TO-DAY.

No. 37.—DECEMBER 1886.

Lucescit.

Oh autumn winds that moaning go
By wold and ferny brake,
That hurry through the mountain pass,
To ruffle up the lake;

Oh dying leaves that tremble down
Upon the misty air,
Oh faded flowers, that broken lie
Where once you stood so fair;

Oh wild sea-birds that swing and float
Where foaming surges rave,
By many a pitiless rock and cliff,
By many a sad sea cave;

All that ye hold of wild unrest
Is in my heart to-day—
I cannot breathe—I cannot live—
If life be always grey!

Great God! is all Thy universe
  Deaf to my passionate cry?
Is there no help in my despair?
  Thou shalt not pass me by!

Break up, break up Thine awful deeps,
  Change silence into song,
Send back the sunshine to my life—
  It has been night so long!

Oh fading leaf, oh dying flower,
  Bear witness for the spring
That comes, though Winter long delay
  Her bud and blossoming.

Oh restless birds, oh autumn winds,
  While yet you wail and sigh
Life ever moves towards the light,
  And dawn creeps up the sky.

Look! Far behind the shadows crowd
  Heavy, and cold, and black,
On, onward winds the brightening path,
  There is no turning back!

H. W. MEARS.

Eros or Erin.

A Tale of an Irish Conspiracy.

By "Bauer und Dichter."

CHAPTER I.

"FOR THE CAUSE."

"OH, shut up, Luttrell. We shall have a Coercion Act for England presently, I hope, and if you go on in that sort of way, you'll leave these 'garish lights' for the gloomier atmosphere of Newgate or Portland."

So spoke the "junior" in the office of Messrs. Atkin and Aubury, merchants, East India Avenue, to his second in command.

The "garish lights" were the green-shaded gas-burners, which threw their glow on what was just then an extremely untidy-looking office. Blotting-paper and pens lay scattered about the desks, just as they had been left by the rest of the staff in the hasty exodus which always followed the departure for the day of the junior partner.

"That sort of way" bore reference to an outburst of eloquence denunciatory of the English Government and all its works, which had followed Lawrence Luttrell's glance into an evening paper. It was an autumn evening, just after the passing of the Peace Preservation Act, and almost every telegram from Ireland brought news of fresh arrests and acts of stringency on the part of the Irish Executive.

"Newgate or Portland," repeated Luttrell. "Well they've held many a better man than I, and will again, I dare say."

"Well, never mind politics. Let's be off. We can catch the 7.30, if you're sharp. You'd better come home with me, and forget Erin's woes to the tune of Chopin's waltzes. Alice plays them awfully well."

"She does everything awfully well, I think," said the other; "but I can't possibly come to-night, though, of course, I should like to. I've got to meet a fellow."

"Not that beggar, O'Hara, I hope?" Fred Oakhill put the

question with a little frown, but Luttrell made no reply—simply threw down his paper, and walked into the principal's room.

Oakhill put on his hat and coat without another word. "It *is* O'Hara," he said to himself, and presently left the office, calling out as he went, "Shall I tell them you'll be down to-morrow?"

"Thanks, yes," said Luttrell; and the office door closed with a bang behind the junior clerk.

Luttrell had been in the city four years. He had taken a clerk's place less for the salary than to learn the routine of business, for his father had died leaving him money enough to live on. He had had a University education, but had wisely determined to turn his mediocre talents in the direction of commerce, rather than add another voice to the bitter cry of the outcast Bar; to undertake the salvation of bodies under the sanction of a diploma, or of souls under that of an M.A. degree. From the Army and Navy his Nationalist principles shut him out.

He had got on very well with his clerical duties, but not quite so well with his fellow-clerks. The only one of them with whom he was in the least intimate was Fred Oakhill. The difference in their age was balanced by the similarity of their tastes, and the friendship was strengthened by Luttrell's visits to Sydenham, and by an attraction which he soon found was strong enough to draw him to Lawn Villas about three times a week. Alice Oakhill was pleasantly conscious of her own magnetism, and was not displeased at its effects on her brother's friend. Indeed, on one or two occasions, when for three successive nights Fred had come home alone, her brown eyes had been clouded by a transient shadow of disappointment.

It was at Lawn Villas that Luttrell had first met Mr. O'Hara, whose growing intimacy with him was looked on with disapproval by the Oakhills in general, and Fred in particular.

There was nothing to be said against Mr. O'Hara, except that no one knew where he got his money. Mrs. Oakhill was his second cousin, and knew that he had only about £90 a year of his own. This income he managed so judiciously as to be able to belong to some of the best clubs, to drive habitually in hansoms, to dress in the pink of fashion, and to smoke cigars at three figures the box. Skill at whist, an inspired knowledge of coming sporting events, a steady hand with a cue, and a keen eye for pigeons—Mr. O'Hara had quite enough charitable acquaintances for all these suggestions to have been hazarded over and over again; but no one really knew any more of the man than he chose to let them know.

This well-dressed social enigma was waiting for Luttrell at

Pursell's. He rose and shook hands warmly, and the two sat down at one of the little square marble tables.

"Well, have you settled the morality of the question yet?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I have," said Luttrell. "I had pretty well made my mind up this morning, and if I had not, this evening's news would have done it for me. Anything is justifiable against a brigand Government like this."

"Then you'll not stop at sympathy—you'll join us?" said the other, watching him like a mesmerist, and stroking his close-cut light beard.

"I should like to know a little more about your society. Our aims are the same, and I believe your method the best and bravest in the end—but who am I going among, and what can I do? Do the parliamentary leaders recognise you?"

"They will when they are asked. The trusted politicians may be still further trusted to recognise accomplished facts, especially when those facts are convenient ones. I have trusted you pretty well for an outsider. You know enough already to send me to the 'stone jug,' if you felt so disposed. If I told you more just now I should be breaking my word, and putting others besides myself in your power—not that I wouldn't trust you, for I would. I can read men as well as cipher dispatches," he added, with a laugh. And so he could.

There was a moment's silence, and then he spoke again.

"Well, do you feel disposed to come to the 'Commissioner to Administer Oaths, &c.,' to-night. 'This is my name and handwriting'—it's not a very solemn affair."

"Yes; I'll come now and get it done," said Luttrell rising, "but I don't know what use I shall be to you. It's simply nonsense to talk about fighting yet."

"Quite so," said O'Hara, "and I haven't talked about it, and the less we talk about anything the better. Our little *affaire* means to act, not talk. But we had better cab it; it's too far to walk."

They were in front of the Bank by this time, and as they stopped to hail a passing hansom a wretched-looking outcast, all rags and misery, came shivering up, and begged a copper. Luttrell gave him a coin. With an impatient gesture O'Hara said, "Oh, keep your money for your own countrymen, Mr. Luttrell! There are thousands like that on the hill-sides of Connemara. By the way," he added, when they were in the cab, "you were asking what you could do to help. Since you have loose coin to give away I can tell you of plenty of channels for it. We must feed men before they can fight. We have many rich men in our ranks, though."

"Well, of course I shall do all I can."

"Yes, I know you will. And when you know as much as

I of our cause and our plans, you will feel as I do, that you can never do too much. To further them is the one thing left to live for—ay, and to die for."

There was a thrill of feeling in his voice, and a flash of enthusiasm in his eyes, which were not lost upon Luttrell, who, looking at him, recalled all the harsh judgments he had heard pronounced on him, and thought how different the inner self of the man was to that outer crust which had earned O'Hara the world's unfriendly comments.

His frank eyes must have betrayed the thought, for the other said,

"Ah! our friends at Sydenham haven't a magic mirror, fortunately, so are driven to guessing as to how I spend my time. The worst of it all is that a few of us cannot work as we would like to do, but have to idle half our time away so as to be able to use the other half at all. One must keep touch with the world, high and low, and the 'high' don't care to rub shoulders with frayed coats or acknowledge bows from last season's hats."

