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OF

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THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

BY

M. LOUIS BLANC,

MEMBER OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"So long as this immense problem shall not be solved in the interest of all, there never will be repose for society, nor security for the rich man; he is as much interested as the operative, that its solution be prompt, and, above all, equitable."

LAMARTINE.

LONDON:

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1848.

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MEMOIR.

M. Louis Blanc is the youngest of the members of the Provisional Government of France. He is only 37 years of age.

He belongs to an honourable family of Rouergne, but was born at Madrid, where his father resided as Inspector-general of Finance at the court of the king Joseph Bonaparte.

A short time after his birth, the fall of Napoleon drew with it those of the thrones he had raised for his brothers. The Frenchmen who had followed king Joseph returned to their country. The father of M. Louis Blanc established himself at Paris, but left his son at Rodez; at the Royal College of which town M. Louis Blanc pursued his studies.

Few writers have entered younger than M. Louis Blanc into the arena of politics and literature. At 19 years of age he came to Paris—some days after the glorious revolution of 1830. He immediately took rank amidst the soldiers of the press, and wrote in several daily journals, under the auspices of a deceased and much-regretted advocate. Shortly after this first appearance in the journals, he was summoned to Arras. He there laboured most actively at the editing of one of the most important and republican papers of the department—the *Progres du Pas-de-Calais*. The young writer addressed also, at this epoch, two MS. to the Academy of Arras,

which gained prizes, and in which he developed the most liberal ideas. One was a poem, in five hundred verses, entitled *Mirabeau;* the other was an encomium of *Manuel.* From his first début, M. Louis Blanc made use of literature only as a weapon of politics.

He returned to Paris in 1834, with a reputation already made; he took part in the editing of the *Democratic Review*, and subsequently in that of the *New Minerva.* These two journals contained very remarkable articles from his pen. In two years of probation, the young soldier had become a general. On the 1st of January 1836, was confided to him the political department of the *Journal of Good Sense.* For two years, full of struggles and perils, this journal vigorously sustained the bitterly-assailed cause of liberty. Its young and intrepid editor had conquered a position in the army of the press by the side of Carrel and Marraist.

In January 1836, M. Louis Blanc wishing to retire from the fiery contests of daily hurried labours, found a more serious and reflective organ. He commenced the *Review of Social Progress.*

It was in this *Review* that M. Louis Blanc developed himself as philosopher or economist. It was in this *Review* that he published that work which is his highest title to his present position, *The Organization of Labour.*

At this epoch (1839) occurred one of the most dramatic incidents in his life. He lived in the street Louis Grand. One evening, returning home, he was attacked by an unknown person, who inflicted on him

several severe blows and left him for dead upon the pavement. The author of this cowardly attempt at assassination remained always unknown. At that epoch this infamous vengeance was attributed to an article published by M. Louis Blanc in the *Review of Progress.* It was the account of the Napoleonic ideas of Prince Louis Bonaparte. It wanted little but that an assassin had deprived France of one of its purest historic monuments—*The History of the Ten Years.*

His wounds were not so dangerous as was apprehended, and a month sufficed for his complete restoration.

His chief title to the great reputation he has earned, as everybody knows, is his *History of the Ten Years* (1831 to 1840). As writer, as historian, as philosopher, he placed himself by this work in the foremost rank. One must be oneself engaged in historical investigations, to appreciate all the serious investigations, arduous labours, difficult researches, and firm courage, required to write this grand episode, in order to extract truth from a chaos which so many feelings were interested in obscuring.

France wanted a revolutionary history of the French Revolution. M. Louis Blanc undertook it, and nobody is ignorant of the superiority of style and reasoning with which the two first volumes are written. M. Louis Blanc shares with Beranger a very difficult fame to acquire: their books are equally welcome to the drawing-room and the garret, to the library of the scholar and the cottage of the workman. It is that M. Louis Blanc is indeed a son of the people in intellect and heart.

His prodigious success has not rendered him proud; he ever exhibits the same simplicity, the same straightforwardness of conduct. He has never been known to incline to luxury of any kind. He is still to be encountered at the plainest *Restaurants;* what he was ten years ago, he is still.

His personal and political friends desired to see him in the Chamber; and as soon as he had attained the eligible age, bought him a house that conferred on him the income required by the absurd law which but a few days ago governed France.

M. Louis Blanc is a dwarf in stature; but he has the quick and fiery glance of a Spaniard, and a sonorous voice, stronger than one could imagine from his appearance. He has a prompt and decisive gesticulation, and it is to be anticipated that he is reserved for great success as an orator.

Those who see him for the first time take him for a child. Those who have seen him on the last few days at the Hotel de Ville, know that he has in that slight frame the spirit of a hero!

The following work is one of profound interest; because it contains an exposition of the principles on which, in France, the present labour-movement is founded. It is needless to add that at the present moment M. Louis Blanc—at the head of a congress of workmen in the Luxembourg—is occupied in the discussion of a practical application of theories which the reader has now an opportunity of examining.

INTRODUCTION.

July, 1847.

WERE there but isolated and exceptional cases to alleviate, charity might perhaps prove equal to the task But the causes of the evil are as widely spread as they are deeply-rooted; and it is by myriads that we number those who are with us, in want of clothes, nourishment, and lodging.

How can this be? Why, in the bosom of a so-highly-vaunted civilization, this tragical abasement—this prolonged agony of one moiety of our fellow men?

The problem is obscure. It is terrible. It has provoked revolts, which have drenched in blood, without liberating the earth. It has exhausted generations of thinkers. Lo! for two thousand years men kneel before the Cross, adoring in Him who perished thereon—the Saviour of Mankind. And yet how many slaves still remain! How many lepers of the moral world! How many unfortunates in the outward and visible existence! How much triumphant iniquity! How much tyranny enjoying at its ease the impunity of its vileness! The Redeemer is come; but the Redemption—when will it arrive?

Perpetual despondency, nevertheless, is impossible, from the manifest law of progress. If evil is persevering, so also is that protest of the human conscience which combats and destroys it—a protest varied in form, immutable in principle — a protest immense, universal, unwearied, and unconquerable.

Therefore the immensity of the problem ought not to

overwhelm us. Let it only be attacked with frankness and modesty. To fathom its depths is in the power of no one individual. By combining their efforts, all may do so. Who can point out in the work of universal progress the most effective labourers? Yet the work ever advances; the necessities of the human race are accomplished by irresistible force, and every man who studies, works—even though in error—in the cause of truth.

To bend, then, the intellect to the themes that agitate the heart—to light for our brethren the torch of science, at once to think and to feel, and in a single effort combine the vigilance of the mind with the powers of the soul—to encourage a faith in the future of a people, and the justice of God—a faith courageous enough to contend against the permanence of evil, and its lying immortality. Can there be a more worthy employment of one's time and one's life?

ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

For four or five years these words have been breathed to the air; at the present moment they are re-echoed from one end of France to the other. "Let us institute an enquiry into the condition of the workmen," said M. Ledru Rollin, a short time since, in a sincere and courageous journal, *The Reform;* and no more was requisite to set out diseased society trembling. The subject is found: never has a more vast claimed attention; and yet never a more imperatively necessary.

What, then, do the enemies of progress, or those who love her but with timidity, oppose to us? They say that to talk to the people of its sufferings before it is invested with sovereignty, is both imprudent and perilous; they say that it is dangerous to confine them to selfish preoccupations, by substituting a gross and material motive for those loftier motives which are called human

dignity, honour, fame, the pride of virtue, and the love of one's country.

So, the poor would yield to a selfish preoccupation in making known what and how much they suffer, not only in their own persons, but in those of their children, condemned to precocious and homicidal toil; in their wives, not to be consoled for a too fruitful maternity; in their old parents, dying under the gripe of public charity? So, that admirable and mournful device of the workmen of Lyons is stamped with material grossness—"*Live working or die fighting!*" No, no! Life, labour, the whole destiny of man, is supremely expressed in these two words. Therefore, in demanding that the right to live by labour be regulated and guaranteed, we do more than defend millions of unfortunates against the oppression of power or chance; we embrace, in its highest generalization, in its profoundest significance, the cause of all human beings; we worship the Creator in his creatures. Wherever the certainty of living by labour does not result from the very essence of social institutions, Iniquity is monarch. Hence, there is nothing selfish in the act of striving against iniquity; for he who does so represents every suffering, every principle, and carries in himself the very essence of humanity.

Far from meriting the accusation of materialism, *The Organization of Labour*, with a view to the suppression of suffering, rests upon the purest spiritualism. Who knows not that poverty is night to the human mind, and confines education within the most disgraceful limits? Poverty incessantly counsels the sacrifice of personal dignity; nay, almost always enforces it. Poverty renders dependent characters independent by nature; thus converting a virtue into a new source of torment, and turning the native generosity of blood to bitterest gall. If Poverty engenders suffering, it also engenders crime. If Poverty leads to the hospital, it leads to the hulks also. Poverty makes slaves, and, for the most part, thieves, assassins, and prostitutes.

We desire, then, that labour should be organized in a manner to induce the suppression of pauperism; not only that the sufferings of the people may be alleviated, but in order that each man be restored to his self-esteem; to the end that excess of misery no longer stifle in any one the noble aspirations of the mind and the pleasures of legitimate pride; that all may find a place in the domain of education, and at the fountains of intelligence; that there may be no more men utterly absorbed by the revolutions of a wheel—no more children transformed by their families into a mere supplement to wages—no more mothers armed, by inability to nourish them against the children of their bosoms—no more young girls reduced, for the sake of bread, "to sell the sweet name of love!" We desire that labour should be organized; that the people's souls—their souls, do you understend?—remain no longer compressed and crushed under the tyranny of circumstance.

Why separate that which it has pleased God to render in human beings so absolutely inseparable? For, after all, life is double in its manifestations, though one in principle. It is impossible to attack one of our modes of existence without affecting the other. When the body is wounded, is it not the spirit that feels? The hand of yon mendicant, stretched towards me, reveals the degradation of his moral nature; and, in the movements of the slave that kneels and trembles, I detect the abasement of his heart.

Why should not life be equally respected in each of its developments? Does not the mysterious intimacy of soul and body result in the human being?

It is true, Christianity has anathematised the flesh. But this anathema was no more than a necessary reaction from the grossness of Pagan ethics. Paganism had been a long and brutal victory of force over intelligence—the senses over the spirit. Christianity did not restore the equilibrium; the combat was continued; the victory was

reversed. Thus, having adopted—with the dogmas of original sin, the fall of the angels, hell, and paradise—the ancient theory of a struggle between two principles,* *Good* and *Evil*, it placed the principle of evil in *matter*. But, is it necessary to confound that which, in Christianity, is relative and transitory, with that which is divine and eternal? Is it necessary to cry for ever—"blessed are they who suffer?"

Suffering was, indeed, holy in the apostle devoting himself for the propagation of new ideas, to the severest privations and indescribable fatigues; it was holy in the martyr, in the enthusiastic and unconquerable soldier of Christ; but ceased to be so in the hermit—neglecting his duty towards his fellows, to utter, from the depths of a voluntary exile, groans replete with selfishness; or the fanatic—mortifying, by a slow and useless suicide, his bodily frame, the inviolable work of God!

And who knows not how many evils the abuse of the Christian principle has induced? Alas! in the Catholic spiritualism has been developed a source of oppression as fruitful as in the Pagan materialism. In the name of the spirit, as grievous a tyranny has been exercised, as in that of the flesh; and the altars raised of old to the Gods of force, were not defiled with more human blood than has since flowed under the hands of the executioners of the inquisition. Paganism deified debauchery, the degradation of the body by excess of pleasure; Catholicism canonized asceticism, degradation of the body by excess of pain. Paganism outraged the human soul by the institution of slavery; Catholicism disdained the material part of humanity, even to the endurance of pauperism.

* The Hebrews derived their notions of the fall of the angels, the devil, etc., from the Persians. In the system of Zoroaster, the founder of the Magian creed, Ormuzd and Ahraman—the good and evil principles—were for the first time placed in distinct and hostile opposition. In other ancient religions, good and evil deities were upon a far more friendly equality, and, indeed, mostly nearly related to one another.—TRANSLATOR.

And, nevertheless, to proscribe either of the elements which constitute the human being, is so contrary to the nature of things, so impossible, that there has never yet been any absolute system in this respect. In the antique mythology, Venus did not exclude Minerva. And the Catholic church, whilst recommending to men the mortification of the flesh, strove to address herself to the senses, through the medium of her temporal power; the magnificence of her ceremonies; the marvellously splendid shrines—in which she enclosed the majesty of a God who was born in a stable; lastly, by the harmony and perfume with which her sanctuaries were redolent.

It is, in fact, impossible to carry the sacrifice of the body to the spirit too far without attacking human nature itself. Reason and the theory of progress revolt from the admission that humanity must for ever remain the victim of an incomprehensible and terrible combat between the *flesh* and the *spirit*. If it has hitherto existed, it is because society has not yet discovered a medium. Hence, all false civilization has this fatal defect—that by dividing in an iniquitous manner labour and enjoyment, it prevents —both in the oppressors and the oppressed—an harmonious employment of the moral and corporeal faculties; in the former by the facility of abuse, in the latter by the effects of custom and habit. The question remains—whether it is allowable to believe that this discord may one day cease to exist? For why should not harmony succeed to antagonism in man himself? Why should not harmony become the law of individual lives, as it is the law of worlds? Let us be careful not to cut the knot, if we desire to unravel it. The formula of progress is double in its unity—*Moral and Material amelioration of the lots of all by the free consent of all, and their fraternal association!* which brings us back to the heroic device of our fathers, fifty years ago, on the flag of the revolution: "Liberty, equality, fraternity."

Sad and capricious contrast! the privileged class is in

our days lost in sensualism; they have invented exquisite refinements of luxury; they have scarcely any other religion than pleasure; they have stretched the domain of the senses to the extreme verge of imagination; to employ life is nothing—to enjoy it is all. And it is from the bosom of this happy world,—it is from the depths of these gilded boudoirs, to which their philosophy is confined,—that we are conjured not to appeal to material interests, when we demand for the poor man the certainty of having work, daily bread, clothes, shelter, and the power to love and hope!

As for those who, recognising the necessity of investigating social questions, think nevertheless that the examination ought to be adjourned, and that it will be time to consider them when the political revolution shall be fully accomplished, we are incapable of comprehending them. What! are we to obtain power, and then seek a use for it? What! are we to start on a journey without first fixing the point of our destination?

It is a strange delusion to imagine that revolutions are improvised. The revolutions that do not miscarry are precisely those of which the end has been distinctly defined beforehand *

Behold the citizen *(bourgeoise)* revolution of '89! When it broke out, each could form the programme of its career. Coming forth alive from the Encyclopædia —that grand laboratory of the ideas of the eighteenth century—it had nothing to do but to take possession of a domain already morally subdued. And this is so true,

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* For a deeply interesting example of prophetic or predetermined revolution, see M. de Lamartine's *Vision of the Future* (published in the same form as the present work), of which one half is literally accomplished by the genius of the writer and his colleagues acting on the ready impulses of the people, and the other half is in rapid process of accomplishment. It is a work no person of taste or interest in history should be without.—TRANSLATOR.

that the middle class (le tiers état) found no inconvenience in dispensing with legislators. Imperative mandates! was the cry on every side. Why? Because, in the minds of all, the object of the revolution was perfectly defined. Men knew what they wanted—why and how they wanted it. Open the famous pamphlets of this period: the revolution is complete in their pages; for the constitution of 1791 was no more than a faithful summary of their doctrines.* On which account how strongly was that revolution of '89 established, and how deeply did its roots descend in society! The storms of the convention might well pass over it; the empire might well eclipse it by dint of captured towns and battles won; the restoration might well contend against all that is most powerful in human inclinations — political and religious superstition; it reappeared on the mingled ruins of the convention, of the empire, and of the restoration. 1830 belongs to the chain of which 1789 was the first link. 1789 had commenced the dominion of the *bourgeoise;* 1830 continued it.

Behold, on the contrary, the revolution of 1793. How long did it last? What remains of it? And yet, with what power, what boldness, what genius, were those endowed who charged themselves with its triumph! What stupendous efforts—what fearful activity! What means resorted to, from enthusiasm to terror! What instruments applied to the service of the new doctrines—from the sword of the general to the axe of the executioner! But the object of this revolution—of which the convention supplied the catechism—had not been defined long beforehand. None of the theories adventured by

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* The same may be said with regard to the revolution of 1848, which is now carrying out the ideas long propounded by M. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, De Lamartine, etc. In fact, popular writings, in the spirit of radical Reform, are inevitable forerunners of Revolution.—TRANSLATOR.

Robespierre and St. Just had been sufficiently elaborated in the bosom of the nation. Jean Jacques Rousseau had, indeed, published his "*Social Contract*," but the voice of this great man was half drowned in the immense clamour with which the publications of the *bourgeoise* filled the eighteenth century. It was like creating a new world, in a few days, in the midst of an unchained rout of angry and hostile ideas. It was necessary to improvise, to demand from the passions a support which thought could not yet furnish. It was necessary to astound, inflame, and subdue men whom no previous labours had prepared for conviction. Hence obstacles without number, terrible and sanguinary misunderstandings, fraternal alliances abruptly severed by the headsman; hence these unexampled contests, which successively caused to fall into the same basket the head of Danton upon that of Vergniaud, the head of Robespierre upon that of Danton.

Let us remember well this epoch, so replete with instruction. Let us never lose sight either of the means, or of the end; and, far from avoiding the discussion of social theories, provoke them to the utmost of our power, to the end that we be not taken by surprise and find ourselves unable to employ power when it falls into our hands.

But, false ideas will go forth; visionary schemes will be preached? What matter? Was it ever the lot of man to attain truth at a single blow? And, when men are plunged in darkness, are they to be interdicted from seeking light, because in order to reach it they must first stumble through the darkness? And are you sure that men gain nothing by what are called visionary schemes? Are you sure that the dream of to-day will not be the truth of ten years hence; and whether, in order that truth should be realised in ten years,* it be not requisite

* Precisely the period that has elapsed since the first publication of this work in France.—TRANSLATOR.

that the vision should be hazarded to-day? A doctrine, whatever it may be—political, religious, or social—is never developed without meeting more opponents than disciples, and enlists no recruits until after making many martyrs.

Have not all the ruling ideas of mankind been reported mad, previously to being recognised as wise?

> Who gave another world to man?
> A madman scorned in each abode.
> The madman's blood on cross that ran,
> Left us for legacy a God!

Let us not blindly accept all that superficial minds give out as so many oracles; but let us seek truth with gentleness, with prudence, even with distrust—nothing more. But why limit the career of mental enterprise? An army advancing into an unknown country must have its scouts, even if they sometimes mislead. Alas! intrepidity of thought is not in these times so common a thing, that there is need to throw cold water on labouring intelligence, and discourage boldness.

What are you afraid of? That false notions be spread as to the condition of the workman, and the means of ameliorating it? If these notions are false, discussion will disperse them, as the wind disperses straw mingled with corn.

What yet do you dread? That the hardihood of certain solutions of social questions carry trouble into the heart without aiding political reform? But, firstly, does the question of universal suffrage, of the real sovereignty of the people, frighten nobody in France? And what can be done, but shew, by strong arguments, the hollowness and puerility of those fears. The fact is, that which most frightens factions is not what is said, but what is refused or neglected to be said. The Unknown! behold the greatest bugbear of all feeble minds. Is the democratic party to be accused of driving towards an indus-

trial riot, because it scientifically develops the means of rescuing industry from the terrible disorder in which it is lost? Is it to arm against itself the blind repugnance of the *bourgeosie*, because it proves that the constantly increasing concentration of capital threatens them with the self same yoke under which the working class is crushed?

In addition, to obtain for political reform numerous adherents amongst the people, it is indispensable to shew them the relation that exists between the amelioration, whether moral or material, of their lot, and a change of power. It is what in all times has made for the people true friends or avengers. It is what in times past, at Rome, caused those who were filled with unconquerable pity for the too cruelly persecuted debtors, to lead the people to Mount Aventine. It is what caused the immortal Tiberius Gracchus, when denouncing from conviction the usurpations of the Roman aristocracy, he exclaimed to the pale conquerors of the world: "You are called the masters of the universe, and you have not a stone on which to pillow your heads." It is what caused, in 1647, the fisherman Massaniello, in the midst of the town of Naples, reduced to famine by the orgies of the Viceroy, to shout "No duties on salt!" It is what made some seventy years ago those philosophic enthusiasts, those valiant soldiers of thought, who perished not for their cause—only because they were born too soon. Of whoever pretends to lead them, the people have a right to demand whither they are being led. It has been their fate but too often to agitate for mere words—to combat in darkness,—to exhaust themselves in derided sacrifices,—and to inundate with their blood, shed at random, the path of those ambitious tribunes of to-day, who to-morrow are saluted as oppressors!

But, if it is necessary to advocate a social reform, political reform is no less to be aimed at. For, if the former be the object, the latter is the means. It is not

enough to discover scientific processes proper to the inauguration of the principles of association, and to organize labour according to the prescriptions of reason, justice, and humanity; it is necessary to place it in a position to realize the principle adopted, and to cultivate the processes discovered by study. The power required is organised force. Power, at present, rests in the chambers, the tribunals, and the soldiery—that is to say, in the triple power of the laws, the prisons, and the bayonets. Not to take them as instruments, is to recognise them as obstacles.

For the rest, the emancipation of the working classes is a too complicated labour; it is connected with too many questions; disturbs too many habits; opposes, not in reality, but in appearance, too many interests, for it to be anything less than folly to believe that it can be accomplished by partial efforts and isolated attempts.* The whole strength of the State must be applied. What the workmen most need for their emancipation are the instruments of labour; it is a function of government to furnish them. If we were to define the State according to our views, we should answer: The State is the banker of the poor.

