TO-DAY.

No. 36.—NOVEMBER, 1886.

Richborough Castle.

(Richborough Castle was built by the Romans. Three of the four walls are still standing. In the centre of the space formed by these lies a block of masonry. A cruciform superstructure four or five feet thick rests on a platform five feet thick, which is erected on a superstructure which it overhangs. This lower structure is of unknown depth, and is supposed not to be solid, but hitherto it has been found impossible to pierce the masonry. The sides have been excavated all round to a depth of twenty-two feet below the lower side of the platform. The accumulation of water (the soil is sand) prevents any lower excavation. The lower structure is probably earlier than the castle. The whole is of unusual strength. A hole has been broken into the lower structure, but the attempt was made by one man, and was abandoned as of too great difficulty. The object and history of this block of masonry are an interesting mystery to archæologists and others).

THREE great grey walls that are stout and strong,
Though the fourth wide wall has crumbled away
Where the sea swept by when the land was young,
And the great waves thundered along the bay,
Under the sailing seagull's feather,
Wildly white in the stormy weather,
And, murmuring ever a restless song,
Shone, crumpled green, on a sunny day.

Through eighteen hundred years of our time,
With their storms and sieges, these walls have stood,
Till the cliff that the waves once strove to climb
Is left in a meadow solitude.
And now no sea-gulls' nests are there,
But ash-trees and thorns make the cliff-side fair,
And the green of the leaves, and the white of the lime,
And the red of the berries is sweet and good.

Over the walls, whence eagle-eyed
The Romans looked for the coming foes,
Swift keen-tongued snakes now curl and glide
Where the heavy weight of the ivy grows.
Oh hand that builded, oh scheming brain
So long made one with the dust again,
Your old cement and your walls abide,
But stronger than they are the ivy and rose!

How the whole dear world is golden and green—
With the marshy meadows, the dimpled wheat,
The hot strong sunshine, the ivy's sheen,
And the high white lights on the shiny beet!
See the far blue line—the retreating sea!
It is good to be here, it is good to be;
Whatever life is, or whatever has been,
To be now—to be here, is nothing but sweet.

There's an underground passage here, they say;
Here is the entrance with green set round;
You must stoop your head in this low roofed way,
Leave day, light candles—pass underground.
Here, under the fields, it is damp and cold,
And whatever secret the place may hold
It has held it closely for many a day,
And will hold it for more in its hush profound.

Down here, last year, so the gossips tell,
Some archæological learned bore
Went chipping with hammer and chisel as well
To chip his way to the secret's core—
Shut away from the sun and the browning wheat,
The whitening barley, the purple beet—
In the dark with the damp, the earthy smell,
While the days burned through that return no more.

Oh fool! not to see that the green of the trees,
The blue of the sky and the blue of the sea,
The placid pasture, the baby breeze,
And the outspread meadows tranquility,
—With eyes to see them—are more than worth
The whole of the secrets of musty earth.
What secret outweighs such delights as these,
Or pays one lost moment's felicity?

Are we wise, we two, when we try to pierce
To the heart of things, to our own heart's heart,
To learn the secret springs of the years,
And what that is of which we are part?
Free will—the Absolute—matter—mind—
Ah, we came like the wind and we go like the wind!
Would solving life's mysteries dry our tears,
Or absolute knowledge heal souls that smart?

And meantime one might lose what I'd die to keep—
The power to delight in a day like this,
In the brown wings' whir, and the faint-belled sheep,
In the million things that the millions miss.
And, think, had it happened one's in-turned eyes
Had missed the gateway of Paradise,
Had one questioned of dreams till one fell asleep,
Having never dreamed, oh, my Dream, of your kiss!

E. N.

How he Lost his "Strad."

HE did not look more than forty, and yet his hair was quite white—almost as white as snow, though it did not exactly equal that superlative whiteness. We were the only occupants of the snug commercial room at the "White Hart," the best inn of the little town of Broadley, and had travelled together by the train from Eversdean, getting to Broadley just in time for one of those substantial dinners for which mine host of the "White Hart" is famous.

We had never met before, but I knew in a moment that he was a musician. His appearance struck me at once. His moustache and beard were jet black, but his hair, as I have said, was almost as white as snow. He was tall, broad-shouldered, well-built, and altogether a good-looking man. We sat waiting for dinner, and enjoying a preliminary cigarette and glass of sherry by way of *hors d'œuvres*. The waiter came in with the soup, and we fell to work in real earnest. By-and-bye he looked at me enquiringly.

"You want to know what turned my hair white? Everybody does," and he shuddered.

"Well," I said, "I am curious, I must admit, but if it is a painful subject——"

"It is ten years ago to-night." And although we had only just got fairly under weigh with our dinner, he pushed his chair away, went to the window, pulled back the blind, and looked out. "Come here!" And he beckoned with his finger mysteriously. I went, of course. "You know Broadley Common?"

I nodded assent.

"Did you ever walk across the Common to Enderby on just such a night as this?"

"I have walked there in broad daylight," I said.

"Ah, that's a different thing," and he again shuddered. "Let us go on with our dinner, and I'll tell you all about it over a quiet pipe afterwards."

We ate in silence, for he seemed under a spell. I tried him with one or two casual remarks, but it was all to no purpose, for he did not even seem to hear me. The waiter moved in and out of the room in solemn silence, and at length took away the cloth, set our chairs one on each side of the fire, opened another bottle of Burgundy (at a silent sign from me), and left us. When we were comfortably seated he began his story:—

"It was a terrible night," he said. I had come from Eversdean with only one companion, just as I have to-night. He wanted to get me into conversation, but I felt moody and reserved, and only replied with a 'yes' or 'no,' as the case required. He got out at Broadley, and we rode together in the 'bus to the 'White Hart.'

"I had come there to play first fiddle at a grand concert next day at the Hall, and had with me my old 'Strad,' which had been in the family for nearly 150 years, and was worth five-hundred guineas. The talk hung fire a good deal at dinner-time, and I went to bed at ten, wishing my companion good-night with hearty good-will, for I was glad to be rid of him. With my usual caution I locked and bolted my room door, and saw to the window-fastenings. Shortly after I had done so I heard the door of the next room closed and locked, and concluded that my companion had followed my example, and gone to bed in good time.

"My fiddle was too big to put under my pillow, so I put it on a chair close to the side of the bed, taking the precaution to tie a piece of string round the handle and round my wrist. I did this from habit, and not from any fear of being robbed on that particular night. As to my companion in the next room, I hardly gave him a second thought.

"I must have been asleep some time, when I heard a noise as of someone leaping from a height to the ground. I started up in a moment, and felt instinctively for my fiddle. The string had been cut, and it was gone! I rushed to the window. The night was as black as ink, and I could only just manage to discern a figure making off at a good rate. I shouted for help, unlocked my door, and tried the door of the next room. It was unfastened, the window was open, and the bed was empty!

"As quick as thought I rushed back, slipped on my clothes, got my boots from outside the door (where I had put them before getting into bed), dropped from the window to the ground and set off in pursuit. I was guided by the retreating footsteps of the run-away, who had made for the Common. As I ran I fired my revolver (I never travel without one), but the thief had got too much start of me, and beside it was so dark that I could only hear him—seeing him was out of the question.

"Suddenly I thought of the old stone quarries, and my heart almost stood still when I thought of the awful danger I was running. One false step, and I should inevitably be dashed to atoms at the bottom of one of those ghastly pits. The quarries had not been used for years, and by day, or even on a moderately dark night, it was easy to pick one's way without danger. I remembered that the path lay between two of these holes, and that there was plenty of room and no danger if I only kept to the path. These two pits were of an awful depth—nearly a hundred and fifty feet, and the sides were mostly as straight down as the wall of a house.

"Suddenly a shriek rent the death-like stillness of the night—a cry of horror and despair such as I have heard once—and *only* once, thank God!—from drowning men struggling at dead of night with the merciless waves. I was close behind him—I had seen him but two seconds ago, and was just reckoning how soon I should be up with him, when that awful cry of despair broke the silence. Great God—he had gone headlong into the abyss! And I was close at his heels! though my stumble broke the force of my fall. A mist came over my eyes; my knees gave way; I stumbled, fell headlong, rolled over, and clutched wildly with my outstretched hands in the vain hope of saving myself. But I was too late. Another couple of yards would have saved me, but I was on the very edge of the precipice, and I rolled over the side of the pit with a shriek as full of horror as that which had just rent the air!

