# TO-DAY.

## No. 54.—MAY, 1888.


## Forbidden Fruit.

I dare not raise the cup to my lips
Tho' 'tis brimming and brimming o'er,
And tho' the house is so fair within
I dare not unbar the door.

Golden cups are made for gods,
Wine is for heroes to drink,
And crystal water for common men,
Either to swim or to sink.

Tho' I'm no God I hold a cup
Flashing with jewels bright,
And the sunbeams round it quiver and shake
Till it shines like a globe of light.

Tho' I'm no hero I see the wine
Gleam in it luscious and sweet,
And thro' the windows the purple fruit
Piled for the guests to eat.

Dash the cup from my hand, good Lord!
Spill the wine on the floor,
Darken the eyes that only gaze
On a house with a bolted door.

Bend my knees to the ewer's edge
There let me lave and drink,
So when the waters cover my soul
I shall neither shiver nor shrink.

Drinking water that leaves no stain,
Eating dry herbs and bread,
If they come from the hand of the king
I shall be royally fed!

CARIS BROOKE.

# The Local Government Franchise.

THE introduction of Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill has been hailed with a general chorus of approbation. Radicals vie with Conservatives in admiration of the broad and tolerant spirit which pervades it. There seems, indeed, some danger that its merits may be exaggerated and its defects overlooked. It is not intended to enter here into any detailed criticism of the Bill, or even to discuss its general character, but only to point out a serious omission which, unless repaired, will prevent a large proportion of the population from exercising any control over Local Government.

The omission referred to is the absence from the Bill of any remedy for the defects of the system of municipal registration, or of any provision for an extension of the franchise for Local Government purposes.

The statutory disabilities which disfigure every Act passed with the view of reforming the system of Parliamentary or local representation, were concessions made to Conservative distrust of the people. Now, however, that a lively confidence in the masses is professed by the Conservative party, it seems preeminently a fitting time to remove the anomalies of our registration system, and to confer the franchise on those who, at present, are unjustly debarred from the enjoyment of the full rights of citizenship.

It must, at once be conceded that those whom the law recognises as qualified to vote at the election of a member of Parliament should also be legally qualified to discharge the less important and less responsible duty of electing a Town Councillor, a Guardian of the Poor, or even a Vestryman. No lodgers, however, possess this privilege, and, as will be shown, there are other classes who are denied this minor civil right, but who are nevertheless entitled to be placed on the list of Parliamentary Electors.

The assimilation of the Municipal to the Parliamentary Franchise would greatly broaden the basis of Local Government, but would leave the work of reform in a half completed state. The proportion of non-voters to voters would still be appallingly large. Grievous restrictions and grotesque

anomalies would still exist, and the need for a wide and generous measure of reform would, every day, become more apparent.

The latest extension of the Parliamentary Franchise, with the consent of all political parties has not only brought the question of Manhood Suffrage within the region of practical politics, but has also effectually cut the ground from under the feet of its opponents. The old contention that the interests of the propertied classes would be likely to be menaced by the admission of large numbers of ignorant and illiterate men to the franchise can no longer be consistently used by those who assisted in passing the Reform Acts of 1884-5. For, putting aside legal disabilities, length of occupation, and payment of rates are the only tests now applied to a householder's claim to be on the register. He may be the poorest and humblest in the land, steeped in ignorance, sodden with drink and revelling in vice; he may reside in the most wretched hovel imaginable, his rent may be little more than nominal; and yet if he has lived there long enough and paid his rates, he will be qualified as a Parliamentary Elector. It is only when dealing with the claim of a lodger to a vote that the value of the premises occupied becomes a determining factor.

On the other hand, the conditions as to length of occupation of the qualifying premises are absurdly stringent, both in the case of the householder and of the lodger. The former cannot move out of a constituency, and the latter cannot move out of a house, without forfeiting certainly for one year and probably for two, all right to a vote.

Why the lodger's vote is subject to more limitations than the householder's it is difficult to say; but, perhaps, the explanation may be found in Mr. Disraeli's astuteness. He may have felt confident that the lower down you go in the social scale the stronger you find the feeling against Toryism, and he must have been well aware that working-men, especially the poorest of them, have to shift their place of abode far oftener than their richer brethren. These considerations may have induced him to limit the lodger franchise to men occupying rooms of the value of £10 and upwards, and to make the loss of the vote the penalty for moving from one set of lodgings to another. The injustice of the restrictions to which the lodger is subjected is naturally felt most in the suburbs of our great cities, and in country districts where rents are lower than in the large industrial centres.

Where parts of a house are let off to separate tenants at a rental of less than 4s. a week, the right of these tenants to a vote depends on whether or not the landlord resides in the

same building. To take a hypothetical case. A man owns four six-roomed houses of equal value in the same street and lets them in sets of two rooms to eleven tenants, at 3s. a week per set, retaining two rooms in the first house for his own occupation. Then the nine tenants in the other three houses would be enfranchised while the two tenants in the house he resided in would be disqualified. But it must not be forgotten that although these regulations constitute an unreasonable distinction between a lodger and an occupier of a separate tenement, they at the same time confer the suffrage on a large body of non-rated occupiers.