Luttrell felt relieved, somehow, by this very natural explanation. It is an old saying, that if you throw mud enough some of it is sure to stick, and, in spite of his strong liking for O'Hara, he had not been able to shake off the remembrance of hints that he had heard.

Presently the cab stopped in a dark street leading out of the City Road. O'Hara dismissed the cabman, and walked with Luttrell some few hundred yards, in the course of which they turned several corners. At last they stopped before a house, on whose shabby door-post was a zinc plate, "J. Prawle, engraver, first floor."

On the first-floor landing O'Hara stopped, and flicked half-a-dozen times on a door with his forefinger nail. After a moment's waiting the door was opened, and someone said, "All right, O'Hara."

It wasn't J. Prawle, engraver, however, but an open-faced youth of about twenty-two, with a good deal of polished boot and new broadcloth about him. He was in evening dress, and had an expensive little spray of stephanotis in his button-hole.

"I managed to come, you see," he said, when the door was closed. "Old Waring's inside, as busy as ever. I can't get a word out of him."

"Mr. Luttrell, this is one of our warmest friends, Mr. Arthur Lowrie."

The two shook hands.

The room in which they stood was littered about with engraver's tools. A few half-finished plates were on the dusty mantelpiece, a large deal table fitted close against the wall under the window. The place was small and dirty and ill-

cared for, and looked as if Mr. J. Prawle was not in a very thriving way of business. The inner room, to which Mr. Lowrie led the way, was smaller but cleaner, and bore no trade marks about it. It was evidently used as a counting house, if Mr. J. Prawle ever had anything to count. Its only furniture was a chair or two and a large desk, at which sat, writing busily, a man with iron grey hair and moustache, and a certain military air which was very noticeable in spite of his shabby light jacket. He finished the sentence he was writing before he looked up.

"Our secretary, Mr. Waring," said O'Hara, then—"Waring, this gentlemen, Mr. Luttrell," with an introductory wave of the hand, "wants to join us. I introduce him on my own responsibility, and am ready to answer for his fidelity."

Waring rose, and extended a courteous, welcoming hand. "I am always glad to meet with a friend," he said. "We ought really all to know each other at a time like this. There must be thousands of men whom we know nothing of who would be glad to join us. Union is what we want."

Luttrell muttered a few indistinct words of assent.

"Well, to business," said O'Hara, lightly. "Where's the roll of honour."

Waring opened a drawer, and drew out a rather large black book with a brass lock, and "J. Prawle, Diary," on it in gilt letters.

"Mr. Luttrell understands, of course," he said, selecting a little key from the small bunch at the end of his watch-chain, "the nature of the promises which we expect."

"I have asked Mr. Luttrell for no promises," said O'Hara.

"Then I must ask for them. Mr. Luttrell will give us his word of honour, which we esteem more binding than an oath, that he will repeat to no one outside our circle anything that he may know now or come to know hereafter of our plans. That he will keep secret the names of members of our association and our place of meeting, and that he will do his utmost in all ways to forward our designs."

"I shall give you my word without hesitation," Luttrell bowed.

"At the same time," said Waring, "we don't want to force anyone to do anything. Every service in our cause is voluntary. Intimidation has been the curse of all previous efforts."

By this time he had unlocked the book, and Luttrell saw as he turned the pages, that a good many of them were filled with names.

"This is our London register. Our Dublin one is, of course, much fuller."

Luttrell thought this one seemed pretty full, but said nothing.

Lawrence Luttrell.
Arthur W. L. Lowrie.

When those names, with the date, were written on a clean page of the diary, Lawrence felt a certain sense of exultation. Now, surely, he was on the way to helping his country and her noblest sons. He felt likewise no little relief at that announcement of Waring's that he would have to do nothing he did not wish to do, for, though enthusiastic enough in the cause of Ireland, he felt no leaning towards dynamite and the knife.

"That's over," said Arthur Lowrie. "Are you going my way, Mr. Luttrell? We might go together."

Their ways were the same, and they did go together, leaving Mr. Waring to resume his secretarial work. O'Hara went with them as far as the City Road, and there left them. He was going to St. Pancras, he said, *en route* for Manchester.

The two young men walked towards the City; Lowrie's conversation was simply a panegyric upon the cause, the society and its members, especially O'Hara.

"He's so devoted, so hard-working, so self-sacrificing and so run down by a parcel of fools, who think they can judge of a man by knowing his tailor."

"You talk of self-sacrifice!" said Luttrell at last; "but what can one sacrifice?" He looked at his companion, and it certainly occurred to him that he, at least, seemed to have dropped self-denial before it grew inconvenient. There was a self-sacrifice, apparently, which is not incompatible with dress clothes and stephanotis.

"Your pocket," said Arthur. "Mine's pretty empty just now, but when I have money I don't spend it all on Gaiety stalls. It isn't to be expected that we should all have brains like Mr. Waring Prawle; but we all have something, and if it isn't brains, it's time or money.

"But they don't seem to ask for money. I suppose one doesn't hand O'Hara odd sovereigns promiscuously."

"Oh, no, no! No money goes through O'Hara's hands but his own. The treasurer is Mr. O'Brien, and money is paid into his account at the National Bank, Dublin. None but money from members is paid into that account. You're supposed to send your name in, but I don't always," he added ingenuously, with a little blush, for which Lawrence rather liked him.

So it happened that next day £50 was paid into the Bishopsgate-street Branch of the National Bank of Ireland to the credit of Mr. James F. O'Brien, Dublin. The young man who paid it in gave no name.

While Luttrell was taking such steps for helping his country as could be taken in the limited area of Mr. J. Prawle's rooms, his friends at Sydenham were talking of him in a way that should have made his ears burn—if there be any truth in the old adage.

When Fred Oakhill's latch-key grated in the lock of the front

door that evening, there was a little flutter of expectancy in the drawing-room. Mrs. Oakhill laid down her work in readiness to welcome her son, and Alice looked up from the Shelley she was reading, in her low chair by the fire.

As she leaned back carelessly, the graceful lines of her throat and head thrown into relief by the white chair back, her pretty figure in its china blue dress, her bright brown hair and mobile mouth, made the sort of picture men love to look upon.

Fred stood in the doorway,—"Well mother."

"At last!" said Alice, but her eyes seemed to be searching beyond him, in the semi-shadow.

"There's no one else, Alice," he laughed. "Luttrell could not or would not come to-night."

"How was that?" said Mrs. Oakhill.

"Well, the only excuse he vouchsafed was that he had to 'meet a fellow'; and I'm rather afraid it's O'Hara."

"Why afraid?" asked his sister, tapping with one little foot on the floor. "Do you feel yourself responsible for Mr. Luttrell's choice of friends?"

Her mocking tone annoyed her brother a little.

"Yes I do," he said, shortly, "when the friends are met at our house, and are, moreover, relations of ours."

"Well, for my part, I can't see any harm in Mr. O'Hara."

She seemed to be taking up the cudgels out of pure contrariety.

"There's harm in spending more money than you have."

"As a matter of fact, you can't do that. You can only run into debt. Have you heard that that is among Mr. O'Hara's vices?"

"No," said Fred, "I believe he pays his way. But how does he get his money?"

"I fail to see that that is your concern, my dear boy," remarked his sister, with a little amused smile. "But if you must speculate, why not put down his means of livelihood as scribbling of anonymous magazine articles, newspaper writing, secretaryship of mission societies, or anything else respectable, instead of giving him credit for the darkest crimes because he doesn't go about labelled 'solicitor,' 'author,' 'clerk'?"

