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he has a way of using expressions which would naturally lead one to suppose that his point of view is very far from being a fair one. Take, for instance, this sentence—'Socialism is always some scheme for the removal of one injustice by the infliction of a greater—some scheme which, by mistaking the rights and wrongs of the actual situation, or the natural operation of its own provisions, or any other cause, would leave things more inequitable and more offensive to a sound sense of justice than it found them.' Mr. Rae seems to put this forward as a definition of Socialism! Certainly it would be difficult to give any definition of Socialism which would include all the varieties of what are commonly known as Socialistic theories and Socialistic proposals. Perhaps, indeed, the term is not capable of any exact definition. It is only a convenient expression for a certain growing tendency. But however we are to describe that tendency, it can scarcely be fair to begin our representation of it by saying that it is based on injustice. It seems best to characterize it simply as the reaction against extreme individualism—a reaction running naturally, as reactions generally do, into the opposite extreme, and sometimes (as in the case of Anarchism) apparently returning upon that against which it is a reaction, and re-asserting it in a still more extreme form, becoming (as Schäffle puts it) 'individualism raised to a higher power.' Mr. Rae, however, as we have seen, endeavours to a considerable extent to explain away the existence of individualism, and consequently fails to see the full significance of Socialism. But, notwithstanding this, it cannot be denied that he has produced a most interesting and useful book.

J. S. MACKENZIE

News from Nowhere. By WILLIAM MORRIS.

POETS have their Utopias, their Visions of an Ideal Commonwealth, as well as philosophers, and their visions are generally fairer if more open to objection as regards possibility of realization. Thus the Laureate Poet has his 'Parliament of Man, and Federation of the World' in which

'The common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly Earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.'

And in the volume before us we have from an exactly opposite point of view Mr. William Morris's vision of the future society in which all parliaments and all governments shall be done away with; and in which, largely for that reason, peace and plenty shall reign; life shall be happy; labour shall be transformed from drudgery to delight; and all prisoners and captives, slaves, pariahs and paupers shall have disappeared as well as the existing evil system that generated them.

The book under a slender framework of narrative and dialogue gives us in some detail the vision of our social and economic future as seen by an imaginary nineteenth-century man who in a sort of trance

finds himself in the twenty-first century; there is also an account by a very old man of how the change came about.

The new Utopia partly agrees with, partly differs from, Plato's and Sir Thomas More's. There is no private property in it, but complete and universal communism. But also there is no government. This is the capital and differential feature of the future society. By the establishment of communism we come naturally to equality in distribution, since human wants as respects material things are on the whole equal and will be more nearly so still in Utopia. By the abolition of property and especially of government liberty becomes first possible, and there is ample liberty in Utopia,—indeed what to the reader at first seems a surprising amount until he gradually discovers that all authority has ceased, that the judges, magistrates, and even the policeman have disappeared, while by the abolition of the factory system workers are no longer the slaves of the large system of production. In Utopia in fact the Anarchist Vision of Backunin is fully realized. All government is abolished together with the State and all its chief institutions, including property, religion and the legal family. We are back in Rousseau's 'State of Nature' before the establishment of civil society; and on the whole its nicer than we thought.

There is universal friendliness, neighbourliness, everywhere genuine kindly greetings, and good-natured acts done without reward, now that private property, which killed naturally good and kindly qualities, and produced most of the opposite bad qualities, is happily abolished. There can be no more offences against property; no more covetousness of goods. No doubt there might be jealousy as respects individuals of the opposite sex and Mr. Morris allows that even in Utopia such a passion might urge to homicide. Even so there is no need of a prison for the offender. His remorse will be a sufficient punishment, unless he is insane and then he is not responsible.