In 1885 Mr. Gladstone bestowed the franchise on any male person who occupies a dwelling house by virtue of any service, office or employment, and last year a similiar privilege was conferred on members of the police force.

Thus it is apparent that wide as the Parliamentary Franchise is, the restrictions on it are vexatious and so manifestly needless and unfair that their removal can only be a question of time.

When, however, we turn to the Municipal and other local franchises, we find a considerable increase of limitations and restrictions; while, by the way of exception, it is to be noted that women who are ratepayers are enfranchised.

It is the ratepayer who is the elector for nearly all purposes of local government. Vestries originally consisted at common law of the incumbent, the churchwardens, and such parishoners as were ratepayers. But they have gradually become, for the most part, elective bodies, and the electors are such ratepayers as have resided in the parish for one year and paid all poor rates except those accrued due within the six months immediately preceding the date of election. Under the Poor Rates Collection Act, 1869, every occupier of a separate hereditament whether he himself, or the owner, be rated in respect thereof is entitled to a vote, provided that the poor rates have been paid, either by himself or the owner. This rule applies to occupiers in respect not only of vestry elections but also of the election of all other bodies, such as Town Councils, School Boards, Local Boards and Boards of Guardians, where the payment of the poor-rate is a test of the claimant's qualification for the franchise. But it is to be observed that it is only the occupier of a separate hereditament who benefits by this clause. The occupier of part of a house will not be entitled to a vote unless the part he occupies is separately rated. A large class of occupiers other than lodgers thus enjoy the Parliamentary, but are denied the local franchise.

In Municipal boroughs the Municipal Council is elected by

the burgesses. The qualifications to be on the burgess roll are as under:—

The claimant must be the occupier of a house, warehouse, counting-house, shop or building.

He must reside in the borough or within seven miles of it.

He must have occupied the qualifying premises from July 15th in one year to July 15th in the following year.

He must be a ratepayer.

He must have paid on or before July 25th all poor rates made and payable in respect of the qualifying premises before the preceding fifth day of January.

He must not be an alien.

He must not have received parochial relief during the qualifying period or be subject to any legal disability.

An occupier can claim to be rated in respect of the premises he occupies, and on payment of or on tendering the rates due, he becomes entitled to be enrolled as a burgess.

Towns which are not municipal corporations are governed by Local Boards. These Boards are elective and the electors are the ratepayers. The same restrictions limit the granting of the franchise as in the case of vestries. But in these Urban Sanitary Districts, as they are called, the system of plural voting obtains.

Under this system, which applies also to the election of Boards of Guardians, the voting power of ratepayers is graduated on an ascending scale, rising with the rateable value of the premises occupied. If the qualifying property be rated at less than £50 the elector is entitled to one vote: between £50 and £100 to two votes: between £100 and £150 to three: between £150 and £200 to four: between £200 and £250 to five: and £250 and over to six.

The privileges of the propertied classes, so far as the election of these Local Boards and Boards of Guardians is concerned, do not by any means stop here. Owners as well as occupiers are entitled to the vote. If an owner is also a *bonâ fide* occupier he can vote in respect of both qualifications. And whereas an occupier must have been on the rate-book for one year before becoming enfranchised, an owner merely has to send in proof of his title to the property in respect of which he claims to be an elector, before recording his vote. He has also the exclusive privilege of voting personally or by proxy.

This system of plural voting partially disfranchises the poorer classes and secures the representation of property rather than persons. It is far-reaching. For Boards of Guardians have entrusted to them the administration of parish relief throughout the country. While, excluding Muni-

cipal Boroughs and the thirty nine districts under the Jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, there were at the taking of the last census 727 urban sanitary districts in England and Wales, representing a population of over 13,000,000, or, say, one half the population of the area to which the Public Health and Local Government Act of 1875 applies.

Whenever, then, a Local Board has to be chosen in one of these districts, and whenever a Board of Guardians has to be elected in any part of the country, the votes of the poor are liable to be swamped by the plural votes of the rich.

Further, it is to be remembered that the service clause of the last Reform Act merely extends the Parliamentary Franchise, and that while policemen may vote in the election of a member of Parliament, they are disqualified from taking part in a vestry election.

How is this deplorably illogical condition of affairs to be remedied? It will be seen at once that the assimilation of the Municipal to the Parliamentary Franchise would bring within the pale of local representation many who are not directly rated to the poor. But it would do nothing for the ratepayers. The supporters of Mr. Ritchie's Bill, both Liberals and Conservatives, claim that the chief merit of his proposals is, that he seeks to make the ratepayer the basis of our Local Government institutions. This is only partly true. So long as the penalty for moving from one district to another is disfranchisement there will always be a very large percentage of ratepayers who are not qualified to vote. These will belong principally to the labouring classes, who are necessarily more migratory in their habits than those who rank higher in the social scale. What is required is a material reduction of the qualifying period. If a ratepayer were entitled, after three months' residence in a district, to become a voter, the electorate would be indefinitely increased, and the boast of Mr. Ritchie's friends would have a substantial basis of truth.