"Why, my dear Alice." Mrs. Oakhill looked over her spectacles in mild remonstrance, "it was only the other day you were saying——"

"I must have been in a bad temper," Alice interrupted. "We all say uncharitable things sometimes; but it's a terrible thing to have a domestic recording angel to make notes of them. The fact is, Fred," she went on, "you don't like Mr. O'Hara, because you are jealous if your Mr. Luttrell speaks to anyone else. You had much better get ready for dinner,

and you will find that after it you will be able to feel much more kindly to your inexplicable fellow-creatures than you do now, dear."

"Confound it!" Fred said to himself in his impetuous boy's fashion; "its all my fault. I wish they'd never met here. Old Luttrell is such an enthusiastic, hot-headed, up-in-the-cloud sort of fellow. He always believes in everyone, and there's no knowing what bad ways that brute O'Hara may get him into. And yet I don't believe Laurence would do anything wrong."

Still, he could not get rid of that uneasy feeling that no good could come to Luttrell of this new acquaintance. He said as much at breakfast to his fair-faced sister.

"I should have thought your school training would have taught you at least one lesson, Fred," she answered—"to leave your elders to manage their own affairs. Seriously, I believe you're troubling yourself about nothing."

Though she spoke so lightly, she had been thinking about O'Hara a good deal since Fred's home-coming on the foregoing evening and had thought of Luttrell too without getting at any satisfactory explanation of the friendship which seemed to be growing up between them. She scented a secret, and felt the growth of a curiosity. She would find out all about it, somehow, she was determined. It was this resolution, perhaps, that caused her to be so bewilderingly charming when Laurence Luttrell redeemed his promise to Fred, and spent that evening at Lawn Villas. Through all the intoxication which Luttrell felt at this new, strange, graciousness of hers, he was yet able, with his national adroitness, to avoid answering directly any of her half-veiled questions, and was really successful in leaving on her mind the impression that he, like so many others, had only been caught by O'Hara's knowledge of men and things, and by his conversational powers, and that there was no other bond between them.

The influence of music, of her singing, and of this new softness in her manner, combined to hurry Laurence Luttrell over the precipice to the edge of which Alice's beauty had long since drawn him. For the first time he was sure that he loved her. When Laurence at last said "Good-bye," and their hands met, there was a look in her eyes which was a revelation to him—a revelation of hope. She might care for him.

Full of his deep delight, he passed through the still night air, and in the crowded train he saw nothing of the Crystal Palace excursionists with whom his compartment was filled. His mind was filled with those delicious rosy visions—those lovely dissolving views which love's new magic lantern can cast upon the white sheet of our consciousness. Alice, and life's possibilities in relation to her, completely occupied his

mind to the exclusion of everything else. It was with the feeling of a man waking from dreams of Oriental indolence to the cold realities of the morning tub that he remembered, as he entered his room and took up John Mitchell's "History of Ireland" from his table, that he was bound to-day by a tie from which he had been free the day before yesterday. He had made a solemn engagement last night, and it came upon him in a flash, that he had no right to bind himself by other obligations till he could see whither the path he had entered on would lead him.

The decision which had taken him to Mr. Prawle's, though in itself quickly made, was really only the last link of a long chain of thought which, unknown to himself, had been leading him through the past three or four years to this conclusion. All the principles of his life converged towards this point. The best parts of his character actuated him in this decision of his, and, for all his light-heartedness, enthusiasm, and spirit, he was not one to turn back from the plough when once his hand had been laid to it. He must wait.

Boswell Redivivus*

GOLDSMITH'S "Beau Tibbs" was urged to pay a large price to see the coronation. "What you bring away," he was told, "is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the coronation." "Blast me," cries Tibbs, "If that be all; there is no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure whether I am there or no." It is at least possible that in an age when literary affectation is very much alive, but leisure is almost dead, some, conscious that Boswell's "Johnson" is a book all ought to read, resolve to have the pleasure of praising it, and talking as if they had read it, without the expenditure of time by which alone the pleasure can be honestly come by. And, in truth, the ten volumes in which, since 1835, thanks to Mr. Croker, we had to enjoy this pleasure, were rather a grave undertaking, in this "so-called nineteenth century," as the clergyman said. For is not this a time in which, if any book more than ten years old survive at all, it must generally be because the *editio princeps* is a *duodecimo*, or a "twelve," as they called it in Johnson's time? The Boswell over which Carlyle and Macaulay both waxed wroth more than half a century ago, which proved rather a vexation of spirit to so genuine a *littérateur* as George Henry Lewes, and which, but yesterday, incurred the censure of Mr. Matthew Arnold, was a very inartistic compilation. It was made by Croker (first in five large volumes and then ten smaller ones) from the life, as left by Boswell in his third edition (1795), from *The Tour*, thrust bodily into the *Life*, in defiance of all sense of proportion, and from other books in which poor Boswell had no hand, and some of which he hated. These were chopped up into chapters (Boswell knew nothing of chapters) and smothered in notes.

Now from a Dryasdust standpoint, such of Croker's notes as were not mere impertinences, may no doubt, be justified; and all book-writers and book-lovers know how hard it sometimes is to resist the "note fiend." Yet, unless resisted, he may lead us so far astray as to mistake the end for the means. Modern students of English classics, blessed with "Clarendon Press," and other editions, probably know their Shakespeare,

* "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," together with the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," by James Boswell, Esq. New editions with notes and appendices, by Alexander Napier, M.A., 4 vols. "Johnsoniana," edited by Rolina Napier, 1 vol. London, 1884.

their Pope, and their Burke, much less thoroughly than those who read the text with little note or comment. And so it has been with Boswell's Johnson. For half a century the additions have overwhelmed us. Now, however, the book is restored to us as it was known to the men of Johnson's own age. All literary conservatives, or, what is almost the same thing, all lovers of good books, and all who hope yet to read other books besides Boswell's and Croker's, will welcome these five well-printed volumes. In the first three we have the text of the original "Boswell's Life of Johnson." The fourth contains "The Tour" as Boswell left it. The fifth contains the older "Johnsoniana," such as Mrs. Piozzi's smart anecdotes, and some new matter of value to the students of the life and times of Johnson. Whilst "loyal to Boswell," and vigorously resisting many temptations of the "note fiend," Mr. Napier has enriched this edition with several short appendices, on such topics as *the* Club, and the portraits of Johnson, which prove the long and patient care the editor has given to his work, and that he has read all the later literature which could throw light on Boswell's books.

Here then we have again Boswell's "Life" reduced and brought to the form in which it delighted the generation of Johnson's contemporaries, and passed through ten editions in thirty-five years, and we are thus much better able to understand what Boswell wrote, and how he wrote it, and why it proved such a success.

For a success it was, is, and must be. Encouraged by all literary authorities, of at least three generations, Mr. Napier is surely not sharing the common delusion of editors, when in his preface, he speaks of the "great works" he is editing, as "destined to live for centuries of time yet to come." To the uninitiated the renown of this book perchance remains a mystery, and even professed students are still sometimes puzzled at its fame. It is indeed the life of one who was, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, "the greatest power in English letters in the eighteenth century." Carlyle chose Johnson as a typical hero, and when Mr. John Morley started his "Men of Letters," in 1878, no Englishman, who knows the literature of his own country, was surprised to find Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Johnson," as the first in this valuable series. Yet Boswell's book is the life told at some length of a literary man, whose works are now partly forgotten, and largely unread. Not one of them belongs to that high class of the rare literature of the imagination which alone is able to defy even time itself. Scarcely any of them except the "Lives of the Poets," are now known even to the curious. How is this? M. Taine not unnaturally finds it all hard to be understood. He reads Johnson's books, he says, in vain, and he yawns. He demands to know what ideas have made Johnson popular.