Is it now true, as M. de Lamartine has not hesitated to affirm in a recent manifesto,—is it true that this conception "consists in taking possession in the name of the State, of the property and of the sovereignty of industry and labour; in suppressing all free will in the citizens who possess, sell, buy, or consume; in creating and arbitrarily distributing produce, in establishing maximums, in regulating wages, and substituting the whole State as

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* Here is a main distinction between M. Louis Blanc's system and that of his acknowledged masters, Fourier and Victor Considerant, who are for carrying out the principles of association of labour or communism, not by political, but by individual combination. The fact is, an union of both means is essential to the success of the scheme.—TRANSLATOR.

proprietor and monopolist, in place of the dispossessed citizens?"*

Heaven forgive us if we ever proposed anything of the kind! And if it is we whom M. de Lamartine has pretended to refute, it is probable that he did not do us the honour to read us. To descend then to particulars, we require that the State—as soon as it be democratically constituted—form social workshops, destined to replace by degrees and without assistance the workshops of individuals; we require that these social workshops (ateliers) be regulated by laws realising the principle of association, and deriving form and countenance from the law.† But once founded and set in motion, the social workshop will suffice for its own maintenance, and derive its principles alone from the state; the associated workmen will choose freely, after the first year, administrators and chiefs; they will make amongst themselves the partition of profits; they will forms plans for the extension of their operations —what is there in such a system that opens a path to arbitrary power or tyranny? The State founds the social workshop, gives it laws, and superintends their execution, for the benefit and in the name of all,—but there its office stops; and can such an office become tyrannical? When at the present day the government causes a thief to be arrested for introducing himself into a house, is the government to be therefore accused of tyranny? Is it reproached with intrusion into the domain of private life, of penetrating the internal routine of families? Well! the State will be no more with regard to the social work-

* In this difference of opinion of M. L. Blanc and M. de Lamartine, is seen the great distinction between their destinies. Lamartine is perhaps a man of a grander scope of intellect and feeling, and is in fact the very life, soul, and personified dignity of the revolution. M. L. Blanc is a more courageous antagonist of detail, a more persevering investigator. He aspires to construe science; Lamartine is content to assert a principle.—TRANSLATOR.

† Vide proposed organization, page 102.

shops, than it is now with regard to the whole of society. It will guard the inviolability of those laws, just as it now watches over the inviolability of the code. It will be the supreme protector of the principle of association, without it being possible to absorb the direction of the associated workmen, as it is now the supreme protector of the principle of property, though it does not absorb the direction of the proprietors themselves.

But we seek the intervention of the State, at least, from an initiative point of view, in the economic reform of society? But our avowed object is to undermine competition, and to lead industry to the *regime* of *live and let live?* Certainly, far from defending ourselves, we proclaim it with a loud voice. Why? because we desire liberty.

Yes, liberty! behold what we have to conquer—but true liberty—liberty for all, will be sought in vain without equality and fraternity, her immortal sisters.

If we enquire why the pristine liberty of the savage state has been condemned and destroyed, the first child we meet, will give a plain answer. Savage liberty was nothing, in fact, but an abominable oppression, because it was combined with inequality of strength; because it made the weak the victim of the strong, and the impotent the prey of the active. In the present social system, we have instead of inequality of muscular force, inequality of means of development; instead of the contest of body with body, that of capital with capital; instead of the abuse of physical superiority, the abuse of conventional advantages; instead of the weak, the ignorant man; instead of the impotent, the poor. Where then is liberty?

It exists certainly, and even with facilities of abuse for those who have the means to enjoy and enhance it; for those who are in possession of the soil, of money, of credit, of the thousand resources which intelligence and education offer; but, is it the same for that class so interesting and numerous, possessing neither land nor

capital, credit, nor instruction—that is to say, none of those things which enable an individual to supply his wants and develop his faculties? And such being the division in society, that on the one hand there is immense strength; on the other, immense weakness; competition is unchained between them,—competition, which makes the poor the victim of the rich; which sets the cunning speculator against the innocent workman; the client of the accommodating banker with the slave of the usurer; the gladiator, armed cap-à-pie, with the defenceless combatant; the active wrestler with the paralytic! And this anarchy of oppression, this invisible tyranny of circumstances, surpassing all the hardships of palpable despotism —this is what they dare call Liberty!

Free, truly, to cultivate his intellect, is the poor child whom hunger drives from school, to sell himself, soul and body, at the nearest mill, in order to increase by a few pence the paternal wages!

Free, truly, to dispute the terms of his employer, is the workman, who perishes if the dispute be prolonged!

The labourer is then at liberty to place his lot out of reach of a murderous lottery, seeing that, in the confused struggle of so many individuals, he finds himself reduced to dependence not on his own prudence and foresight, but upon every disorder naturally produced by competition, by a distant failure, by a retracted order, by the invention of a machine, by the closing of a factory, or a commercial panic!

The workman out of work, who has no shelter, is at liberty—not to sleep upon the pavement!

The poor girl is at liberty to remain chaste and pure, when, without work, she has to choose between prostitution and hunger!

In our days, it has been said, nothing succeeds better than success. It is true; and suffices for the condemnation of an age which such an aphorism characterises. For all notions of justice and humanity are inverted,

where the less need you have of wealth, the easier it is to be obtained; and the more wretched you are, the more difficult to escape from poverty. Suppose the chance of birth has thrown you absolutely naked into the world? Labour, suffer, perish, there is no credit for the poor man; and the doctrine of 'let him alone' (*laissez faire*) devotes you to abandonment. Are you born rich? Take your time, lead a merry life, sleep at ease; your money will gain money for you. Nothing succeeds better than success!

But the poor man has the free *right* to ameliorate his position? And pray what of that, if he has not the *power?* What avails the patient who remains sick the right to be cured?

This free right, considered in the abstract, is the mirage which since 1783 keeps the people in delusion. This right is the metaphysical and lifeless protection, which has replaced the active protection the people are entitled to. This right, pompously and barrenly proclaimed in charters, has but served to mark all the injustice of a system of individualism, and all the barbarity of abandoning the poor to their own resources. It is because liberty has been defined by the word *right*, that men have come to be called free, who are in fact the slaves of hunger, the slaves of cold, the slaves of ignorance, and the the slaves of chance. Let it be said once, and for all, Liberty consists, not only in the rights accorded, but in the power given to men to exercise and develop their faculties under the empire of justice and the safeguard of the law.

And this, be it carefully noted, is no vain distinction. The meaning is profound, the consequences prodigious. For, so soon as it is admitted that a man to be free requires the power to exercise and develop his faculties, it results that society owes to each of its members, firstly, instruction,—without which the mind *cannot* expand; secondly, the means of labour,—without which the

activity of man *cannot* make itself a career. How then is society to give each of its members suitable instruction and necessary instruments of labour, except by the intervention of the State? It is in the name, it is for the sake of liberty, that we require the re-establishment of the principle of authority. We want a strong government, because under the system of inequality in which we still vegetate, there are weak beings requiring a strong social power for their protection. We require a government that interferes with industry, because where the rich alone have credit, a banker is wanted who will lend to the poor. In a word, we invoke the idea of power, because the liberty of the future must be a truth.

But let us not deceive ourselves: this necessity of government intervention is relative, and depends entirely on the state of weakness, poverty, and ignorance, into which preceding tyrannies have plunged the people. A day, if the dearest hope of our hearts is not a delusion, a day will come, when there will be no longer need of a strong and active government, because there will no longer be in society an inferior and oppressed class. Till then, the establishment of a tutelary authority is indispensable. Socialism can only be rendered fertile by the breath of policy.

O ye rich! they deceive you, who would excite you against those who consecrate their vigils to the calm and pacific solution of social problems. Yes, this holy cause of the poor is your own! A celestial bond unites you to their poverty by fear, and links you by your own interest to their future deliverance. Their enfranchisement alone can open to you the hitherto unknown realm of tranquil enjoyment; and such is the virtue of the principle of fraternity, that whatever is taken from their sufferings is necessarily added to your enjoyments. Beware, they say, beware of the war between those who have and those who have not. Were this impious war indeed to be feared, what must we think—Great God! of the social

order that carries it in its entrails? Wretched sophists! they do not see that the system of which they stammer a defence would be condemned without reserve if it merited the disgrace of their alarms! What! there should be such excess of suffering in those *who have not* such hatred in their souls, and in the depths of society so impetuous a desire for revolt, that but to pronounce the word fraternity—the word of Christ, is a terrible imprudence, and the signal of some new tumult! No, be reassured, violence alone is to be dreaded where discussion is repressed. Order has no better shield than study. Thanks to heaven! the people understand now that if anger at times chastises evil, it is powerless to produce good; that a blind and fierce impatience would but pull down ruins under which the seedling ideas of justice and love might be buried. The question is not how to displace wealth, it is how to universalise and render it fertile. The question is, how to elevate for the happiness of all, without exception, the standard of humanity.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

HAVING but a few days to live, Louis XI. was suddenly seized by an overpowering terror. His courtiers no longer dared pronounce in his hearing, that terrible, that inevitable word—Death. He himself, as if to drive away the dread phantom, required only a denial of its approach, miserably strove to impart to his looks a fictitious joy, he disguised his pallor, he would not totter in walking, he said to his physician, "Look, I was never better in my life."

Thus it is with society at the present day. It feels itself sinking, and denies its decay. Surrounding itself with all the delusions of wealth, with all the pomps and vanities of departing power, it childishly asserts its strength, and in the very excess of its anxiety gives utterance to boasts! The privileged few of modern civilization resemble that Spartian youth who smiled whilst concealing beneath his robe the fox that gnawed at his entrails; they too exhibit a smiling visage, and force themselves to appear happy. But care dwells in and preys upon their hearts. The phantom of revolution is at all their fêtes.

What, though poverty strike far from their abodes but measured and silent blows. What, though the poor shun

the path of their pleasures; they suffer from that which they suspect and divine. If the people remain quiet, they anticipate with bitterness the hour that may follow. And when the sound of revolt is heard, they are reduced to give ear to the whispers of conspiracy.

Who, I ask, is interested in the preservation of social order, such as at present exists? Nobody; no, nobody! For me, I am readily persuaded that the sufferings created by an imperfect civilization spread in various forms over the whole of society. Observe the existence of this rich man: it is replete with bitterness. Why so? Is it that he lacks health, youth, or flatterers? Is it that he distrusts the sincerity of friends? No; he is wearied of pleasure; behold his grief: he has satiated desire; behold his malady. Impotence in satiety is the poverty of riches; it is poverty deprived of hope. Amid those whom we term happy, how many fight duels for the sake of excitement! how many seek the fatigue and peril of the chase to escape the tortures of repose! how many, with wounded feelings, sink slowly under secret sorrows, and fade little by little in the very bosom of apparent good fortune, under the weight of the common sufferings! Side by side with those who reject life as a sour apple, behold those who throw it away like a squeezed orange; what social disorder does not this stupendous moral disorder reveal! and how severe a lesson to selfishness, to pride, and every tyranny, is this inequality in the means of enjoyment, abutting on equality in suffering!

And then, for every poor man pale with want, there is a rich man pale with fear.

"I know not," says Miss Wardour, to the old beggar who had saved her life, "what my father intends doing for our preserver; but most assuredly he will place you out of reach of want for the remainder of your life. Meanwhile, take this trifle."

"That I may be robbed and murdered some night in going from one village to another," replied the mendicant,

"or live in constant fear of being so, which is almost as bad! Why, if I were once seen changing a bank-note, who afterwards would be mad enough to give me an alms?"

Admirable dialogue! Walter Scott is here more than a novelist; he is a philosopher. We know a man more wretched than the blind beggar, who hears the farthing rattle in his dog's tray—the powerful monarch, who laments the dowery refused to his son.

But, is that which is true in the order of philosophical ideas, true also in the order of economical ideas? Ah! thank heaven! there is for society neither partial progress nor partial decline! The *whole* rises, or the *whole* is degraded. Are the laws of justice better understood? *every* condition profits by them. Are the notions of what is just obscured? *every* rank must suffer. A nation, in which one class is oppressed, resembles a man wounded in the leg. The diseased leg prevents the use of the healthy one. Hence, paradoxical as it may sound, both oppressors and oppressed are equal gainers by the destruction of oppression and equal losers by its conservation. Is a striking proof desired? The middle class *(bourgeoisie)* has established its domination by unlimited competition—a principle of tyranny. Good: it is by unlimited competition that we see in these days the middle class perishing. I have two millions,* say you; my rival has but one; in the lists of trade, and with the weapon of cheapness, I can ruin him to a dead certainty. Cowardly and foolish man! do you not comprehend that to-morrow some unrelenting Rothschild, armed with your own weapons, may ruin you in your turn? Should you then have the face to complain? In this abominable system of daily warfare, the trader of moderate means

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* It must be borne in mind that when French writers speak of *millions*, it is millions of *francs* they allude to. A million of francs is about 40,000*l*. English.

has devoured the small trader. Pyrrhus-like victories! for, lo! he in turn is devoured by the great capitalist, who, himself forced to seek unknown consumers on the extreme confines of the earth, will soon find trade no more than a game of chance, which, like all games of chance, ends by the roguery of some and the suicide* of others. Tyranny is not only odious, it is blind. There is no intelligence where there is no feeling.

Let us prove then—

Firstly—That Competition is for the people a system of extermination.

Secondly—That Competition is for the middle classes a ceaseless and unresisting cause of impoverishment and ruin.

This demonstration made, it clearly results that all interests are one, and that a social reform is for all the members of society, without exception, a means of preservation.

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* It is very common for French bankers or merchants to blow out their brains when on the verge of failure. Several instances of this kind have occurred owing to the financial disorder induced by the recent revolution.

II.

COMPETITION IS FOR THE PEOPLE A SYSTEM OF EXTERMINATION.

Is the poor man a member or an enemy of society? Answer.

He finds around him nothing but appropriated ground

Can he till the land on his own account? No; because the right of the first occupier has become right of property.

Can he pluck the fruits which the will of God has ripened in the path of man? No; because like the soil the fruits have been appropriated.

Can he resort to hunting or fishing? No; because they constitute rights which the government supports.

Can he take the water of an enclosed well? No; because the proprietor of the enclosure is, by virtue of the law of inheritance, proprietor of the spring.

Can he, dying with hunger and thirst, stretch out his hand to the pity of his fellow men? No; because there are laws against mendicancy.

Can he, exhausted with fatigue, and without shelter, fall asleep on the pavement of the street? No; because there are laws against vagrancy.

Can he, escaping from this homicide country where all is denied him, seek far from the land of his birth the means of existence? No; because he is not permitted to change his country, save on conditions impossible for him to perform.

What, then, does this unfortunate? He says to you —"I have arms, I have intelligence, I have strength, I

have youth, take all that; and in exchange give me a little bread." Thus do and say the workmen of our days. But, even to this you can reply to the poor man—"I have no work to give you." What, then, would you have him do?

The conclusion from this is very easy. *Secure* work to the poor. You will even then have done little enough for justice, and the reign of fraternity will yet be far off; but at any rate you will have calmed the most frightful dangers, and cut short all revolt! Has it been well considered that, when a man who demands to live and serve society is by society fatally driven to attack it under pain of death, he, in his apparent aggression, is really acting but in legitimate self-defence, and that society who punishes him does not judge but assassinate him?

This, then, is the question—is competition the way to secure work to the poor? But to put the question in this shape is to solve it. What is competition with respect to labour? It is labour put up for auction. A speculator requires a workman. Three present themselves.

How much for your labour?

Three francs; I have a wife and children.

Good; and you?

Two francs and a half; I have no children, but I have a wife.

Indeed; and you?

Two francs will content me; I am single.

"You, then, are preferred."

It is done; the bargain is struck. But what becomes of the two rejected workmen? They will die quietly of hunger, it is to be hoped. But suppose they turn robbers? Fear nothing; we have gend'armes. Or murderers? We have the executioner. As for the luckiest of the three, his triumph is but temporary. Should a fourth workmen arrive sufficiently robust to fast one day

out of two, the scale of reduction would descend to the lowest point; and, lo! another pariah; perchance another recruit for the galleys!

If it be said that these sad results are exaggerated —that they are not possible—that they exist only when there is insufficient work for the hands requiring to be employed? I ask, in my turn, whether competition peradventure itself contains any remedy for this murderous disproportion? If one trade is in want of hands, who will maintain that, in the prodigious confusion created by universal competition, some other does not reject them? Therefore, if out of thirty-four millions but twenty individuals be reduced to steal for a livelihood, it is sufficient to condemn the principle.

But who is so blind as not to perceive that, under the empire of unlimited competition, the constant lowering of wages is necessarily a general and by no means an exceptional fact? Has population any bound which it is not permitted to exceed? Is it allowed us to say to production, abandoned to the caprices of individual selfishness, to this ocean so prolific in shipwrecks—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Population increases every day: decree that the poor mother become barren, and blaspheme God who made her fruitful; for if you do it not the lists will soon become too narrow for the combatants. A machine is invented; decree that it be broken to pieces and anathematise science; for, if you do not so, the thousand workmen which the new machine drives from their factory, will come knocking at the door of their neighbour's factory, and cause their companions' wages to be lowered.

Systematic diminution of wages, leading to the extermination of a certain number of workmen; behold the inevitable effect of unlimited competition. It is, in fact, no less than an industrial process, by means of which the workmen are compelled to exterminate one another.

For the rest, that precise thinkers may not accuse us

of deepening the hues of the picture—behold, in formal figures, the condition of the working classes of Paris!

It will there be seen that there are women who earn no more than 75 cents. (7½*d.*) a-day, and that only during nine months of the year. That is, during three months they earn absolutely nothing; or, if you please, their wages, reduced to an annual income, amounts to 57 cents. (less than 6*d.*) per day.

We are indebted for the following information—which we have taken much pains to collect, and which nobody can possibly accuse of exaggeration—to more than *fifteen hundred* workmen and workwomen employed in 830 workshops at Paris.

It is needless to state that we have in all cases taken the average of the figures given us.

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

TRADE.	Daily wages. *fr.*	*c.*	Months out of employ during year.
Washerwomen (unhealthy)	0	0	4
Shoe binders	2	0	3
Knitters	0	75	3
Embroiderers of all kinds	1	50	4 or 5
Polishers of metals	2	25	5
„ of china	1	75	5
Card makers	1	50	3
Cardboard makers	1	50	3
Bonnet makers	1	25	4
Candle makers	1	0	4 or 5
Shoe makers	1	25	–
Colourists (day of 13 hours)	2	0	4 or 5
Straw-bonnet makers (1*s.* 8*d.* English).	2	0	6
Milliners (1*s.* English)	1	25	4
Coverlet makers (day 14 hours)	1	25	4

TRADE.	Daily wages. *fr.* *c.*	Months out of employ during year.
Veil makers	1 25	5
Gilders on wood	1 50	5
Encartenses	1 25	5
Button makers	1 25	4
Flower makers	1 75	5
Fringe makers (3*s.* 9*d.* weekly)	0 75	3
Glove makers	1 25	4
Waistcoat and trousers maker	1 50	4
Shirtmakers for the shops	1 0	(5*s.* weekly).
Dress makers	2 0	4
Painters on glass	1 50	4
Lace women	1 50	4
Cotton winders	1 0	3
Gold workers	2 50	6
Boot-hole workers	1 50	4
Feather dressers	1 50	4
Instrument polishers	2 0	4
Silver and enamel polishers	2 25	6
Cotton joiners	0 90	3
Patchers	1 25	3
Ironers (unhealthy)	2 0	3
Dyers	2 25	0
Vermillion makers	1 50	4
MALE LABOUR.		
Straw-hat makers	4 0	7
Silversmiths	3 0	3
Armourers	4 0	4
Goldbeaters	3 50	3
Jewellers in gold	3 75	5
Butchers	3 0	3
Bakers	3 75	3
Harness makers	2 25	3

TRADE.	Daily wages. *fr.* *c.*	Months out of employ during year.
Button makers	2 75	3
Hatters	3 50	5
Sausage makers (food given)	1 0	4
Carpenters (dangerous trade)	4 50	4
Cartwrights	3 0	5
Carvers	3 50	4
Compositors	3 50	3
Confectioners	3 50	5
Boot makers	2 75	3
Curriers	4 0	4
Cutlers (day of 13 hours)	3 0	3
Tilers (dangerous)	4 50	4
Gilders on wood (day of 16 hours)	3 0	3
„ on copper	3 75	4
(dangerous, owing to the Mercury).		
Cabinet makers	3 0	3
Embossers	3 50	4
Compass makers	4 0	4
Spectacle makers	3 0	6
Umbrella makers	3 0	4
Piano makers	4 0	3
Tinmen	3 25	3
Type founders	3 50	4
Brass founders (dangerous)	4 25	3
Iron founders (dangerous)	4 0	3
Sweeps	4 0	6
Glovers	3 50	–
Watch makers	4 0	4
Printers	4 0	4
„ on stuffs	4 25	4
„ lithographic	3 25	4
„ on coloured papers	3 50	4 or 5
(1-25's worth of materials per week).		
„ copper plate	4 0	4

TRADE.	Daily wages. *fr.*	*c.*	Months out of employ during year.
Printers of music	3	25	4
Lamp makers	3	0	4
Masons	4	0	4
Martlers in buildings	4	0	4
„ in clocks	4	25	3
Farriers	2	75	3
Joiners in buildings	3	0	4
Joiners in chairs	3	50	3
Opticians	3	0	6
Goldsmiths	3	0	6
Lacemen	3	0	4
Paviers	4	0	4
House painters	3	50	5
Carriage painters	2	75	5
Wig makers (badly lodged and fed)	0	85	–
Plumbers	4	50	4
Porcelain workers	3	75	–
Binders	3	0	3
Saddlers	2	75	5
Locksmiths	3	50	4
Glass blowers (dangerous)	4	25	3
Stereotypers	3	50	3
Tailors	3	0	5
Stone cutters	4	25	4
Tanners	3	50	4
Paper hangers	4	0	4
Dyers and scourers	3	0	4
„ in silk	3	50	–
Weavers	3	50	3
Coopers	3	0	3
Turners in wood	3	50	4
„ for chairs	3	50	4
„ in copper	3	75	4
Varnishers	4	25	4

What tears each of these figures represent! what cries of agony! what curses violently repressed in the abysses of the heart! Behold, nevertheless, the condition of the people of Paris—the city of science—the city of the arts—the glittering capital of the civilized world; the city which, however, reproduces in its physiognomy but too faithfully all the hideous contrasts of a so-highly-vaunted civilization; the magnificent promenades, and the filthy streets; the glittering shops, and the gloomy factories; the theatres of song, and the obscure retreats of tears; the monuments of triumph, and the halls for the drowned; the Arc de l'Etoile, and *La Morgue!*

It is certainly very remarkable, how great an attraction is exercised upon the country by these large cities, where the opulence of some insults the poverty of others. The fact, nevertheless, exists—and it is too true—that trade runs a race of competition with agriculture. A journal, devoted to social order, published lately these sad lines, from the pen of a prelate—the Bishop of Strasburg:—

"In former times," said to me the mayor of a small town, "with three hundred francs I paid my labourers; now a thousand francs scarcely suffices. If we do not raise their day's wages very high, they threaten to leave us, and go and work in the factories. And yet how much agriculture—the true wealth of a state—suffers in such a state of things! And we must remark that, if credit shakes, if one of these commercial houses happens to fail, three or four thousand workmen languish suddenly, without work, without bread, and remain at the charge of the country. For these unfortunates cannot economise for the future: every week sees the fruit of their labour disappear; *and in the time of revolutions—which are precisely those in which bankruptcies* are most*

* This prophetic induction from past experience of the Bishop of Strasburg, is at the present moment amply realised by the innumerable failures in France, which are perhaps essential to the restoration of trade on a healthy basis.—TRANSLATOR.

numerous — how threatening to public tranquillity is this population of famished workmen, suddenly fallen from intemperance to poverty! They have not even the resource left of selling their arms to the agriculturist; for, being no longer accustomed to the rude labours of the glebe, their enervated frames no more possess the strength."