But the enfranchisement of the ratepayers is not enough. Payment of rent by a lodger is constructive payment of rates, for he contributes indirectly to them. Often, indeed, in lodging houses the full amount, and sometimes more than the full amount, of rent, rates and taxes, is paid by the lodgers. In such cases they certainly appear to have a better claim to the franchise than the rated occupier. If they each occupied a small house instead of part of a larger one, and paid even less in rent and rates for the house than the lodgings, they would be electors. It needs but little intelligence to see the injustice and inconsistency of a law which says—"Pay £20 in

rent and rates for a house, and you shall have a vote, pay the same amount for part of a house, and you must go without a vote." It seems, indeed, impossible to imagine any reasonable ground on which distinction can be made between a householder and a lodger in estimating their respective claims to the franchise; and as the question of the value of the premises occupied does not arise in the case of the householder, it ought not to be taken into consideration when dealing with the lodger's claim.

The reduction of the period of qualification to three months, and the enfranchisement of lodgers would bring us within measurable distance of Adult Suffrage. The unenfranchised would consist almost entirely of those who reside with members of their family, or who are compelled by the nature of their employment to live in the house of their employer. The latter should certainly be included in the category of lodgers, as their lodging forms part of their wages. And as to the former class, the great majority of adults contribute in some way, whether by payment in money or by service, to the maintenance of the home. This, it is true, is not often the case, so far at least as women are concerned, in the houses of the aristocracy, and of the richer middle classes; but these exceptions form so small a percentage of the population, that they need not be taken seriously into account. *De minimis non curat lex.*

The arguments, therefore, which justify the enfranchisement of lodgers, tell with equal force in favour of adult suffrage. Any less extension of the franchise than this will be mere tinkering with the question. It is not consistent with common sense and common fairness that the lodger should possess the Parliamentary and be denied the Municipal Franchise, and it is equally absurd and unfair to grant the Municipal Franchise to the lodger and deny it to those who, not being called lodgers, help to support the household of which they are members.

There remains for consideration the case of those who receive parochial relief. It certainly seems, at first sight, a reasonable proposition that those whom the parish supports should have no voice in its control. But the relief given is often of the most trivial description, it may be a pair of boots, a little food or a shilling or two in money. But however slight it may be, the effect on the recipient is that for twelve months he is debarred from taking part in any parliamentary, municipal or parochial election. There can be no doubt that in many cases the penalty is severe even to cruelty; and it seems desirable that a limit of value should be fixed, below which the reception of parochial relief would carry with it no civil or political disability.

But by a strange abuse of terms, "parochial relief," in its legal sense, is applied not merely to gifts, but also to payment by the parish for work done in the labour-yard. The payment varies according to the number of children the man employed has, and is made in money and kind. A man with a wife and five or more children can in this way earn sometimes a little more than two shillings a day, a single man receiving about half this. The work to be done is generally stone-breaking, and the men have each to do eight hours work a day. The payment for their services is, therefore, even in the case of a man with a large family, far below the current rate of wages. It is hard enough for these men who have honestly earned more than their scanty wage, to be branded as paupers; it is intolerable that they should also be deprived of their civil rights for working for an employer who pays them less than the market value of their labour. It is to be hoped that the "poor men's friends" in the House of Commons will take care that this injustice does not survive the passing of the Local Government Bill.

The effect of the adoption of the proposals made in this article would be that every person of full age, and not an inmate of any gaol, asylum or workhouse, would be entitled to be placed on the electoral roll provided that he or she had resided in the same district for three calendar months, and had not received, during the qualifying period, parochial relief of more than a value to be fixed and not of the nature of payment for services rendered. Plural voting would be abolished, and in its place the plan of "one person one vote," would be adopted.

Radicals and Socialists must already be convinced that the benefits to be derived from such reforms as these must be incalculable. We know that every extension of the Parliamentary Franchise has tended to the development of the national resources, and to the increase of the happiness and prosperity of the people. The fame, the greatness and the power of England have grown with the growth of public liberty. We know, too, that local patriotism is nowhere so great, and local administration nowhere so satisfactory, as in Municipal Boroughs, where larger powers of self government are vested in the ratepayers than in any other portion of the country. But even in those favoured places there is no room for doubt, after experience of the beneficial results of the Reform Acts of the last fifty years, that the extension of the Municipal Franchise from the ratepayers to the inhabitants, would stir the zeal of Town Councils for the public good.