The " inspired savage " theory, which was thought to account for Shakespeare, is here quite inadequate, and is not even referred to. Johnson's " truths are too true; we already knew his precepts by heart." The only thing that can be said is that here we have a literary man who, in defiance of all rule, lives not by his own writings, but by the writings of another. But that other has done his work so well that for us Johnson, the man, is much more alive than many greater writers. The human interest of the work is immense. It is the man Johnson and his fellows who charm us.

Good biographies, too, are very rare things. Plutarch's " Lives," for Plutarch is surely Englished in more senses than one, Walton's " Lives," Southey's "Nelson," Lockhart's " Scott," Stanley's " Arnold," Carlyle's " Sterling," and, may we not add, Sir George Trevelyan's books on C. J. Fox, and Macaulay, will, with Boswell, for most people be long enough a list of the classics in biography. Few would care to add the compilations of state papers, which may perhaps be all that can be given for the " life " of a Lord Palmerston, or all required for that of a Prince Consort. Fewer still would dare to add to the list, Mr. Froude's doubtful monument, in nine volumes, to the memory of the Carlyles, or, the rather dull proprieties which Mr. Cross has given us, to serve for the memoir of our greatest woman of letters.

The cleverness, genius, if you will, of Boswell's " Johnson," the singular fame it alone has given, or preserved, and the rarity of good lives of any kind have, of course, set us all inquiring what manner of man this Boswell was, and what was the secret of his success. Two, at least, of the literary oracles of this century have given replies in essays which have not been suffered to share the fate of most essay-writing, and which may be taken as typical of the answers generally given to these Boswellian inquiries. Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1831, in addition to his maturer work in the Encyclopedia Britannica (1856), and Carlyle in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1832, both write at length on Boswell, and, if it is safe to summarize their views in a sentence, it may be said that, according to one, Boswell succeeded because he was a fool, and according to the other, because he was not. Macaulay was, we know, always sure, and where he was sure he saw only the unconscious success of " a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect." " Nay," cries Carlyle, piercing, as was his wont, much deeper, here is the work of a reverent man, of one who knew a greater man when he saw him. " The man, once for all, had an open sense, an open loving heart, which so few have." Surely here we have the conclusion of the whole matter. Vanity and grosser follies would not have given us what, in his later years, Macaulay still deemed " the most interesting biographical work in the world."

Without in any way desiring to follow the shallow fashion of sneering at Macaulay, it must, in truth, be said that he was, as he showed, incapable of fairly appreciating Boswell. This eminent critic and historian, after all, but confirms one of Johnson's favourite sayings, "It seems strange that a man should see so far to the right, who sees so short a way to the left." Anyone knowing the precise, industrious, and not too humorous Lord Macaulay, could have predicted his aversion to such an ill-regulated person as James Boswell, of Auchenleck. It was, in short, a case of Elia's "Imperfect Sympathies."

> "The cause to which that act compell'd him
> Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him."

Carlyle, whose literary insight was far deeper, if not wider, than Macaulay's, could appreciate characters so diverse as Burns and Goethe, and we may trust his estimate of Boswell.

The style is often said to be the man, and the book is the man: but if we are to try to separate the two, and inquire not only as to the character of this greatest of biographers, but his method, it is not difficult to see how Boswell worked.

In the first place, taking Johnson's advice, he "cleared his mind of cant." He is truthful; truthful in the sense that he did not merely try to avoid deceiving others, but to avoid deceiving himself. He was sensible of Johnson's defects. He even suspected his own. No doubt he thought very much more highly of Johnson's writings than we do now, but in this he was but sharing the common opinion of his time. Finding Johnson already past middle-life,* and enjoying a great literary reputation, Boswell acquiesced in it. But he did not attempt in the "Life" to hide the faults of Johnson. He does not reduce us to despair or incredulity. Hegel says that no man is a hero to his valet, because the valet has merely the mind of a valet. Boswell was above this too. He respected Johnson, and makes us do so, although he saw, and he records, many of Johnson's weaknesses. Sometimes he dares to risk "tossing and goring" to rebuke them; and he always lets us know that he deplores them.

Joubert's Essays in Criticisms, twenty years ago, sent all who now resent the idea of middle-age to Joubert, and Joubert says that when his friends are one-eyed, he looks at their side face. This may be necessary to friendship, but it has often proved fatal to biography, and Boswell happily would have none of it. As the result, we have a record which is, on the whole, as Boswell saw, and said it would be, to the honour of Johnson and the "instruction and delight

* Boswell became acquainted with Johnson in 1753, and gives all bu the first half of his first colume to Johnson's late life, (1753-84).

of others." Boswell tells us he was twenty years collecting his materials. His care is evident and so is his truthfulness. Johnson's character could support even this, and Johnson comes out of it all in the end as Goldsmith saw him—"with nothing of the bear but the skin."

Moreover Boswell had sat long at Johnson's feet. During that score of years, to which he refers in his advertisement (1786) of the *Life*, Boswell was not only patiently gathering materials for his book but learning how to use them. *The Life of Johnson* abounds in Johnson's own hints on literary biography. It was an art he loved much and had practised well. On that Friday evening in 1781 when Mrs. Garrick gave, at her house in the Adelphi, her first dinner party after Garrick's death, somebody, as Boswell records, said the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. Johnson replied :—"But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made and repeated without justice. Why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life? As a *literary life* it may be very entertaining." Boswell's production proves the truth of this. It proves too another of Johnson's opinions that only those who live with a man can write his life with exactness and discrimination, and none but an eye-witness, and a clever one, could have produced with such dramatic force the talks at the Club, the meeting with Wilkes at Dilly's, or the thousand and one incidents in that "record of wisdom and wit." Johnson, when on the tour to the Hebrides (1773) had told Boswell that he (Johnson) "did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Beside the common incidents of life it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works." Here we have clearly stated the plan which Boswell certainly followed.

It is because Boswell followed this plan with honesty and care written in every line of his volumes, that Carlyle could say of them that they "will give us more real insight into the History of England during those days than twenty other books falsely entitled 'Histories,' which take to themselves that special aim." It is not too much to add that he who knows his *Boswell* and appreciates such of its literary allusions as relate to Johnson's period, will have a large and lively picture of the literary life of that time. It is even more important to remember that we find in these columns the record of a career which, in its indomitable energy, its enthusiasm for knowledge, its courage and sincerity must, if ever life were, be the lawful subject of honest pride and admiration whilst the English language lasts, and men are capable of reverence.

G.W.

Christian Socialism *versus* Satyr Socialists.

A LITTLE time ago, at a Socialist meeting, where the most serious subject of Socialism and Home life was being rather flippantly discussed, a lath-like weakish youth with a leering eye, whose name I forget, arose and informed the audience that he was an advocate of "community of wives"—whatever that may be. Lately, also, certain members of the Socialist League have been roaring in deep-mouthed tones against the "cant of purity," of which they "hear so much" in the religious society in which they mix!—and proclaiming, that Socialism is unorthodox, unless it declares war against marriage, chastity and the like. Indeed, the bare idea that wedlock should be approved of by any person or persons calling themselves Socialists, quite takes away the breath of some of the (more short-winded) Socialist Leaguers.

Now in the face of this discussion the question which Socialists have got to put very seriously to themselves is what is the *ideal relation between man and woman in sexual matters*, and having got hold of that, to grip it in earnest, and to refuse to allow a few depraved babblers to go forth sullying the scutcheon, and disgracing a Cause, which they proclaim, loudly and vaguely, to be allied to inchastity and lewdness. Are we to allow the ethics of the hogpound to be taught, as a necessary part of Socialism? or have we not made up our wavering minds upon these important questions? and even if we have not, are we prepared to listen to any foolish youth, who likes to prove his freedom from leading strings, by the assertion that he covets his neighbour's wife, and whose random utterances go forth as our matured creed?