It is not enough that the great cities are the fires of extreme poverty, the population of the country must be invincibly attracted towards the fires that consume them. And, as if to aid this gloomy movement, do they not everywhere design railroads? For railroads, which, in a society wisely organised, constitute an immense progress, are in our own but a new calamity. They tend to depopulate the places where hands are wanted, and to draw men to places where many vainly beg for a small space in the sunshine. They tend to complicate the terrible disorder which has introduced itself in the classification of workmen, in the distribution of labour, and the repartition of the profits.

Let us proceed to towns of the second class.

Doctor Guepin writes, in a little almanack—unworthy, I suppose, to hold a place in the library of our statesmen —the following lines:

"Nantes occupies an immediate position between the great commercial towns—such as Lyons, Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux —and the third class towns. The habits of the workmen are better there, perhaps, than anywhere else; nor do we think that we can make a better selection for proving the results to which we ought to arrive, and indue with character of absolute certainty.

"Unless every sentiment of justice is to be extinguished, there is no one who ought to view without affliction the enormous disproportion that exists with the poor workmen between their joys and pains; to live, with them, is simply not to die.

Beyond the morsel of bread which he requires for himself and family,—beyond the bottle of wine which may

take away for an instant the consciousness of his suffering—the workman neither sees nor aspires to anything.

"If you would know how he lodges, enter one of the streets where he dwells in crowded poverty, like the Jews of the Middle Ages, owing to the popular prejudices in the quarters set apart for them. Enter, with stooping head, into one of those alleys opening from the street, and situated below its level. The atmosphere there is cold and damp as in a cellar; the feet slip upon the dirty soil, and you dread falling down amid the filth. On each side of the alley, and below its level, there is a room, sombre, large, and cold, whose walls drip with damp dirty water, and which receives air from a miserable window, too small to admit the light, and too badly made to exclude the wind. Open the door, and enter further—if the fetid air does not cause you to recoil—but take care, for the uneven floor is neither paved nor boarded, or if so, is covered with such a thickness of dirt that it is impossible to distinguish whether it is or not. Here are two or three beds, repaired with rotten string; they are mouldy and broken down; a mattrass, a coverlet of ragged patchwork—rarely washed, because it is the only one—sometimes sheets and a pillow behold the interior of the bed. As for drawers or chests, they have no need of them in these houses. Often a spinning-wheel and weaver's frame complete the furniture.

"On the other stories, the rooms, though drier and a little better lighted, are equally dirty and wretched. There it is often, without fire in the winter, that, by the light of a candle of resin, men work fourteen hours a-day for a salary of fifteen to twenty sous.

"The children of this class, up to the moment that, by a painful and brutalising toil, they can increase by a few farthings the incomes of their families, pass their life in the mud of the gutters. Pale, blotched and bruised, their eyes red and sunken, or injured by scrofulous ophthalmia, they are painful to behold; one would imagine

them of another nature than the children of the rich. Between the men of the suburbs and those of the wealthier quarters the difference is not so great, but there has been a terrible purification: the strongest fruits have ripened, but many have fallen from the tree. After twenty years of age, they are vigorous or dead. Whatever we could add on this subject, the detail of the expenditure of this portion of society will speak more effectually:—

	francs annually.
Rent for a family	25
Washing	12
Fuel	35
Repair of furniture	3
Moving (at least once a year) . .	2
Shoes	12
Clothes	0
(they wear old clothes which are given to them).	
Surgeon	gratis.
Chemist	gratis.

"196 francs, completing the 300 earned annually by a family, must then suffice for the nourishment of four or five persons, who must consume at least, with much privation, 150 francs of bread. Thus there remains 46 francs to purchase salt, butter, cabbages, and potatoes; we do not mention meat, for they never eat it. If one reflects now, that the public-house absorbs yet a certain sum, it is plain that, despite a few pounds of bread supplied by charity from time to time, the existence of these families is fearfully wretched."

We have ourselves had occasion to study, at Troyes, the influence of the social system on the working class, and we have had before our eyes the most affecting spectacles. But, that we may not be accused of exaggeration, we will let the figures, which a personal enquiry has obtained, speak for themselves.

STATISTICS OF INDUSTRY AT TROYES.*

BONNET MAKERS.—400 masters, paying and employing about 300 workmen, of which one-half gain from 1 franc to 1 franc 25 cents; a fourth, from 1*fr.* 15*c.* to 1*fr.* 50*c.*, and the other quarter 1*fr.*

CARPENTERS.—25 masters, employing 250 workmen. The price of a day's work, from 1*fr.* 75*c.* to 2*fr.* 25*c.*

SHOE MAKERS.—200 masters, and 300 to 400 workmen, who earn from 1*fr.* 25*c.* to 1*fr.* 75*c.* Some of the boot makers gain 2*fr.* to 2*fr.* 50*c.*

MASONS.—20 masters, occupying about 150 workmen. Day's wages, from 1*fr.* 75*c.* to 2*fr.* 50*c.*

JOINERS.—150 masters, occupying about 700 workmen. Average wages per day, 2*fr.*

PAINTERS AND DECORATORS.—100 masters, and 300 workmen. Day's wages vary from 1*fr.* 50*c.* to 2*fr.*

LOCKSMITHS.—80 masters, and about 250 workmen. Day's wages, 1*fr.* 75*c.* to 2*fr.* 25*c.*

TAILORS.—120 masters, and 200 to 250 workmen, earning per day, from 1*fr.* 25*c.* to 2*fr.* 50*c.* The most dexterous and well-placed earn as much as 3*fr* 50*c.*; but of these the number is very small.

TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—25 workshops, employing from 50 to 60 workmen, who earn from 2*fr.* to 3*fr.* They only labour eleven hours a day.

WEAVERS.—They are from 500 to 600 in number. They earn daily from 75*c.* to 1*fr.* 50*c.*; some even go as high as 2*fr.*, but by working thirteen and even fourteen hours a day.

We have not introduced in this catalogue trades which occupy but a few workmen.

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* To reduce francs and cents into English money, cut off the last figure, the remainder will be the number of pence, thus—1 franc 50 cents is fifteen pence, as 10 cents make a penny English.—TRANSLATOR.

Are figures required of a more general character, and more sinister portent?

It results, from an official report, published in 1837, by M. Gasparin, that the number of poor assisted by the 1,329 hospitals and charities of the kingdom, did not amount, in 1833, to less than 425,049. Adding to this accusing amount that of the poor assisted at their homes by the benevolent bureaux, the author of that fine work on "The Poverty of the Labouring Classes" (M. Buret), affirms, as the result of the last government investigations, that in France there are more than a million of human beings who suffer literally from hunger, and live only by the crumbs that fall from the table of the rich. And yet we only speak here of the poor *officially* known. What would be the number could we compute exactly those *not* officially known? Presuming that one officially-recognised pauper represents at least three in reality (a supposition admitted by M. Buret, and which is assuredly by no means an exaggeration), we are led to acknowledge that the whole suffering population is to the total population about in the proportion of 1 to 9. The ninth part of the population reduced to pauperism! Is it not enough to justify us in calling your institutions cruel, and denouncing the principle of those institutions as eternally impious?

We have shewn, by figures, to what an excess of misery the cowardly and brutal principle of competition has driven the people: but all is not yet said. Poverty engenders frightful consequences; let us go to the marrow of this mournful subject.

Malesuada fames, said the ancients—*hunger, the evil counsellor!* Terrible and profound saying!

Following the calculations of M. Tregier, head of the office of prefecture of police,* there are at Paris 235,000 workpeople of all ages and sexes, at the relaxed period,

* Des classes dangereuses de la population, t. 1er, p. 27, et suiv.

and 265,000 during the period of full activity in trade. Of this number, according to the same calculations, there are 33,000 individuals who, plunged into the depths of vice by want and ignorance, struggle and groan in an agonising despair. As for the wretched beings who seek a livelihood only by a criminal industry—such as thieves, swindlers, forgers, receivers, women of the town and their lovers—they form a total of 30,072—formidable figures, which, added to the preceding 33,000, make in all above 63,000 of every age and sex, forming that army of evil which Paris contains and supports.

Let us now speak of the retreats, where are to be found that population of misdoers, which the police know without having sufficient proof for their arrest. In the heart of the capital of the civilised world—in its infected quarters—in streets full of hideous mysteries—there are abodes where for two sous (one penny) is sold a night's repose. The author of the work on the *Dangerous Classes*, says, t. 1er, p. 52:—"That the number of lodging-houses of the lowest grade amounted, in 1836, to 243; that they altogether contained a population of 6,000 lodgers, of which one-third were women living by prostitution or robbery.

There, in fact, in an abominable *pêle mêle*, the lepers of our moral world take refuge, and, lost in their hideous crowd, some poor creatures in whom excess of poverty supplies the place of vice! There scenes occur whose image makes one shudder. The faces encountered there are replete with ferocious bestiality. The language they speak is a language of horror, invented for the concealment of thought.* Their orgies are fearfully exagger-

* In this fine sentence of M. L. Blanc is contained an explanation of the vulgar love of slang and ribaldry, displaying profound and philosophical penetration, "a language of horror, invented for the concealment of thought!" Such also is the heartless courtesy of a polite world. *Truth* is as fearful to the frivolous as to the wicked!—TRANSLATOR.

ated; and it daily happens to the *habitués* to mingle blood with the purple wine in which their degradation seeks strength and an outlet at once. Thence, also, proceed those who sometimes traversing society, fill it with horror and dismay on their road to the galleys or the scaffold.

And what seems frightful to confess, is, that many malefactors occupy at Paris a sort of official position. The police know them, have their names and address, and keep a register of their corruption, following them step by step, in order to surprise them *in flagrante delicto*. They, on their parts, hold up their heads as they walk along, knowing that no legal proof exists of their excesses. Thus, evil and its repression constitute, in the bosom of our social state, two hostile forces equally on their guard, constantly playing the spy upon one another—acknowledgedly watching each other's looks—competing in craft, and even compelling us to take part in the manœuvres of their unceasing warfare.

That is not all. For a long time crime was only to be referred to brutal, solitary, and personal impulses; in these days, murderers and thieves enlist regularly, and obey the rules of discipline. They have given themselves a code of laws and a moral system; they act in bands, and according to learned combinations. The court of assizes latterly has successively brought before our eyes—*La bande Charpentier*, which had declared war against moderate fortunes. *La bande Courvoisier*, which had systematised the pillage of the Faubourg Saint Germain. *La bande Gauthier Perez*, which attacked the savings of the workpeople; and the bands of *Auvergnats*, *Endormeurs*, and *Etrangleurs*. The force which is refused admittance to the domain of labour, passes over into the camp of crime. Very excellent people affirm that it is impossible by union to rival the ruffians who unite for blood and plunder. And whilst the organization of labour remains undecided, we behold the organization of the assassins.

Such disorder is intolerable; there must be an end to

it. But if the effects fill us with horror, it is surely worth the pains to ascend to the cause. For, to speak plainly, there is but one, and that is *poverty*.

For we dare not blaspheme God by pretending that men are born necessarily wicked. It pleases us better to believe that the work of God is good and holy. Let us not be impious for having spoiled this work. If human liberty exists in the rigorous acceptation of the word (and great philosophers have doubted it), still in the poor man it is ever strangely modified and compressed. There is a tyranny, I know, far more difficult to elude or shake than that of a Nero or a Tiberius; it is the tyranny of circumstances. It is born of a corrupted social order; it is composed of ignorance, poverty, neglect, bad example, mental sufferings—vainly hoping a consoler—and bodily pain that finds no softener; it has for victim whoever is in want of food, of clothes, of lodging, in a land of abundant granaries, warehouses encumbered with stuffs, and empty palaces.*

Consider an unfortunate, born amid the filth of our cities. No notion of morality has been imparted to him. He has grown up amid examples and images of vice. His intelligence has remained in darkness. Hunger has whispered to him her usual temptations. Never has his hand pressed the hand of a friend. No gentle voice has aroused in his outcast heart the echoes of tenderness and love. If he becomes criminal, cry to justice for interference, our security requires it! But do not forget that your social system has never extended to this unfortunate the protection due to his sufferings. Do not forget that his free impulses have been perverted from the very cradle; that an overwhelming and unjust fatality has pressed upon his will; that he has starved; that he has shivered with cold; that he has neither felt nor been

* The Tuileries are now a hospital for wounded workmen! The vision of to-day is indeed the truth of the morrow.—Tr.

taught kindness; notwithstanding that, he is your brother, and that your God is the God of the poor, the weak, the ignorant, and of all suffering and immortal beings.

When, in these times, a man is yielded up to the executioner, if you demand "wherefore?" the answer is—"because this man has committed a crime." If you enquire why this man committed a crime, the answer is silence!

One day—the 4th of November 1844—I read the *Gazette des Tribunaux;* it contained, with reference to a murder recently committed, details of a most poignant significance.

"The 12th of July last, in pursuance of an act of accusation, prepared by *M. le Procureur-genéral Hebert,* Chevreuil presented himself at the *porte dú Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers,* accusing himself of having killed his mistress, and giving at the same time the details of the crime of which he declared himself guilty. He declared that his victim, named Cœlina Annette Bronn, was a concubine, with whom he had lived for a month past; that, miserable and weary of a life which their poverty rendered unbearable, they had with one accord resolved to die together; that, to arrive at the execution of this fatal project, they had drunk brandy, closed and stopped the window of their chamber, and prepared the charcoal which was to suffocate them. The girl, Bronn, laid herself upon the bed. 'We shall soon die!' said Chevreuil to her. 'Yes yes,' she replied (he said) stammering these words—'not yet; wait a little!' These words were followed by a fit of hysterics, which the accused said he remedied by a glass of water. 'You are dying,' resumed the girl, a little recovered; 'my dear Jullien, you have lighted the charcoal; let us sleep!' She did fall asleep. Nevertheless, the charcoal was not lighted. To believe the accused, he feared the girl, in her struggles, might fall upon the brazier and burn herself.

"It was then (he said) that he conceived the idea of

suffocating the unfortunate woman; and having taken some more brandy to steel himself to the task, he melted some pitch and spread it on cloth—then applied it to her face in such a way that her mouth and nostrils were entirely covered. Annette Bronn died in a few moments. Chevreuil pretended that he had not the courage left to light the charcoal, but that he hastened to descend to yield himself up to justice!"

This poor girl, suffocated by her lover with a masque of pitch, was of no common nature—if we may judge by the circumstances of the trial:—"I will tell you my thoughts," said she one day to her lover. "When I was younger, I worked at Saint Maur, and the evening when it was fine, I walked alone in the fields, close to the vault of St. Maur, in a beautiful place surrounded by grass and flowers. Many a time have I wept for the chimæras I imagined. A piece, called Kettli, which I had seen at the *Gymnase*, troubled me much. There was in this piece a woman who loved deeply; and I, in my solitude, I loved like this woman—a supernatural being, which I had neither known nor seen. I talked to him, nevertheless; I fancied I could see him by my side. Then I picked flowers to strew round him, and I said quite low: 'he is there; he is faithful to me!' O yes, I loved deeply, and I wept; and I was happy in these fancies I created; for I went every day to the same spot."

What depth of sentiment! what ideality! what a touching mixture of passion and reverie! what a fund of gentle sadness!* But Cœlina Bronn was devoted to poverty; by it her soul was soon debased and consumed. She sought in intoxication a shameful excitement, a fatal oblivion; and, at length, finding life too hard to bear, she said to her lover: "You are dying, my dear Jullien; let us sleep for ever!"

* Alas! how many women, young and fair, in Paris, and in London—everywhere—are there with pure and noble tendencies, blasted by *poverty* like withered trees!—Tr.

Thus, as if for the sake of varying its lessons of gloom, poverty exhibits itself to us under the most diverse aspects; heart-rending in some, threatening and hideous in others; now preceding suicide, now counselling murder. Is more required to determine governments at length to study possible remedies for the evil.

Some years ago, a *procureur du roi* (M. Bouely) acknowledged, in his discourse at the opening of the term, that the present social system presented sores without name; that discord stood sentinel on the threshold of families, ever ready to invade them; that it kept open schools of cupidity and avarice; that it walked constantly between the furnace of the receiver and the dagger of the nightly robber; that Paris, the fountain of modern civilization—centre of our arts and our sciences—was the favourite and elected domicile of crime; that from the mysterious and terrible outskirts of Paris issue the Lacenaires and the Poulmanns, systematic criminals, execrable heroes of an unknown world; that beneath this mantle of wealth, elegance, *bon ton*, and mad gaiety, are developed dramas to make the hair stand on end; that a few paces from us there are fabulous irregularities, prodigies of debauchery, improbable refinements of infamy, children killed at slow fires by their own mothers! Yes, behold what the most grave agents of power are constrained to admit. And the only *conclusion* they draw is, that it is necessary to sharpen the glaives of justice! And they have not a word to say on the necessity of sounding the causes of such anomalies and horrors! Yet it would seem better, methinks, to prevent than to repress. The result of informations collected by M. Leon Fancher show that the number of individuals arrested and cross-examined, in the department of the Seine, was—

In 1832 . . .	9,047
In 1842 . . .	11,574

which represents, from 1832 to 1842—and, to use the

exquisite language of our epoch—an increase in crime of 28 per cent. Nevertheless, the city of Paris is protected by a national guard, by a garrison of 15,000 men, by 3,000 municipal guards, by 830 sappers and miners, by clouds of commissaries, inspectors, town sergeants, and secret agents; and this public force is constantly being added to. But the means of repression may well increase; the evil increases yet faster. Shall we wait until it becomes invincible—until it strangles or suffocates us?

If it is here a question of humanity as regards the poor, it is equally a question of safety as regards the rich. Competition, an indefatigable tyrant for the one, is for the other a perpetual menace. No one is ignorant that the greater number of malefactors issue from the grand manufacturing centres, and that the manufacturing departments furnish to the assizes a number of accused double that of the agricultural districts. This fact alone sufficiently shows what we ought to think of the present organization of labour, the conditions imposed, and the laws by which it is regulated.

And then, O philanthropists! what an admirable penitentiary system! After making punishment a part of the education of a criminal, the destitution that awaits him on leaving your prisons, remorselessly drives him back again. Leave, I pray you, this plague-stricken man in his hospital; in restoring him to liberty you restore him to the plague.

Besides, the contact of the incorrigible criminal is fatal to the weak man, who might be susceptible of cure; for vice, like virtue, has its contagion and points of honour.

This fact, bitterly felt by our statesmen, gave birth to the law respecting the prisons, voted by the Chamber of Deputies in May 1844. This law was intended to avoid the dangers of the unearthly confusion which riveted the novices in crime to those who had long contracted the gangrene. This law introduced into France, not only

The system of Auburn—which secures the solitude of night—but the system of Philadelphia, which devotes both night and day to solitude. Thus, in order to save society from the fury of the ruffian whom the prisons reject—more perverted, more hideously experienced—it was necessary to adopt the system of separate cells, which is neither more nor less than prolonged burial; fearful torture! leading to idiotcy, suicide, and madness! At Rome, when a vestal had yielded to love, she was buried alive, and beside her was placed a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. But the Romans—at least as the illustrious Lamennais one day said to us—had the humanity not to renew the loaf or water of the vestal. In the native land of the system invading us (Rhode Island), solitary imprisonment has been renounced since the 1st of January 1843; because, out of 37 individuals, six have become insane. "Solitude," says Silvio Pellico, "is so cruel a torment, that I cannot resist the impulse to utter a few words from my heart, and call on my neighbour to reply. And if he is silent, I will speak to the bars of my window, to the hills before it, to the birds that fly in the air."

No, nothing is comparable to the cruelty of solitary imprisonment. Once thrown alive in the tomb called a cell, the condemned is only linked to humanity by his despair. There are no witnesses of his martyrdom; no echo for his groans. His solitude is contained and forced back upon him by four cold stone walls. Everything is taken from him at once—the sight of men, the heavens, the noises of earth, and the harmonies of nature. The eternity of silence rests upon him. Oblivion wraps him around. He lives and breathes in death.

That the last change in the law has softened the barbarous logic of such a punishment, we are glad to own; and we bless, from the bottom of our hearts, the regulations which give to the felon the hope to see sometimes pass before him a human countenance. And yet, how hard is the law, even thus modified!

But, inconceivable as it may seem, our legislators have faith in the morally beneficial character of solitary imprisonment; and that it is, which, in their eyes, has masked its horrors. They have believed, with a blindness rarely paralleled, that a man can rise to a consciousness of his duties towards his fellows, by dint of living separated entirely from them; that it was possible to reform and enlighten the social instincts of the sinner by violently repulsing them, by paralysing them, through want of exercise and inertia of the will; in a word, nothing to reform the fallen being was required, but to leave him *tête à tête* with his crimes!

Enough on this subject; it would require to be treated at length, and we have only touched upon it to show that in a social system, rotten at the foundation, every penal or penitentiary system must have immense and inevitable inconveniences. The best one, that which should reform the offender, instead of tormenting him, would be itself a manifest danger and scandal. For, by what right could we leave poor children, inhaling the poison of vice at a few paces from the penitentiary, where white-headed felons were being catechised and instructed? Would it not be the height of imprudence to convince the abandoned, ignorant, brutalised, famished, desperate man, that a crime was his best road to social patronage; and that the course of education was to be paid by stabs of the poignard?