Our position, therefore, is this Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill extends to the ratepayers of other parts of

the country the same privilege of exercising control over Local Government Councils as has already been conceded to the ratepayers of Municipal Boroughs. But at the same that it extends the franchise, it perpetuates the existing illogical exceptions, and gives grudgingly that which should be given with a free hand. It is of the first importance that a governing body should be immediately in touch with the governed. This can only be the case, when, instead of being responsible to a limited electorate, it is directly elected by the inhabitants of the district over which its jurisdiction extends. The granting of adult suffrage on the conditions specified above would effect this, and would, at the same time, develop that interest in local politics, which is but preliminary to interest in State affairs. Thus the requisite training would be supplied to enable all citizens to discharge their public duties with full confidence and assured competency.

F. E. MARSHALL STEELE.

# Divide and——?

A Note on Passing Events.

DEMOCRATIC strategy has one characteristic quality by which it may always be distinguished from aristocratic; it invariably divides its forces in face of the enemy and then offers battle with the fragments. Having with great pains organised an army, respectable in point of numbers, and willing to fight for some general principle, it proceeds to discover that there are differences of opinion on irrelevant subjects among the soldiers and sets them by the ears over these. It would not be consistent with the eternal fitness of things if the Socialist movement did not manifest this Democratic specialty, and we accordingly find a certain number of earnest Socialists who, being at one with their fellows on the fundamentals of Socialism, feel impelled to quarrel with them over marriage and theology.

Modern Socialists are agreed that Socialism is differentiated from Individualism by its economic basis, and that for the Socialist the communalising of rent and interest is "of faith." He may differ on every other subject from the Fathers of the Church, and yet escape damnation, but on this one matter he must be "sound." It would only seem natural that as this is the one universally received article of the Socialist faith, the name "Socialist" should imply the acceptance thereof, and should be kept as the badge of those who desire to destroy the private monopoly of rent and interest. Any other opinions held by persons who have embraced this doctrine may be fitly described by their appropriate titles, but there is no obvious reason why the names denoting such other views should be turned into adjectives and prefixed to "Socialist." Socialists and Individualists may alike be Christians, Atheists, Jews, Buddhists, Idealists, Materialists, or what not. But no useful object can be served by people calling themselves Christian Socialists, Atheist Socialists, Jewish Socialists, or any-other-sort-of-Socialists, since the Socialism is not altered

in its essence because held by Christian, Atheist, Jew, or member of any theological creed, and since the Christian and the rest may be Individualists without changing their opinions on religion. It is idle to use an adjective which tells us nothing of the substantive it is supposed to classify, and it is mischievous to use one which arouses antagonisms wholly outside the "universe of discourse."

The present protest is called forth by an article in the *Commonweal* over the signature of Mr. Belfort Bax, in which Socialism is declared to be essentially hostile to the "present forms" of marriage and religion. The phrase "present forms" may be intended so to narrow the opposition of Socialism that it would only be hostile to the inequalities of the present marriage laws, and to the tyranny of a priesthood. Probably all Socialists, like all Radicals, desire that the union of the sexes should be based on equal justice, and object to priestly tyranny as they object to any other subjugation of man by man. If only this is meant, Socialists are not differentiated from Radicals by their views on marriage and religion, and it is unwise to raise the question at all in connexion with Socialism. But it is well known that very much more than this is implied, both by assailants and defenders of marriage and theology, when it is alleged that Socialism will "destroy the family and religion." I am not concerned to defend our marriage laws and customs; I believe that social purity would be served, not injured, by greater freedom of divorce, and I consider that judicial separations which destroy marriage *de facto* while maintaining it *de jure* act as direct incentives to immorality. But I held these views before I was a Socialist, and they are held by a very large number of Individualists; on the other hand many Socialists may disagree with them, and may consider that marriage ought to be indissoluble save by death. Why should agreement on the communalising of rent and interest necessarily connote agreement on the best form of the sexual relation? It is probably true—I hold it to be certainly true—that the economic independence of women will lead to a sexual independence which will insist on equality between the sexes in marriage and will thus relieve women from the disabilities now imposed upon them in the married state: but this is only "a pious opinion," and it would be monstrous to excommunicate Socialists who do not agree with it. For after all, what is it the non-Socialists mean, when they say Socialists want to "destroy the family." They mean that Socialism is hostile—not to details of marriage laws—but to the living together of one man with one woman, in union intended to be permanent, the children who

spring from the union living with them in one small group. To the great majority of civilised people this "family" is the most sacred thing in life, and any attack upon it drives them into the wildest fury. Now the family is a natural, not an artificial, group; the ties between husband and wife, parent and child, are real ties, both physical and emotional; no economic change will alter the passion which unites a mother to the baby she has brought into the world, and is suckling at her breast. The fact that rent and interest are communalised will not revolutionise human nature, and while parental love lasts the family will endure. I admit that changes in the environment modify the organism, and that in the slow march of ages that which now seems to many of us the noblest ideal of life may evolve into something higher, as yet undreamed of. But as far as we can see now, only one thing could "destroy the family," and that is promiscuity. Now there was a period in human evolution in which promiscuity was the normal sexual relation, but the race has evolved out of that towards monogamy, and it does not appear likely, to say the least, that civilised man will revert to the sexual relation of his barbarous ancestors. Promiscuity can only endure among a people who regard each other solely as male and female, and are in an extremely simple and homogeneous mental state. Modern man is a very complex and heterogeneous organism, and the sex-attraction shares in the complexity. Men and women now need more than difference of sex to stimulate the sex-attraction, and in this complexity of the attraction is the basis of family life. But whether this theory of mine be true or not, it lies outside Socialism, and such speculations, however interesting, ought not to be identified with it. We have enough to do in fighting the landlord and the capitalist, without ranging against us in our economic battle those who agree with our economics, but differ—in one direction or the other—from social views held by individuals in our ranks.

