to ask Dr. Lecter how it was effected. For us, therefore, the problem remains unsolved.

The inducement to the change, we are told, was a sense of the economic advantages produced by the aggregation of industries under co-operative syndicates and trusts, which suggested that by a complete unification of all industries under the state unmeasured benefits might be obtained. But these corporations, syndicates, and trusts, no however large a scale they may be, are still managed each of them by a set of persons devoted to that particular business, and they depend for their success on personal aptitude and experience. Between such aggregations and a unification of all the industries in the hands of a government there is a gulf, and we do not see how the gulf is to be passed. The tendency of industry appears, it is true, to be toward large establishments, the advantages of which over a multitude of petty and starveling stores, both as regards those engaged in the trade and the consumer, are obvious. But the large establishments are still special, and the advantages of combining Mr. Stewart's drygoods establishment with Mr. Carnegie's iron works are not obvious at all.

To the objection that the work of managing all the industries of a country and its foreign commerce (for foreign commerce there is still to be) would be difficult for any government, the simple and satisfactory answer is that in Utopia there could be no difficulty at all. The government of a purely industrial commonwealth is of course itself industrial. It consists of veterans of labor chosen on account of their merit as workers, the identity of which with administrative capacity and power of command, as

it is not likely to be tested, may be assumed without fear of disproof. To banish any misgivings which we might have as to the practicability of such a government, the seer points to the part taken by alumni in the government of universities—surely as subtle an analogy as the acutest intelligence ever discerned.

The new organization of labor has been followed by such a flood of wealth that everybody lives, not only in plenty, but in luxury and refinement before unknown. Everybody is able to give up work at forty-five and pass the rest of his days in ease and enjoyment. "No man any more has any care for to-morrow, either for himself or his children, for the nation guarantees the nurture, education, and comfortable maintenance of every citizen from the cradle to the grave." All the world dresses for dinner, dines well, and has wine and cigars after dinner. Under all this lurks, it is to be feared, the same fallacy which underlies the theory of Mr. Henry George, who fancies that an increase of population, being an increase of the number of laborers, will necessarily augment production, and consequently that the fears of Malthus and all who dread over-population are baseless. It is assumed that everything is produced by labor. Labor only produces the form or directs the natural forces. The material is produced by Nature, and she will not supply more than a given quantity within a given area and under given conditions. Even in Massachusetts, therefore, which is supposed to be the primal scene of human regeneration, the people, however skilled their labor, and however Utopian their industrial organization might be, unless their number were limited or their territory enlarged, would starve.

This is a serious question for a state which guarantees to every one nurture, education, and comfortable maintenance. As the guarantee extends to the citizen's wife and child as well as to himself, and they are made independent of his labor, the last restraint of providence on marriage and giving birth to children would be removed. The people would then probably multiply at a rate which would leave Irish or French-Canadian philoprogenitiveness behind, and without remedial action a vast scene of squalid misery would ensue.

There is no more private property. In its place comes a sense

of public duty urging each man to labor. Of the sufficient strength of this we are positively assured, notwithstanding the result of all the experiments hitherto tried. Reality peeps out when we are told that those who refuse to work will be put into confinement on bread and water—something like a reversion, is it not, to the coach and horses, with the “lash of hunger”? The stimulus of duty to the man’s family will exist no more, since the maintenance of his wife and children will be taken off his hands by the state. For the lower natures, though not for the higher, there will be emulation, which, it is taken for granted, will act on them with undiminished effect when all the substantial prizes with which success in the contest for distinction is now attended have been removed. An appeal is also made to a *quasi*-military sense of honor, and the community is organized as an army, with military titles, apparently for that purpose. But it has been shown, in answer to other theorists who have pointed to military honor as a substitute for the ordinary motives to industry, that military duty is enforced by a code of exceptional severity.

All are to be paid alike, on the principle that so long as you do your best your deserts are the same as those of others, though your power may not be so great as theirs. Your deserts in the eye of Heaven, no doubt, are the same if you do your best, and Heaven, as we believe, has the means of ascertaining that your best is being done. But if it is asked what means a board of industrial veterans, or their lieutenants, supposing them to be ever so excellent craftsmen themselves, have of ascertaining that every man is doing his best, the answer, we suspect, must be that in Utopia such questions are not to be raised. In the present evil world most men do their best, or something like their best, because they have to make their own living and that of their wives and children. Some men, under the voluntary and competitive system, put forth those extraordinary efforts which make the world move on. But the state, though it might command the daily amount of labor by threat of solitary confinement on bread-and-water, could not command improvement or invention. Invention, it seems to us, would be little encouraged under the Utopian *régime*, since no man is to be allowed to

shirk labor on pretense of being a student—a regulation which might have borne hard on Archimedes, Newton, or even Watts. Newton could have given the state no assurance that his time was being well employed till his discovery had been made.