Hence, let us conclude, that but one penitentiary system can be either efficacious or reasonable—a proper organization of labour. We have in the midst of us a vast college of crime, which it is urgent should be closed—it is pauperism.

As long as men do not attack the principle of evil, they exhaust themselves in barren efforts to prevent the fatal consequences. Veiled, but not destroyed, the evil still flourishes, mingling new deception with every stage of progress, and under every advantage concealing a snare.

It is well known how the Savings Banks have found panegyrists and admirers.*

Sincere thinkers have seen in them a means by which the people might enfranchise themselves by gradually becoming rich through prudence and foresight—profound delusion! in a society which measures out to the people, with so niggard a hand, not only pleasure, but even life! The wages of the work-people suffice rarely for their existence; how, then, can they suffice for their economy? Sickness and want of work lie in wait to absorb the savings of the more fortunate; how, then, can these savings compose the capital for the future enfranchisement of the labourer?

Besides, the Savings Banks are but partially supplied from the resources of honest labour. Blind and authorised receivers of a mass of illegitimate profits, they encouragingly welcome all who present themselves, from the servant who has robbed his master, to the courtisane who has sold her beauty.

The workman is advised to save for the future. It is telling him to battle with hunger, and suppress the unperishable germ of desires; to add, by his will, to the miseries of his condition. And for what? To arrive at the possession of a petty capital, a prey reserved for competition, after ten years of sufferings and privation, when the worn heart no longer pants for happiness—when man has passed the age of flowers and of sunshine.

But there is a higher view of the question. It is not without danger, in a false and iniquitous civilization, that the people are placed in dependence upon the government. Connected by a narrow and factitious interest to the maintenance of all that oppresses him, may he not find himself chained to his lot by the dread of seeing the few pence, so grievously amassed, swallowed up in a

* The recent treatment of the French Savings Banks is certainly no great encouragement to the people's economy!—TR.

social revolution? And what will not tyrannical power hazard against the people, when it can dispose of their savings; when it holds suspended over their heads the threat of bankruptcy; when it can drag them in its train, slaves of its risks, and accomplices in the very excesses of which they are victims?

In itself, saving is an excellent thing: to deny it would be puerile and silly affectation. But—be it well observed—combined with individualism, saving engenders selfishness. It competes with generosity—it destroys imperceptibly, in the best natures, the springs of charity—it replaces, by a greedy satisfaction, the poetry of benevolence. Combined with association, on the other hand, saving acquires a character to be respected—a sacred importance. Saving for oneself only is an act of distrust towards one's fellows and the future; saving for others at the same time as oneself, is practising the greatest prudence; it is giving to wisdom the properties of devotion.

Certain moralists have vaunted, in the existing institution of savings banks, a powerful means of combating the tendency of the poorer classes to the sad pleasures of drunkenness. It appears to us otherwise. It is because the reality is too hard upon him, that the workman seeks so willingly an escape into the land of dreams. This cup of grossness which, all for his own good, they would dash from his hands, is dear to him, because it encloses a few hours of oblivion. How many require, to endure existence, to lose one-half of sensibility? And whose fault is it but society's, in making between its members so unjust a division of pleasure and of toil? The idle man is enervated by tedium; the poor workman by dint of suffering. True wisdom would give to all a fair alternation of action and repose, of labour and relaxation. Thus we are still brought back to the fundamental problem—the suppression of poverty by the destruction of its original cause.

From Individualism, we have said, proceeds competition; from competition the insufficiency and variableness of wages. Arrived at this point, what we discover is the dissolution of the ties of family. Even marriage is an increase of expense. Why should poverty couple itself with poverty? Behold, then, the family giving way to concubinage. Infants are born to the poor; how nourish them? Hence so many unfortunate* creatures found dead at the corners of streets—on the steps of lonely churches—and even under the peristyle of the palace, whence laws are issued. And that no doubt may remain as to the cause of these infanticides, the statistics here step in to teach us that the number of infanticides furnished by our fourteen largest manufacturing departments, is to that of the whole of France in the ratio of 41 to 121.† Always the greatest evils where industry has chosen its theatre! It required, indeed, that the state should say to every poor mother—"I charge myself with your children; I open foundling hospitals." It was not enough. It ought to go further, and cause to disappear the obstacles which strike at the system of impuissance. The hospitals are established; the advantage of mystery is accorded to maternity, abdicating its duties. But what is to stay the progress of concubinage, now that the pleasures of seduction are released from the fear of the charge it imposes? It is what also the moralists immediately exclaimed. Then came the heartless calculators, and their complaint was yet more earnest. "Put down the hospitals, or expect that the number of foundlings will increase to such an extent that our united budget suffice not for their maintenance." In truth, the progression has been remarkable since their foundation. On the 1st of January 1784, the number of foundlings

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* Query.

† See the statistics published by the *Constitutionnel* of the 15th of July 1840.

was 40,000; it was 102,103, in 1820; 122,981, in 1831; it is now nearly 130,000.* The ratio of foundlings to the whole population has more than tripled in the space of 40 years. What limit is to be set to this great invasion of poverty? And how escape a burden ever increasing by additional hundreds? I am well aware that the chances of mortality are great in the factories of modern charity. I know that, of these infants, devoted to the public benevolence, many are killed on leaving their mother's breast by the cold air of the street, or the dense atmosphere of the hospital. I am aware that others are slowly destroyed by the parsimonious food of the hospitals; for, of the 9,727 nurses of foundlings at Paris, 6,264 only have a cow or a goat. Lastly, I know how many, united under the same nurse, perish by the milk which their companions — born of debauchery — have poisoned.† Well! does not this mortality alone constitute a sufficient economy?

And, since it is a question of additional hundreds and of figures, the expenses from 1815 to 1831 have risen; in *La Charente*, from 45,232*fr.* to 92,454*fr.*; in the *Landes*, from 38,881*fr.* to 74,553*fr.*; in the *Lot-et-Garonne*, from 66,579*fr.* to 116,986*fr.*; in the *Loire*, from 50,079*fr.* to 83,492*fr.*; and so on in the rest of France. In 1825, the general councils voted 5,915,744 francs, and at the end of the year the deficit was stated at 230,418*fr.* To crown the misfortune, the sanitary system of the hospitals improves daily! the progress of sanitary measures becoming a calamity! What a social state—good God! What then, once more, is to be done? It has been proposed to reduce every mother who goes to deposit her child at the hospital, to the humiliating obligation of making a commissary of police her confessor!

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* See the works of MM. Thierne de Pommeuse Duchatel and Benviston de Chateauneuf.

† *Philosophie du Budget*, by M. Edelestand Dumeril.

A fine invention, truly! as if society could be a gainer by women ceasing to blush! When every youthful imprudence, every act of libertinage, has taken its passport: what next? The restraint established by this grievous confession would soon be broken by habit; women would thus complete an education of shamelessness; and, having consecrated the oblivion of chastity, public authority would have set its seal on the violation of all the laws of modesty! Better suppress the hospitals, which many dare to ask. Impious wish! Ah! you find that the number of additional hundreds increases—it is possible; but we do not desire that the number of infanticides should increase. The charge upon your budget frightens you! But we say, that since the daughters of the people cannot live by their wages, it is just that what you gain on the one hand, you should lose thus fatally on the other. But families will come to an end at that rate? No doubt! Take counsel that labour be reorganized. For, with competition, extreme misery; with extreme misery, the dissolution of family existence. Strange! the partisans of this system tremble before the shadow of innovation, and they do not perceive that the maintenance of this system pushes them by a natural and irresistible declivity towards the boldest of modern innovation—towards St. Simonism.

One of the most hideous results of the industrial system we combat, is the sacrifice of children in the factories. "In France," we read, in a petition addressed to the Chambers by the philanthropists of Mulhouse, "they admit into the cotton mills and other factories children of every age; we have seen there children of *from five to six years.* The number of hours of work is the same for all, great and little. They never work less than thirteen hours and a-half in the cotton mills, save during commercial crises.

"Pass through a manufacturing town at five o'clock in the morning, and behold the population crowding to the

gates of the cotton mills! you see unhappy children, pale, sickly, with bloodshot sunken eyes and livid cheeks, breathing with difficulty, walking with bent backs like old men. Listen to the conversation of these children—their voice is hoarse, and, as it were, muffled by the impure miasmas they inhale in the cotton factory."

Heaven grant that this description be exaggerated! But the fact is, these records rest on official reports, collected by grave and responsible men. Besides, the proofs are but too convincing. M. Charles Dupin said, in the Chamber of Peers, that out of 10,000 young men, called for to endure the fatigues of war, the ten chief manufacturing departments of France presented 8,980, infirm or deformed, whilst the agricultural departments presented only 4,029. In 1837, to obtain 100 able men it was necessary to refuse 170 at Rouen, 157 at Nismes, 168 at Elbœuf, and 100 at Mulhouse.* And these are the natural effects of competition. By impoverishing beyond measure the workman, it compels him to seek in paternity an addition to wages. Indeed, wherever competition reigns, the employ of children in factories has been rendered necessary. In England, for instance, the factories are in a great measure filled by children. The *Monthly Review*, quoted by M. d'Haussez, reckons at 1,078 the number of workpeople under 18 years of age, employed in the manufactories of Dundee. The majority is under 14 years. A great part under 12 years; some under 9; there are even those beneath 6 or 7 years. Hence, to judge by the *Ausland*, quoted by M. Edelestand Dumeril, of the effects of this frightful system of tear on infancy, amongst 700 children of both sexes, taken at hazard at Manchester, were found—

Of the 350 not employed in the factories, 21 sick, 88 of weak health, and 241 in excellent health.

Of the 350 employed, 75 sick, 154 of weak health, and 143 only in good health.

* See the statistics mentioned.

It is indeed a murderous system that compels fathers to speculate with their own children; and, in a moral point of view, what can be imagined more disastrous than this mixture of sexes in a factory? It is inoculating infancy with vice. How read, without horror, what Doctor Cumins says of the patients, eleven years old, which he has treated in a hospital for syphilitic diseases? And what conclusion are we to draw from the fact, that, in England, the average age in workhouses is eighteen years?

M. Lorain, professor at the College of Louis-le-Grand, has composed a report of mournful interest, on the primary schools of France. Having enumerated, at length, the odious victories of industry over education, and its influence on the morals of the children; he adds—that France begins to be infected by the same habits which have taken root in England, where it is stated by a table of the *Journal of Education*, that in four days 414 children frequented fourteen gin-shops. And how, without reorganizing labour, stay this rapid degradation of a people? By laws regulating the employ of children in factories? It has been tried! Yes—such, in France, is the philanthropy of the legislature, that the Chamber of Peers one day fixed the age at which a child may be unpersonalised by the service of a machine, at eight years. Following up this law of love and charity, the child of eight years is not to be worn out daily by more than twelve hours work. This is but a plagiarism in the factory bill. What a plagiarism! But, after all, this law must be applied: how is it applicable? What can the legislator reply to the unhappy father of a family, who says to him—"I have children of eight, of nine years; if you shorten their hours of labour you diminish their wages. I have children of six and seven years; I am in want of bread to nourish them. If you forbid me to employ them, you would not bid me let them die of hunger?" "The fathers did not wish it," was cried. Is it possible

to force them to wish it? And on what right, on what principle of justice, rests this violence done to poverty? To respect humanity under this system in the child is boldly to outrage it in the father.

Thus, without a social reform, there is here no possible remedy. Thus, labour under the empire of the principle of competition prepares for the future a generation decrepit, worn out, diseased. O ye rich! who then will go to die in your defence on your frontier? And yet you must have soldiers.

But to this annihilation of the physical and moral faculties in the children of the poor is added the annihilation of their intellectual faculties. Thanks to the imperative mandate of the law, there is, it is true, a schoolmaster in every place, but the funds necessary for his support have everywhere been voted with a disgraceful meanness. This is not all; we have made a tour, not long ago, through two of the most civilized provinces of France, and every time we have chanced to ask a workman why he did not send his children to school—we received for answer that he sent them to the factory. Thus we have been enabled to verify by personal experience the result of every testimony on the subject, and which we have read in an official report of a member of the university—M. Lorain. These are his words:—"Wherever a factory or cotton mill is opened, the school may be shut up"

What sort of social system is that in which industry is found in open warfare with education? And of what importance are schools in such a system? Visit the villages: behold liberated convicts, vagabonds, and adventurers, starting up as instructors; on the other hand, half-starved teachers who leave the desk for the plough, and only teach when they have nothing better to do; almost always the children are crowded in damp rooms, unhealthy, and even in the stables, where, in winter, they profit by the warmth communicated by the cattle.

There are villages where the schoolmaster receives his classes in a room that serves him at the same time for kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. When the children of the poor receive any education, such is the mode, and these are the most favoured only. Once more, these details are taken from *official reports*. Of what are the writers thinking who assert that we must educate the people; that otherwise no amelioration is possible, and that it is by education we ought to begin? The answer is very simple: when the poor are called upon to decide between the school and the factory, their choice cannot remain an instant doubtful. The factory professes to obtain a preference—one decisive advantage. In the school the child is instructed; in the factory he is *paid*. Thus, under the competitive system, after having seized the infant at a few steps from the cradle, they at the same time crush the intellect, deprave the heart, and destroy the body. Triple impiety! triple homicide!

A little patience yet, reader; I approach the end of this lamentable demonstration. If there is one indisputable fact, it is that the increase of population is much more rapid amongst the poorer than the richer classes. According to the *Statistics of European Civilization*, the births at Paris amount only to 1-32 of the population in the wealthier districts; in the others they amount to 1-26. This disproportion is a well-known fact, and M. de Sismondi, in his work on Political Economy, has well explained it by attributing it to the impossibility felt by the working class of hoping and preparing for the future. He alone can measure the number of his children by the amount of his revenue, who feels himself master of the morrow; but whoever lives from day to day submits to the yoke of a mysterious fatalism, to which he devotes his race, because he has been devoted to it himself. The foundling hospitals, too, are there, threatening society with a perfect inundation of mendicants. How escape from such an evil?

If pestilences were only more frequent! Or if peace did not last quite so long! For, in the present social system, destruction lacks other remedies! But wars become more and more rare. The cholera is vainly expected. What is to be the end? And, after a given time, what is to become of our poor? It is clear, nevertheless, that every society, when the means of subsistence increase less rapidly than the number of people, is on the brink of an abyss. This, then, is the situation of France. M. Rubichon, in his work entitled *Social Mechanism*, has proved most startlingly this terrible fact.

It is true that poverty kills. According to Doctor Villermé, out of 20,000 individuals born at the same epoch, ten thousand in the wealthy and ten thousand in the poorer departments, fifty-four individuals out of one hundred of the first died before attaining forty years of age—sixty-two out of one hundred of the latter. At ninety years old, the number living out of ten thousand in the richer departments was about eighty-two, and fifty-two only in the poorer departments.

Vain remedy, this frightful one of mortality! Preserving every proportion, poverty produces far more unfortunates than it consumes. Once more—what road are we to take? The Spartans killed their slaves. Galerius drowned the beggars. In France, various ordinances of the sixteenth century have turned against them the penalties of the laws.* Between these varieties of equitable chastisements we may take our choice.

Why not adopt the doctrines of Malthus? But, no; Malthus† wanted logic; he did not push his system to extremity.

Shall we hold with the *Handbook of Murder*, published in England in the month of February 1839, or even to

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* See the authors quoted by M. Edelestand Dumeril, in his *Philosophy of the Budget*, vol. i, p. 11.

† Poor Malthus—so often abused, so rarely read!—TR.

that work of Marcus, which proposes to smother all children of the working classes beyond the third born, certain that mothers would find their recompense in this act of patriotism. You smile! But this work was seriously written by an economist philosopher; it has been commented on and discussed by the gravest writers in England, it has at length been spurned with indignation, as a thing too atrocious to be ridiculous. The fact is that she had no right to laugh at such sanguinary folly—this England straitened by the principle of competition, at the cost of the poor—another colossal extravagance.

We leave to the reflections of our readers the following figures, extracted from the work of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—*England and the English*:—

"The independent workman cannot procure, by his earnings, more than 122 ounces of food per week, including 13 ounces of meat.

"The able-bodied pauper, at the charge of the parish, receives 151 ounces of food per week, including 21 ounces of meat.

"The felon receives 239 ounces of food per week, including 38 ounces of meat."

Which goes to prove that in England the material condition of the criminal is better than that of the pauper maintained by the parish, and that of the pauper maintained by the parish better than that of the honest man who works for his living. That is monstrous—is it not? Yes, but inevitable! England has workmen, but less workmen than inhabitants. Therefore there is no medium between killing and supporting paupers: the English legislature has chosen the latter alternative; they lacked the courage of the Emperor Galerius. It remains to be seen whether French legislators will encounter with *sang froid* the abominable consequences of the industrial system they have borrowed from England!

Competition produces poverty; it is a fact proved by figures.

Poverty is horribly prolific; it is a fact proved by figures.

The fruitfulness of poverty throws into society unfortunates who have need of labour, and find no labour; it is a fact proved by figures.

Arrived at this point, society has but to choose between killing the poor, or supporting them gratuitously —atrocity or madness.

III.

COMPETITION IS A SOURCE OF RUIN TO THE MIDDLE CLASS.

I might stop here. A society, such as I am describing, is on the verge of civil war. It is in vain the *bourgeoisie* felicitates itself upon not carrying anarchy in its bosom, if anarchy is beneath its feet. But, does not the middle class domination (the same abstraction being made of what ought to serve as its foundation) carry in itself all the elements of an approaching and speedy dissolution.

Cheapness — behold the talismanic word in which is concentrated, according to the economists of the school of the Smiths and Says, all the advantages of unlimited competition. But why obstinately persevere in refusing to face the results of *cheapness*, except as affects the the momentary benefit of the consumer? *Cheapness* only profits the consumer by throwing amid the producers the seeds of the most ruinous anarchy. *Cheapness* is the club with which the wealthier crush the poorer producers. *Cheapness* is the trap in which the bold speculator destroys the hard-working labourer. *Cheapness* is the death-warrant of the manufacturer who cannot afford the outlay for an expensive machine, which his wealthier rivals are enabled to obtain. *Cheapness* is the executor of the great schemes of *Monopoly*. It is the funeral of moderate industry, commerce, and property; it is, in a word, the annihilation of the middle classes for the benefit of a few oligarchical capitalists.

Is it that *cheapness*, considered by itself, ought to be condemned? No one would venture to maintain such

an absurdity. But it is the peculiarity of evil principles to change good into evil, and to corrupt all things. In the system of competition, *cheapness* is but a temporary and hypocritical advantage. It is maintained as long as there is a struggle; as soon as the greater capitalist has ruined his rivals, the prices again rise. Competition leads to monopoly; for the same reason competition leads to exaggerated prices. Thus what was originally a weapon of offence for the producers, becomes sooner or later a source of poverty to the consumers. If to this cause be added those we have already enumerated, and in the first line the disorderly increase of the population, we must recognise as a fact immediately proceeding from competition, the impoverishment of the mass of consumers.

But, on the other hand, this competition which tends to corrupt the sources of consumption, pushes production to a devouring degree of activity. The confusion produced by universal antagonism deprives each producer of any certainty as to the market. He is obliged to trust to chance for the disposal of the produce which he brings forth in darkness. Why should he restrain himself, especially since he is permitted to throw his losses upon the wages—so conveniently elastic—of the workman? There are those even who continue to produce at a loss, rather than lose the value of their machines, their premises, or raw materials, and what remains to them of connexion; because trade, under the empire of the principle of competition, being no more than a game of chance, the gambler will not give up the possible advantage of some lucky stroke of fate. Hence—and we cannot insist too strongly on the result—competition compels production to increase and consumption to decrease; hence it directly opposes the principle of economy; hence it is at once oppressive and insane.

When the middle class took up arms against the old powers, which have ended by sinking beneath its blows,

it declared them struck by stupor and giddiness. Well! so now is the *bourgeoisie*, for it does not perceive, for it does not see, how its own blood is flowing, and tears out its bowels with its own proper hands!

Yes, the present system threatens the property of the middle class at the same time that it cruelly attacks the poorer classes.

Who has not read the trial to which the contest gave rise between the French post and the royal post associated against it, with that of Lafitte and Caillard? What a trial! how clearly did it expose the infirmities of our social system! Yet it passed almost unnoticed. It was less talked of than one of the daily parliamentary squabbles. But what seems surprising and inconceivable with regard to this trial is, that no one appeared to draw from it a conclusion that so naturally presents itself. What was the question? Two compauies were accused of leaguing together in order to crush a third. Hence a great noise. The law had been violated; the protective law, which does not allow coalitions, that it may prevent the oppression of the weak by the strong! How! the law forbids him who has one hundred thousand francs to league with another who has one hundred thousand against a third who has just as much, because it would be to insure the inevitable ruin of the latter,—yet the same law allows the possessor of 200,000 francs to fight against the owner of but 100,000 francs! Where is the difference between the former case and the latter? Is it not, in both cases, a greater contending against a lesser capital? Is it not still the stronger contending against the weaker? Is it not still a contest odious, because it is unequal? One of the advocates in the celebrated cause said, "Every one is free to ruin himself, in order to ruin another." He spoke truly. In the present state of things it is thought perfectly clear and intelligible, that **EVERY MAN IS FREE TO RUIN HIMSELF, IN ORDER TO RUIN ANOTHER!**

What can the supporters of the present system pretend or hope, when, half alive to the imminence of the danger, they exclaim—as they did recently in the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courier Français*:

"The only remedy is to push the system to extreme; to destroy all that opposes its full development; in fine, to complete the absolute liberty of production by the most absolute free trade."

What! that is a remedy? What! the only way to prevent the misfortune of war is to enlarge the field of battle? What! it is not enough that producers doom one another within, but that to this anarchy must be added the incalculable complications of a new subversion? They would lead us to downright chaos.

Nor can we understand those who have imagined, I know not what mysterious mixture of the two opposing principles. To graft association on competition is a poor idea; it is replacing eunuchs by hermaphrodites. Association is no progress, unless it be universal. We have seen, in late years, a host of joint-stock companies established. Who knows not their scandalous history? Whether individual competes with individual, or association with association, it is still the war and the reign of violence. Besides, what is the association of capitalists amongst themselves? Labourers are not capitalists—what do with them? You reject them as partners: is it that you desire them as enemies?