And so with religion. Why should Socialists who are Freethinkers denounce Socialists who are Christians as hybrid Socialists? Myself a Freethinker, I can see nothing in the belief in the Fatherhood of God, nothing in the acceptance of Christ as Master, which trenches on consistent Socialism. On the other hand, there is much in the teachings of the New Testament, as in other ancient scriptures, which can be utilised in the pleading for Socialism. For all great moral teachers have insisted on the duty of brotherly love, of willingness to help the weak, of labouring for an honest living, and as the object of Socialism is to place society on a basis in which idleness shall be impossible for the healthy adult, it may well endorse such teaching. If to some the

teaching comes as a categorical imperative, that fact does not injure their Socialism, and to those who believe with them Socialism may thus be recommended. I submit that Socialism, as such, is neither Christian nor anti-Christian, and that those who accept it may draw from any source arguments which specially appeal to their hearers, and can be honestly used by themselves, as subsidiary arguments in its favour. But most certainly what no Socialist ought to do within the Socialist field is to attack the theological or non-theological views of his fellow Socialists: as theologians we may dispute, but do not let us bring these disputes into our Socialism. Atheist or Christian, we are comrades in Socialism, and this common faith should be more potent to unite, than any opinion to divide. Socialists ought not to turn against Socialism the tremendous weight of religious sentiment; if any think religion mischievous, they can assail it, but they must not identify Socialism with such crusade. To do so is to hamper the progress of Socialism, and to act ungenerously to their fellow Socialists who cling to a theological creed.

ANNIE BESANT.

# On Immortality.

WHAT is it we understand by immortality or the "immortality of the soul?" Unless we clearly define this we are merely beating the air in discussing the subject. By immortality, then, we mean the popular conception of a continuance of that object of consciousness we term *myself*, what Kant calls the object of the internal sense, which philosophers generally call the *empirical* ego, after death, *i.e.*, after the definitive dissolution of the organic system or animal body with which it is apparently correlated. Now it should be noted that this conception practically denies the fact of the correlation of the mental phenomenon with the material, and affirms their independence. But what is the mental object or phenomenon we call "myself?" When we come to examine it, we find it is primarily nothing but a memory-synthesis, that is, a succession of perceptions and thoughts held together by *memory* and categorised by the active, outlooking, or pure consciousness, subject, or ego, as substance like other substances.

To drop the technical language of philosophy, I wish to emphasise this fact of *memory* as being the primary condition of the possibility of the particular personality or individuality. That the principle of Selfhood or Iness which is the condition of all possible consciousness, *for which* time is, and therefore which is eternal, *i.e.*, apart from time, is not incidental to or bound up with the object-ego is clear enough when pointed out, but in most minds there is much confusion as to this, a confusion greatly helped by the popular psychological distinction of subject and object, the "subject" referred to being really object (Kant's object of the internal sense) and not subject at all. Now the question of personal immortality clearly turns on this object, this memory-synthesis, myself, A. B., as distinct from you, C. D. This psychical object is in many points unique. Though it recognises itself as object among other objects, it is nevertheless like the world (universe) an absolute totality within itself. As with the world-object, no definite limits can be assigned to it in space and time, so with the soul-object no definite limits can apparently be assigned to it in time. "Myself" is therefore a cognised object, *i.e.*, an object in consciousness. But as object, it has in it an element of particularity which

as particularity is unstable and evanescent, since every particular comes and passes away.

The great question, therefore, remains; is the memory-synthesis which is the primary condition of the personality or individuality of the nature of the particular or not. If it is not, then there is ground for a belief in this personal immortality we are enquiring into, if it is, there is not only no such ground, but we are forced to make the contrary assumption. To my thinking this question is very easily decided. For it resolves itself substantially into this, did memory or the memory-synthesis arise in time? If it did we must assume that it will pass away in time, since a coming necessarily implies a going.