"When I felt myself going I dug my nails into the turf, though I had no hope of saving my life. But the grass had grown right to the edge, and I held on for dear life. The thin soil yielded to the pressure, and my hands grasped the bare rock, to which I clung with a fearful grip. The wall in front of me was as smooth as glass, and I hung in the very jaws of the grave, with nothing but the strength of my wrists between me and a horrible death! That the quarry would be my tomb I felt sure.

"How long could I hold out? It could not be much past midnight. Would they be guided by the sound of the firing and follow us, or should I hang for a few minutes, a quarter of an hour, half-an-hour, and then—! To die in the bloom of manhood, and such a death—it was horrible. As I hung there, with the heavens as black as ink above me, and the pit still more black and awful beneath me, the picture of the thief, as he lay below, a mangled and bleeding corpse, presented itself with awful vividness to my mind. My imagination brought every ghastly detail of his death before me with tenfold force. I saw his bloodless face turned up to the pitiless sky, his eyeballs fixed on me, as though he was waiting for that moment,

which I knew would surely come, when my last remnant of strength would give way, and I should follow him' down, down, until my life too was dashed out on the rocky bottom of the quarry. I shouted as loud as I could, but the only response was the mocking echo of my own voice, which came back from the depths below as if to torture me with the thought that no help was near. I was a mile or more from any house, and could not hope to make myself heard. Besides, the effort of shouting weakened me, and I wanted to save all my strength for my grip on the rock, which was my only hope. And what a hope! Every moment I felt my strength ebbing, and at last I knew that it was a question of minutes, and perhaps seconds. My wrists were swollen, my shoulders burned as though molten lead were being poured into the joints, and the physical agonies I suffered were rapidly becoming intolerable. My brain reeled, and though I kept my eyes wide open I could see nothing—not even the black wall in front of my face.

"Gradually I felt my fingers relaxing their hold. I was slipping slowly down—only my finger-tips rested on the ledge now, and in one second more I felt the rock had gone away from me. Oh God—can I ever forget that moment? I was falling into the horrible abyss, when Providence mercifully cast over me the veil of forgetfulness, and I knew no more."

"When I came to myself," he went on, "I was in my bedroom, and the fragments of my priceless 'Strad,' on the chair close by. The doctor stood beside me, his finger on my wrist, and his watch in his other hand. When he saw me open my eyes he put the watch in his pocket, and placed his finger on my lips. 'Not a word yet,' he said 'you shall know all about it when you are a little better able to bear it. At present you must be quiet.' I closed my eyes again, and slept till the afternoon, when the landlord came in and sat with me. I asked him how they got the violin, but I dared not ask him anything about my companion. I told him how I had held on till I could hold no longer. 'You need not have held on at all, sir,' he said. 'Need not—I do not understand you?' 'I daresay not, sir,' he said; 'but there was a ledge about twelve feet wide not above a yard below you, and there we found you at daylight this mornin', lyin' in a dead swound. *He* must have gone clean over, for we found him at the bottom, as dead as a door nail, and the fiddle, smashed to a thousand pieces, not far off.' I turned away, for the awful remembrance came back upon me with terrible force. 'Perhaps I'm talkin' a little bit too much for you, sir,' he said, and left me.

"The next morning I felt much better, and got up and dressed myself. When I went to the glass I started back with affright; I looked ten years older, *and my hair was perfectly white*, just as you see it to-night."

JOHN BROADHOUSE.

The Mantalini Theory.

Being an Attempt to Name and Classify a Group of Modern Heresies.

MODERN theologies are so numerous and so confused that their classification, however necessary, is a matter of difficulty. "Every dull M.P. thinking for himself is what no man can contemplate with equanimity"; it would and does produce a political chaos: an irredeemable jumble. But if this is the case with comparatively sharp-witted men, who have been culled from their fellows because they are intelligent enough to amass money and to master a vocabulary of a certain length, if these men produce a chaos when called upon to decide such simple questions as whether non-existent rents shall be extracted from crofters of Tiree, or from the Irish peasants, how much more awful is the confusion which is produced when every dullard sets out to study the recondite problems of life and conduct? These problems are supposed to be soluble after a few month's thought, or even less, by the most ordinary "thinker," who has no stock-in-trade, except a minimum of mother wit and a superficial knowledge of Semitic Literature extracted from the authorised version. Young gentlemen with no Latin and less than no Greek, who were but a few weeks ago the dupes of the crassest literalism and unquestioning believers in the infallibility of ancient Jews and modern City Missionaries, suddenly discover the rascalities of Joshua and David, and the foolishness of ancient symbols when they are taken for "facts." Immediately these worthy youths think that the mantle of the prophets has fallen upon them, they write articles and tracts saying "if only people would think," they would master the abstruse subtleties of popular Secularism, or whatever the particular "ism" may be which has smirched the particular writer. If they do not write they illuminate darkened minds in private conversation, or in debating societies, with the light which now for the first time dawns after the long darkness which

has covered the mind of man ever since the preglacial age. Poor ancients, mediævals and early moderns, how sad it was for them that the thorny paths of thought never blossomed into roses until the reign of Victoria (R. and I.), and that sufficient brain ganglia were not developed in them to enable them even to see that the gospels do not always agree with one another, or that the writers of the Pentateuch have committed the unpardonable, and now wholly obsolete, sin of writing occasional nonsense. Innumerable works have cumbered our libraries upon the exact shape of the yokes forged from texts which we were once required to wear: every country parson recapitulated his favourite texts in a stout tractate. This plague has been mercifully stayed, but instead thereof we have the wilder and more amusing speculations of men who have difficulty in believing literally in the brimstone flame pit, or the Atonement, or who have little relish for the Song of Moses and the Lamb which the good are to learn after they die, and sing without intervals through all the ages.

But the root of all theologies, and by that word we include the atheologies, lies in the notion of God the theologian has or refuses to have, and if we wish to classify the efforts of modern "thinkers" scientifically we must enquire in what sense they use this word? The "thinker" indeed is extremely shy about explaining this important point: the brilliance of modern light pales a little here when we most need it. He who is so scornful against the deluded pre-Victorians, neither troubles to enquire what was ever meant by this word, nor why men have used it for so many generations. He assumes either that they always meant by it exactly what he gathers from Mr. Higgins (of Highbury Theological College) that it now means or he puts it down either to the persistent folly and crassness of these ancients that they used the word at all, or else to "that humble and child-like faith" which believes anything which any fool tells it to believe.

The fact of the matter is that all writers upon theological matters, when they use the word God, mean something extrinsic and extra terrestrial, or something intrinsic and immanent; something which dwells outside the human mind and the material universe, or something which is as innate and indwelling as a quality or a thought, and the first question with regard to a man is—in which of these senses does he use this word? The latter class are now known as mystics, they used to include all sane persons, and the mystics were only a branch of these, but from the time that John Locke discovered that the mind was but a *tabula rasa*, a blank sheet and nothing more, of course no God could be detected in so unlikely a heaven and consequently we must find Him, if at all, at the extreme end of the mechanism of the universe, where we may console ourselves by thinking, if we

can but get to believe in Him, that He will stand and be intelligent for ever and ever. And is not a belief in Him easy? for as Locke quotes from Cicero "what can be more sillily arrogant and misbecoming than for a man to think that he has a mind and understanding in him, and yet in all the universe beside there is no such thing? Or that those things which with the utmost stretch of his reason he can scarce comprehend should be managed without any reason at all?" Thus far we come and no further under modern prophecy. This theory of God, as an extra terrestrial person, which Locke has so stamped upon modern minds, we may venture to call the Mantalini theory. The material world (and is it not all material in the eye of the wise?) is conceived of as a gigantic machine which is being slowly turned. It rolls round if not "for ever, like a mill," at least for immense æons. It is in fact and naked truth merely a magnified mangle. Away go the wheels, and what a crushing, sqeezing, champing, and confused mess there is, no doubt "all for the best," &c., but highly uncomfortable meantime, even if beneficial. Who grinds the machine? Who turns the handle? Plainly not you and I. It must be some great power outside us and outside the world, a power which we cannot see it is true, and so we accept upon the *ipse dixit* of the popular theologian—or reject upon equally valid authority. But there stands the man, and the more we learn of our theological prophets, the clearer does the picture of him become. He is a man of like passions with ourselves; he has a very strong tendency to say "Dem!" his tenure of life is precarious, for he always appears to be on the eve of suicide "in these scientific days." He is, in a word, no other than the Mr. Mantalini of Dickens, written large, with the whole world for his mangle. This is the God of popular Protestantism; the very apotheosis of Mr. Mantalini; tall, anthropomorphic, inclined to say "Dem!" when at all put out, and weakly suicidal. In former times Mr. Mantalini is said to have made the mangle himself, and fiddled about a good deal with the machinery, but the belief has now gained ground that he turns the handle steadily and keeps his fingers out of special providences.