It may be said that the extreme concentration of personal property is combatted and tempered by the principle of parceling inheritances, and that the power of the *bourgeoisie*, if decomposed by trade, is recomposed by agriculture! O error! The excessive division of landed property will bring us back, if we do not take care, to the reconstitution of the system of large estates. It is in vain to deny it: the parceling of the soil induces petty culture—that is to say, the substitution of the spade for the plough. That is to say, the substitution of routine

for science. The parceling of the soil removes from agriculture both the application of machinery and of capital. Without machinery — no progress; without capital—no cattle. And how can the small cultivator eventually sustain the rivalship of the great without being absorbed? This result has not yet been arrived at, because the partition of land has not yet reached its ultimate limits. But patience! and, in the meanwhile, what do we see? Every petty farmer is a labourer; his own master two days in the week; he is the serf of his neighbour the remaining four. And the more he increases his property, the nearer he approaches serfdom. This is how the matter is arranged: the farmer who owns but a few wretched acres of land—that bring him in, cultivated by himself, four per cent. more or less—hesitates not, when opportunity offers, to increase his farm. This he does by borrowing at 10, 15, or 20 per cent. For, if credit is scarce in country districts, there is in return no lack of usury. The results may be imagined! Thirteen *milliards*—behold the amount of debt charged on the landed property of France. Which means, that by the side of a few financiers, who are becoming the masters of production, arise certain usurers who are becoming masters of the soil. Thus the *bourgeoisie* is on the road to dissolution both in town and country. All threatens —all undermines—all conspires to its ruin.

I have said nothing, in order to avoid common-places and truisms become declamatory by dint of truth, of the horrible moral rottenness which industry organised, or rather disorganised, as it is in these times, has deposited in the very bosom of the bourgeoisie. All has become venal, and competition has even invaded the domain of thought.

Thus the factories crushing the trades—the sumptuous shops absorbing the more modest—the independent artisan replaced by the dependent workman—cultivation by the plough lording over cultivation by the spade, and causing

the poor to pass under the shameful yoke of the usurer—failures multiplying—industry transformed by the ill-regulated extension of credit into a game where no one is certain to win, not even the rogue; and, finally, this vast disorder—so calculated to rouse in every mind jealousy, distrust, and hatred—extinguishing, little by little, every generous aspiration, and poisoning all the springs of faith, devotion, and poetry: behold the hideous and too-faithful portrait of the results produced by the application of the principle of competition.

And since it is from the English that we have borrowed this deplorable system, let us see a little what it has done for the glory and prosperity of England.

IV.

COMPETITION CONDEMNED BY THE EXAMPLE OF ENGLAND.

CAPITAL and labour—say the English—are two naturally hostile forces; how, then, force them to live side by side peaceably, and afford mutual assistance? There is but one means. Let work never be wanting to the workmen; let the master, on his part, ever find a ready sale for his productions, the wherewith fairly to remunerate labour. Is not the problem solved? When production should become infinitely active, and consumption infinitely elastic, who would have the right or the temptation to complain? The wages of the one would be always sufficient; the profits of the other always considerable. Open to human activity the gates of infinity, and let nothing interfere with its waring expansion. Proclaim the leave-us-to-ourselves principle boldly and without reserve. The productions of England are too limited to furnish an ample field for commerce? Good! we will form sailors, and build ships that shall deliver to us the commerce of the world. We inhabit an island—let us board the quays of every continent. The number of raw materials offered by our agriculture is too circumscribed. Good! we will seek at the extreme ends of the earth materials for our manufactures. All nations shall become consumers of the produce of England; England shall work for the whole world. Production—incessant production,—and to urge, by every means, other nations to consume! This is the object of all England's energy; it is this that will make her wealth, and develope the

genius of her children. Stupendous design! design almost as selfish as absurd, and which for two centuries England has pursued with incredible perseverance! Oh, yes! to live in a little, unfertile, foggy isle; to go forth thence some day to conquer the globe—no longer with soldiers, but with merchants; to launch thousands of vessels towards the east and the west, towards the north and the south, to teach an hundred lands the value of their productions; to sell to America the products of Europe, and to Europe the rich produce of India; to link all nations in a common bond, and, as it were, attach them to her girdle by the immeasurable links of a universal commerce; to find, in gold, a power capable of outweighing the sword; and in Pitt, a man able to check the audacity of Napoleon. There is in all this, a character of grandeur which dazzles and astonishes the mind.

But then, to attain her end, what has not England dared! to what has she not pushed the rapacity of her hopes, and the delirium of her pretensions! Need we remind you how she possessed herself of Issequibo and of Surinam, of Ceylon and of Demerara, of Tabago and Sainte Lucie, of Malta and of Corfu,—enveloping the world in the vast network of her colonies? It is known how she established herself at Lisbon since the treaty of Méthuen, and by what abuse of power she has raised in India her commercial tyranny at the cost of Dutch domination, mingled with the ruins of the colossal edifice founded by Vasco de Gama and Albuquerque. Lastly, no one is ignorant of the wrongs which her avarice has wrought on France, and by what dumb warfare of perfidious instigations she has succeeded in overthrowing in blood the Spanish establishments of central America. And what are we to say of the violence which has so long secured to her the empire of the seas? Has she ever respected or even recognised the rights of neutral powers? Has not the right of blockade, exercised by

her become the most arrogant of tyrannies? And has she not made the right of search the most odious of piracies? And all this for what? To have, we repeat, raw materials to manufacture, and consumers to supply.

This idea has been so evidently the ruling idea of England for two centuries past, that she has unceasingly discouraged in her colonies the cultivation of means of subsistence—such as rice, sugar, and coffee,—whilst giving a feverish impetus to that of cotton and of silk. But mark! Whilst levying exhorbitant—one may almost say murderous—duties upon the importation of food, she all but threw open her ports to all raw materials; a monstrous anomaly, which caused M. Rubichon to say: "Of all nations on the earth, the English nation is that which has worked the hardest and fasted most."

This, indeed, was the natural consequence of that political economy without bounds, of which Ricardo has so complacently set forth the premises, and Malthus so cold-bloodedly drawn the horrible conclusion.

This political economy carried in itself a vice fatal to England, and to the world. It assumed, as a principle, that all that was required was to find consumers. It ought to have added—consumers who can pay. What avails to awaken the desire without furnishing the means to satisfy it? Was it not easy to foresee that, by substituting her activity for that of the people she desired as consumers, England must end by ruining them, because she poisons for them the fountain of all wealth—labour? In constituting herself a productive nation—*par excellence*—could the English expect that their manufactures would long find a sale to people exclusively consumers? This hope was evidently insensate. A day must arrive when the English will perish by over-exertion, whilst causing others to perish by inanition. A day must come when the consuming nations can find no longer materials for exchange; thence results, in England, glutted markets; the ruin of numerous manufactures; the pauperism of

whole masses of workmen, and the universal shaking of credit.

To learn how far the want of foresight and folly of production can go, it is only requisite to consult the industrial and commercial history of England. Now we find English merchants exporting to Brazil—where ice is never seen—cargoes of skates; now sending from Manchester, in one week, to Rio Janeiro, more merchandise than had been consumed there during the previous twenty years. Always production, exaggerating its resources and wasting its energies, without keeping any account of the possible means of consumption!

Once more: to induce a nation to transfer to another the care of giving value to the elements of labour it possesses is, by degrees, to deprive it of its capital and to impoverish it; consequently, to render it more and more incapable of consuming, since it can only consume what it is in a condition to pay for—general impoverishment of the countries she requires to consume her produce. Behold the vicious circle in which England has revolved for two centuries: behold the irremediable vice of her system. Thus (and we insist on this point of view, because it is of the highest importance) she is placed in the strange and almost unique situation in history of finding two causes of ruin equally active—the labour of the people and their idleness. If active, they create a competition she is not always able to subdue; if idle, they deprive her of consumers with which she cannot dispense.

It is what has happened already upon a small scale and must inevitably happen on a larger. What losses has not England endured from the sole fact of its productions having increased in a proportion which the objects of exchange could not attain? How many times has not England produced with anticipations whose extravagance the event too cruelly chastised? We shall not soon forget the grand crisis which followed the denouement of the intrigues of England in the countries extending from

Mexico to Paraguay. Scarcely had the news arrived in England that South America offered an open field to the adventurers of trade, than immediately all hearts beat with joy and all heads were turned. It was an universal delirium. Never had production in England experienced such an access of frenzy. To believe the speculators, it only reqnired a few days and a few vessels to transport to Great Britain the immense treasures contained in America. So great was the confidence, that the banks hastened to cheapen money to the hopes of the first comer. And what resulted from this mighty turmoil? All had been calculated upon, except the existence of objects of exchange, and the means of their transmission. America kept its gold, which could not be extracted from its mines. The country which had been ravaged by fire and corn, could neither give its indigo nor its cotton in exchange for the merchandise they brought. What millions and what tears this grand mystification cost England, the English well know, and Europe also!

And not to say that we conclude from the exception to the rule, the vice we have described has fathered all the disasters it carried in its nature. For whilst England from without exhausted herself in incredible efforts to make the entire universe tributary to its industry, what a spectacle did its internal condition afford to an attentive observer? Factories succeeding factories—the invention of to-day superseding the invention of yesterday—the furnaces of the north ruining those of the west—the working population increasing beyond all measure under the thousand excitements of unlimited competition—the number of oxen, which serve for the support of man, remaining far behind that of the horses which man is obliged to support—the bread of charity replacing, little by little, that of labour—the poor-rates introduced and fostering pauperism: England, in fine, presenting to a world surprised and indignant at the spectacle, the sight of extreme misery cowering under the wing of

extreme opulence. Such are the results of the policy party to this principle of natural selfishness: England must everywhere, and at all hazards, seek consumers.

And to obtain these disastrous results, how much injustice has not England been constrained to commit; what treason has she encouraged, what discord sown; what wars fomented; what iniquitous coalitions has she bribed; what glorious ideas has she contended against!

But I will go no further: I will not complete this mournful history, lest some one should accuse me of designing to insult this strong old English race. No—I will not, and cannot forget—despite all the ill she has worked the world and my country—that England, too, can claim, in the history of nations, immortal pages; that she was visited by liberty before all the people of Europe; that her laws, even under the yoke of a crushing aristocracy, have rendered wonderful and solemn homage to human dignity; that from her breast went forth the most savage, but the most powerful cry that was raised against the tyranny of the Popedom and the Inquisition; that even now it is the only land which political storms have not rendered inhospitable and fatal to the weak. For, after all, it is there you find an asylum—O poor and noble exiles! unconquered though wounded champions!—it is there that you reassembled the ruins of our fortunes; it is there that you played your part in the life of the heart and of the intellect—sole good left to you in your grand disasters by the fury of your enemies; and it is there we follow you in thought—we, almost as unhappy, almost as exiled as yourselves, since we live in the middle of our country, but see her, alas! so debased, that we scarce longer recognise her identity!

The expiation of England—for the rest—has been complete. "There is," says a modern essayist, "a penal code for nations as for individuals." This truth has been mournfully exemplified by the records of England.

Where is now her power? The empire of the sea slips from her grasp. Her Indian possessions are threatened. And yet the English lords all but hold the stirrup of the victor of Toulouse, whom they no longer venture to call the conqueror of Waterloo!

And this Aristocracy of England—the most robust, the most splendid aristocracy of the world—what has become of it? Let us seek its leaders. Is it Lord Lyndhurst—this son of an obscure painter? Or Sir Robert Peel—this son of a cotton-spinner, made a baronet by Pitt? Or Lord Wellington—this cadet of the Irish family of Wellesley? Behold the chiefs of the English aristocracy; behold the men who guide, govern, and personify it! And these men are not even of the same blood as they!

One day the Marquis of Westminster exclaimed, in the House of Lords: "It has been said that we could afford to lose one-fifth of our incomes; we, the possessors of the soil of Great Britain. Are those who say so ignorant that the remaining four-fifths belong to our creditors?"

The exaggeration of these words is manifest. It is, unhappily, too true, that the inalienability of estates in England defies all proceedings against the greater portion of the revenues of the nobility—and these revenues are enormous. If—as it appears certain—those of the 500 families of peers of England amount to 135 millions, and those of the 400,000 persons composing the families of the baronets, squires,—in fine, the gentlemen of the land,—to 1,300,000,000 francs, it must be confessed that the British *noblesse* have taken a good share of the spoils of the globe! But we have seen what huge perils threaten English commerce. The aristocracy is a sleeping-partner in every kind of industry, and its material punishment will not fail to commence also.

As for its moral chastisement, it could not be more cruel. The wealth of all these great lords leaves them a prey to—I know not what vague melancholy—a disease

sent by God to the great upon earth, to bend them also to the level of suffering—suffering, that imposing and terrible teacher of equality! What do they find in the midst of their enjoyments—these proud lords? They find bitterness of thought, and restless uneasiness of heart. Then must they fly the noisy turmoil of their isle, and scatter their gold in every known quarter of the earth, where they may be seen dragging the burden of their wearisome opulence.

It is now the question whether France will recommence England. It is the question whether, to supply perpetual aliment to her industrial powers, she will replace upon the ocean the odious rule of St. George. For thither tends irresistibly for a great nation the logic of competition. But not without resistance will England resign to another the sceptre of the seas!

V.

COMPETITION MUST NECESSARILY LEAD TO A WAR OF LIFE AND DEATH BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THAT an alliance between two nations may be natural, the contract must afford to each reciprocal advantages; it is requisite that they possess resources not common to both, and that their constitution and ends be distinct. France and England are two powers requiring to live from without, and to expand; hence, the first obstacle to all lasting alliance between them. Carthage strove to extend itself by commerce—Rome, by arms; Rome and Carthage ended by meeting at the other side of the world, and grappling with each other.

Between France and England a conflict is inevitable, because the economic constitution of the two countries is now the same, and, in fact, both nations are essentially maritime. Is not the principle governing our social system that of unlimited competition? Is not the corollary of unlimited competition an unceasing and hazardous increase of production? To find constantly new channels for disposing of a productiveness whose torrent is so impetuous and irregular, must we not commercially conquer the world and command the seas?

The day on which we destroyed aldermen and corporations, the question naturally assumed this form: there is a nation too many in the world; either France must change her social state, or England be blotted from the map. Then, indeed, were strange complications added to that long rivalry, which in the fifteenth century conducted a Duke of Bedford to Paris, and caused Charles

VII. to fly to Bourges. In 1789, France adopted all the traditions of English political economy—she became an industrial people, after the manner of England. Projected on the rapid slope of competition, she imposed on herself the necessity of establishing counting-houses everywhere, and agents in every port. But to dispute the ocean with England is an attempt to rob her of her very existence. She understood this well. Hence the coalitions supported by her; hence the continental blockade: hence that terrible duel between Pitt and Napoleon. But Pitt dead—Napoleon slowly assassinated,—the struggle must recommence. There was but one means to escape it. That would have been to make France an essentially agricultural nation, England remaining essentially commercial. This, none of our statesmen have doubted; and when M. Thiers said lately from the tribune: "France must be contented to remain the first of continental nations," M. Thiers uttered a sentence of whose tendency he was assuredly ignorant. For if any one had said to him, "you wish then to change the base of our social system?" what could he have replied? No, vast as it is, there is not space upon the ocean for both France and England, governed by the same economy, and animated consequently by the same spirit. Each seeking to enlarge its circle without, and unable to exist but on that condition, how must they at every turn encounter and obstruct each other. There lies the gist of the question. The reason too why England excluded France from the last treaty was a purely commercial motive. On this point no doubt is possible. Nothing can be clearer than the language of the *Globe*, a journal of Lord Palmerston. According to this journal, if Lord Palmerston ran all the risks of a rupture with France; if he urged the cabinet of St. James to profit against Mehemet Ali by the disturbances that broke out in Syria, it was because he saw how important to England it was to submit that country to its mercantile protectorate. The plan of

Lord Palmerston is *very simple*. He regards Syria as the key to the East; he wishes to put this key into the hands of the English. *Let an arrangement be made with the Porte, by the terms of which the Pachas or Viceroys of Syria may act in all respects according to the views of the representatives of the British government.* The English minister, as may be seen, makes no secret of his designs. To open to English vessels three routes to India; the first by the Red Sea, the second by Syria and the Euphrates, the third by Syria, Persia, and Beloochistan; such is a *resumé* of the hopes of England. It will be understood that, to realise these, she would consent to deliver Constantinople to the Russians. These three routes to India once opened, she will be *overwhelmed with markets*, says the *Globe* ingenuously. Thus, the England of to-day is still the England of old! To-day, as yesterday, as ever, this unconquerable race in its cupidity must seek and find consumers. England has articles of wool and cotton that require a vent! Quick, let the East be conquered, then England may receive orders to clothe the Orientals. Humiliate France? England has in truth far more pressing objects; it is the question how to live; and she can only do so, so wills her economic system, by supplying the world with her merchandize.

But that which for England is a question of life and death, is also one for France, if the principle of competition be maintained. Hence competition is the necessary embroiler of the world. Should France draw her sword for the liberty of people, all hearts would applaud her: but ought she to war for the revival of the tradition of England's excesses? Ah! it is not worth the pains of pillaging a world to arrive at a poor law.

The present social system is bad, how change it?

Let us point out what we hold to be the possible remedy; premising, however, that we regard as transitory only the social system of which we are about to indicate the principles.

CONCLUSION.

HOW, ACCORDING TO OUR VIEWS, LABOUR MIGHT BE ORGANISED.

THE government should be regarded as the supreme regulator of production, and invested with great strength.

This task would consist even in availing itself of competition, that competition should be destroyed.

The government should raise a loan which might be applied to the foundation of *social factories* in the most important branches of the national industry.

This foundation, requiring the investment of considerable funds, the number of original factories would be rigorously circumscribed: but, by virtue of their very organization, as will be seen in the sequel, they would be gifted with an immense power of expansion.

The government being considered as the only founder of the *social factories* (*ateliers*), must also provide them with laws.

All workman giving guarantees of good conduct to be admitted to work in the social factories, as far as the original capital would provide instruments of labour.

Although the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find elsewhere, than in a surplus of remuneration a motive of emulation and encouragement, the wages to be equal—an education entirely new, changing all ideas and customs.

For the first year, following the establishment of social factories, the government to regulate the hierarchy of each man's functions. After the first year it would be different. The workmen having had time to appreciate

one another, and all being equally interested, as will be seen, in the success of the association, the hierarchy would proceed on the elective principle.

Every year, an account of the net profits to be made out, and divided into three portions One to be equally divided amongst the members of the association. A second, in the first place, to the support of the old, the sick, and the infirm; secondly, to the alleviation of the crises weighing upon other branches of industry—all labour owing mutual support to its fellows. The third, lastly, to be devoted to the furnishing of instruments of labour to those desirous of joining the association, so that it might extend itself indefinitely.

Into each of these associations formed for trades, which can be exercised on a large scale, could be admitted those belonging to professions whose very nature compels those pursuing them to spread themselves and to localise. Thus each social factory might be composed of various trades grouped about one great centre, separate parts of the same whole, obeying the same laws, and participating in the same advantages.

Each member of the social factory to be at liberty to dispose of his wages at his own convenience; though the evident economy, and incontestible excellence of living in community, could not fail to generate in the labour-association the voluntary association of wants and pleasures.

Capitalists to be admitted into the association, and to receive interest for their capital, to be guaranteed by the budget; but not to participate in the profits, unless in the capacity of workmen.

The social factory once established on these principles, the result is easily seen.

In all capital industry, that for example of machinery, of cotton, or of printing, there would be a social factory competing with private industry. Would the struggle be long? No; because the social factory would have the

advantages over every individual workshop, which results from the economy of living in community, and of an organization by which all the workmen without exception are interested in producing well and quickly. Would the struggle be subversive? No; because the government would be always at hand to deaden its effects, by preventing the produce of its workshops from descending to too low a level. At present, when an individual of great wealth enters the field with others less wealthy, the unequal contest can only prove disastrous, because an individual seeks only his personal interest; if he can sell at half the price of his rivals to ruin them, and remain master of the field of battle, he does it. But when in the place of this individual stands the ruling power itself, the question changes its complexion.

The ruling power, such as we wish it, would it have any interest in overturning industry, in confusing all means of living? Would it not be by its nature and position, the born protector even of those with whom it maintained a pious competition with the view to reforming society? Hence, between the industrial war which a great capitalist now declares against a little capitalist and that of the government in our system against the individual, no comparison is possible. The former necessarily induces fraud, violence, and all the evils which iniquity carries in its train; the latter would be conducted without brutality, without stratagems, in a way simply to attain its end, the successive and pacific absorption of individual by social workshops. Thus, instead of being like the great capitalist, at present the lord and tyrant of the market, the government would be simply its regulators. It would avail itself of the weapons of competition, not for the sake of violently upsetting individual industry, which it would be above all interested in avoiding, but in order gradually to lead it to a composition. Soon, indeed, in every sphere of industry in which a social workshop should be established, workmen and capitalists would

hasten to avail themselves of the advantages which it would present to its associates. After a certain period would be produced, without usurpation, without injustice, without irreparable disasters, the phenomenon which is now so deplorably brought about by force of tyranny for the profit of individual selfishness. A very rich capitalist can now, by aiming a great blow at his rivals, leave them dead upon the field, and monopolise a whole branch of industry. In our system, the State would by degrees render itself master of all industry, and instead of monopoly, the result of our success would be competition defeated, and—association.

Let us suppose this end attained in some particular branch of industry; suppose the manufacturers of machines, for instance, induced to place themselves at the service of the State, that is, to submit to the principles of common regulations. As the same trade is not always exercised in the same place, and has different centres, there would be established between all the factories of the same class, the system of association established in each particular factory. For it would be absurd, after having destroyed competition between individuals, to allow it to subsist between corporations. There would be in every sphere of labour which the government had brought under its influence a central factory, from which all the others would depend as supplementary *ateliers*.* Just as M. Rothschild possesses, not only in France, but various countries, houses which correspond with that in which is fixed the main seat of business, every trade would have its central seat and its correspondents. Thenceforward no more competition. Between the different centres of production there would be a common interest, and the ruinous hostility of rivalry would be replaced by their convergence.

* This word is almost untranslatable—I have sometimes rendered it by factory and sometimes by workshop—it means properly the place where work of any kind is carried on.—Tr.