Now, as I take it, it cannot be denied that this object-self held together by memory, as distinguished from the pure consciousness which knows it, which distinguishes it as such, did arise in time, since there is a time before which memory is silent. It begins on the hither side of the genesis of this body. This thread of memory which constitutes that sense of personal identity expressed in the phrase "myself," I can trace back and back in time until I arrive at a period about which it is lost. There is a time therefore, when, speaking popularly, memory may be said to arise and hence I argue a time when again speaking popularly, it may be said to cease. In the one case we know that it is correlated with the development of the organic synthesis or animal body, in the other we have every analogical reason to think it is equally correlated with the dissolution of that synthesis. This is as much as to say, the memory-synthesis of personal identity as expressed in any given individual belongs to the particular or singular element in his essence.

Now, let us examine some of the most plausible arguments in favour of the limitless continuance of particular memory, or of "personal identity." We cannot, strictly speaking it is said, assign a time when memory begins, and, therefore, it is argued, plausibly enough, we have no right to assign a time when it ends. Here, I think we have a confusion between memory, as a sensible, individual particular *fact*, and memory as the universal condition of individual conciousness. That in this latter plane, memory, personal identity, has neither beginning nor ending may be perfectly true, but that does not affect our present question which concerns this particular individual on the time-plane. We are discussing a fact, *sub specie temporis*, not *sub specie æternitatis*. "Myself" now speaking is a fact *in* time. Though concrete consciousness may always involve a memory-synthesis, as it always involve time, it nevertheless does not, *per se*, involve *this* memory-synthesis here and now, this only accrues to it *per accidens*. I, to be

concrete, must always have *an* object-self, but not this particular object-self. I think, therefore, we may say that *this* memory-synthesis, the foundation of particular personal identity, of the soul or object-self, does arise in time since it carries us back a certain way and then vanishes. The impossibility of assigning the moment of its beginning or ending is merely an instance of the irrationality of the phenomenon or the particular, generally, like the Zeno-problems of the impossibility of assigning the moment when motion ceases, or of the extension or intension of space, or the precise moment of going to sleep or waking.

The attempt to find an analogy between the temporary break in the memory-synthesis in sleep, swoons, and anæsthesia and the change from infancy to childhood, from life to death, is inept for two or three reasons. Firstly, it may fairly be doubted whether the break is ever complete in these cases. In sleep my observations distinctly traverse this assertion. Even under the influence of an anæsthetic, I have traced the memory-thread of personal identity, gone very thin it is true but still there. Now nobody will allege this of pre-existence. But the real gist of the matter lies in the fact that in the one case the break in memory or personal identity (if such) is only a break, in the other it is a complete lapse. Behind my soundest sleep lies my past life known to me as mine. Behind my present life lies no life known to me as mine. My personal identity begins with a certain year. Beyond that I have no personal identity. Behind that there is no "myself" *i.e.*, no this "myself" that is now speaking, and with any other "myself" we have nothing to do. This memory-synthesis or personal identity carries me back through all the changes in my mental life etc., up to this year but there it ends. "There is nothing that comes into being but it ceases to be" said Herakleitos. Were I conscious of the pre-existence (as regards life) of my particular personality, I could believe in the possibility at least of its post-existence. Did I become conscious, however dimly, however transiently, of "myself" as having lived and played a part amid the life of any past age, then I could believe in a continuance in the future. But I cannot find "myself" in the London of Dr. Johnson, nor in the old English country house, nor in the salons of Paris, nor amid the workmen of the faubourg St. Antoine, nor anywhere in the eighteenth century world. As little can I trace "myself" amid the monasteries, castles, burgs of the Middle Ages, nor with the decaying world of antiquity around me. My particular self, the object of memory, in short, then, has no pre-existence. It is up to date, correlated with the organic synthesis, viz.,

body. The body is its wedding garment, and hence I argue the body is its shroud.

The memory-synthesis, personal identity, "myself," is, if this be true, one of the infinitude of evanescent particulars, or individuals of which all sensible reality is made up. It is one of those ripples which come and which go as they come, leaving the sea, indeed, but made up of other ripples. The meaning of human life is not to be sought for in this particular person, but rather in the universal principles which it embodies, or to which, maybe, it gives voice. Why should men strive to believe in a continuity of memory after death which they know does not obtain before birth? Because they refuse to recognise themselves as essentially unimportant and as only the temporary illustrations of universal notions. I am not saying this by way of reproach at all, since the feeling is perfectly natural. But the truth remains that our thoughts, deeds, friendships, and loves, which are merely the momentary and particular manifestations of certain human traits, we are accustomed to regard as though they were the one fact of the universe. We forget that every object of our affection consists of a *matter*, human nature, and a *form*, certain particular traits, and that these traits will continue, as they have done, to manifest themselves in other particulars or individuals. Of course it may be objected, this does not concern *me;* I am concerned only with my particular memory-synthesis, and with what falls within it—be it persons or things—"I" has been saying this ever since the rise of the introspective spirit, *i.e.*, since man first learnt to distinguish himself as individual from his clan or tribe. And "I" says it still. The objection must be allowed, of course, up to a certain point. I thus individually can never be fully compensated for the loss of a dear friend or child, so long as I, *i.e.*, my object-self the memory-synthesis which includes the friend or child, subsists. But it is surely some consolation to recognise that this synthesis itself is transient no less than its content—that "I" as universal individual in other divisions of time, past and future, with another object-self, another memory-synthesis, present to it, will have also the same qualities otherwise presented, embodied that is, in other friends and children.