There are other things absent in the new Arcadia besides the prisons and the workhouses. Factories and factory chimneys are not there, not only because they would necessitate a certain organization of labour, perhaps authority, incompatible with the full freedom of the time, but also because they are ugly; for Mr. Morris has an artistic quarrel with the Nineteenth Century which is quite as deep as his social quarrel. Railways are absent, at least all the 'ugly iron bridges' across the Thames are gone as well as the 'Cockney Villas' along its banks, which now form an especial eye-sore to Mr. Morris. London and most of rural England is rebuilt. A forest covers much of the present area of London. There are beautiful public buildings of the types approved of by Mr. Morris. The present public buildings—museums, national galleries, churches, &c., have disappeared or been pulled down. St. Paul's indeed and the British Museum and some other buildings have been spared, not on account of their merits but at earnest antiquarian intercession; so also the Houses of Parliament have been spared, but they have become 'for a sign,' converted into 'The Dung Market' or

a 'storage place for manure' 'being handy for that on the edge of the water;' a conceit that would have moved the merriment, as the consummation would have rejoiced the heart, of the Sage of Chelsea.

There is no religion in Utopia but the Religion of Humanity, which is impossible now when men in general are so poor a lot, but which becomes possible for the first time where all are good and amiable as well as goodly to look upon. For they are so in Utopia: the men all handsome and manly; the women all beautiful: the latter moreover are cheerful and healthy, and not at all of the dolorous Burne-Jones type proper to an unhappy era like ours. How the human form—by no means divine at present—may become beautiful, the reader may learn in a special chapter, in other respects also very interesting (chapter ix.—'Concerning Love'). Besides being beautiful the people in Utopia live a good deal in the open air; and they don't read too many books: nor for the matter of that do they produce them in excess. Life is easy: every one relishes it: even labour has become a pleasure by its being made artistic. Every one is happy: the black pessimistic cloud of the nineteenth century has wholly dissipated itself. Every one is cheerful, and, as we would now think, almost aggressively cheerful; no one is 'sick, sore, or sorry.' One man indeed in Utopia is sad for a certain reason and for a while, and one *laudator temporis acti* is discovered in order merely to point a moral. There is plenty in the land: corn and wine, fruits and flesh abound; even choice wines abound and can be had by all on the greater occasions. Needless to say that all are dressed beautifully, men as well as women: the ladies in a way in which their beauty is rather 'veiled' than (as now) 'muffled.' Sometimes the Utopians dine in public halls with friends or guests: and on such occasions they amuse each other by music and by 'telling stories.' Such are the ways of life and the manners in Utopia.

The picture is on the whole pretty and idyllic, and the last chapters of the book, where we are taken up the Thames in summer at the 'haymaking-season,' is very pleasant reading, though at times we confess that a dark suspicion has flashed across us that the life might prove a trifle insipid and monotonous: that without politics to discuss, or religion to dispute about; with foreign war abolished; few books produced; and no new inventions made; with love-making reduced from the complex and highly-evolved art it now is to its few and simple first principles as described in the book—the 'uses of this world,' being so greatly simplified as they are in Utopia—life would become somewhat stale and flat, notwithstanding widened artistic sensibilities. However, as Mr. Morris describes it as an 'Epoch of Rest,' after the fitful fever of the nineteenth century, it is possible our artistic Arcadians might find it satisfying without being dull. The difficulty would still remain, if we accept the doctrine of heredity, as to how such a race could be derived from the present one within the space of two generations or less.