This, then, is the first great subdivision of the Mantalinists *i.e.*, the believers in Mantalini and his mangle, clear and unmistakable.

Upon this picture our theological thinkers have set to work. The awful vehemence with which this Deity used to damn, and the terrific hells he formerly brewed, were felt to have something savage and impolite about them unsuited to the age. So he has been allowed gradually to drop his habit of saying "Dem." He now only says it upon the greatest provocation, and some of our ecclesiastical luminaries give us to hope that he may one day drop that bad habit altogether. So we

now live in eternal hope—are getting even to disbelieve in his suicidal tendencies.*

They, the second class, we may then name "Mantalini reformed." Under this head are embraced the liberal protestants of all schools, the undogmatic orthodox and the milder heretics. But still there is felt to be something lacking, even in Matalini reformed, and our Unitarian and Theist friends and several of our more cautious clerical and episcopal guides think that there is something brutal and coarse and altogether unsatisfying about this plain picture in spite of its restoration. It is "anthropomorphic" to begin with—that is the lofty word. It has about it the human form not divine, and, consequently, we have the third class of thinkers arise, which class we may name "Mantalini obscured." The mangle is left in the clear light of day. Even science believes in the mangle, so we others, of course, may do so too. It is quite "positive" this mangle, it clanks and moves; but, in the chiaroscuro and the steam may be discerned clearly, by the reverent mind, two hands turning the machine. "You must not pry into this cloud drapery. It is irreverent to do so. It is a mystery, who stands within. Those hands, we see, are not human, they are not anthropomorphic. There is some being within the cloud we admit, but he never, no never, says 'Dem.' His name is not Mantalini, it is the Unkown or the Unknowable. We may call him also 'the eternal, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.' We may dub him cosmic energy, or the Unseen. Someone must grind the mangle. Someone must have made it we grant, but that someone is inscrutable. Do not go and insist upon prying into that cloud we beg you. If you are very importunate and inquisitive we will perhaps tell you some of his attributes." Thus they guide our feet, and every now and then a corner of the steam cloud is cleared away, and we detect at once our old friend, his manners a trifle improved by the vapour which hides him, but still, still, the same and no other—Mantalini!

The last class of Mantalinists are those audacious spirits who say that there is no Mantalini, but only an automatic mangle. These, of course, clash more or less bitterly with the other classes. "How did the mangle get there?" asks Paley. This is a puzzler. "It was always there," says one. "I spex it growed," says another, and a third is inclined to think that infinite millions of years ago some one may have ground the handle and that it has gone on turning after this, owing to the frightful velocity then gained. This class, which

* And this attitude makes our theology weakly genteel, and it sometimes goes so conventionally far as to make Mrs. Grundy the real Queen of Heaven, instead of admitting the popish and superstitious assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

we may call the Mangle Solus Class, are called Atheists, and are much harried by their adversaries, who wish to know the name of the mangle-maker; why there should be a mangle; and all other kinds of provoking questions, with a view to disclosing Mantalini and re-introducing what they are pleased to call Theism. And yet this last class may be said to be in the most hopeful condition of any. Their position is even more untenable than that of the other Mantalinists, and they are likely to find that out unless they completely wad themselves around with the notion that they, and they alone, are the chosen oracles of thought. To reject steadfastly the Mantalini theory is the first step towards religious philosophy, and the minds of the Mangle Solus Class are at least right, as far as they go, if only they would re-consider the question, which they have hitherto granted, namely, the question, is there a mangle? They would be led through Hume to Kant, through Kant to Hegel, and through Hegel to all that is sweet, wholesome, and true in Catholic theology, and to the eternities of poetry to a belief in a God, *a quo omnia bona procedunt* whose presence is manifest in all good things. The desire which afflicts many people to invent a new heresy may be gratified by considering the theological horizon under the above classification, for it will be seen at once that the mangle has hitherto remained a fixed factor in our theologies, and it is only Mr. Mantalini who assumes an infinite varied of shapes, hues, and shades of affirmations and denials. Would it not be possible to open up a new view of hitherto unexplored heresies by affirming Mantalini, and denying the mangle, or improving, softening, complexing, or simplifying the mangle, if the latter is too obstinately "positive" to be denied altogether?

Upon the brutal brawls of these rival theologians the mystic is forced to look with impatience and almost despair; he has to satisfy himself by patiently waiting, for the most part, while Mantalini is asserted or denied with mutual rancour, and rival schools of mechanical imagination hash up Catholic phrases to express the amounts of their various credulities in the extrinsic, extra terrestrial machine-grinder, or in the automatic, dead, unmanaged, and unmanageable machine. Every now and then such an one is useful in preventing some term from being lost, in fanning some all-important generous sentiment, or in thwarting some monstrous Mantalinism, and, most of all, in defending the sacred citadel of poetry from the pollutions of these four classes of "thinkers" and "believers." There is no room for his temple in an individualist state of society. The ground is covered by warehouses, banks, and those conjuring booths called markets. The notion that there should be something *within* the human mind far more worshipful than even the most rigorously reformed mangle-grinder, is treated as the wildest maundering of mania, by those who,

making men their tools, work them upon mechanical principles, or making men their dupes, hate and despise them. Yet this simple notion, that if we want to find God we have no need to go gallivanting beyond the stars with our proposed adoration, is the centre of gravity of all rational theological thought. In Christian theology *superhuman* is a word with no meaning at all in it. "Mumbo Jumbo is anthropomorphic, Zeus is anthropomorphic," says the patentee of some fancy religion, turning up his nose, "Christ is anthropomorphic; I will worship nothing anthropomorphic," and so he falls back upon Mantalini a little steamed, who is, after all, infinitely less noble than either, though he is equally anthropomorphic. The good thing about popular religions is that they are (and the only good thing about Mr. Mantalini is that he is) anthropomorphic. If theologians would only seek out and worship the human, and try to select the noblest and most human and most anthropomorphic deity they could find, their systems would be wholesomer and sweeter than they are ever likely to be under the reign of the old or of the new Mantalini, and under the mangle reverence which takes the place of any week-day faith.

Mysticism, it would be better to say Reason, which seeks its Ideal Good, its divinity, not in far-off and inhuman First Causes, but in the human mind, neither expects nor hopes to get beyond man-form for God, and is delighted to watch the ignominious failure of those who do expect and hope to do anything so foolish. Like all, who are prepared to treat with sympathy the old terms which men had to express the greatest good, the mystic sees in the word God "the most awful and most venerable of all names as a common term devised to express all of mystery or majesty or power, which the invisible world contains," and Shelley while he was writing this might have added, the visible world also. As the same author says, "Christ everywhere represents this Power as something mysteriously and illimitably pervading the frame of things," and he at least assumed the reasonable state of mind, which when told that God wears the light as his garment, would not conjure up Mantalini in a refulgent waistcoat. This is nothing new; it is as old as it is evident to any one who has read a page of old Christian writings without a preconceived theory. It is the monstrous theory of Mantalini and his mangle which makes the theories of our theologians so confused, so impious, and so rubbishy and exasperating. "Very well then," says the objector, "even if we grant that God is intrinsically human, who made the stars?" The answer is simple, man made the stars, not Smith and Jones but universal man, Catholic man, ideal man, Christ of whom Smith and Jones are imperfect forms. The perceiving mind and the understanding are necessary for the existence of stars. Mind,

call it human mind if you like, is the maker of both cause and effect; stars are but forms of consciousness, made by that larger humanity within us, which is not under the control of the individual will, but is still all the same human. The persistent and even defiant humanism of Shelley, Clifford, Mr. Harrison, and, let us say, Mrs. Besant, in her pre-Socialist days, is far nearer to the Theism of the psalms, and of Origen, than are the burlesque Theisms of the Rev. Brewin Grant and the Christian Evidence Societies. When minds of these four types become not only humanist but also Socialist, they are much nearer to the most orthodox subscriber to the Catholic creeds, than either side would dream. It is a battle of words and terms between them, for the centre and core of Catholic worship is the simple fact that as regards men twice one is much more than two: this the Socialist calls the associative principle, and the Catholic calls it the real presence. It is a most interesting thing to notice how mysticism in this modern sense, Socialism, and free thought of all virile kinds are converging. Papers such as the *Record* and Mantalinists of all schools are perfectly right, when they say that "Rationalism, Romanism, and Socialism are in an unholy alliance" (Romanism is, of course, only the reactionary nickname for any historic faith). The instinct of reactionaries is usually more acute than their reason.