If it be objected that it is only actual living individuals or those we have known when living that we can care for, I answer this entirely overthrows the notion of any duty towards, or concern for an unborn posterity. If any one recognises a duty towards a being unborn or even unconceived (if for instance he admits an obligation not to procreate a child to conditions of certain misery) he perforce admits that the concrete, real, actual, is not the sole object of his

solicitude, but that he can also care for human nature as yet purely potential (nay, abstract in a sense) and unrealised in any particular individual. How many lives, how many "myselves" have not perceived on this very spot? Do we feel acutely the sorrows of the myriads of nameless individuals, memory-synthesess, myselves, who have thought, acted, loved and hated in mediæval London, or during those four centuries of Roman London, whose remains are beneath our feet and whose history and manner of life are now for ever a total blank? Why then do we trouble ourselves about this particularity attached to this animal body? This universal individual realised in and through an infinitude of particulars in space and time, must again and again and yet again present the same combination of universal attributes which we present here now. They belong to the substance of humanity, ourselves as particular individuals are its mere temporary accidents. The words "individual" or "person" as commonly used are a little ambiguous for the reason that their derivatives, "individuality" and "personality" are employed to connote that side of the individual which is universal, while the words in their simple form are more often used as synonymous with the "particular" or the "singular." Thus a man is said to have an "individuality" or a "personality," who has a well-marked and decided character, that is, who embodies prominently certain universal attributes which distinguish Human Nature. The man has no special character, he is a common-place man, who embodies merely animal characteristics or the ordinary human characteristics which are common to his race, his class, his age, or his immediate surroundings. It is these immediate surroundings (race, class, age) which the man of character lifts himself above, and the lifting above is the sign of his character. The universal principle or attribute which he embodies is eternal, it is only himself, its particular embodiment, which is transient, and since the memory-synthesis correlated with his animal organism is undeniably part of this particular embodiment, I repeat we have no reason for believing it, *i.e.*, this focussing of consciousness, here and now, to have any significance or any permanence apart from its material accompaniment.

E. Belfort Bax.

# Capital:

## A Criticism on Political Economy.

## By KARL MARX.

*Translated from the Original German Work,*

**By JOHN BROADHOUSE.**

*(Continued from our last number.)*

The Factory Act of 1850, which is still in force (1867) allows an average working day of 10 hours; that is, 12 hours (6 a.m. to 6 p.m.) for the first 5 days, including half-an-hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, thus leaving $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours for work, and 8 hours on Saturday, half an hour being deducted for breakfast. This leaves 60 working hours—$10\frac{1}{2}$ each for five days and $7\frac{1}{2}$ for Saturday (*g*). Sundry guardians of these laws, called Inspectors of Factories, are appointed, under the control of the Home Secretary, and their Reports are by order of Parliament published twice a year. These reports furnish regular and authoritative statistics of the greed of capital for surplus-value.

Let us listen, for a moment or two, to what these Factory Inspectors have to say (*h*). "The fraudulent millowner begins work a quarter of an hour (sometimes more, sometimes less)

(*g*) The story of the Factory Act of 1850 will be found later on in this chapter.

(*h*) I only allude now and then to the period between the beginning of modern industry in England and the year 1845. For an account of that period I refer my readers to "The Position of the Working Classes in England," by F. Engels, Leipzig, 1845. How well that author understood the capitalist mode of production is shown by the Factory Reports, Reports on Mines, &c., which have appeared since 1845, and how marvellously he portrayed the facts in detail may be seen on the most superficial examination of his work with the official reports of the Children's Employment Commission, published about 20 years later (1863-1867). These treat especially of those branches of labour in which the Factory Acts had not been up to 1862 (and are not now) introduced, and as to which the authorities had compelled little or no alteration from the condition of things sketched by Engels. I take my examples chiefly from the Free Trade time subsequent to 1848, that age of paradisaic prosperity of which the blatant and ignorant commercial travellers of the free traders relate such fabulous stories. As to the rest, England stands in the foreground here because she is the classical representation of the capitalist method of production, and because she alone has an unbroken series of official statistics of the things we are now dealing with.

before 6 a.m., and leaves off a quarter of an hour (sometimes more, sometimes less) after 6 p.m. He takes 5 minutes from the beginning and from the end of the half-hour nominally allowed for breakfast, and 10 minutes at the beginning and end of the hour nominally allowed for dinner. He works for a quarter of an hour (sometimes more, sometimes less) after 2 p.m. on Saturday. Thus his gain is as follows :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Before 6 a.m. | | 15 minutes |
| After 6 p.m. | | 15 ,, |
| At Breakfast time | | 10 ,, |
| At Dinner time | | 20 ,, |
| | | 60 ,, |
| | | 5 days |
| | | 300 minutes |
| On Saturday before 6 a.m. | 15 | ,, |
| At Breakfast time | 10 | ,, |
| After 2 p.m. | 15 | ,, |
| | | 40 ,, |

Total weekly = 340 minutes, or 5 hours and 40 minutes weekly, which multiplied by 50 working days in the year (allowing two for holidays and occasional stoppages) is equal to 27 working days" (*i*).