I need not insist on the simplicity of this mechanism; it is evident. In fact, remark, that every factory after the first year sufficing for its own guidance, the part of the government would be confined to watching over the maintenance of the relations between the different centres of similar productions, and the prevention of any violation of the common regulations. There is no public service in the present day that does not offer a hundred times more complication.

Imagine, for an instant, a state of things in which it were allowable for every one to undertake the conveyance of letters, and conceive the government stepping in suddenly, and saying, "To me, to me exclusively, give up the postal service!" What objections would arise! How could government ever undertake to deliver at the precise hour promised all that thirty-four millions of men could write every day, every moment of the day, to one another! And yet, a few unpunctualities apart, rather pertaining to the nature of the business, than to any fault of the powers that be, with what marvellous precision are the duties of the post-office performed! Not to allude to our administrative order and the wheel within wheel it has recourse to. Yet behold the regularity of this vast machine! It is that, in fact, the method of division and subdivision makes, as one may say, the most complicated mechanism work of itself. How to make workmen pull together should be declared impracticable in a land which saw some twenty or thirty years ago one man animate by his will, cause to live in his life, and keep pace with his march—a million of men! It is true the object was to destroy. But is it in the nature of things, in the will of the Deity, in the destiny of society, that to produce in union should be impossible, since to destroy in union is so easy? For the rest, objections as to difficulty of application are not here of serious consequence I repeat. We ask the State, with the prodigious resources of every kind it possesses, to do what we now see done by private individuals.

From the union of workmen in an *atelier*, we have induced the union of all *ateliers* in the same trade. To complete the system, the union of different trades should be consecrated. It is on that account we have set aside a quota of the profits realised by each undertaking, as a sum by means of which the State might come to the relief of all industry, which unforeseen and extraordinary circumstances placed in any difficulty. However, in the system we propose, crises would be far more rare. Whence do they now chiefly arise? From the atrocious battle of all interests, a battle which cannot leave victors without leaving others conquered, who, as in all battles, are chained like slaves to the triumphal car of their conquerors. By destroying competition, we destroy the evils to which it gives birth. No more conquests; thence no more defeats. Panics thenceforward can only come from without. It is for them alone we must prepare. Treaties of peace and alliance will not suffice, doubtless; and yet what disasters were spirited away, if, for this shameful diplomatic trickery—contest of lies—hypocrisy and baseness, having in view the partition of the people between a few lucky brigands—were substituted a system of alliance founded upon the necessities of industry, and the reciprocal conveniences of labour in all countries of the world! but note well, this new species of diplomacy will be impracticable, so long as the industrial anarchy that devours us still flourishes. It has been but too plainly proved by the negotiations opened for some years past. What desolating sights have we witnessed! Have not these negotiations shewn us the colonies armed against the factors of beet-root sugar, the mechanics against the founders, the ports against the factories of the interior. Bordeaux against Paris, the South against the North! all who produce against all who consume! In the bosom of this monstrous disorder what can the government do? What the one petitions with zeal, the other rejects with rage; that which is life to the one, is death to the other.

It is clear that this absence of union between interests renders on the part of the State all foresight impossible, and hampers it in all its relations with foreign powers. Soldiers without, police within; the modern State knows no other modes of action, and its whole utility is reduced necessarily to hindering ruin on the one hand by inflicting it on the other. Let the State place itself boldly at the head of Industry; let it concentrate all its efforts; let it rally round one principle all the interests at present in warfare, and how much stronger, more fruitful, and happily decisive will be its influence on the external world. Not only will the reorganization of labour prevent the crises which burst upon us from within, but in a great measure even those borne to us by the wind that swell the sails of our vessels!

Need I continue the enumeration of the advantages the new system would produce? In the industrial world we live in, every new discovery of science is a calamity. Firstly, because machines supersede workmen, who require labour to live, so that they become so many deadly weapons in the hands of the speculator, who has the right and power to employ them against all those who have not this right or faculty. In the competitive system, as we have demonstrated, to say *new machine* is to say *monopoly*. Hence, in the system of association and union, no more patents, no more exclusive speculation. The inventor should be recompensed by the State, and his invention immediately placed at the service of all. Thus what is now a means of extermination would become an instrument of universal progress; that which reduces the workman to starvation and despair, and drives him to rebellion, would serve but to lighten his toils, and to procure him sufficient leisure to exercise his intelligence; in a word, that which now assists tyranny would then be the triumph of fraternity.

In the inconceivable confusion in which we are now plunged, commerce does not and cannot depend upon production. The whole business of production being to

find consumers, which all producers are occupied in seizing upon, how dispense with agents and sub-agents, traders and sub-traders? Thus commerce becomes the very maggot of production. Placed between the man who works and the consumer, commerce governs both, the one by the other. Fourrier, who has so vigorously attacked the present social system, and after him M. Victor Considerant, his disciple, have exposed with irresistible logic the great social sore which is termed commerce. The trader ought to be an agent of production, sharing its profits and risking its losses. This, reason and the advantage of all require. In the system we propose nothing is more easily realised. All antagonism at an end between the various centres of production in a given manufacture, they would have, like the large commercial houses at present, magazines and depôts everywhere where consumption demands them.

What then should credit be? A means to supply the workman with the requisites of labour. Now, as we have shewn elsewhere, credit is quite another matter. The banks only lend to the rich. Were they willing to lend to the poor, they could not do it, with rushing down abysses of ruin. The banks, formed from an individual point of view, do what you will, can never be anything better than an admirably contrived expedient for making the rich more rich, and the powerful still more powerful. Always monopoly without liberty! always tyranny under the semblance of progress! The organization proposed would put an end to all these iniquities. The portion of profits set apart specially and invariably for the aggraudisement of the social workshops by recruiting labour, behold our credit. Then what will be the use of banks? Put them down.

Will the excess of population be to be dreaded, when, secure of an income, every labourer will acquire necessarily ideas of order and habits of foresight? Why is poverty more prolific now than opulence? We have shewn.

In a system which in every sphere of labour collects a certain number of men animated by the same spirit, acting according to the same impulse, having common hopes and a common interest, what room will remain, I ask, for those falsifications of produce, those cowardly tricks, those daily lies, those obscure frauds, which at the present day impose on every producer, on every trader, the necessity of robbing at every cost his neighbour of connexion and fortune? Industrial Reform will be, in fact, a profound moral revolution, and make more converts in a day than are made in a century by all the homilies of preachers, and all the advice of moralists.

What we have said about industrial reform suffices to shew on what principles we should wish to be formed a reform in agriculture. The abuse of collateral successions is universally recognised. These successions should be abolished, and their value declared common property. Every commune would thus acquire a domain, which rendered inalienable and certain to extend, would lead without disorder or usurpation to an immense agricultural revolution. The cultivation of the common domain should besides be carried on upon a larger scale, and be governed by the same laws that regulate trade. We shall return to this subject, which requires some development.

We have seen why in the present system the education of the children of the people was impossible. It would be so possible in our system, as to be obligatory as well as gratuitous. Every workman being sure of a living and a salary, on what pretence could he withhold his children from school? Many earnest thinkers are of opinion that it would be dangerous to spread too much instruction amongst the ranks of the people, and they are right. But how is it they do not perceive that the *danger of education* is an overwhelming proof of the absurdity of our social system? In this social system, all is false. Labour is not in honour; the most useful professions are

disdained: a working man is more or less an object of compassion, and there are not wreaths enough for an opera-dancer. Behold the reason why the education of the people is a danger! Behold the reason why our colleges and schools infuse into society but the ambitious, the discontented, and the rebellious. But to teach the people to read good books; to teach them what is most useful and most honourable; that in society every trade is an art; that nothing deserves contempt than that which corrupts the mind, by infusing the poison of pride; remove them from the practice of fraternity, and inoculate them with egotism; to shew these children that society is governed by the principles taught them;—would education then be dangerous? Instruction is made the apparent stepping-stone to every foolish vanity and barren pretension, and a cry is raised against instruction! Bad books are written, supported by bad examples, and reading is proscribed! what pitiful absurdity!

To resume: a social revolution ought to be tried.

Firstly. Because the present social system is to full of iniquity, misery, and turpitude, to exist much longer.

Secondly. Because there is no one who is is not interested, whatever his position, rank, and fortune, in the inauguration of a new social system.

Thirdly and lastly. Because this revolution, so necessary, is possible, even easy to accomplish peacefully.

In the new world it opens to us, there will be perhaps something left to be done for the complete realisation of the principle of fraternity. But all at any rate would be prepared for this realisation, which would be the work of instruction. Humanity has been too far removed from its end, that we should succeed in attaining it in a day. A corrupted civilization, of which we suffer still the yoke, has disturbed every interest; but at the same time, disturbed all minds, and poisoned the sources of human intelligence. Iniquity has become justice; falsehood, truth; and men have torn one another in the bosom of darkness.

Many false ideas must be destroyed; they will disappear,—let us not doubt it. Thus, one day, it will be recognised that he who has received from God a larger share of strength and intellect owes more to his fellows than others. Then will it pertain to Genius, and be worthy of it,—to establish its legitimate empire, not by the importance of the tribute it levels on society, but by the grandeur of the services rendered. For it is not to the inequality of rights that the inequality of powers ought to lead, but to the inequality of duties.

END OF PART I.

PART THE SECOND.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.

Nature of the Evil.

LITERATI swarm—some grow rich, many starve; liberty is ruined; publishing is loss; the public taste is perverted; never, amid so great an abundance of books, was the domain of intellect more barren. Behold the evil—it is a great one. What is the remedy proposed? A law to extend the copyright from 20 to 30 years after the author's decease! Oh! how wisely did Lord Chesterfield say to his son, when sending him to visit the principal courts of Europe: "Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

I shall shew, directly, how absurd it is to make laws for literary property; and how injurious to society is the prolonged exercise of this pretended right they wish to consecrate. But before entering into the examination of the numberless difficulties the question provokes, I will here ask, what is the object of the legislator?

His object is evidently to protect the profession of the man of letters, considered as a trade, as a means of making money. But is it in the nature of things—is it for the interest of the public, that literature should become a trade? Ought there to be many men in society making books to enrich themselves, or even to gain a livelihood? I say not. And the reason is simple. For an author to fulfil worthily his mission, he ought to

elevate himself above the prejudices of men; to have the courage to displease, in order to serve them; in a word, he ought to govern them morally. This is the mission of the sonneteer, as of the moralist—of the poet, as of the philosopher—of him who makes us smile, as of him who makes us weep. The form matters little in this moral sovereignty of the writer. It is as real in Beaumarchais as in Nicole; in Molière as in Pascal.

Yes, literature has the right to command society. Hence, what becomes of this command if the man of letters descends to the exercise of a trade, if he no longer makes books but to *amass a fortune?* To cringe to the taste of the public, flatter its prejudices, nourish its ignorance, compound with its errors, encourage its bad passions, in fine, write what is fatal to it, but agreeable; such is the necessary condition of whomsoever has a genius for money. What! in exchange for my gold you would make me blush for my stupidity; you would devour my self-love; you would disturb me in the enjoyment of my plunder; you would make me tremble for the future? Your wisdom is too expansive, sir; I'll none of it. Thus thought loses its character of instruction, and its moral authority. The writer who depends on favour, loses the power to guide the public; he even loses the desire; he is a king who abdicates his throne.

All works of the mind have not an equal importance doubtless. Yet all, even the most frivolous in appearance, have a good or evil effect on society. It is not in the power of a man of letters merely to amuse the crowd. For, to amuse men, he must touch the chords which vibrate either to their intellects or their hearts. Which, by the way, proves that the theory of art for art's sake alone is pure nonsense.

Literature—whatever form it assumes—exerts, then, an influence which it is of the highest importance to regulate, and rendering it extremely dangerous to leave in the hands of men who employ it only for the sake of

acquiring money. I can imagine a law being passed to abolish literature as a profession; but to make one to render this *trade* more profitable, and to encourage the *millocrats* of literature, appears to me a madness. Not only is it absurd to declare the writer the proprietor of his work, but it is absurd to propose to him as reward a material recompense. Rousseau copied music for a livelihood, and wrote books to instruct mankind. Such should be the life of every man of letters worthy of the name. If he be rich, let him give himself up entirely to the cultivation of thought, if it be possible. If poor, let him learn to combine with the labours of literature the exercise of a profession subservient to his wants.

Amongst contemporary authors, there is one who, by dint of wearisome researches and vigils, has succeeded in renewing for the people the chain broken in a thousand places of traditions. No one, assuredly, ever worked at an historical work with more love—with more perseverance, than M. Monteil; nobody has devoted to the accomplishment of a literary design a greater portion of his life. What would have become of him, if, during the thirty or forty years he consecrated to his work, M. de Monteil had had to seek the means of existence in his writings? What would have become of him? I dare not say you can divine the answer. But, thanks to God! M. Monteil had a high and intrepid soul. To defend himself against extreme poverty he had recourse to an honourable trade; he even sold the very materials of his studies; he sold the priceless manuscripts he had collected here and there in his voyages of discovery. It was Rousseau copying music. Thanks to this courageous conduct, M. Monteil has lived, not beyond privation, but beyond the caprices of the public. He has remained master of himself and of his work.

Suppose that, instead of writing history for the glory of truth, he had written it *to gain money*—suppose that,

instead of seeking the means of existence in the sale of unknown MS., he had speculated in books; the impatience of success would have seized him; he would have written much faster, and much worse. To the useful and fertile history of agriculture, commerce, and trade, he would have preferred the diverting record of battles and court intrigues. Society would have lost both a great historian and a fine work.

Amid the most illustrious poets of our epoch, how many would one venture to place before Beranger? Beranger has done like Monteil, like Rousseau. Whilst he wrote his immortal songs, he sought, in a small appointment, the means of contending against the necessities of life.

Before the revolution of 1789 the literary profession, in the rigorous acceptation of the word, did not exist. We see, indeed, in the history of the men of letters under Louis XIII. that La Serre was vain of the easy sale of his books, and that Calprenéde — noble as he was — purchased mantles with the pistoles of the bookseller Courbé. Nevertheless, those who counted on the revenues of their books, as a means of living, were the exceptions to the rule. Amongst the writers of that day, some like Brantome and Bussy-Rabutin, were lofty gentlemen who but took up the pen in default of a sword; the others—such as Desmarets—occupied some public office; some were placed under the patronage of the monarch—such as Molière and Racine; the most of them—like Mairet—were in the pay of some great lord. "Had I not the honour to owe you all that I am," wrote Mairet, to the Duke of Montmorency; "and did not *the present I have made you of myself* deprive me of all liberty to dispose of my actions, I know nobody in France to whom I could more justly offer as I do than to yourself these first fruits of my studies." The humiliating character of such a state is palpable; nevertheless, ceased only with the system that had consecrated it.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, for refusing to submit to it, was pitilessly calumniated in his independence by his jealous comrades; less fortunate than Diderot, the royal favourite of Catherine II.; or than Voltaire, the friend of the great Frederick; or Grimn, the courtier of all the royal philosophers of the seventeenth century. To change this state of things, no less than a revolution was requisite; and even on the eve of revolution, do we not find the author of *The Voyage of Young Anacharsis* living under the shadow of the Duc de Choiseul's favour in the pleasant exile of Chanteloup.

'89 came—date for ever famous! Authors then ceased to be property of any one; but, forced to speculate on their works, they became the property of all the world. Whether they have been gainers I know not, but certainly society has been no loser. To what, in fact, did this life reduce itself, which in former days the man of letters led beside the man of power?—to I know not what vain flattery, levied on intellect, by the vanity of fools. It was an evil, but the dignity of the author suffered more from it than the interest of society. The servile prefaces in which Corneille celebrated the virtues of Mazarin, did not hinder him from exclaiming, by the mouth of Emilie:—

"You think 'tis something to excel a king!"

Now, the writer's master is no longer his entertainer, but his reader, when he himself speculates on his thoughts. Instead of the man who alienates his dignity, it is the author who abdicates his duty.

Such is often the character of revolutions, that they carry away the grain with the chaff which it has pleased God to mingle; that of '89 did not act otherwise. By abolishing guilds and corporations, it destroyed at one blow monopoly and association; likewise, in overturning the ancient powers, is destroyed—without distinction—their tyrannical as well as protective elements.

The selfish theory prevailed in letters, as in trade. Principles perished in the violent attack upon their representatives. To break the mould they laid hands on the idea. In the confusion that followed, men of letters having only themselves to think of, naturally adopted the plan of trafficking in their thoughts, and the spirit of commerce invaded literature. Another misfortune; literature was no sooner found to be a lucrative profession, than a host of people rushed into its ranks who found other careers overcrowded. And what sphere of human activity must not be overcrowded, whilst individualism—proclaimed under the name of liberty—comes to involve all in the excesses of an universal competition? On the other hand, magic words had been spoken; the word *Equality* had been written in our codes; but not the less undisguised was the unjust contempt for labourers, artisans, and workmen; not the less were children brought up in the belief that there were trades and arts, professions liberal, and the reverse. Thus, in all hearts was lighted a burning thirst for frivolous distinctions; thus was sown, in young minds, the germ of artistic and literary ambitions; and instruction more extended, without being better guided, prepared the invasion of society by these floods of young men,—all equally greedy of fame,—all equally prompt to enter the beaten paths, in the confidence of their desires and their dreams.

What was the result? That the phenomenon which manifested itself in trade, manifested itself in literature. Strife everywhere, railings, struggles without end, disorders of every kind, and endless disasters. Competition in letters produced results analagous to those in trade. Side by side with the trader adulterating his wares to undersell his rivals, was seen the writer altering his thoughts and torturing his style to conquer the public by the sad attraction of forced situations, exaggerated sentiments, absurd dialogues, and—must I say it?—alas! by evil counsels. Side by side with the great capitalist,

crushing his competitors by dint of capital, stood the rich author, gaining upon the poor one in the regions of fame, and making use of the name thus acquired to keep unknown merit still in the shade. In the midst of a profusion of books—always on the increase—the public remained without a guide; and having no possibility of, or leisure for selection, shut its purse-strings to the serious writer, and threw its soul to the sweetmeats of tricksters. Hence the horrible abuse of advertisements; the traffic in praises, the prostitution of criticism, the rules of acquaintanceship, all the disgrace, falsehood, and scandal of letters.

Yet, if—at the price of the compromised dignity of letters, the confusion of public morals, the sources of intellect poisoned—the majority of men of letters had succeeded! But, no—the undertaking has been as ruinous as hideous; they began by dishonour, they ended by misery.

Then, from amid these ruins speculators have arisen, and have offered to men of letters their assistance. The capital they brought as funds for these patterns of mind were not even money, but some new artifice of trade—some routine. Their aid was accepted. Their aid soon became transformed into despotism. The man of business need but approach the man of letters to absorb him. We have seen writers—like Mairet to the Duc de Montmorency—sell themselves out and out. What can be added to this unfortunately too-faithful picture? Is it true—yes or no!—that hands scarce fit to hold a pen wield at this moment the sceptres of literature? Is it true that, day by day, at the gate of yonder all-powerful publisher, poor authors tire themselves out, demanding publicity like an alms? And if it be true, to what a degree of abasement have we descended?

M. Henri de Latouche has described powerfully this falling off of literature, when he says, "The customs of literature are turned to money; it is the monomania of

our epoch — the mad dog that has bitten an age of grocers. Do you believe that an Insurance Company has been started against the propagation of ideas? Our men of style—like the princelings beyond the Rhine—confederate, not for the expansion of ideas, but the concentration of profits. They have guaranteed the integrality of their territories, and the inviolability of their frontiers —close as they are. They proclaim themselves ruined, if you borrow half an article. It is a sort of holy alliance of paragraphs. We wonder these gentlemen can resign themselves to promenade their persons gratis on the boulevards, without taxing the glances of the passenger!"

II.

IMPOTENCE AND ABSURDITY OF THE REMEDY PROPOSED.

Now, what relation is there, I beg, between the nature of the evil described and that of the remedy proposed?

The evil is in too great an abundance of useless authors, even bad or dangerous ones; and the remedy proposed consists in legally sanctioning this disease!

The evil is in author's speculating in their books; and the remedy consists in prolonging this speculation by making it a posthumous right!

The evil is in the fact that literature is no more than a trade; that shops of thought are kept, whose readers have become customers, whose custom is not to be lost, and to preserve which they must tempt men's tastes—serve their caprices—basely flatter their prejudices—encourage their errors; and the proposed remedy consists in converting into a principle this deplorable fact, and in giving it the sacredness of a law!

So much blindness is scarcely to be conceived.

However, as we are talking of literary property, let us see a little what is the meaning of the words?

The property in thought! as well say the property in the air of a balloon I hold in my hand. An opening made, the air escapes; it expands, it mingles with all things; each breathes it freely. If you would secure my property in it, you must give me that of the atmosphere. Can you?

We ask the partisans of literary property, in the first place—with M. Portalis—what do you understand by a

thought belonging to any one? This thought is yours, you say. But with some dozen books, perhaps, have been made all the libraries that exist; and these dozen books were composed by the whole world.

Great men only govern society by means of a force which they themselves borrow. They enlighten the world only by a burning focus of all the scattered rays emanating from itself.

So true is this, that, when Christ appeared, the Roman world was in the expectation and had a presentiment of the Gospel. As for Luther, did he do anything but represent that desire of resistance which the tyranny of the Popedom had awakened in all hearts, and which burst forth already in various but characteristic and powerful manifestations.

This reasoning leads, it is seen, to abandon all property in the substance, and to recognise only that in the form. And M. de Balzac, to judge by a petition he has addresssed to the Chambers, is much of this opinion. Hence, see what is the result of this fine theory. Charles Fourier thought fit to envelop in eccentric and scarce intelligible terms the ideas forming the base of his system. A literary pirate comes, who takes possession of Fourier's system, explains it in a clear or even elegant style, and offers it for sale. You see plainly that Fourier may starve, whilst the pirate enriches himself. Looked at in this way, where is the property? It is a theft.