The great theologians of this, and of all time, were and are anti-Mantalinists. The Mantalini theory would be repudiated by all such writers as Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Liddon, and Professor Westcott. But learned men, whether they be chemists or philosophers, can never make themselves understood by the unlearned, for even theological terms have an accurate technical meaning, which is a fact our new phophets would do well to recognise before they undertake our further enlightenment. They are too encumbered by technical phrases to make themselves clear, and they are too cautious to use strong language. It is of course rash, and leads to many misunderstandings to use strong language, but yet it is only by the strongest literary dynamite that an idea can be blown into the head of the adult commercial Englishman.

If our four classes of the Mantalinist heresy are roughly correct it may not be invidious to point out their various comparative demerits. The pure and simple view of class one has in it something manful and even powerful. It is a strong and straightforward theory. The Puritan conception (not the Jewish one) of Jehovah had at least the merit of being masculine. These men knew what they were driving at. They were not afraid of extreme views, and extreme views are nearly always wholesome and even sensible. There was no mincing of matters about the "Demnition." They devoutly believed in their irascible mangle-grinder, and they had the

pluck and the honesty to adopt the theoretic children whom they begat. But when we get to the men "of liberal views" and pusillanimous minds, we see-saw between anger and contempt. The effort to redress and reform savage old puritan Jehovah, to trim his nails and his manners, to move his cauldrons and hot pincers into the background, and to present him rapt and smiling and steadily working at the mangle is ludicrous and offensive. It is a picture which combines all the vices of which false art can be guilty. It is weak and vapid, dishonest and morally worthless to reform God into a nineteenth-century gentleman, who is so inaccurately tolerant and so universally smiling that he might be one of our politicians out canvassing before an Election. But if class two is the feeblest, class three (Mantalini in a mist) is the most mirth-provoking, After terrific and quite frenzied blastings of low anthropomorphism in sesquepedalian words, and often with a whole battery of quotations from Rig Vedas and eastern Bibles, we are exhorted to look beyond the mechanical world, this hard and clanking mangle, where no Holy Ghost is visible, but where atoms rule the roast in fortuitous concourses. "Lift up your eyes, purge away these human conceptions"—and so we do. Neglecting the mangle we ask, what thing is that so grey and misty beyond? Out of obscurity and confusion come the hands, which reach through nature, mangling things. But in spite of the most relentless de-humanizing of our human minds and eyes, we are painfully aware that our spiritual guides of Class Three, when they mean anything by anything, do but shew us our old friend once more as anthropomorphic exactly as he is real, and as unreal as he is non-anthropomorphic. In class four, again, as we swing to the other extreme, there is something more manful and healthier. This world is a mangle, and our attention may be fairly concentrated upon its mangling. There is no hand grinding the machine to distract our attention. We will devote our whole energies towards making out this wonderful machine. That is a most excellent frame of mind to be in. Such a man is on the eve of a great discovery, namely, that he is but half-awaked from a dogmatic slumber, that the mangle may vanish with its former grinder, and that the world, the soul, God and Heaven will then become terms of some value and meaning, for the universe will be revealed to him as Will and Understanding, not as a patent mangle with or without a Mr. Mantalini.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

ORLESTONE, KENT.

Socialists and Vegetarians.

FROM a recent correspondence in the pages of the *Commonweal*, it appears that there is some danger of our witnessing a very pretty quarrel between Socialists and Vegetarians, in which the former, with the ferocious activity characteristic of the higher carnivora, are disposed to be the aggressors. One would have thought that Socialists had already enough to do in carrying on their crusade against the present system of society; and it certainly is to be regretted that they should devote their superfluous energies to an attack on the votaries of another *ism*, who, if not welcomed as friends, ought, at any rate, not to be regarded as foes. For, in the name of common sense, what antagonism can there rightly be between these two movements? Stupidity and selfishness—these are the true enemies of Socialism, all the world over; and it so happens that they are the enemies of Vegetarianism also, though the fight goes on in other fields, and under other conditions of warfare. It would be a sad pity if any social reformers should waste their power in fighting on the wrong side in this question of diet, and thereby undo with one hand some of the good they have been doing with the other.

"But Vegetarianism," say the Socialists, "is a snare and delusion, because the adoption of food-thrift by the working classes would bring with it a further depression of wages, with the result that the whole advantage would go to the Capitalist." Now, it must be admitted that this objection would be a serious one if Vegetarianism were likely to be suddenly and generally adopted by working men; but when one reflects that the change in diet, if it comes at all, is quite certain to be very gradual, and that Socialists will not be idle in the meantime, the danger of a reduction of wages caused by food-thrift seems to be somewhat imaginary. Let us suppose that in fifty years hence—a very sanguine estimate—the working-classes will have realized the striking economy of a vegetarian diet. Will not the Socialists have also made their mark by then, and rendered the continued acceptance of starvation-wages an impossibility? We have often read in the columns of *Justice* the emphatic and satisfactory assurance, "*It moves.*" This being so, why should Socialists be troubled if Vegetarianism is seen to be moving also, and is it not possible that they are both moving towards the same end? That is a righteous indignation which denounces those so-called philanthropists who take upon themselves to recommend a vegetable diet to

the working-classes while they themselves continue to eat flesh meat three or four times a day; but, indignant as we may be at the bad taste not to say hypocrisy of these officious advisers, it is scarcely fair to describe such persons as "Vegetarian Capitalists." Capitalists they probably are, but they cannot be Vegetarians until they have themselves adopted the vegetarian diet. The truth is that Vegetarians do not pretend that their system can offer a complete solution of the social difficulty, but only that it is an important accessory consideration. Still less have they the bad taste to preach Vegetarianism as a gospel exclusively designed for the poor, the whole point of their contention being that it is good for rich and poor alike. Those Socialists who imagine that the economic advantage of Vegetarianism is the only argument that can be brought forward in its favour, are therefore lamentably ignorant of the *raison d'être* of Food Reform. I am not at present concerned to discuss the merits of Vegetarianism; but it may be well at least to point out on what grounds it is advocated by those who practise it.

First, it is indisputable that a great pecuniary saving may be effected by the total disuse of flesh-meat; and this, though not the only or most important aspect of Vegetarianism, is perhaps the most obvious in its bearings on questions both of national and individual interest. Food-thrift, like temperance, puts so much additional power into the hands of those who are willing to practise it. When therefore a capitalist advises his *employés* to adopt a vegetarian diet, it is possible that, intentionally or otherwise, he is suggesting a course which is more favourable to their interests than to his own. If socialist workers were to give a trial to Vegetarianism, and found that they were as strong, or stronger, in health, and much better off in pocket, their change of diet would be a distinct gain to the Socialist Cause. But Vegetarians appeal not only to our pockets, but to our sense of justice and humanity. They may, of course, be mistaken in this appeal; and it may be very foolish to condemn the slaughter of innocent animals as brutal and inhuman; yet, whatever some persons may say of this kind of "sentiment," Socialists are scarcely in a position to ignore it, since by so doing they cut away the ground from under their feet, one of their own strongest arguments being itself based on this same sense of justice and humanity. When a Socialist sets aside the plea for humanity to the lower animals as a mere fad and crotchet, a Vegetarian might well retort that if the promptings of gentleness and mercy are deliberately disregarded in the case of the animals, it cannot surprise us if they are also excluded from consideration in those social questions where the welfare of human beings is concerned. If those who live selfishly on the labour of others are rightly denounced as "blood-suckers," do