There is only one ideal possible in these matters, and that is "love undivided and everlasting," which being granted, it follows that, in a Socialist State, there will and must be marriage laws, which assume that the bride and bridegroom are inspired by this ideal love and treat them accordingly, thus, at the least, making the step a most momentous one, and teaching, most forcefully, extreme care and the folly of merely wanton unions. Whatever be our views upon divorce, and, personally, I am in favour of allowing legal divorce, for incompatability of temper, we Socialists are bound to aim at some kind of marriage laws, and I cannot imagine what these would be unless they protected and enforced as far as possible

the union of one man with one woman, and guarded the State in its Socialist cradle—the family.

An anarchist, on the contrary, cannot consistently wish for marriage, or marriage laws, and having abolished at one stroke all forms of recognised union between the sexes, all punishments for rape and murder, and all safe guards for the weak, he would behold, whether with glee or sorrow I know not, a most bloody internecine strife begin, which would make impossible any division of labour, and so any civilization. If it were left to me to protect the wife of my bosom from the "community," desired by the lath-like youth, I should have assaulted such an one with "two sudden blows with a ragged stick" immediately he declared himself. I should feel compelled to shoot from the attic, with explosive bullets, any priapic persons of the Socialist or other leagues whom I saw lurking near my house, and whose muscles I considered stronger than my own. I should undermine my garden walks with military mines and pursue the advocates of polygamy with Battle's vermin killer, and hire assassins to put strychnine in their bread or their beer. Every man who loved a woman, in the old and honourable way, would do the same, for there are no extremes to which a man will not go, to prevent his wife from being ravished, and the mere suspicion of such a thing would prevent any union, or co-operation, or association for any cause, and our venerable world, with its garnered products of work and thought, would melt away like the Midianites whom Gideon discomfited. This position I can understand. I can even read in Livingstone's travels how it works among blacks, and in the event of Mr. Auberon Herbert becoming our dictator, I shall know what to expect, but Socialism and anarchy are opposites and incompatibles.

What then is the alternative theory, which is preached so loudly by the Socialist Leaguers? It must be confessed that they do not propound any general theory. If anyone else says, "Flee fornication," he is denounced as a canting capitalist, the exhalation of a putrid society, as a bogus knave, who dares to see good even in the present time, and he is abused by a number of choice epithets, such as we are accustomed to from irascible cab-drivers. But when the storm of abuse has passed he finds himself puzzled to detect what even these elect and abusive spirits would substitute for continence and loyal wedlock, for laws which punish rape and criminal assaults, which protect children from the snares of the lecherous, and from negligence of their parents.

What public opinion would they foster, save the one which bids men bridle their lusts, marry one wife and protect and cherish their children? They do not stop screaming to explain.

Wild pæans of praise to Dolores, and the foul atmosphere

of Regent Street, lechery and lightness, "free" fornication and adultery, are the most conservative influences possible. Plato traced both sensuality and avarice to the same mental source, and that they are mutually assisted vices, the least acquaintance with "business" men can prove. Our competitive system is but the apotheosis of avarice, and by pandering to our lusts Socialists preserve the shrine of avarice from their own and our indignant iconoclasm. That is what they socially achieve by their assaults upon chastity: and they destroy the delicate balance of mind, the sense of honour, and brotherly feeling in any individuals whom their false fulminations seduce into malpractices.

If they mean "let us prevent rape, &c., by law, but let us have no social or legal unions allowed or disallowed," why do they not say so? They would then have to face the question "What about the maintenance of children?

Are they to be allowed to run wild in famished herds? or are they to be handed over to the the tender mercies of Bumble, whose powers as a nursing father we can behold in any pauper school? Whose duty will it be to tend them? If the duty of the police and of Government clerks—Heaven help them! If the parents are to be held responsible, that in effect means saddling their maintenance upon the wretched mother, for under the proposed *regîme* there could be no legal fatherhood. Again, how would it be possible to keep order in such a state? Brothels do not now make for peace, nor does the ideal citizen of satyr Socialists contribute to the universal harmony. Again, how would you propose to remedy the inevitable rancours and jealousies which would divide man from man and make a co-operative commonwealth out of the question? These and a thousand other questions of detail would have to be settled, but there is no proposal made to settle them in a sober and statesman-like fashion. The manufacture of bombast is so much easier than accurate thought that the *Commonweal* Impuritans favour us only with an obolus of the latter to an intolerable deal of the former; they progress in the direction of least resistance perhaps, because they have not been called to account by their too sheep-like followers, and they have not yet been marked as worthy of the critic's steel.

Again we often read in the *Commonweal*, long and loud assertions that everything has "an economic basis," and no Socialist need object to the phrase, though when it has been used to cover the nakedness of Philistinism, it needs to be well washed and aired before it can be of service to reasonable minds. What then is the "economic basis" proposed for sexual unions? As far as the proposal can be guessed, it is simply a proposal for *laissez faire*, for freedom of contract and for unlimited competition. But the whole *raison d' être* of the

Commonweal is to shew the fallacy of these very principles, and the baleful effects of them upon the world, and, lo! the old horse, which we supposed was well in the knacker's yard is being here trotted out, alive and even kicking, and the knacker who was paid to slay him is witching the world with noble horsemanship. Yet the curious part of the situation is that the Christian Socialist, who with humble consistency abhors unchecked freedom of contract in this, as in other matters, is railed at for being an Individualist, although, as usual, no proof is offered of such wickedness on the part of the accused and condemned.

But those who shelter themselves under Bebel (and his confused tower), or who wag their heads against chastity, and say, aha! mocking, in the name of Socialism, at love undivided and everlasting, have not only "practical" difficulties to meet and overcome, difficulties, that is to say, of application and detail. These might be surmounted if lechery were able to inspire men with the enthusiasm which purity alone can give. The Impuritans have to face far deeper and more wide-reaching opposition than this. They have to answer the charge, not only that their theory will not work, and is inconsistent with their programme, but that they are ignorant or contemptuous of the whole meaning of state craft, of the whole bearing of morals, of the heritage bequeathed us in the past, and of the work which we have to do in the present and the future; in a word, they do not know man either as he is, or as he might be.

What is the State? Is it not, as Aristotle says, a combination of men for living well? Is it not the union of individual members in a living whole, without which each part fails to attain its developed life, to reach its own possibilities? The question at the root of all law and all social custom is, what can you get out of a man? If the answer assumed by our would-be legislators is that the highest human development consists in a well-fed and warmly-wrapped mass of brutality, such as we have in the modern alderman, then surely the product is not worth the pains, the catch is not worth the bait? If the whole end of the State is to act upon men like a kind of patent machine, such as is used for stuffing fowls for the market, that end could be attained by much simpler means. If, on the other hand, the *only* use of Acts of Parliament and social customs is to make men better, to develop all those finer qualities and sympathies which we call spiritual, and to forward in them the brave and ordered life what greater thing can they aim at than to help forward chastity? For chastity is the very citadel of self-control, and the fountain of effectual energy. When theologians place it so high in their classification of the virtues, it is because they see that if the wrist of the charioteer is too weak to rein the dark horse of

his animal appetites in the direction where most harm may come, there is no hope that he will be able to drive vigorously and accurately forward. You cannot carve artistically unless you first grasp the chisel firmly, nor live rightly without due control of the passions. The losel is incapable of unselfish thought or action, he quenches the holy spirit of enthusiasm; he loses all initiative power, he gets to look upon his neighbour as a possible prey, and this attitude makes up the whole vice of the oligarchic taint. It is one of the many master strokes of psychologic insight to be found in Bunyan, that the chief nobles of Vanity Fair "are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desere of Vain-glory, my old Lord Letchery and Sir Having Greedy." He not only places Lord Letchery among the aristocrats of Beelzebub's kingdom, but he, like Plato, puts him next to Sir Having Greedy, the notable against whose rule Socialists are chiefly rebelling. Surely the Socialist Leaguers must, with all their opportunities, see how true this is in fact?