As to the manner in which the political and social change came

about, Mr. Morris tells us in a long chapter (xvii.) that it was by a civil war and a class war; a war between the middle and upper classes wielding the authority and power of the state and the working classes; in which the latter were victors. As to this I would merely remark, first, that in England at least, where the working classes are very sane on all practical questions, it is unlikely that there ever will be a civil war on account of Labour and Capital disputes; secondly, that if anything resembling civil war did break out for such a cause it would not be one between the 'gentlemen and the workmen,' but one in which in all likelihood a large section of the workmen—the skilled and superior ones—together with the farmers and small landed proprietors (now being greatly increased), as well as the soldiers, militia, police, and many others would be on the side of the 'masters,' backed moreover as they would be by infinite wealth; and it is not at all so certain that the issue even of a struggle in the field would be according to Mr. Morris's prophecy. But even if it were otherwise, if all the working classes went solid for civil war and social revolution, and even if they were victorious they would still be a long way from Mr. Morris's millennium. Certain it is they would not settle down soon under communism and the reign of equality; because communism and equality though it might suit angels, the inmates of the monastery, and some superior or exceptional people, is not suitable to the generality, to the genus *homo* in the total: it is contrary to our imperfect human nature, which it takes from 500 to 1000 years to materially mend, and even then there is great danger of relapse. We should not be at all ready or spiritually prepared for the change by A.D. 1952. Secondly, we feel equally certain that the successful revolutionists could not abolish the State and all authority. It might be difficult during the war to know what was the State; it might be nominally abolished after the war, but after a period of chaos the state would re-emerge. The State has a habit of reviving after civil confusion, and it is not so easy to slay it, as the individuals who for the time being might wield its force and authority; which latter must always exist if there is not to be chaos and the war of all with all, singly or in groups. We are afraid (especially when people have become accustomed to fighting) that the latter would be the case to the indefinite postponement of the promised land of peace and plenty, and that the civil broil would go on until one body with a superior leader subdued the rest, restored government, and with it the State. Add to this that England is a mighty Empire; the parts of which would become the spoil and conquest of rival states unless they simultaneously embarked on the anarchic adventure and tried to pulverize the State. We are certain too that if all these objections could be got over—with factories and the large system of production abolished; railways gone; the foreign market and commerce given up (as proposed); no one working very long; and few new inventions made—there would not be plenty any more than peace in the ideal Arcadia. The women would not all be

able to dress in 'blue silk' for social gatherings, nor the men to command choice wines at pleasure. There are other economic objections that might be urged. We content ourselves with noticing that while there is ample wealth in Utopia there was at one time apprehension that there might be a deficiency of work, or a 'work-famine.' On the latter point the Utopians' mind might have been easily re-assured; it might indeed happen that there would be a deficiency of artistic and agreeable work; but there would always be plenty to do in other directions, if forty millions are to be fed and clothed, so sumptuously as they are to be; and if there are not to be forty millions at least in the United Kingdom transformed into Arcadia, we are not informed what is to become of the superfluous numbers or where they are to go.

We will only add that on the literary side the work is considerably more interesting than the generality of this particular class of romance in which the imagination having to deal with the future and the unknown is apt to become paralyzed and poverty stricken, and in its difficulty to present us with the past for the future, as indeed Mr. Morris himself does in his Arcadian pictures of the haymaking and elsewhere. The descriptions of Nature, however, are always good, as they needs must be coming from so genuine a poet as Mr. Morris. His account, too, of some of the larger social evils of our actual system is true and impressive. His remedies are for the most part impracticable; while the realization of his vision I should be disposed to postpone considerably beyond the 'Morrow of the Revolution,' and almost to the morning of the Millennium.

WILLIAM GRAHAM

The Railways and the Traders. By W. M. ACWORTH; John Murray.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many books lately published respecting railways, Mr. Acworth's volume deserves to be welcomed. It is popular in style, a little too diffuse, and over-abundant in illustrations. It has no pretence to be a scientific treatise. Written at the suggestion of the Railway Association, it is the production of an advocate, and is marked by the advocate's tendency to overstate his point. But Mr. Acworth writes with ample knowledge of his subject; and at this time, when any fallacy likely to injure railway companies and to benefit their customers passes muster, his incisive criticisms are useful. In the early history of railway companies they did very much what seemed good in their own eyes; the abuses flowing from a virtual monopoly were little thought of. At present the danger is exactly the reverse. The traders have pretty much their own way; and we have seen Parliament deliberately adopt in regard to rates measures declared by almost every economist who has investigated the subject to be futile. About the ultimate result of the system initiated by the Acts of 1873 and 1888 Mr. Acworth is confident; 'it will before long