not those who pamper a depraved appetite at the expense of much animal suffering deserve a somewhat similar appellation? Then again there is the question of good taste which must, sooner or later demand our attention, even when all the capitalists have been driven out and a socialist *regimé* is established. No community possessed of true refinement will tolerate such degrading and disgusting institutions as the slaughter-house and the butcher's shop, both of them a disgrace to civilization and decency. Here, then, is another point of view which may give socialists pause, before they jump to the conclusion that Vegetarianism is altogether a craze and hallucination. Lastly, Vegetarians assert that the simplicity of a Pythagorean diet is far more conducive to sound bodily health than the habit of flesh-eating; and in this assertion they are, to a great extent, borne out by Sir Henry Thompson's opinion, that "more than one half of the disease which embitters the middle and latter part of life among the middle and upper classes of the population is due to avoidable errors in diet." Here, once more, is an aspect of the food question which deserves the attention of Socialists, as of all thoughtful people. Is it not possible that even a Socialist community might suffer from these same "avoidable errors" in diet, when it enters on that period of general festivity and unlimited jollification to which some Socialists seem to look forward? It may be that when we have dethroned the capitalist and possessed ourselves of the good things which he now unjustly enjoys, we may still find ourselves exploited and rack-rented, even under a Socialistic Government, by such uncompromising landlords as indigestion and gout; and I greatly fear that disease is a capitalist with whom even social-democrats will find it difficult to contend successfully. For these reasons it is conceivable that food reform is a subject of more importance than some socialists are at present willing to admit.

This objection to anything that savours of food-thrift is sadly impolitic and short-sighted, being based on a total misconception of what such frugality really implies. The economy that almost of necessity accompanies a vegetarian diet is very far from being the same thing as niggardly parsimony or churlish asceticism. On the contrary, it is quite compatible with the most open-handed liberality, and the frankest cheerfulness. It is the golden mean between asceticism on the one side, and wastefulness on the other; and is simply the recognition of the fact that Nature's gifts to men are too bountiful and holy to be either slighted or squandered. Simplicity of diet is found by those who make trial of it to be the pleasantest, as well as the most economical, method of life; "plain living and high thinking" being no mere empty formula, but the expression of a very important truth. H. S. SALT.

A Champion of the Perverse.

IF THE "Mr. Olivier and his kind," whose supposed opinions are dealt with in the October number of *To-Day*, were likely to be identified with the writer of the "homily," on "Perverse Socialism," by impartial readers of this Magazine, I should be tempted to fall into the unpleasant error of a lengthy exposition of my personal views, which no doubt I should be found (sharing the failings of Elijah and Mr. Champion) to consider far more uncommon and ingenious than they really are. I will only here say that in his description of "Mr. Olivier's Larger Socialism," as "merely a repetition of the time-worn exhortation to the individual to be good," he ignores the possibility that the greater may include the less, and that those who, with the majority of Socialists, recognise the fact that the social motive must be substituted for the personal in human activity, may yet very well consider the practical programme of the "Social Democrats," for whom Mr. Champion speaks, as embodying desirable first steps towards the reconstruction of society. All his sword practice against the preachers I shall accordingly leave to expend itself upon cushions of which I myself am no occupant.

I must say that if Mr. Champion intended, in his article, to justify the tactics which I have deprecated, by proving that they are "governed by some leading principles" he has, in my opinion, entirely failed to do so. I fully appreciate the difficulty he alludes to, of making effective speeches to street-corner audiences without using exaggerated and misleading language. It is a difficulty which deters a good many men from seeking such audiences at all. But so far as the bombast and misrepresentation are deliberate (and I presume that the copy for *Justice* is not produced by phonograph in Bell Street), so far they are inexcusable, and Mr. Champion has not excused them.

To come to the main position of the defence: Social Democrats (I understand Mr. Champion to explain) "foment class-hatred, and incite to a class-war" for good reasons, which we hasten to examine. To begin with we are presented with a brilliant analysis of the constitution of modern industrial competitive societies. Being thoroughly familiar with Marx's "Capital" (which, as I have observed, is not a constructive Socialistic work) I recognise the salient features of that analysis, and I have no intention of disputing its truth. I follow Mr. Champion with acquiescence* through two paragraphs, only wondering why he should so emphasize propositions which I myself had treated as obvious, until I run against "It is just this antagonism of classes which the Socialists of the Arm-chair cannot acknowledge." Unquestionably those luxurious men must be very obtuse, and if they have not recognised the truth of my own rapid sketch of the classes of modern society engaged in the process of mutual pillage, in which the proletariat has, hitherto, necessarily come out emptiest, I cannot hope that they will be persuaded to accept light from Mr. Champion, who has such a bloody reputation among the respectable. I abandon them without remorse, but I confess to somewhat of a twinge of interest in their companions in discredit—my poor namesake "and his kind," of whom it is stated that "there is a real difference between the view of the problem before us taken by them, and that universally held by all members of any working-class Socialist organisation in the world. He utterly ignores the fact that every militant Socialist takes the class-view." This last sentence is rather highly condensed, and it may be well to examine what is meant. The recognising that, in competitive societies, as now existing, the interests of classes are at variance, and that the practical effect is that of a class-war, is, I take it, fundamental with all Socialists, and indeed elementary. It is superfluous to say that in this sense every "militant" Socialist takes the "class view." But if Mr. Champion is to be understood as intending to defend all that I have attacked; if by "taking the class view" he means the "deliberate striving to fan the class feeling of the workers into open flame," by the methods to whose

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* Of course I should dispute his obviously false statement (derived from Marx), that "the numbers, activity and power of the Capitalist class are decreasing." Let him study the income tax or death duties returns of the United Kingdom. Nor is it true that the propertyless class is recruited "every time a large fortune is made." See "Fortunes made in Business." A new productive process, as distinct from a labour-saving invention means no loss to the wage-earners, but the contrary, however much the Capitalist make thereby. But these are examples which do not affect the principle we are discussing.

character and tendency I have endeavoured to call attention, then I can assure him that his views on propaganda are by no means shared by all members of any working-class Socialist organisation, and I am entirely confident that as the understanding of what Socialism means spreads upwards from those whose discontent and hopelessness now give some appearance of success to such methods to all that mass of the proletariat who now find the means of not intolerable life, those methods will be more and more discredited. What is the use of denouncing the Capitalist as a relentless man-eating monster, when that class includes every man and woman who has "investments" of any kind, and every man of any profession who, like Mr. Champion and myself, is furnished with the advantages in competition which our expensive nurture and education have given us? The ordinary Radical working-man looks at the old lady with the Hungarian Bonds, and at Mr. Champion when he is off the stump, and sees no cannibalism in their countenances. What is the use of denouncing the huckster and the profit-monger so long as it is obvious that the grocer and the draper are at present performing as arduous and useful a social function as the shoemaker and the baker? I have in my mind certain speakers whom I have never heard appeal to any feelings but those of wrath and jealousy and greed in their audiences, with pictures of the well-to-do, which any man of any knowledge of the world perceives to be utterly false. Are these good tactics? You cannot make the Revolution with the men whom you win by such means. They are not the stuff. And if you could reorganise the framework of society through their destruction of the "Capitalist class," you have, so far as such propaganda has gone, absolutely no guarantee that the forces to which you have appealed, and which you have fostered to such strength, will not result in just as intolerable a condition of things for the weaker citizens as, in the last few centuries, they have produced through the development of the evils of Capitalism.