How do the Impuritans read the general verdict of literature upon this subject? They do not seem to see that if their notion of what should be is right, the general verdict of poetry is wrong, and since the function of the poet is to express what many feel, the verdict of the majority of civilized mankind is also wrong, and we detect thus in our *Commonwealers* the old, old vice of philosophers, that of ignoring the study of the mind of man, and the spinning of *a priori* theories out of their own heads, but to do the old philosophers justice their spinning was cleaner and stronger than that of these who now inherit their original sin. If the aspiration after purity is but "the exhalation of a hopelessly corrupt society" the general verdict of poetry is wrong. By this I do not mean that Ovid and Byron were chaste men and writers, and that nothing foul or of foul tendencies is to be found in Theocritus, Catallus, Herrick, Suckling, Burns, Baudelaire or Mr. Swinburne—or the rest of them, but that the overwhelming voice of the poets declares that Penelope was right and Clytemnestra was wrong, that Lucretia was a heroine and Faustine not praiseworthy. How will the friends of the new revelation comment upon Shakespeare? calling Imogen a fool not to encourage the advances of Iachimo, and Desdemona absurd not to have intrigued with Iago? To be consistent our new moralists must applaud "Launcelot and Arthur's Queen," and rail at Britomartis, at the picture of the Cottar's Saturday night, and must abolish the constant sweet melody of all true love-songs, of which the burden is always

Dass ich kein' Andre lieb'
Als dich allein.

To say that the poets did not always "inherit that sweet

purity, for which" they "struggled, failed and agonised," is to say not only what we all know, but what is quite irrelevant. I may believe in solvency, although my assets only suffice to pay a shilling in the pound and I may call myself a Christian Socialist though I be, in practice, only faintly Christian and spasmodically Socialist. So with the poets, they would and do disclaim their own impurity, but it is only when they do reach their own ideal, that they claim to voice men's inmost hearts. The general verdict of literature is summed up by Bacon "Nuptiall *love* maketh mankinde; Friendly *love* perfecteth it; but wanton *love* Corrupteth and Imbaseth it."

Finally, those who advocate these illiterate and cheap theories, to which both reason and experience triumphantly give the lie, have a poor notion of the arduousness of the task which lies before Socialists, or the severity of the training necessary for our party. If we cannot live clean and endure the wholesome discipline of chastity, how are we ever to bring down the mountains and exalt the valleys, and to master and tame a nation which is fiercely and brutally unjust and immoral? To accomplish the French Revolution, which was a mere tradesman's riot compared to the Revolution which we contemplate, earnest men were necessary who knew how to die, to bring about Socialism, which is at present abhorrent to all classes of Englishmen, we shall require at least men who know how to live. Do the advocates of uncleanness think that they will ever persuade a race of men, the sons of the chastest of primitive peoples, to adopt a gospel which comes to them dressed in the garb of a harlot, and speaking the filthy language of the brothel and the West-end club? Ambition must be made of sterner stuff. Even the men, most prone to lewd living are not won to anything more than a passing passion by the tricks of loose women, and, similarly, no cause which promises mere fleshy delights will woo and win men's hearts to cleave faithfully and honourable to its principles. We wish to foster such devotion and such high service in men for Socialism and the easy method of telling them to wallow in self-indulgence is exactly the way *not* to engage the best in them and the best of them on our side.

If cowardice, or a wretched opportunism keeps Socialists from speaking out unmistakably upon the subjects raised by the Leaguers, it is not to be supposed that bravery and principle will suffice to carry them through the stormy days which will soon try the stuff of our men. Mr. Morris does not write in praise of whoredom, or arm his tongue "against the sun-clad power of chastity," why then does he not curb the silly wantonness of his followers? It is easy to understand that those who but lately delighted to shock the simple minds of their old nurses and feeble women-kind should continue the habit of insolence in their maturer years, until the mere fact

that a thing is loved and cherished, becomes a challenge to them to attack it. But men expect sobriety of judgment, self-control, and earnestness of purpose. The working-classes, especially, are indifferent to any would-be prophet who is lacking in these qualities, and the latter would save himself much disappointment, as well as some possible castigation, if he would bear this in mind when he addresses men whose moral sense has not been softened away by effeminate "leisure," but sharpened by wholesome effort and contact with healthy minds.

To those who know any chaste men or women, and the tremendous influence which such have upon those who surround them, no emphasis will seem too great to put upon the value and the necessity of this virtue of chastity to propagandists. The first and chiefest requisite in an apostle is that he must walk in white robes. To advocate filthiness, even more than to take Tory money is fatal to his real work as a missionary and that they have done this former is the charge brought by Christian Socialists against certain writers in the *Commonweal*. The latter cannot possibly plead that they have only assaulted the notion that any commercially-made match is lawful, that they have only pleaded indignantly for the application of the same moral code to both sexes that they loathe the abuses in our marriage laws and sexual customs. We stated explicitly in the *Christian Socialist* editorial that in all these points we were with them fully. It is marriage and cleanness of mind and life which they have deliberately attacked and in words which allow of no two constructions; and, henceforward, when Christian Socialists are asked why they add the word Christian to Socialist they will be able to quote the utterances of those who, under the cover of Socialism would degrade men into satyrs. Against our position they have no sober arguments, they simply fling such epithets as "ascetic" or individualist. With the latter I have already dealt, and it is worth while to define the former, for the looseness which is so prominent in the moral theories of our opponents is eminently visible in their use of language. An ascetic is one who sees only an enemy in the body and its functions. He is, therefore, as foolish a person as the man, who maltreats the boat in which he rows, or lames the horse on which he rides. Christian Socialists, on the contrary, regard every bodily function as a precious and necessary condition of the highest life, which life we regard as man's life most harmoniously and completely developed. But though each bodily want and its satisfaction is a spiritual opportunity, an additional strength to feet which run for the crown of life, when abnormally developed it is only a weakness and a woe to the society of mankind, and a discord in the music of the world.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

In order, however, that our holder of money may find upon the market labour-power in the form of a commodity, various conditions must be first fulfilled. The exchange of commodities does not, of itself, involve any other relations of dependance than those which arise from its own nature. This being so, labour power can only present itself on the market as a commodity, by being offered or sold by its immediate possessor; and that he may be able to sell his labour-power, he must be the free proprietor of that and of his own person (*b*). He and the holder of the money meet on the market, and enter into relations with each other as exchangers on an equal footing. The only difference between them is that one sells, and the other buys, and thus both are juridically equal.

In order that this relation may continue, it is necessary that the owner of the labour-power shall never sell it for more than a fixed period, for if he sells it altogether, once and for all, he sells himself, and is no longer a free man, but a slave;

b Amongst historians we often meet with the statement, as absurd as it is erroneous, that Capital was fully developed in the days of classical antiquity, "save that the free labourer and the credit system were wanting." Mommsen, in his "History of Rome," heaped up one *quid pro quo* on the top of the other.

he is no longer a seller, but the thing sold. If he wishes to retain his personality he should only place his labour-power temporarily at the disposal of the buyer, and in such a way that in selling it, he does not give up his own personal interest in it(*c*).

The second essential condition to enable the holder of money to buy labour-power, is that the possessor of the latter, instead of being able to sell the commodities in which his labour is realised, shall be forced to offer for sale the labour-power itself which is contained in his organism.