Besides, whatever share all may have in the thoughts of each, it cannot be maintained that thought draws all its value from publicity. What is the *price* of thought in solitude? The consumption of material objects can be conceived without society; for, as consumption is individual, it can be solitary. The idea of society adds nothing to the value of the fruits plucked by the savage in the woods to that of the animals he kills by the chase. Where thought is a question, it is quite different. Its importance increases in proportion to the intelligences

that render it homage. Consumption destroys and causes to disappear material objects. Publicity—the consumption of the intellect—far from destroying materials, multiplies them, renders them more precious, adds to their fertility, and increases their chances of life. There is no need then to know whence the *origin* of the productions of the mind, it is enough to know whence their *value*, to understand that they ought not to be the property of any one. A society confers value upon them; to society alone the right of property belongs. To recognise, for individual profit, a right to literary property, is not only to injure, but to rob society.

"Take care!" cries M. de Balzac, in his pamphlet; "if you allow literary property to be denied, landed property is in peril; the logic which attacks the one, will soon overturn the other." As tactics, nothing more ingenious than this comparison; as argument, nothing could be weaker. If property, after being recognised, in fact, has been defended in principle, it has only been so in relation to the profit society could draw from consenting to its inviolability. We may suppose society saying to the proprietor: "You shall be master of this domain, and you may leave it to your children, because the labours of agriculture, to become as fertile as they should be, require security, patience, and time. You can cry without any one having a right to contradict you openly—*This is mine;* because we wish to make it your interest to plant and sow for others than yourself; to dig canals, which your children will complete; to open mines so deep, that the life of man cannot exhaust their treasures. It is on that account we declare you proprietor."

Whence has arisen for the defence of property the social interest, well or ill understood; without speaking of the apparent necessity of respecting a fact so ancient, so generally accepted, so difficult to disturb, or even modify. On the other hand, nothing of the kind. The interest of an author is placed in one of the scales—the

social interest in the other. And we are asked to recognise that one man weighs more than all humanity. Property in literature is then condemned without appeal by its very principle; but it is far more severely condemned by its consequences.

If the property in literature is recognised, it should be hereditary and perpetual; for one of two things must be —either it is contrary to the interest of society (in which case why consecrate the principle?) or it is conformable to the interests of society (in which case why limit the utility?). In the first case there is no excuse; in the second, the inconsistency is monstrous.

Nothing is more pitiable, in truth, than this discussion, which turns on the point -- whether the privileges of authors shall survive them ten, thirty, or fifty years. That is evidently not the question at all.

To what danger would not society expose itself by perpetuating the copyright? In an article full of sense and power, the *National* says, "If you consecrate the right of property to authors, what becomes of the general interest? Does the author himself guarantee it? Can you know through what changing states the author himself may not pass? Are you ignorant of the biography of the most illustrious writers? Would not Racine—devoted in his old age to the translation of the Psalms—have destroyed *Phedre et Andromaque?* Did not La Fontaine, attacked by his confessor, order his tales to be burned? Suppose that, in 1814, the right of collateral heirs had existed to the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the government had seduced the heirs to avail themselves of their right, and alienate for a considerable sum the property of these works,—they would have disappeared." These arguments are excellent, and how many others arise in their support? But, in general, it seems to me that the opponents of the right to property in literature have too exclusively aimed at pointing out the inconveniences of the transmissibility, of the perpetuity

of the right. It is the exercise of this right by the author himself they ought to attack. "Substitute the word *reward* for the word *property*, and, confining to ten years the enjoyment of the inheritance, maintain things upon their present footing." They ought to say boldly, and as befits those who believe themselves combatting in the cause of truth—"Make a law not to preserve literary property, but to declare it anti-social and impious. Make a law to abolish the *trade* of the man of letters, by substituting for the system of literary copyright, not even that of individual rewards, but that of social rewards." The fact is that neither the partisans of literary property, nor its adversaries, dared to be quite consistent in their logic.*

For my part, I do not hesitate to reiterate—that not only is the trading in a book by the heirs of an author but even by the author himself, a great evil.

Indeed we have arrived at establishing that in society an idea is a medium of exchange—just as a ball of cotton or a loaf of sugar,—and that the profits of the thinker should be reckoned by the number who profit by his thought.

On the one hand, it is absurd; on the other, iniquitous.

For who can know in what manner a thought arrives at the intellect of any one? Culled from a book, an idea passes under the brush of the painter; the pencil of the illustrator catches it; the chisel of the sculptor carves it in marble; it flies on the wings of conversation; to pursue it through all its manifestations were infinite,—its empire in space is immeasurable. The world becomes its empire; should the world become its tributary? Here you verge on the impossible; yet a step, and you

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* Where is the man who *is* consistent in his logic? Alas! one could weep for the *one-sided bigotry* of religionists, philosophers, economists, and reformers, did not their mutual injustice neutralise and correct their influences?—TRANSLATOR.

verge on injustice? All enjoy the advantage of its circulation; the tax is only levied on a few. I owe you the price of your thought for cutting it from a book; I owe you nothing for catching it from the lips of an orator, or for seeing it sculptured on the façade of a temple? Since we talk of a tax, could there be one more unequally levied?

With regard to material objects, one can comprehend the measurement of the profits of production by the extent of consumption; the limits of consumption are assignable, since at the end of the account consumption must end in destruction. But can the limits be measured of this intellectual consumption which is called publicity? An idea, which is consumed, does not disappear; on the contrary, it swells, and is at the same time strengthened and extended both in time and space. Give it the world as consumer, it becomes as inexhaustible as nature, as immortal as the deity.

Consequently, to submit thought to the theory of exchange is to measure a finite by an infinite quantity. The extravagance of this system is flagrant.

With regard to its results, they are odious. The partisans of copyright—that is of a trade in literature by authors—have taken the proud position of protectors of genius and patrons of intellect; and they have not seen that were their system rigorously applied—that were not its vices sometimes tempered by a page borrowed from the contrary system, that of social remuneration — it would lead genius straight to the hospital, and bury in darkness the most precious productions of intellect. The proof is easy. Literary property means reward by exchange—means trade; trade means competition. Behold, thence, bad books in competition with good; behold certain romances, which spoil the heart and deprave the mind, in competition with books useful but austere; behold the seductive doctrine of vice competing with the loftiest and most moral conceptions. *Justine* finds more

purchasers than *The Thoughts of Pascal;* or he who would perhaps have gladly paid tribute to the genius of Pascal, is prevented by the tax laid upon him by M. de Sade. Thus—thanks to this beautiful system of recompence contrived for genius—the power of evil is centripled; the taste of the public mind irremediably corrupted, rejects all substantial nourishment, and we have at once all the evils of perversion of minds and hearts—the introduction of dangerous books; the impoverishment of great writers; the scandalous success of a few unscrupulous men of talent, and of many frivolous authors.

I do not wish to descend, in this discussion, to a miserable war of proper names; but were examples necessary, how many could I not cite! What stupid platitudes crowned by fashion! what fine works buried in neglect! I will not mention here the *sum of money* which an author received for a *Treatise on the Art of tying a Cravat!* because it would be impossible for me not to think of the poverty of some great men, and the blood would mount to my forehead at the thought.

A book succeeds in these days: why? On account of its merit? Not the least in the world; on account of its publisher. Genius receives a passport from speculation.

But there are honest publishers, who render real services to letters. Yes, thank God! and I know one, for my part, in whom the writers of the highest merit have found a veritable providence. But the number of these worthy men is few; and of those who would follow their example, many are carried away by the waves of competition, and forced, to escape the disasters of trade, to publish corruption or scandal. Add to this, that the true man of letters is generally little versed in the science of traffic. Not so the *manufacturer* of literature. He knows to a marvel—he—how to bargain with his books; it is his trade. The system of payment by exchange is, in fact, nothing more than a premium offered to the spirit of speculation.

Hence, whether we examine the right to literary property as to its principles, or study it in its necessary consequences, we are equally led to its condemnation. Yet this was the main point in the report of M. de Lamartine, which excited so much attention.

M. de Lamartine commences his report in these words: —"Society, in constituting all property, has three objects in view — to remunerate labour, to perpetuate families, and to increase the public wealth. Justice, foresight, and interest, and three ideas at the bottom of every possession."

If labour were remunerated by the constitution of property, all labourers would be proprietors, and all proprietors would have been labourers. The reverse is the fact. The present constitution of property allows those who enjoy it by its very nature all the sweets of repose, and throws upon those deprived of its benefits all the burden of labour. On one side, we have a small number of men living luxuriously on their rents; on the other, a great number scarcely existing by the sweat of their brows. Let M. de Lamartine reflect a little on this fact.

As for perpetuating families,—if property has that effect, the families of the non-proprietors cannot perpetuate themselves, and the phrase of M. de Lamartine might be modified thus: "Society, in constituting property, has in view, to perpetuate some families, and prevent others from being perpetuated."

As to what regards the increase of the public wealth, it requires explanation. If wealth increases but by concentrating itself in the hands of some individuals, it is not *public* wealth. Under the empire of property as it is constituted, are the rich or the poor more numerous?

If M. de Lamartine had said: "Property has been constituted because society has not hitherto known, and does not yet know, how it could contrive to live without it." The thesis might be maintained. But in speaking here of justice, foresight, and interest, M. de

Lamartine has confounded the interest of society with that of the lucky few; he has made foresight a virtue of monopoly, and taken the name of justice in vain.

To resume our quotation.

"There are men who labour with the hand; there are men who labour with the mind. The results of this labour are different; the title of labourer is the same: the latter contend with the earth and the seasons, they pluck visible fruits in exchange for their toils: the former battle with ideas, with prejudice, and ignorance; with the sweat of their brows they too water their pages, often with their tears, sometimes with their blood; and receive according to the humour of the times, poverty or public favour—martyrdom or glory."

This exposition is evidently incomplete. If there are writers who combat, there are those who defend prejudice. Books often oppose, but also often encourage, ignorance. Rousseau glorified, but D'Holbach denied God. Fenelon moralised—the Marquis de Sade corrupts society. Science has its Galileos, but it has also its Cagliostros; and perhaps has made fewer martyrs, than it has crowned charlatans.

I insist on this distinction, which M. de Lamartine has forgotten; because when it is proposed to remunerate the labour of intellect, the first question to solve is this: To find a means of rewarding intellectual labour, without confounding in the same recompence the writers who delight and instruct society with those who deceive and deprave it; for that is neither conformable to justice, prudence, nor interest.

"Is it just—is it useful—is it possible, to secure to writers and their families the property in their works? Three questions to be considered as to the very principle of the law proposed in its first articles. Are not these questions solved beforehand? What is justice, if it be not the proportion between cause and effect—between labour and reward?

Let us accept this definition of justice. If correct, it is plain that nothing can be more sovereignly unjust than to place the reward of mental labour in the rights of literary property.

That Laplace should have no other material recompence for his works, than the right to sell them; as a work like the *Celestial Mechanism* naturally addresses itself to very few readers, what proportion is there between the labour and the recompence of Laplace? But look at a romancer who blots a few pages, not only bad, but corruptive, for the use of all idle readers. The man of genius runs great risk of dying in poverty; whilst our romancer—without even burning his oil—has carriages and servants. In what way understand this distributive justice! But you say the State takes the man of genius under its patronage, confers upon him dignities, and raises him to the loftiest employments. Take care! you desert your system; and this necessity of deserting it, proves all I can say of the violent inequalities it contains, and the injustice it consecrates.

"Is it useful? It is sufficient to reply that it is just—for the greatest utility to society is justice. But those who ask whether it is useful to remunerate in the future the labours of intellect, have never raised their thoughts to the nature and results of this labour, or they would have seen that it is labour acting without capital—creating without expending—producing without other assistance than that of genius and will. As to its results—they would have seen that it is the species of labour influencing most of all the destinies of man; for it is he who acts upon the mind—that governs. Traverse in thought the world and its times—The Bible, Vedas Confucius, the Gospel—everywhere a sacred volume in the hands of the legislator at the birth of a nation. All civilization is the offspring of a book. Is, then, the labour that destroys, that transforms the world—is such labour indifferent to the world?"

Where are we? It was the point to prove *that it is useful to preserve in the hands of writers and their families the property in their works.* And instead of that, M. de Lamartine proves—what nobody ever doubted—that thought is useful! Behold an astonishing paralogism. Yes, truly, thought is useful; and far from denying this truth, on the contrary, it is upon it that we found our demand not to hamper its course, or render it possible ever to check its propagation. It is because all civilization is the offspring of a book, that we would not allow even an author, by declaring him its proprietor, to tear it to pieces and scatter it to the winds. And what we deny to an author, from respect to God—primitive author of the books which are called sacred—you would accord, you, to an heir who is perhaps an idiot, perhaps even a villain or a madman! And it is in the name of the immense services a book can render to humanity, that you recognise in an individual the inconceivable right to destroy a work he has not made, and is often incapable of understanding! For if you admit this to be improbable, it must at any rate be considered legitimate; lest you overthrow with one hand the edifice reared by the other, lest you lessen the property by stripping the proprietor of the prerogatives constituting it. Imagine the Gospels belonging by right of succession to some Mr. So-and-So? Imagine a speculator purchasing the exclusive right of vending the salvation of mankind?*

"Lastly; is it possible? Is this eventual and fugitive wealth which results from the materialised propagation of thought, by the printing of books, of a nature to be seized and regulated by the forms of property? To this question facts have replied for us. This property exists, is sold, bought, and defended like every other. We have but to study its nature, and regulate its conditions, to

* In England, the speculators in question are represented by our Universities, who enjoy the exclusive right of printing the Scriptures for the public.—TRANSLATOR.

admit it fully into the domain of things possessed and guaranteed to their possessors. This we have done."

M. Berville has replied so victoriously to this passage of M. de Lamartine's report, that we cannot do better than repeat word for word the passage of M. de Berville.

"In proclaiming the property, whether perpetual or of fifty years duration, which in practice amounts almost to the same thing, you quit the hands of the author and encounter his representatives. Well! the heirs; it may yet pass to the next generation, supposing always that there be not collateral heirs; but when once the heirs come to be disseminated, how are you to deal with them? Must literary property be entailed to a species of aristocracy, and have its Chrevrin and d'Hozier? or must there be a *Book of Gold*, as at Venice? That is not all. This right you accord is not only given to heirs; the property is not only transmissible by descent, it is so also by sale, by donation; you accord it then to creditors; and as these obligations are not public matters, they must be guessed; you must know whom to apply to. Where are your investigations to end?"

M. Berville is right. It is impossible to extend literary property without approaching more and more to chaos. In arguing from what is possible, with a delay of twenty years to one of fifty, M. de Lamartine has not vanquished the difficulty; he has eluded it. He has not remarked that, in proportion to the number of years succeeding, literary property would change hands, and become divided in such a manner as to render it at length impossible to follow its traces.

The report, then, of M. de Lamartine proves nothing that he desired to prove.

But what are we to say to the discussion to which it gave rise?

M. G. Cavaignac has written in the *Journal du Peuple* (People's Journal) an article, in which the question we are occupied on is treated in a very elevated tone.

"The man of talent ought no more than any other to be the slave of poverty; but if he cannot submit to that independent poverty of strong minds and simple existences, at least he should not nourish ideas of luxury, or the tastes it inspires. When a writer loves money, it is always doubtful whether he possesses or preserves talent. If he have, avarice degrades and luxury enervates it. If he have it, the writer will not seek his pleasure, it seems to me otherwise than in his mind and his reputation, in his conceptions and his influence; he will not, doubtless, require the enjoyments of Harpagon or Turcaret. Our social state has nothing left of these cenobitic conditions, nothing of these grave existences, which at least preserve the tradition of austere and disinterested habits, of the rules of isolation and abstinence, modest and faithful self-sacrifice. No more Benedictines labouring zealously in some corner of the learned world; no more Missionaries carrying to far lands their doctrines, to the depths of countries without echo for their names; no more learned societies burying themselves in the sobriety and obscure utility of colleges. All that, it is true, was mingled with many abuses and vices, which at the same time we regret; but we regret the loss of those noble and grave habits of disinterestedness, of retirement, devotion, and study. It is a vacant part in the drama of our days, which we should like to see filled by men of letters worthy of the name."

Here are noble thoughts, nobly expressed, and the Chamber should have placed itself at this height, to discuss the question. But to make of thought a chattel, and seek painfully how long this chattel can be made to last in a family; to exhaust all the arguments which the spirit of chicanery can suggest; to discover whether the creditors, for instance, of a publisher can seize or not the genius of a great man, as security for their debt; and whether the husband should, as master of the family, have his right to publish the works of his wife without

the consent of his partner; and whether it is the wife's right to publish, without restriction, the posthumous works of her husband, etc. etc : all that is puerile and contemptible. From these quarrels of absurdity, what would result? You shall judge—

Firstly. The exclusive right to publish a work is accorded to an author and his representatives, during all the life of the writer, and thirty years after his death.

Secondly. This right is declared intangible in the person of the author, and tangible only in that of its purchaser, and by his creditors.

Thirdly. In default of express condition, the author is not considered to part with more than a first edition.

Such were the chief dispositions of the law proposed in accordance with the principles developed in M. de Lamartine's report. The conclusion was worthy of the exordium. O Descartes! O Montaigne! O Pascal! O Jean Jacques! O all ye whose writings have given to France the intellectual empire of the world, what would you say could you see the sad use they make of your glory, and the cause in which your immortal names are invoked?

If only that which is taken from the majesty of the employment were added in comfort to those who exercise it worthily! But do they imagine that by the extension of the inheritance to thirty years, the lots of men of letters is really ameliorated? Will the courageous writer who devotes three-fourths of his life to a work destined for a few select readers, be better rewarded? Will the young man who has neither relatives, fortune, or name, more easily find a publisher? Will fashion be less easily acquired by every author who flatters the vices and errors of his epoch, to the detriment of him who redresses, combats, and shames them? Behold sores that require a speedy remedy. And instead of meditating their cure, our legislators are pre-occupied—with what? I am ashamed to mention it—the grandson of a man of

genius starving; what a spectacle!—This spectacle is indeed sad. But how comes the grandson of a man of genius to be exposed to starvation? If it is because he will not render any service to society, I cannot pity him. If it is because his services are not recompensed as they deserve by society, the fault lies in your social organization. Change it.

III.

WHAT, IN OUR OPINION, IS THE REMEDY FOR THE EVIL.

THESE are, in every law concerning literature and men of letters, the results to be obtained.

Firstly. To weaken as much as possible the disastrous influence which the bitter warfare of publishers exercised upon literature.

Secondly. To supply every author of merit, poor and unknown, the means of printing and making known his talent.

Thirdly. To establish, parallel with the system of remuneration by exchange, a mode of reward which proportions the recompence to the service, and encourages serious works by freeing writers from dependence on a public which rushes out of preference to that which amuses it, and too often pays only for being corrupted and deceived.

Fourthly. Make the best books the cheapest.

Fifthly. To found an institution which from its nature should limit the profits of literary smugglers, and combat that shameful tendency of writers to make themselves speculators or purveyors of speculation.

To attain, at least, in part the various results which have been enumerated, we propose as follows:—

A social publishing and bookselling house should be established on the basis indicated in the chapter of this book headed *Organization of Labour*.

This social library would be founded by, but not subservient to, the State. It should govern itself, and make

itself amongst its members the partition of the profits obtained by the common labour, as has been said in the preceding article. Only its constitution would be originally regulated by laws of which the State would guard the execution.*

Conformably to these laws, the social library would have no copyright to pay for. The price of the books thrown into circulation would be fixed in advance by the State, and calculated with a view to the greatest possible sale.

All the expenses of printing would be at the cost of the social library. A committee of enlightened men chosen and paid by it, would review the works.

The writers whose works the social library would publish, should acquire in exchange for their abandoned copyright the exclusive right to compete for the national rewards.

There should be a fund specially set apart to reward such of the said authors, as, in all the spheres of thought, have best merited from their country.

Every time that the first work of an author was judged worthy of a national reward, a premium should be accorded by the national library; this premium should be intended to encourage the library to support rising talent, and to indemnify the losses to which this protection might sometimes expose it.

The representatives of the people should name every year, and for every description of mental labour, a citizen, who should be paid by the social library, and have the mission to examine, in his sphere, all the works issued

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* I may here remark, that, with the exception of M. Louis Reybaud, all the critics who have noticed this little work, have reproached me with wishing to charge the State with immense and partly impossible duties. If they had read our work more attentively, they would have seen that we make the State not the director of the social *ateliers*, but their legislator—a very different matter.

by the social press. He should have a year to study the critiques on these works, to study the impression which society had received, and interrogate, lastly, public opinion by its most intelligent organs, and not by the blind number of purchasers. At the end of the year, he should submit to the Chambers the results of his examination in a clear and detailed report. A month after the publication of this report, which should be made with all possible solemnity, the representatives of the people should divide between those authors judged worthy of the gratitude of their country the funds of the national rewards. It is needless to say, that in this partition regard should be had to the nature of the works and the time employed for their completion.

This system will appear simple to some—eccentric to others, I know; and already hosts of objections arise. Nevertheless, let us see.

No one is ignorant how obstacles in these days beset the entrance to a literary career. Are you young, are you poor, are you so little favoured by destiny, as only to possess a great intellect and a noble heart? Then woe to you! Woe to you, especially, if, taking your vocation seriously, you have only thought of working for the future with love to mankind and an eye to God! Difficulties entwine your footsteps, and air will perhaps be wanting to your intellect. The patent dispensers of fame answer, if you go to them, supposing they are capable of understanding you, that your name is too obscure and your work too heavy; that success only pertains to acquired reputations—and taking writings, —that too much disorder has been introduced into the affairs of the present age,—that a publisher should hazard the publication, at his own risk and peril, of a book without name; or perhaps he will spare you the humiliation of a refusal by imposing upon you the hardest conditions, and making publicity a spoliation.

The system we propose indicates a remedy for this

immense evil. By substituting an asssociation, acting in open day, for individuals who are in the shade, frauds and violences would be cut short, which the obscurity of private relations provokes and protects. It makes the publication of good works depend, not on speculators, who have often no brains for trade, but on competent men, which it interests in the success of every useful and commendable work; in a word, tends to open an issue to unknown talent, and to fertilize all the germs which society carries in its bosom.

At present, and under the empire, day by day, more encroaching of mercantile passions, it is manifest that literature repeats itself—becomes corrupted, degraded, and prostituted. The writers no longer looking forward to anything but money, have no other means of obtaining it but trade. Thought is nothing more than a ballast; and as the quality matters little in this sort of traffic, it is in quantity that they speculate, and inundate the market with bad books, the pearls remaining for ever hidden in these dusthills. Adieu to labourers patient and meritorious! Can cupidity wait? Adieu to the genius of study! To enjoy life, must one wait old age? besides, to what end? The State existing but in name, and society being no more than a confused amalgam of individuals in juxta-position, where would be the purchasers of books which consume a whole life? Glory cannot here step in to console poverty. For where money serves as a recompence to the writer, the judgment of posterity is the wealth of those who purchase, and glory is mere fashion.