Money has been discarded as "the root of all evil," though the Gospel denunciation, we venture to think, is leveled against covetousness, not against the use of coin as a circulating medium, which, on the contrary, Christ seems to have recognized on more than one occasion. The place of money is taken by credit cards, entitling the bearer, by virtue of his mere humanity, to a share of the national produce. Wages are a thing of the past. The certificates are to be presented at the government store, for government is the universal store-keeper as well the universal employer of labor. Money, it is said, may have been fraudulently or improperly obtained, but with labor certificates this cannot be the case. We hardly see how a government store-keeper at New Orleans is to tell that the certificate was not fraudulently obtained at Boston. Perhaps it is tacitly assumed in this, as it seems to be in other communistic schemes, that the members of the *phalanstère*, or whatever the organization is called, will always remain in the same place, and that thus life will become stationary as well as devoid of individual aim. But the weak part of the arrangement betrays itself in the necessity of continuing to use the terms dollars and cents. They are used only, we are told, as "algebraic symbols." Surely the most obvious and the safest course would have been to discard the terms altogether, pregnant as they were with evil associations and likely as they would be to perpetuate the vicious desires and habits of the past. Let another set of algebraic symbols be devised, and let us see how it will work. In the case of the transition from the use of money to that of labor certificates, as in that of the transition from private commerce to commerce concentrated in the hands of government, we should have liked to be present when the leap was taken, or at least to have had some account of the process, especially as it must have taken place at once over the whole civilized world. For commerce, as we have said, there is still to be; the Utopian of Boston could not get his wine and cigars without it.

Law as a profession has ceased to exist. Of course where

there is no property there can be no chancery suits. As nineteen twentieths of crime arises from the desire of money—not from drink as the prohibitionists pretend—it follows that in getting rid of money society has almost entirely got rid of crime. Of crime, in the present sense of the term, indeed, it has got rid altogether. A few victims of "atavism" are left as a sort of tribute to reality, but they generally save the judiciary trouble by pleading guilty, so high has the regard for veracity become even in the minds of kleptomaniacs.

In the present imperfect state of things, the distribution of employments, it must be owned, though partly a matter of choice, is largely a matter of chance and circumstance, the intellectual callings going to those who have the means of a high education. In Utopia it will be entirely a matter of choice, after elaborate testing of aptitudes and tastes under the guidance of a paternal government. It is assumed that all employments will attract, since some men, after deliberate survey of all the walks of life, will conveniently choose to be miners, hod-men, "odorless excavators," brakemen, stokers, or sailors on the north Atlantic passage. We should rather apprehend a rush into the lighter callings, especially that of poets. The hardness or disagreeable character of work is to be compensated by short hours—a provision which we cannot help thinking might, if thoroughly carried into effect, entail such a deduction from the sum of wealth-producing labor as would counterbalance even the marvelous gains of state organization. Any repugnance which there might be, will be conjured away by saying that all kinds of labor are equally honorable. Do we not say this now?

Everybody is to be highly educated and thoroughly refined. This in Utopia will not interfere with the disposition for manual labor, nor will it take too much of the manual laborer's time. One question, however, occurs to us. The population cannot have been highly educated when the system was first introduced. How were the ignorant and unqualified masses brought to take part in its introduction, and how was its operation managed before they had been educated up to the proper mark? This is another problem of the transition the solution of which remains buried in the seer's magnetic sleep.