I say, in reply to Mr. Champion, that although the war be raging, the classes against whom he would marshal the workers are not consciously belligerent. The propertied classes sincerely believe that they are part of the necessary order of things, and fulfil a beneficial function. The successful professional man believes that he earns his thousands a year. It does not follow that because the war is actual, the way to end it is to stir the disinherited to hate these men (if that were possible), and to deal with them as extreme hate would prompt. For instance, if all those so interested in the maintenance of the present system, were to become conscious belligerents, they would be much too strong just now for the proletariat, dynamite notwithstanding. I find that working class audiences are quick enough to understand what Socialism

means when it is put before them in sane language, while they are disposed to regard these extreme agitators as cranks. And I do not share Mr. Champion's despair of our class. I believe that the "seven thousand" in that Israel are steadily increasing, and that those who "deliberately choose to be on the side of the wealthy and respectable" are very few. I do not believe that Mr. Champion is so very much better than his class, nor that the enlightenment which has made him a Social Democrat will fail, when it reaches them, to make many of them into Socialists. And if some of them decline to fight, except with the weapons of entire fairness and charity, I hope Mr. Champion will believe that it is because they think the cause is strong enough without other weapons, that classes will vanish when all men are Socialists and not before, and that propagandist and educational work is truly and effectively "militant," and that he will contend for the future with our real and common antagonists, and not as in his late article, "as one that beateth"—an Armchair.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

We are thus bound to keep within the limits of commodity-exchange, where vendors are purchasers, and purchasers vendors. Our difficulty perhaps arises from the fact that we have disregarded the individual characteristics of the exchangers, and have merely looked on persons as personified categories.

Exchanger A may be smart enough to throw dust in the eyes of his colleagues B and C, while they, with the best intentions to the contrary, are bound to wait for their revenge. A sells to B wine of the value of £40, and takes in exchange wheat of the value of £50. With money he has thus made more money, and turned his commodities into capital. Let us look at the transaction more closely. Before the exchange we had wine worth £40 in the hands of A, and wheat worth £50 in the hands of B, a total value of £90. After the exchange we still have the same total value. The value circulating has not increased one atom, nothing is changed but its distribution between A and B. On the one side we have it as surplus-value, and on the other as under-value; what is *plus* on the one side is *minus* on the other. The same change would have occurred if A, without going through the empty form of exchange, had stolen £10 from B. It is evident that no change in the distribution of the circulating values can augment their total, any more than a Jew can increase the total quantity of precious metals in a country by selling a Queen Anne farthing for a guinea. The entire capitalist class of any country cannot possibly overreach itself (*ff*).

ff Destutt de Tracy, although (or perhaps because) a member of the Institute, was of the contrary opinion. According to him industrial capitalists derive their profits "by selling all they produce at a higher price than the cost of production. And to whom do they sell? In the first place to each other" (*l.c.*, p. 239).

We may turn things about as we will, but the fact remains the same. If we exchange equivalents no surplus-value can be produced; we have just seen that no surplus-value is produced when we exchange non-equivalents (*gg*). The circulation or exchange of commodities creates no value (*hh*).

It will now be understood why, in our analysis of the fundamental basis of capital, which conditions the economical organization of modern society, we pay but small regard to its popular and antediluvian forms of commercial capital and usuary capital.

The form M—C—M plus surplus-value, buying to sell dearer, is shown most clearly in the movement of commercial capital. On the other hand that movement goes on entirely within the sphere of circulation. But as it is impossible, by circulation itself, to explain the transformation of money into capital, or the formation of surplus-value, commercial capital would appear to be a thing impossible so long as only equivalents are exchanged (*ii*). It seems only possible because of the double-sided fraud practised on the producers of commodities, in their capacity as buyers and sellers, by the parasitical dealer who comes between them in the form of the middleman. It is in this sense that Franklin says:—"War is nothing but brigandage, and commerce nothing but fraud" (*kk*). If the growth of commercial ccpital is not explained by the mere frauds of commodity-producers, there is the long series of middlemen, who are never wanting.

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gg "The exchange of equal values neither increases nor diminishes the mass of value subsisting in any community. The exchange of unequal values effects no change in that mass of value, although it adds to the fortune of one that which it takes from the fortune of another" (J. B. Say, *l.c.*, vol. 1, pp. 434-435). Say, who is not in any way troubled by this proposition, borrows it, nearly word for word, from the physiocrat. The following quotation will show how well he has increased his own "value" by using the writings of economists who were *passés* in his day. Say's most celebrated aphorism, "Products are only bought with products;" appears in the original physiocrat in this form:—"Products are only paid for with products" (Le Trosne, *l.c.*, p. 899).

hh "Exchange confers no value at all upon products" (F. Wayland. "The Elements of Political Economy," Boston, 1853, p. 168).

ii "Under the rule of invariable equivalents, commerce would be impossible" (G. Opdyke, "A Treatise on Political Economy," New York, 1851, p. 69). "The difference between real value and exchange-value is based on the fact that the value of a thing differs from the so-called equivalent which is given for it in commerce—in other words, the equivalent is no equivalent at all" (F. Engels, *l.c.*, p. 96).

kk Benjamin Franklin, Works, vol. II., edition Sparks, "Positions to be examined concerning National Wealth"

What we have just said of commercial capital is still more true of usuary capital. With regard to the first, the two extremes, money thrown into the market and money which returns more or less increased, have at least sale and purchase as intermediate steps. With regard to the second, the form M—C—M plus surplus-value assumes the form without the middle term: M—M plus surplus-value, or money which is exchanged for more money, which is opposed to the very nature of money, and altogether inexplicable from the standpoint of commodity-circulation. Thus we read in Aristotle:—"The chrematistic is a double science; on the one side it relates to commerce, and on the other to economics; in the latter relationship it is necessary and commendable; in the former, which is based on circulation, it is justly to be blamed, because it is not founded on the nature of things, but on reciprocal cheating; this is why the usurer is hated with perfect justice, because money becomes in his hands the means of acquiring more money, and does not serve the purpose for which it was invented. Its destiny was to facilitate the exchange of commodities, but interest makes money out of money. Hence its name (Τοκος, born, begotten), for children are like their parents. Of all the means of acquisition this is the most unnatural"(*ll*).

We shall see in the course of our researches that usuary capital and commercial capital are derived forms, and then we shall explain why they appear in history before capital in the fundamental form which determines the economic organization of modern society.

We have shown that the sum total of values put into circulation cannot be increased there, and that consequently something must transpire, outside the circulation-sphere, which renders the formation of surplus-value possible (*mm*). But where else can it arise than outside the sphere of circulation, seeing that circulation is the sum-total of the reciprocal relationship of the exchangers of commodities? Outside that sphere the commodity-possessor stands in relation only to his own commodity, which contains a given *quantum* of labour, estimated by fixed social laws. That labour is expressed in the value of the product, just as that value itself is expressed in money, say at the price of £10. But that labour cannot be represented both by the value of the product and by value which is still greater,—by a price of £10 which is at the same time a price of £11; in other words, the value of the product

ll Aristotle *l.c.*, p. 10.

mm "Profit, in the usual condition of the market, is not made by exchanging. Had it not existed before, neither could it after that transaction" (Ramsay, *l.c.*, p. 184).

cannot be represented by a greater value than itself. The producer may indeed create values by his labour, but he cannot create values which increase of their own accord, and themselves become creators of other values. It is possible, of course, to add a new value to a commodity by new labour, for instance, by turning leather into a pair of boots. The same material is now of greater value because it has absorbed more labour. The boots are of more value than the leather, but the value of the latter remains just what it was, and no surplus-value is added in the making of the boots. It is thus impossible that outside the sphere of circulation, without coming into contact with other exchangers, the produce-exchanger can increase value, and communicate to it the property of begetting surplus-value. Yet, without the latter, there can be no transformation of money or commodities into capital.

Thus capital connot arise from circulation, and just as little can it arise outside the sphere of circulation. It must, therefore, at the same time, arise from it and not arise from it.

We have thus arrived at a double result.

The transformation of money into capital can thus be explained on the ground of the immanent laws of commodity-circulation, in such a manner that the exchange of equivalents forms the point of departure(*oo*). Our money-holder, who is as yet only a capitalist in the chrysalis state, should first of all buy commodities at their exact value, then sell them for that value, and, at the end of the process, receive back more money than he advanced. The metamorphosis of the man of money into the capitalist has to take place within the sphere of circulation, and, at the same time, not to take place there! Such are the conditions of the problem. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!*

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oo After the preceding explanation, the reader will understand that what is meant is this:—The formation of capital should be possible at the same time as the prices of commodities are equal to their value. If these differ, it is necessary to adjust them—that is, to set aside that circumstance as though it were purely accidental, in order to be able to observe the phenomenon of the formation of capital in its integrity upon the basis of the exchange of commodities, without being troubled by those incidents which only help to complicate the problem. We know, moreover, that this reduction is not merely a scientific process. The continuous oscillations of prices on the market—their rising and falling—compensate and reciprocally annul each other, and maintain an average price as their internal law. This law forms the guiding star of the merchant or the workman in any undertaking which requires a length of time to carry out. They know that if they take a period long enough, goods will sell at their average price—neither above it nor below it. Thus if the workman had an interest in seeing clearly, he would put the problem thus:—"How can capital be produced if prices are regulated by their average price, that is to say, in the last instance, by the value of the commodity?" I say, "in the last instance," because the average price does not coincide directly with the value of the commodities, as Adam Smith, Ricardo, and others believe.