Whoever seeks to sell commodities as distinct from his own proper labour-power, must of course possess the means of production, such as materials, tools, etc. He cannot, for instance, make boots without leather; and moreover, he is in need of the means of subsistence. No man, not even the musician of the future, can live on the products of posterity, nor exist on Use-values, the production of which is not yet accomplished; to-day, just as on the first day of his appearance in the world, man must consume before he produces, and while he is producing. If his products are commodities, it is necessary that they shall be sold in order to satisfy the needs of the producer. To the time necessary for production must be added the time requisite for sale.

In order, therefore, to convert money into capital, it is essential that the holder of the money shall find at the market a *free labourer*, and *free* in a double sense. The labourer must firstly be a free person, disposing of his labour-power, as a commodity, of his own free-will; and secondly, he must not have any other commodity to sell—he must, that is, be free from everything, and absolutely without the means necessary for the realisation of his labour-power.

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c Legislation of different sorts has fixed a maximum for the labour-contract. All the codes of those nations in which labour is free lay down conditions for the rescinding of the contract. In different countries, notably in Mexico (and before the American civil war in the territories taken from Mexico, and the thing, if not the name, in the Danube provinces till the time of Conza) slavery is concealed under a form which bears the name of "peonage." By means of encroachments on labour, continued from one generation to another, not only the labourer himself, but his family too, became the property of other persons and their families. Juarez abolished peonage in Mexico, but the *soi-disant* emperor Maximilian re-established it by a decree which the Chamber of Representatives at Washington denounced as a decree for the re-establishment of slavery in Mexico. "I may alienate," says Hegel, "for a given time the use of my physical and intellectual powers, and of my possible capacities, because within that limit they only preserve an external relation to the totality and the generality of my being; but the alienation of the whole of my time as concrete labour, and of the totality of my production, would make that which is within, *i.e.*, my general power and personality, the property of another" (Hegel, "Philosophy of Rights," Berlin, 1840, p. 104, § 67.

Why does the free-labourer find himself in the sphere of circulation? This question is of interest merely to the holder of money, to whom the labour-market is but a particular branch of the general commodity-market; and for the moment it interests him no further than this. Theoretically we hold to this fact, as the holder of money holds to it practically. In any case one thing is very clear. Nature does not produce on the one hand possessors of money or commodities, and on the other hand possessors of labour-power pure and simple. Such a relationship has no natural foundation, nor is it a relationship common to all periods of history. It is evidently the result of a preliminary historical development, the product of a large number of economic revolutions, and the issue of the destruction of a whole series of ancient forms of social production.

Even the economic categories which we have already considered bear an historic seal. Certain historic conditions must be fulfilled before the product of labour can be transformed into a commodity. So long, for example, as that product is destined to satisfy only the immediate needs of its producer, it does not become a commodity. If we had pursued our researches further, and enquired under what circumstances all products (or the greater part) took the form of commodities, we should have found that this only occurs on the basis of a mode of production altogether special—capitalist production. But such a study would have been altogether outside the simple analysis of a commodity. Commodity-production and commodity-circulation may exist even though the greater portion of products, being consumed by the producers themselves, do not enter into circulation as commodities. The processes of production are not controlled in all their length and breadth by exchange-value. The presentation of products as commodities requires in the community such a degree of development of the division of labour that the separation of use-value and exchange-value, which only begins to show itself in direct commercial barter is already accomplished. Such a degree of development, as history teaches us, is compatible with the most diverse economic forms of society.

Again, the exchange of products must possess the form of commodity-circulation before money can come on the scene. Its different functions as a simple equivalent, a means of circulation, a means of payment, a treasure, and "World's-money," all indicate in their turn, by their comparative predominance one over another, the widely diversified phases of social production. Experience teaches us, however, that a commodity-circulation relatively developed is sufficient to bring all these forms into being. It is otherwise than capital. The historic conditions of the existence of capital do not coincide with the circulation of commodities and of money.

Capital is only produced where the holder of the means of production and of subsistence meets on the market the free labourer who comes there to sell his labour-power, and that single historic condition includes an entirely new world. From that point capital proclaims itself as an epoch of social production(*d*).

We must now examine this labour-power more closely. This commodity, like every other, has its value(*e*). How is this value determined? By the labour-time necessary for its production.

As so much value, labour-time represents the *quantum* of social labour realised in it. But it only exists, as a matter of fact, as the power or faculty of the living individual. The individual being given, the production of labour-power consists in the reproduction or conservation of himself. For that conservation the individual needs a certain quantity of the means of subsistence. The labour-time necessary for the production of labour-power thus resolves itself into the labour-time necessary to produce the means of subsistence; or rather, the labour-power is equal in value to the means of subsistence necessary to him who puts it in operation.

Labour-power realises itself by its external manifestation, or declares itself by labour, which on its part requires the expenditure of a certain quantity of muscle, nerve, brain, and so forth, which expenditure has to be compensated. The greater the quantity used, the greater is the cost of reparation(*f*). If the possessor of this labour-power has been working to-day, he ought to be able to begin again to-morrow in the same condition of health and vigour. It is thus necessary that the quantity of means of subsistence shall be enough to support him in his normal condition of life.

Natural necessities, such as food, clothing, warmth, shelter, etc., vary according to the climate and other physical peculiarities of a country; while, on the other hand, the number of those needs, and the mode of satisfying them, are historical results, and depend in great part upon the degree of civilization

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d That which characterises the capitalist epoch is this, that labour-power acquires for the labourer the form of a commodity which belongs to him, and his labour consequently assumes the form of wage-labour. On the other hand it is only from this point that the commodity-form of products becomes the predominant social form.

e "The value or worth of a man, is, as of all other things, his price: that is to say, as much as would be given for the use of his power" (Th. Hobbes, "Leviathan," in Works, ed. Molesworth, London, 1839-44, v. III., p. 76).

f In ancient Rome the *villicus*, or steward who was set over the slaves, received less rations than they did, because his labour was less wearing; *vide* Mommsen's "History of Rome," 1856, p. 810.

attained, and also upon the customs and habits of life of the class of free labourers(*g*). Labour-power, from the point of view of its value, involves moral and historical considerations which distinguish it from all other commodities; but the country and the period being given, the average means of subsistence is easily ascertained.

The owners of labour-power are mortal. In order that a supply of that commodity may always be found in the market (as the transformation of money into capital demands), it is necessary that those owners shall perpetuate themselves, "as each living individual perpetuates itself, by propagation"(*h*). The labour-power which use and death take out of the market must be replaced by at least an equal quantity. The total means of subsistence requisite to the production of labour-power must therefore include the subsistence of those who are to replace its owners—that is, their children—so that this peculiar race of commodity-owners may be perpetuated on the market(*i*).

Further. In order so to modify man's natural powers as to bring them to the point of skill and celerity in any given kind of labour—that is to say, so as to secure the development of labour-power in any special direction, a certain amount of education is needed, which will cost a sum equal to a greater or smaller quantity of equivalents in the form of commodities. This sum will be more or less in proportion to the more or less complicated nature of the labour-power. The cost of education, very small for the simpler forms of labour-power, must be added to the total of the commodities necessary for the production of that power.

As the value of labour-power is equivalent to a determinate quantity of the means of living, so does its value vary with theirs, being proportional to the labour-time requisite for their production.

Certain parts of the means of living, such as food and firing, daily disappear in the process of consumption, and must be daily replaced. Other parts, such as clothing, furniture, etc., wear away more slowly, and only require to be replaced at long intervals.