The relations between the sexes and the constitution of the family are, of course, to be revolutionized, and the revolution has so far an element of probability that it follows what we may suppose to be Bostonian theories and lines. The women are to be organized apart from the men as a distinct interest, under a general of their own who has a seat in the cabinet. They would do quite enough for society, they are gallantly told, if they occupied themselves only in the cultivation of their own charms and graces, women without any special charms and graces but those which belong to the performance of their womanly duties as wives and mothers being creatures unknown in Utopia. However, for the sake of their health and to satisfy their feelings of independence, they are to do a very moderate amount of work. They have in fact nothing else to do. They have no household cares, as the state is universal cook, housemaid, laundress, seamstress, and nurse; and "a husband is not a baby that he should be cared for—nor, of course, is a wife." Maternity is thrown into the background. It is an interlude in the woman's industrial life, and as soon as it is over the mother returns to her industrial "comrades," leaving her child, apparently, to that universal providence, the state. Hitherto, it seems, men, like "cruel robbers," have "seized to themselves the whole product of the world and left women to beg and wheedle for their share." By whose labor the world has been made to yield its products, for the benefit of both sexes, we are not told. However, "that any person should be dependent for the means of support upon another would be shocking to the moral sense as well as indefensible on any rational social theory." Women in Utopia, therefore, are no longer left in "galling dependence" upon their husbands for the means of life, or children upon their parents. Both wife and child are maintained by the direct agency of the state, so that the wife no longer owes anything to her husband, and the child is able, as reason and nature dictate, to snap its fingers in its parents' face. The state gives suck, and the baby is no longer ignominiously beholden to its mother for milk. It would be too curious to ask what the state is; whether it is anything but the government, and whether to be dependent on the government is not to be dependent on beings not less human than

a husband, a father, or a mother. To some, dependence on the government might seem the most galling of all.

False delicacy is put out of the way, and the women are allowed to propose. They "sit aloft" on the top of the coach, giving the prizes for the industrial race, and select only the best and noblest men for their husbands. Ill-favored men of inferior type, and laggards, will be condemned to celibacy. From them the "radiant faces" will be averted. These hapless persons are treated with a marked absence, to say the least, of the philanthropy which overflows upon criminals and lunatics, though it seems that the plea of atavism should not be less valid in their case. Has Dr. Lecte, when he denies them marriage, found a way of extinguishing their passions? If he has not, what moral results does he expect? He will answer perhaps by an appeal to what may be called the occult "we," that mysterious power which, in an Utopia, is present throughout to solve all difficulties and banish every doubt. Nothing can be more divine than the picture which Dr. Lecte presents to us; but we look at it with a secret misgiving that his community would be in some danger of being thrust out of existence by some barbarous horde, which honored virtue and admired excellence in both sexes without giving itself over to a slavish and fatuous worship of either, held men and women alike to their natural duties, and obeyed the laws of nature.

The government is the universal publisher, and is bound to publish everything brought to it, but on condition that the author pay the first cost out of his credit. How the author, while preparing himself to write "Paradise Lost" or the "Principia," is to earn a labor credit, we hardly see. The literature of Utopia is of course divine. To read one of Berrian's novels or one of Oates's poems is worth a year of one's life. Would that we had a specimen of either! We should then be able to see how far it transcended Shakespeare or Scott. For love stories, we are told, there will be material in plenty and of a much higher quality than there was in the days of coarse and stormy passion. The actual love affair that takes place in Utopia certainly does not remind us much of "Romeo and Juliet." Of the pulpit eloquence we have a specimen, and it is startlingly like ours.

One great improvement, however, there is; the preaching is by telephone and you can shut it off.

The physical arrangements are carried to millenarian perfection. Instead of a multitude of separate umbrellas, one common umbrella is put by the state over Boston when it rains. The whole community is converted into one vast Wanamaker's store. You turn on celestial music as you turn on gas or water. These visions of a material heaven on earth naturally arise as the hope of a spiritual heaven fade away.

It is specified that at a man's death the state allows a fixed sum for his funeral expenses. This is the only intimation that over the social and material Paradise hovers Death.

A vista of illimitable progress—progress so glorious that it dazzles the prophetic eye, is said all the time to be opened. But how can there be progress beyond perfection? How can there be great progress without organic change? How can there be organic change without something like a revolution in the government? Finality is the trap into which all Utopians fall. Comte, after tracing the movement of humanity through all the ages down to his own time, undertakes by his supreme intelligence to furnish it a creed and a set of institutions which are to serve it forever. Progress, however, we do not doubt there would be with a vengeance. The monotony, the constraint, the procrusteanism, the dullness, the despotism of the system would soon give birth to general revolt, which would dash the whole structure to pieces.

We have touched very lightly on each point, because we have felt all the time that we might be committing a platitude, and that the gifted and ingenious author of "Looking Backward" might laugh at our simplicity in seriously criticising a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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