CHAPTER VI.

The Buying and Selling of Labour-Power.

The increase of value by which money is transformed into capital cannot proceed from the money itself. If it serves as the means of purchase or of payment, it can only realise the prices of the commodities which it buys or for which it pays; while if it retains its own proper shape it is nothing more than petrified value (*a*).

It therefore follows that the change of value expressed in the formula M—C—M plus surplus value (or the conversion of money into commodities and the reconversion of the same commodities into a larger sum of money), arises from the commodities themselves. But it cannot be effected by the second act of the circulation, viz., the reconversion of the commodity into money, for in this act the commodity merely changes from its natural form to its money form. If we examine the first act of the circulation, M—C, or purchase, we only find an exchange of equivalents, and that consequently the commodity has no more exchange-value than the money into which it is converted. There remains yet a third possibility, to wit, that the increase proceeds from the use-value of the commodity; in other words, from its use or its consumption. But the question is the change, or increase, in its exchange-value. In order to get value out of a commodity it would be necessary for the holder of money to meet with the lucky chance of discovering in the very midst of the circulation—in the market itself—a commodity whose use-value possessed the particular virtue of being a source of exchange-value in such a way as to enable the consumer to effect the realisation of the labour, and thus to create value. And our money-holder does as a matter of fact find on the market the commodity possessing this specific virtue, and which is called the power of labour, or labour-power.

Under the name of labour-power we include the entire collection of those physical and intellectual faculties which dwell in the human frame and constitute the living personality, and some of which the individual puts into operation whenever he produces any kind of use-value.

(*To be continued*).

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a "In the form of money . . . . capital is productiae of no profit." (Ricardo, "Principles of Political Economy," p. 267).

Books of To-Day.

A Pocket Full of Pamphlets.

THE clever author of "Unorthodox London" was once rash enough to state in an article in the *Daily Telegraph* that the Plymouth Brethren "had no literature." Within twenty four hours he had cause to regret his inaccuracy. All day long the rat-tat of the postman was heard at his front door, and the "literature" from thick volumes to thin fly-leaves steadily accumulated in hall, passage, and library.

A fate like his, but still more dreadful, awaits any writer who may make a similar remark anent the Socialists—although it is one we should never be surprised to see in such papers as the *St. James' Gazette*, or the *Saturday Review*, whose "young men," when dealing with persons and things Socialist, appear, as Mark Twain says somewhere, to make ignorance of their subject the study of their lives.

The rapid growth of Socialist literature is becoming a portentous business for those who try to keep up with it. Already there are something like a dozen periodicals published in London alone, and an attempt to purchase and read a tithe of the tracts and pamphlets would empty the pocket and exhaust the brain. To every friend of Socialism (except perhaps the unhappy reviewer) this state of things gives unmixed satisfaction. It is the best outward and visible sign which could possibly be given of the tremendous mental energy of the women and men who are fighting the Socialist battle. At present a good deal of this energy is more or less wastefully used up for want of direction towards a definite and common end, but for those who have eyes to see there are signs in the heavens that the period of vagueness is almost past, that mere individual effort will soon give place to organised activity, and that the English Socialist Movement—for the last few years only a desultory war of guerrillas and *franc-tireurs*—will become the steady forward march of a disciplined and conquering army.

As, however, these particular pages of *To-Day* are supposed to be given up to reviewing, and not to prophecy, it would be perhaps as well to take up the first of the little heap of pamphlets before us.

Mr. Adolph Smith has done us all a service by publishing his notes(1) on the recent Trades Union Congress in Paris, at which he was interpreter. In his introduction he gives a most valuable sketch of *affaires Socialistes* in France. It is instructive to note that the Possiblist and Impossiblist parties are better defined across the Channel than they are in our own country, although there, as here, the latter are in a quite hopeless minority. *Apropos* of this matter,

(1) "Report of the International Trades Union Congress held at Paris." By Adolph Smith. Foulger and Co., 14, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

it is hardly fair of Mr. Smith to try to identify the Socialist League with the Impossiblist faction. It must surely be as well known to him as it is to the rest of the Socialist world, that the League is by no means entirely at one on the question of Opportunism. Mr. Smith gives an excellent *précis* of the speeches delivered at the Congress. Those best worth reading are M. Anseele's, M. Grimpe's, and that of Mr. Norton. the delegate from Australia. Mr. John Burnett's defence of Trade Unionism seems to have been more effective as a retort than as an argument. Mr. Burnett has a biting tongue, and he hit his adversary on the raw more than once. The refusal of the English delegates to vote was a "regretable incident," and it is impossible not to agree with the remark of Mr. Norton, that "if their mandate did not give them full latitude to vote, they should have gone as visitors, not as delegates." Mr. Smith's pamphlet is most useful and interesting, and should be read by everyone who takes anything more than a *dilettante* interest in the cause of labour.

Mr. Hyndman, as a writer, is like the heroine of the nursery rhyme, "When he is good he is very, very good, but when he is bad, he is horrid." For this reason he does well to republish in *brochure* form his contributions to the monthly magazines, and to let fall into forgetfulness the articles and paragraphs which he writes for *Justice*. The former are generally at a fairly high level; the latter are not only slip-shod and careless, but nearly always deliberately "written down." For the bourgeois magazines Mr. Hyndman uses a clean pen and good honest ink; when writing for the "workers" he scrawls with a muck-rake dipped in sewer mud. In his reply to Lord Brabazon (2) he has a good case and he does well with it. Lord Brabazon is fairly "collared," and fairly thrown. His arguments are driven home to their logical conclusions to his own entire refutation. But is not Mr. Hyndman a little out in his political economy, when he speaks of the 1,800,000 domestic servants as producing *nothing*? Surely the servant who cleans Mr. Hyndman's boots in the morning is, so far as she is saving Mr. Hyndman's time, helping to produce pamphlets and speeches. Mr. Hyndman is said to be shaky in the matter of statistics, but however this may be, his greatest enemy will not deny that his method of dealing with them is always skillful and often masterly. This little pamphlet affords no exception to the rule. In other respects too it is pleasant reading for some of us, for it is *sane*. "We are no believers in a revolution of starvelings," says the author on page 5, and all true friends of Socialism will wish that he could succeed in driving this opinion into the heads of all his followers. Delightful also is it to find Mr. Hyndman calling himself a "Socialist," and not that terrible double-barrelled thing a "Social Democrat." Socialism differs from Social Democracy as the Holy Catholic Church differs from Little Bethel.

The reprint from *Time* on the Chicago Riots(3) is a really admirable sketch of the economic condition of the United States. Indeed we are not sure that we do full justice to Mr. Hyndman in calling it a "sketch." A highly condensed and clear exposition is the phrase which would perhaps best describe it. In a series of paragraphs filling only about five pages of large type, the author puts before us the difference and the similarity in the economic forces at work in America and Europe, and shews how the two worlds are gradually assimilating in their social

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(2) "The Emigration Fraud:—A reply to Lord Brabazon," by H. M. Hyndman. Reprinted by permission from the "Nineteenth Century," Modern Press, 13, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

(3) "The Chicago Riots and the Class War in the United States" (a reprint from *Time*), by H. M. Hyndman. Swan Sonnenschien, Lowrey and Co., Paternoster Square, E.C.

conditions under the pressure of these economic forces. Although Mr. Hyndman is strong enough in his denunciation of the Anarchists with their "mad talk and madder rashness," and does not hesitate to stigmatise them as the reactionaries they are, yet his sketch of the frightful state of things which Capitalism has brought about in Chicago should make even his bourgeois readers think twice before they swell the chorus of censure against the men now under sentence of death for riot. Dynamite bombs may not be the wisest, but they are certainly the almost inevitable reply to such gross brutality as that of which the Chicago police appear to have been constantly guilty. One of the most startling and interesting features of this little pamphlet is the list of about eighty newspapers published in the United States devoted to the cause of labour, and all more or less Socialist in their views. Mr. Hyndman does yoeman's service to the cause he has at heart in bringing facts and figures like those dealt with in this pamphlet before the notice of the bourgeois classes. A time is coming upon us when every loyal Socialist will do well to find his true *métier* and work at it. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Let Mr. Hyndman stick to his pamphlets.