In the proposed system, many of these inconveniences disappear. The man of letters would be raised to the dignity of his mission, when he should see before him, as encouragement to study, a recompence granted to his services which should repay his disinterestedness, and solemnly declare him the creditor of his country.

But until this recompence be obtained, how should the

man of letters contend against the necessities of life? He would imitate Jean Jacques Rousseau. Beyond his intellectual labour, he would devote himself to the exercise of a lucrative profession. The dignity of the man of letters, his independence, his royalty, can only flourish thus. Men, thanks to heaven, have received from God various aptitudes. Why should his function be *one*, since his nature is *multiform*? As well that intellect cannot be always at work,—it requires management, and the varieties of seed entrusted to it redouble its fertility.

It will be asked, perhaps, what will become in our system of those writers who, prizing fame much less than money, refuse any judges but their purchasers? These will have the resource of publishing their own works—in getting them published just as it is done now. The conditions, it is true, will be less favourable, since the social library will compete seriously with individual publishers. But of what writers is here the question? Of those whose books, deriving their attraction either from frivolity, corruption, or scandal, do, as it were, violence to the purses of a great number of readers, and run after great profits. And, if the profits of futile or dangerous books should be diminished to the profit of the good, where would be the evil? Ought society to allow men to grow immeasurably rich by cheating it, and by serving it be exposed to remain poor? Is this just? And is not the nation on the brink of an abyss, which can produce such a shameful phenomenon? Yes; the system proposed would inevitably reduce the profits of those who make a trade and merchandise of thought. But this result, far from injuring, argues in favour of the scheme.

We foresee another objection. It will be opposed to us, how dangerous it would be to make the State sovereign arbiter of the productions of the mind. But a little reflection reassures us on this head. The State, I repeat, would be the legislator, not the manager, of the social

library. The laws once made, the State would guard their execution, as it defends burglary or assassination. What would there be in this, of monopoly, or tyranny? As for the natural rewards, it would not be the executive that would decree them, but society itself, represented by those forming its *elite*, and which it chose to represent and personify it. Who is to answer, you say, for the enlightenment and honesty of those called in to designate the candidates? I answer, in two words, their interest. For admitting for an instant, though the hypothesis is exorbitant, that the assembly should chose an ignoramus to guide them in the appreciation of scientific works, would such an ignoramus accept such a mission?—would he for mere humour expose himself to the ridicule of the world? And if in the place of our ignorant you place a corruptible man, what excess of audacity and impudence would he not require to brave a moral responsibility, the most heavy that ever weighed upon a man? Note well, it is here no question of a deliberative academy with closed doors, and composed of men amongst whom there is no responsibility. The responsibility here would be personal, nominative; it must be accepted or rejected altogether. And then all would be done in open day.

The judgment would be pronounced in the loftiest of all theatres, before the country, before the entire world. The judge would have a whole year to form his judgment. When he expressed it, criticism would already have spoken—the opinion of all intelligent men would be known;* what guarantees, without mentioning that of the choice made by the assembly! For whatever distrust may exist of deliberative assemblies, it must be owned that there are questions before which the spirit of faction is struck dumb.

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* Hear this, newspaper-reviewers and magazine-wrights: ye, who cut up books without cutting their leaves, and crown with green bays the book that has scarcely touched the baize of your library tables.—Tr.

Besides, were errors possible, such an objection is totally valueless. To what institution does it not apply? Can society dispense with laws, because the legislator is not infallible? Would you overthrow your tribunals, because an error of judgment can there dispose of the fortune, liberty, or life of a citizen? As long as men are subject to be misled by their reason or their feelings, all systems will be imperfect. Those who give out their ideas as an universal panacea of immediate effect are charlatans to be distrusted, or fanatics to be pitied. When a system is produced in good faith, it ought to be examined with good faith; that is to say, not by seeking whether it is altogether exempt from imperfections, but if the sum of the advantages it offers are not superior to those of the inconveniences accompanying them.

Our system does not comprehend dramatic literature, because, the drama being a direct means of government, it would be requisite to establish for dramatic literature particular rules. This would be the subject of an ulterior work.

We have concealed none of our thoughts. So much the worse for those who would have wounded our frankness! But we owed to ourselves, as citizens, to protest against doctrines which lead to the corruption of literature, and the degradation of men of letters

M. de Lamartine has said, in his report,—

"What do we not owe to those men whose heritage we have so long allowed to fall to ruin? Five or six immortal names are the whole nationality of the past. Poets, philosophers, orators, historians, artists, remain in the memory the striking abridgment of centuries and nations.

"Montaigne plays the sceptic with ideas, and returns them to circulation stamped with a modern style. Pascal refines thought, not only to doubt, but up to God. Bossuet elevates human language to a height, from which it had never descended since Sinai. Racine, Molière

Corneille, Voltaire, found and noted all the cries of the human heart. Montesquieu scrutinises the institutions of empires, invents the critique of society, and the formulas of politics. Rousseau empassions them. Mirabeau incarnates, and places them on the tribune. Since then rational governments are discovered, public reason has its legal organ, and liberty takes steps of ideas, by the light of discussion. Custom, civilization, wealth, influence, government, France owes all to them: our children perhaps will owe as much to those who come after them. The eternal and inexhaustible patrimony of France is its intelligence; and, by handing down the generous deed to humanity, by reserving to herself this glorious part which makes its character amid all nations, was not the time arrived to institute that useful part which makes the dignity of letters personal property, the independence of the writer, and the reward of the State!"

Ah! monsieur, when these words dropped from your pen, did no voice whisper in your heart warning you of your error? When it is a question of appreciating the importance of men of genius, you make them demi-gods; and when it is the question how to regulate their lot, you reduce them to pedlers! Your admiration raises them to heaven, and your system precipitates them into the abyss! Your talent has betrayed you, sir; do not defend yourself. Your very eloquence condemns your conclusions, and I wish no better proof than the magnificence of your language. No; it is not possible that a poet could have been quite sincere in invoking so much glory and grandeur in support of interests so wretched! No! it is not possible! I think I understand you, sir: rich, and childless, you have been seduced by the idea that, in claiming the right to drive bargains for men of letters, you pleaded a cause not your own.* Had you

* Of course de Lamartine is above all selfish motives, though he might be almost excused for the weakness, did the shadow of it fall on his heart; since it is reported that his "History of the Girondins" produced him above 5,000*l*.—TRANSLATOR.

been poor, never would you have demanded that men of letters should be payed in crowns. Father of a family,* you would have held the heritage of your name sufficient for your successors. You have deceived yourself; you have been generously duped by the disinterested part which destiny has given you in this matter.

It is not one of the least symptoms of the evil which ravages modern society, that this religion of industrialism is so loftily professed by so great a poet as M. de Lamartine; by a man of an intellect so exalted. Thus, the trading taint repeats itself in different situations, invades all things, renders men servile; it dares to say to the poet himself, like the tempter to Jesus, *si cadens adoraveris me*, and the poet prostrates himself! Well! so long as a breath of life is left us, even if our voice be lost in the immense clamour of all the cupidity in action, we will combat—we—these degrading tendencies; we will demand that disinterestedness be preserved in the list of great virtues; we will demand that honour, glory, and the satisfaction of duty fulfilled, cease not to be proposed as recompence for human activity; we will demand that man be not impoverished to such a degree that the lust of gold alone remains to him. And to those who know not all the nobleness that lives in the soul of a writer, we will recall those sublime words of Jean Jacques (Confessions).

"No, no; I say it with as much truth as pride, never at any time in my life could interest or indigence succeed in weighing on my heart. In the course of a life unequal and memorable for its vicissitudes, I have ever regarded with the same eyes, opulence and misery. In extremity, I might have begged or thieved like another, but never troubled my mind at being reduced to such a position. Never has poverty or the fear of poverty caused me to

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* Lamartine's daughter and wife are dead. He is alone in his [illegible]ess.—TRANSLATOR.

heave a sigh or shed a tear. My soul, in the trials of ortune, has only recognised as real advantages and evils hose which depend not on fortune, and it is when nothing was wanting to my necessities, that I felt myself the most unfortunate of mortals."

APPENDIX.

WHAT CAN BE TRIED EVEN NOW.

In the work preceding, we have shewn the path that should be followed to induce progressively an equitable and healthy organization of labour, a government being friendly to the people, and the issue of popular suffrages. The proposed plan, consequently, supposes as a means of attaining a social revolution, the accomplishment of a political revolution.

Hence, it is possibly far removed—this expected hour, when the State will be no more than the living will of the people. And, meanwhile, what disorders in the domain of labour become a veritable *champ clos!* what sufferings! what poverty!

Thus we have heard the cry raised, until a political revolution can be effected, nothing can be done for the workmen.

Thank God, this opinion is not ours! doubtless, partial efforts are to be distrusted, but we are not of a nature to recommend to the people apathy in evil and suffering.

Thus only, let care be had of imprudent or false attempts—of attempts that either may delay the definitive object to be attained, or decry the principle of association!

Meanwhile, it has happened, that under the inspiration of an honourable sentiment, some known members of the democratic party have united for the purpose of discussing this question, so grand and so much agitated, of the organization of labour; and to seek how, in the present state of things, the principle of association could be realised, which is the point on which the whole question

turns: the party which has the majority of votes shall proceed to form an association of credit, which shall preside over the birth of the various associations of labourers, supply them with instruments of labour, print rules for them, but leave them to compete with one another, and without requiring them to found their existence in the establishment of a collective capital subject to indefinite increase, in fine—inalienable.

For us, we can never join in such a project.

Firstly. Because every association of labourers which does not impose on itself the law of indefinite expansion, by means of a capital collective and inalienable, must have interests distinct from those of the mass of workmen, which can never succeed in enfranchising themselves save by considering themselves as one family.

Secondly. Because to assist certain workmen to form amongst themselves a particular and limited association, is to create privileged classes amongst the working men, and to establish categories where on the contrary unity ought to prevail.

Thirdly. Because the grand and universal emancipation of labour can never take place, as long as competition subsists; the endless source of hates and jealousies, frauds and disasters.

Fourthly. Because in a state of competition, to add to the strength of the one is to increase the weakness of others. Thus, if competition were systematically maintained, all support lent to a particular association becomes fatal to those who, excluded from this association, remain abandoned to their own resources.

To resume: what is the question? to arrive practically and progressively at the realisation of the dogma: Liberty, equality, fraternity? well then, the right of competition must be disputed, for—

With competition there can be no liberty; for competition arrests the development of the faculties of the weaker, and leaves them a prey to the stronger.

With competition, no equality; since competition is nothing more than inequality in action.

With competition, no fraternity; since competition is a combat.

Doubtless, this murderous principle is not to be destroyed *immediately—at one blow.* But it is to render its destruction complete and inevitable, that every system whose end is the emancipation of the workmen ought to tend.

This is what we propose.

That a committee be formed of the social and democratic party.

That the committee open a subscription with a view to the enfranchisement of the working men, like those formed in late years to protest against the degradation of the national dignity, or to honour the memory of some virtuous citizen, or to come to the aid of a friendly or oppressed people.

That the funds collected in this manner, be placed at the disposal of an association of workmen, which, be it understood, is only to be considered as the first knot of the universal association of workmen. It ought to be composed of several different trades, and to be constituted on a basis of which the following are the heads.

CONTRACT.

It will be objected, perhaps, that the project of which we here give the heads, does not piece in exactly with the laws relating to joint-stock companies.

It is certain that these laws have hitherto been made with a view to the *association of capital*, instead of the association of powers and sentiments.

Nevertheless, an attentive study of the code, and the opinion of several eminent journalists, enable us to affirm that the contract above is reconcilable with the form of the laws respecting *joint-stock societies.*—NOTE OF M. LOUIS BLANC.

ARTICLE 1.—The associated workmen to be distributed

in two families, each consisting of an equal number of members.

The number of workmen increasing, the number of families to increase in proportion.

The members forming a family to be chosen, as far as practicable, from the same quarter.

ART. 2.—The general assembly of workmen to name a central council of administration, of which the special duties would be to seek work, to treat with middle men, and distribute labour and wages in such a way that, as far as possible, each family should receive the same number of hours of labour, and the same remuneration.

ART. 3.—There should be in every family a council, designated as the family council, composed of members elected by the family.

The functions of this council would be to divide amongst all the members of a family the portion of the work and salary due to them. The members of this council would have besides, the mission to inspect the works, and see that each completes his task.

ART. 4.—Every family to elect one of its members, specially charged with the examination of the books and the verification of the work done, whether by the central council, or whether by particular councils.

ART. 5.—Every workman to be paid at the rate of five francs for every eight hours of labour.

The profits beyond this sum to form part of the common fund, of which we are about to indicate the employ.

ART. 6.—At the end of the year an exact report of the condition of the society would be prepared. To this effect, a general debtor and creditor account to be made. If any excess remain, it would be divided into two parts, of which one would be distributed amongst the associates in equal portions, the other would constitute a collective unalienable capital, destined to the extension of the association by successive additions, as will be hereafter shewn.

ART. 7.—Every associate become infirm or sick, and who could prove the fact, should be entitled to the same salary, and the same advantages, as if he had remained in perfect health.

ART. 8.—Nothing is due to a workman quitting the association, whether by voluntary act or misconduct, but the wages of his labour not yet paid him.

ART. 9.—Recognising that the right to labour belongs to every man, and that all association clothed with an exclusive character is an attack on the doctrine of fraternity, the associates engaging themselves in the most formal manner to admit, on the footing of perfect equality, every workman who presents himself and adheres to the statutes, provided he be of the class and proves it, and that the situation of the society does not render his admission totally impossible.

ART. 10.—To decide this, a jury should be formed, composed of seven members, and elected by the whole association.

ART. 11.—The associates to recognise that it is better to gain less, than prevent their brethren from existing. The jury of workmen ought then to decide upon the cases of admission, on the principle that to monopolise labour is treason to humanity.

ART. 12.—The associates are divided already, as has been said above, into two families. They may increase, by successive additions, to the number of 100 members each, and should then be declared complete. If new members arrive, they should be distributed in equal number between the two existing families, until they formed the number of 100, in which case they would form a new family, and so on.

ART. 13.—The jury of workmen to be chosen by the associates as a tribunal, to decide any disputes that might arise amongst the members. The jury would decide the genuineness of illness, and pronounce on the report of the inspectors, the exclusion of the workmen convicted of

idleness. It would have, in fine, the right to pronounce, after a public debate, the revocation of those members of the council deserving to be revoked; and this in the form followed by the tribunal of arbitration of disputes.

ART. 14.—There would be every year a re-election of members of councils and of juries.*

Whilst occupied in revising the present edition, we have received from a workman (M. Agricol Perdignier), known by his work on *Comradeship*, the letter and scheme following.

We hasten to place before the eyes of our readers the plan indicated by M. A. Perdignier, convinced with him, that the question is one that ought to occupy the mind of every good citizen.

MONSIEUR LOUIS BLANC.

I have heard that you were preparing a new edition of your book on *The Organization of Labour*. As this question is a very grave one, and ought to receive attention from all, I have tried to form a plan of association, which I send you, and which I beg you to submit to your readers, if you think it can give them any satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,

AGRICOL PERDIGNIER.

Paris, 18*th March*, 1847.

RULES.

ART. 1.—If workmen, acting in concert, succeed in forming a social capital for the purpose of undertaking

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* The plan here proposed by M. Louis Blanc is simply a more complicated form and more serious conception of *Mutual Benefit Associations*, such as they exist in England, and which *properly supported* by the State would soon annihilate pauperism.—TR.

some manufacture, all the members united should choose their agent the head of the association.

ART. 2.—If rich men, friends of our class, should wish (foreseeing future success) to join in the formation of an association of workmen, they would select that offering the greatest moral guarantees of success, they would advance their capital liberally and generously at the lowest interest, and the association would start.

ART. 3.— Those whom the well-intentioned had selected for trying the experiment of a new industrial system, would choose themselves from industrious, intelligent, and moral workmen, friends of fraternity, their associates. A committee of a certain number of members would be formed, rules agreed on, and the duration of the society limited to—for example—thirty years.

ART. 4.—The association requiring to feel its way, apply its peculiar powers, and gain experience practically every day, might, at first, undertake only a single manufacture: cabinet-making or joinery, if approved of.

ART. 5.—Besides this first group of workmen, the committee and its agent, when occasion offered, should form new groups of different trades.

ART. 6.—Thus beside the joiners might be placed the locksmiths, the turners, the carpenters, the masons, the shoemakers, etc. etc.

ART. 7.—Each group would have its master of the works, chosen by the committee with the general consent.

ART. 8.—The agent and directors of works would be paid monthly, or daily; the wages would be fixed according to the rules of justice; all the other workmen should work by the piece, and in the day-time if practicable. The wages not to be higher or lower than in individual workshops or factories (*ateliers*).

ART. 9.—To the committee of management would be added a delegate from each group, elected freely by the group, and revocable at pleasure. These delegates would have the mission of throwing light on, and controlling

the operations of the society; the delegates to be the conductors of works, or any other member chosen by the groups.

ART. 10.—All the groups are united; they form a single association, of which the committee of management is the head, and the different groups the trunk and limbs.

ART. 11.—The committees of groups to receive the money from the committee of management, and to be in frequent intercourse with them.

ART. 12.—The committee of management to consist of six members—the manager, the sub-manager, the secretary, under-secretary, and inspector of groups.

ART. 13.—The particular committees of groups to be composed also of six members—the delegate, the conductor, and four other members. It might happen that the delegate and conductor were one, but there should always be six members in the committee.

ART. 14.—Exact accounts and registers to be kept; order and clearness ought to govern the accounts of the committees.

ART. 15.—At the end of every year the accounts to be balanced, and the general profits divided into four parts. The first – almost always unequal to the rest—would pay the interest of the money advanced to the society, and the shares it had issued; the second would remain as a fund to make grants to associates; the third would be a sinking fund, by which the society might eventually become absolute proprietor of its capital; the fourth would be divided amongst all the members equally.

ART. 16.—If one of the groups suffered losses, and found a deficit at the end of the year, the society would come to its aid, nor should this prevent it from benefiting by the general profits.

ART. 17.—If, however, the same group continued year after year, without sufficient cause, to be a burden to the society, whilst its members received an average

salary at least equal to the other groups, the committee of management, aided by the delegates, would consult on the subject, either as to changing its managers, in confiscating its share of profits, or by other means.

ART. 18.—The members of all the groups are connected by interest and fraternity. The cabinet-makers take their shoes from the shoe-makers; they their furniture from the cabinet-makers; and each group becomes a client and customer of all the others, and uses its interest to obtain them labour, seeing that the interest of one is the interest of all.

ART. 19.—The habitations of the members of the association to be as near as possible to the common workshops.

ART. 20.—The committee of management could buy wholesale, either the materials for work, the necessaries of life—such as vegetables, fruit, wine, etc., and furnish to each associate, at cost price, what he required for consumption. The cost of these things to be deducted from his weekly wages.

ART. 21.—If labour and economy produced ease; if a member realised a fixed sum, he might return it to the society, in exchange for shares; but the interest of the money should not exceed five per cent.

ART. 22.—Every member to be always at liberty to secede from the society. If he hold shares, the money to be restored; he loses all claim upon the general fund.

ART. 23.—The society could always add new members, either to replace those retiring, or to increase their sphere of association. The new member having worked only a few months for the common benefit, would only receive, in the division of profits, the sum legitimately due to him.

ART. 24.—If the works of the association of some one group fell off, and hands were unoccupied, the newest associates, and those who could most easily obtain work out of the common factory, should at once retire. They

would receive no more wages from the society, but would always have a claim on fraternal succour and the general profits, provided they were always ready to return to the bosom of the association if called on.

ART. 25.—If work were scarce, not only in a group, but in the whole trade followed by that group, and it were impossible for the members out of work to find work anywhere, the hours of labour of all the members of the group should be reduced, in order that the suffering might be alleviated by sharing it fraternally. Thus, in this exceptional case, no member would have to leave the common workshop. The relief funds were to come to the aid, after express deliberation, of the most necessitous members

ART. 26.—Each member is always free to retire from the association. For the same reason, the committee of management has the reciprocal right, combined with the delegates and the conductors of works, of excluding any member who offends against the moral and fraternal principles of the association.

ART. 27.—The associates to be paid by the piece, or the day, and each according to his strength and capacity; only in the general yearly profits the partition to be equal. Nevertheless, if a number of associates wish to gain no more than each other, their wages could be given in the mass, and they could divide it according to their pleasure; or the managers could divide it for them according to their wish, to the end that each should have an equal share.

ART. 28.—When the society had the means, pensions could be voted to old men, or invalids, who had exhausted or injured their health in working for them. Besides this, the wife and children, or the father and mother, of a deceased member would receive assistance on the decision of the delegates, regulated by his past services and the necessities of his relatives.

ART. 29.—Elementary and professional lectures to be

opened. The subjects are matter of detail. (As also how offices can be established in the depaatments, in order that the associates may travel without ceasing to belong to the society, and to work for it. However, if that presented obstacles, or seemed to give the society too invasive a character, we would abstain from meeting it, for we wish only to attempt what is possible and good).

ART. 30.—Every seven days each committee should hold a meeting; every month, the committee of management and the delegates of all the groups. Every three months the members of all the committees and the committee of management. At the end of every year a general reunion, and after the division of profits, a family fête, to encourage union of soul, heart, and morals, in all the associates.

ART. 31.—The society is formed to last thirty years; but unforeseen casualties may lead to its dispersion before the time. It can also prolong its existence at will, if the circumstances are favourable, and the laws of the future allow of it.

ART. 32.—In case of dissolution, the first claim for reimbursement would necessarily belong to the shareholders. The surplus of the social fund would be divided amongst the associates, according to the number of years they had worked for the association.

ART. 33.—The present regulations is by no means irreversible in all its parts. The managers and delegates would be always free to modify the articles; with the exception of those touching the capitalists,—unless they we are to act in concert.

ART. 34.—No article to be added, omitted, or modified, save by a majority of three-fourths of the committee of management and the delegates of the groups.

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