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g Cf. "Over-population and its Remedy," by W. T. Thornton (London, 1846).

h Petty.

i "Its (labour's) natural price . . . . consists in such a quantity of necessaries and comforts of life as, from the nature of the climate, and the habits of the country, are necessary to support the labourer, and to enable him to rear such a family as may preserve, in the market, an undiminished supply of labour" (R. Torrens, "An Essay on the External Corn Trade, London, 1815, p. 62). The word "labour" is here wrongly used for "labour-power."

long intervals. Some commodities must be bought and paid for daily, others weekly, others quarterly, and so on. But in whatever mode these expenses may be distributed in the course of a year, their total is covered by the average daily receipts. If we say that the quantity of commodities wanted each day to produce the labour-power = A, that wanted each quarter = C, and so on, then the average daily quantity of commodities will be

$$\frac{365\ A + 52\ B + 4\ C}{365}, \text{ etc.}$$

The value of the quantity of the commodities for an average day only represents the labour-time expended in their production, say six hours; thus half-a-day's labour-time is required to produce the labour-power of a day. The *quantum* of labour required for its daily production fixes its daily value. Suppose, now, that the average quantity of gold produced in a half-day of six hours equalled three shillings; then three shillings expresses the daily value of the labour-power. If the owner of the labour-power offered himself for three shillings per day, he would sell his labour at its proper value, and, according to our supposition, the holder of money, eager to turn his shillings into capital, would pay that sum.

The price of the labour-power reaches its *minimum* when it is reduced to the value of the means of subsistence which are, physiologically, indispensable, *i.e.*, a quantity of commodities which could not be less without placing the life of the labourer in danger. When this *minimum* is reached the price has fallen below the value of the labour-power, which can only maintain and develop itself in an impoverished form. Thus, the value of the commodity labour-power is determined by the labour-time required to enable it to be supplied in its normal condition.

(To be continued.)

Books of To-Day.

A NEW POET. *

IN THESE days of sterile literature, for the fact has to be conceded that our poetic literature is sterile, when the voices we love to hearken to are silent, or are painfully enfeebled by age, it is good to be able to chronicle the advent of a New Poet, who is, we feel sure, destined some day to take a high position. Many poems of the present collection have already been published and have won for their author a marked reputation: but magazine literature is necessarily of an ephemeral nature, so it is only now that the poems can be properly judged and estimated. Of course all the poems in this book are not of equal value, but the workmanship in all cases is good. It is only that some are on a higher level of excellence than others, if we except the sonnets, which cannot be considered successful. They are uninformed with any sonnet idea and are indifferent as to technique. Why is it that writers of verse will bind themselves to the limits of this form of composition? Some people are born to write Epics, others are strong in Lyrics, as is evidenced in Miss Christina Rossetti's exquisite song commencing

"When I am dead my dearest."

So some people are created to write Sonnets, and if they are not created to do so, no amount of prayer and fasting will bring forth the desired result. So much having been said against, little remains but praise, and strong praise too. Serious words these, but to be borne out by quotation.

Perhaps the finest poem in the volume is that entitled "Absolution," which narrates how a Roman Catholic girl becomes enamoured of her Father Confessor, and has to own the fact to him at the confessional, hearing which, he feels wild tempestuous longings rush through all his veins and passes that night in the deserted church praying for strength to fight against his temptation. At last he seems to get some little peace but with the dawn his love fever comes upon him again. He plucks the crucifix from out of his breast and treads it under foot and, full of life and manlihood, goes forth to make her who loved him his own. But, alas, as he goes upon his way he meets with a bier and a drowned body of a girl upon it, which he recognises as the girl who loved him, and who could not bear life after the shame of having confessed the love which she deemed unrequited. Here are some quotations from this truly remarkable poem. We regret that we have not space to quote the opening stanzas, which are marked by extreme sweetness, simplicity, and naturalness.

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* Lays and Legends. By E. Nesbit, Longmans & Co.

How powerful are the following lines, in which the girl discloses her love:—

'Child, have you prayed against it?' 'Have I prayed?
Have I not clogged my very soul with prayer;
Stopped up my ears with sound of praying, made
My very body faint with kneeling there
Before the sculptured Christ, and all for this,
That when my lips can pray no more, and sleep
Shuts my unwilling eyes, my love will leap
To dreamland's bounds, to meet me with his kiss?

'Strive against this?—what profit is the strife?
If through the day a little strength I gain,
At night he comes and calls me 'love' and 'wife,'
And straightway I am all his own again.
And if from love's besieging force my fight
Some little victory have hardly won,
What do I gain? As soon as day is done,
I yield once more to love's delicious might.

'Avoid him!' 'Ay, in dewy garden walk
How often have I strayed, avoiding him,
And heard his voice mix with the common talk,
Yet never turned his way. My eyes grow dim
With weeping over what I lose by day
And find by night, yet never have to call
My own. O God! is there no help at all—
No hope, no chance, and no escapeful way?'

'And who is he to whom thy love is given?'
'What? Holy Church demands to know his name?
No rest for me on earth, no hope ot heaven
Unless I tell it? Ah, for very shame
I cannot—yet why not?—I will—I can!
I have grown mad with brooding on my curse.
Here! Take the name, no better and no worse
My case will be. Father, thou art the man!"

Very beautiful and strong is the close of the poem, which we cannot resist quoting:—

'Oh, lips so quiet, eyes that will not see!
Oh, clinging hands that not again will cling!
This last poor sin may well be pardoned thee,
Since for the right's sake thou hast done this thing!
Oh, poor weak heart, for ever laid to rest,
That could no longer strive against its fate,
For thee high heaven will unbar its gate,
And thou shalt enter in and shalt be blessed.

'The chances were the same for us,' he said,
'Yet thou hast won, and I have lost, the whole;
Thou wouldst not live in sin, and thou art dead—
But I—against thee I have weighed my soul,
And, losing thee, have lost my soul as well.
I have cursed God, and trampled on His cross;
Earth has no measurement for all my loss,
But I shall learn to measure it in hell!'

It is refreshing to welcome a book which combines beauty of description with intensity of thought. There seems to be a notion abroad now that poetry to be realistic must be unlovely. But here we find beauty and realism most happily combined.

This little poem which cannot escape quotation is a very fine psychological study :—

"Yes—kiss my forehead where the pain
Is grinding outwards from my brain;
But will not pity teach you, too,
To kiss these lips no fire burns through—
These cheeks, made colourless and thin
By years you had no portion in—
These weary eyes that wake and ache
Not for your sake—not for your sake?
Kiss, child, and let your kisses see
If they can find the heart in me.
There is a heart—or used to be!

I think the pain is growing less
Under your passionless caress—
Ah, could you teach my lips to crave
But just such kisses as you gave,
And could you, treading my life's ways,
But lay these ghosts of dear dead days
That walk my world by day and night,
And bar the way of all delight—
If at your touch should waken—vain!
From heaven itself my soul would plain
Give me my ghosts, my ghosts again!"

This has kinship with some of Robert Browning's, though not by way of imitation. The whole book is distinctly original with the exception of one piece.

The writer's sympathy with the suffering children of our great metropolis is well exemplified in "The Children's Playground in the City." Many of the poems in this collection show a strong and earnest sympathy with the downtrodden of the people. Witness the Spring Song, for which we have not space for quotation. Most Socialists are doubtless familiar with "Two Voices," "The Dead to the Living," "The Last Appeal"—and those who are not, would do well to make themselves acquainted with these and other poems of a like nature, which have their place in "Lays and Legends." "Baby's Birthday" is a poem of great sweetness and tenderness, and might have come from the pen of a woman.

An irregularly constructed poem called "The Moat House," contains some dainty and charming songs, of which perhaps, the best is the "Baby Song." The writer has a few, not many, affectations to get rid of, and should avoid such lapses as adorëd instead of adored, which always leaves an unpleasant sound on the ear. Many instances of this kind of deficiency might be cited, but where so much is good and golden, it is invidious to dwell on such defects as can easily be remedied. On the whole this is the strongest volume of verse which we have seen for many a long day, and it augurs well for its writer's future as one of our leading poets.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.