In view of the demonstration to be made on Lord Mayor's Day, Mr. Champion has written a little pamphlet(4) intended to open the eyes of the bourgeois to what he believes to be their danger. With many of his conclusions nearly all Socialists, and probably some people who are not Socialists, will be strongly inclined to agree; but we cannot help thinking that if he honestly wished to further the cause of the unemployed, he would have done well not to have devoted his last few pages to what is so evidently an advertisement of the Social Democratic Federation. Of course we know that this kind of thing is only part of the regular system of self-advertisement deliberately adopted and carried out by the leaders of that body; and with General Booth and the Salvation Army before our eyes we dare not deny its possibility of success. Still there are occasions when it might be dropped, and the publication of this tract we think was one of them. Mr. Champion has shewn both skill and discretion in proposing that the organisation of Unemployed Labour should be made an Imperial rather than a local question, and that the necessary financial burden should be borne by the nation as a whole and not only by the ratepayers. There is no fact more necessary to the Socialist propagandist to bear in mind than that "the ratepayer is poor," and that he is numerous, and that the way to his heart is not by proposals to increase the size of the rate collectors' demand notes. What proposals Mr. Champion makes it is not our business to re-state here, especially as we hope his little pamphlet will be largely bought, carefully read, and widely distributed.

Another proposal for the employment of the Unemployed comes from Mr. Tom Mann in the shape of a pamphlet(5) on the "Eight Hour's Working Day." Mr. Mann is apparently one of those practical Socialists —more power to their elbows—who believe in the wholesome doctrine of "taking what you can get, and then going in for the balance." He hits straight from the shoulder, and he cannot hit too hard or too often, at those who preach that ameliorative measures mean a perpetuation of the present system. "I can understand," he says, "a middle-class man holding this to me absurd theory (*we* cannot, but no matter.) I can also understand some workmen reflecting the opinions of these theory-loving, poverty-accentuating blockheads, merely because they are middle-class,

(4) "The Facts about the Unemployed. An Appeal and a Warning by one of the Middle Class." Modern Press, 13, Paternoster Row.

(5) "What a Compulsory Eight Hour's Working Day means to the Workers, by Tom Mann. The "Modern Press," 13, Paternoster-row, E.C.

but I cannot understand a workman who through youth and early manhood has been battling against long hours in order that he might attend the institute, listen to the lectures, and read the works of able men, and by these means has succeeded in having a mind worth owning; I say I cannot understand such an one hindering rather than helping in a shorter hours' movement." Precisely, Mr. Mann, but then no person such as you speak of does hold the views you condemn. The man who denounces you, and those who with you are striving "to ameliorate the pangs of the hungry men, women, and children, who are now in the throes of despair" is not the hard and honest worker who attends lectures and reads books, but the good-for-nothing blatherumskaite who is too idle to think for himself and too stupid to avail himself of the thought of his intellectual superiors. From the above extracts it will be seen that the author's style is a trifle rhetorical but considering the purpose for which his pamphlet is intended perhaps this is an advantage rather than a demerit. That he has really studied his subject, and not merely written it "off the reel" is proved by the manner in which he marshalls his facts and statistics. We hope his little pamphlet will find its way wherever workmen "most do congregate."

Technical Education is one of those subjects on which a good many Socialists manage to get at loggerheads. We don't know that Mr. Schumann's lecture (6) adds anything very valuable to the controversy, but it is worth reading as a statement of the affirmative side of the question from a socialist point of view. Mr. Schumann regards *all* education of the worker as tending towards Socialism by making him more discontented with his lot, and it does seem likely that a man who can do something and is not permitted by economic condition to do it, will be more irritated than one who could not do anything even if society gave him the chance.

No. 5 of "The Socialist Platform" (7), is a well-written and rather powerful appeal by a trades unionist to the Trades Unions to enquire into and consider the argument for Socialism. Mr. Binning's principal argument is the very practical one that Trades Unionism is in serious danger from the £ s. d. point of view. And some of the facts with which he supports it are startling enough, and shew pretty clearly that unless the altogether unexpected happens, the Unions must, at no very distant date, be face to face with financial ruin. In these circumstances the author asks what are you going to do? His own advice is, throw in your lot with the Socialists and bring your still powerful organisations to assist the worker not merely to get a larger share of profits but to abolish them altogether. "It is not a question of how much we shall be robbed, but whether we shall permit ourselves to be robbed at all." Mr. Binning appeals to the Unionists to think and act for others as well as for themselves. "What of the thousands of small traders, who are being daily crushed out by the large firms . . . besides the hosts of workers of all kinds who are entirely outside the scope of trades union effort? . . . If the Unions are to look out for their own members only, without regard to the well-being of others outside their ranks, they are simply acting like the monopolist who believes that every one else was born for his use and convenience." This appeal to something more than mere immediate self-interest is both good taste and true wisdom. Would there were a little more of this sort of thing to be found in socialist literature. If men have a sense of justice, we must be more than fools and blind if we do not appeal to it; if they have not, then what hope is there that the new State will be any better than the old tyranny? We like Mr. Binning's tract so much. that

(6) "Socialism and Technical Education." A lecture by Fritz Schumann. W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London.

(7) "The Socialist Platform," No. 5. "Organised Labour," by Thomas Binning Socialist League office, 13, Farringdon Road, E.C.

we are sorry to have to find fault with it at all; but it does seem to us that his remarks about the "Eight Hour's Working Day" had better have been omitted. If any serious man really contended that an eight hour's day would solve the social problem, then the author's criticism might be useful, but as no such person at present exists they are altogether out of place, and as arguments against an agitation for shorter hours of labour they are about as feeble and fallacious as anything that could possibly be written even from the capitalist side of the question. With this exception the pamphlet is excellent, and we hope and believe that it will do something towards bringing the Trades Unions under the red flag. To do this every socialist should strain every nerve.

When will people learn to wonder that "party politics" are inseparable from representative government, and cease from writing pamphlets like this of "Intelligent Foreigner".(8) Surely the lesson ought not to be so very hard even for the dullest brain not to mention one with any right to call itself "intelligent." The whole mistake comes from a want of power to discriminate between "accidents" and "substance;" and so men level their attacks at what is merely a passing phase under the impression that it is a permanent and necessary condition. Had "Intelligent Foreigner" thought a little longer before he wrote he would have seen that all the evils which he charges upon "party" should really be laid as the door of "faction"—a very different thing. The distinction between these two political entities was long ago pointed out by Burke; and we advise our author to read him before he makes another attempt at essay-writing. The unsatisfactory condition of English politics just now arises from the fact that party names no longer cover real divisions of opinion; and that the reign of party has for a time given place to the desultory rule of faction. This has not happened now for the first time in English history, and it is probably not happening for the last. It is one of the evils of a period of transition and as such must be patiently borne. If "Intelligent Foreigner" really desires to put his literary ability to some useful purpose instead of railing against party government *in abstracto* he should by pen and voice do what he can towards helping on the formation of the new parties of the future—Socialist and *Laissez faire*.

Mr. Edward Shears is responsible for a prettily got up little tract on. (9) the subject of "Death Duties" which he thinks should take the place of all taxation. He argues his case well and overthrows his adversary by anticipation. He gives, we think, the true answer to the argument usually brought against proposals to tax legacies, viz., that they will destroy the motive to accumulation. "Whether a man is parsimonious or prodigal depends very much on his natural temperament. Affection for his children may sometimes make a prodigal man sane, but no consideration of futurity will make a parsimonious man prodigal." We do not know whether Mr. Shears is a young man but we hope he is as in that case he has time to become a socialist. His foot is on the right road.

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8 "Party Politics in England" by an "Intelligent Foreigner," William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, E.C.

9 "How to Raise the Revenue without Taxation," by Edward Shears. William Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London, E.C.