"Five minutes a day's increased work, multiplied by weeks, are equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ days' produce in the year" (*k*).

"An additional hour a day gained by small instalments before 6 a.m., and after 6 p.m., and at the beginning and end of the times nominally fixed for meals, is nearly equivalent to working 13 months in the year (*l*).

In times of crisis, during which the factories are put on "short time," and the process of production is temporarily stopped, the tendency to enlarge the working day is not checked, of course. The less business, the more need to make profit on what little is done. The less time spent at work, the more of what is spent has to be converted into surplus labour-time.

The Factory Inspector reported on the period of the crisis (1857-58) thus :—

"It may seem inconsiderate that there should be any overworking at a time when trade is so bad; but that very badness leads to the transgression by unscrupulous men—they get the

(*i*) Suggestions, &c., by M. L. Horner, Inspector of Factories, in the "Factory Regulations Act," ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 9th August, 1859, pp. 4, 5).

(*k*) Report of the Inspectors of Factories for the half year, ended October, 1856, p. 35.

(*l*) Reports, &c., 30th April, 1858, p. 9.

extra profit of it. . . . In the last half year, says Leonard Horner, 122 mills in my district have been given up; 143 were found standing, yet overwork is continued beyond the legal hours (*m*).

"For a great part of the time," says Mr. Howell, "owing to the depression of trade, many factories were altogether closed, and a still greater number were working short time. I continue, however, to receive about the usual number of complaints that half or three-quarters of an hour in the day are snatched from the workers by encroaching upon the times for rest and refreshment (*n*)."

The same phenomenon was reproduced on a smaller scale at the time of the terrible crisis in the cotton trade, 1861-1865 (*o*). "It is sometimes advanced by way of excuse, when persons are found at work in a factory, either at a meal time or at some illegal time, that they will not leave the mill at the appointed hour, and that compulsion is necessary to force them to cease work (cleaning their machinery, &c.), especially on Saturday afternoons. But if the hands remain in a factory after the machinery has ceased to revolve . . . . they would not have been so employed if sufficient time had been set apart specially for cleaning, &c, either before 6 a.m. (*sic!*) or before 2 p.m. on Saturday afternoons (*p*)."

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(*m*) Reports, &c., *l.c.*, p. 43.

(*n*) Reports, &c., *l.c.*, p. 25.

(*o*) Reports, &c., for the half-year ending 30th April, 1861. See Appendix No. 2; Reports, &c., 31st October, 1862, pp. 7, 52, 53. The contraventions of the Acts became more frequent during the latter half of 1863; *cf.* Reports, &c., and ending 31st October, 1863, 7.

(*p*) Reports, &c., October 31st, 1860, p. 23.

The following story will show how great was the fanaticism with which (judging from the evidence of manufacturers given in the law courts) their hands opposed every interruption of factory labour. In the early part of June, 1836, information came to the ears of the magistrates at Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, that the owners of eight large mills near Batley had contravened the Factory Acts. Some of these gentlemen were charged with keeping at work 5 boys under 15 years old, from 6 a.m. on Friday till 4 p.m. on the following Saturday, allowing them no stoppage except for meals, and one hour for sleep at midnight. And these boys had to do their 30 hours continuous work in the "shoddy hole" where the woollen rags are pulled to pieces, and in which a close atmosphere of dust, film, &c., where even adult workmen are obliged to cover their mouths with their handkerchiefs to protect their lungs! The gentlemen accused affirmed instead of taking the oath, they were Quakers, and too punctiliously religious to take an oath—that in their compassion for these unhappy children they had allowed them 4 hours for sleep, but that they positively refused to go to bed. The Quakers were fined £20. Dryden foresaw these gentlemen:—

"Fox full fraught in seeming sanctity,
That feared an oath, but like the devil would lie,
That looked like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer!"

"The profit to be gained by it [overworking in violation of the Act] appears to be, to many, a greater temptation than they can resist; they calculate upon the chance of not being found out; and when they see the small amount of penalty and costs which those who have been convicted have had to pay, they find that if they should be detected there will still be a considerable balance of gain. . . . (*q*) In cases where the additional time is gained by a multiplication of small thefts in the course of the day, there are insuperable difficulties to the inspectors making out a case."(*r*)

These "small thefts" taken by capital from the workman's time of meals and recreation the Factory Inspectors also denominate "petty pilferings of minutes" (*s*), "snatching a few minutes" (*t*), or as the workman themselves call it, "nibbling and cribbing at mealtimes" (*u*).

It is obvious that there can be no secret as to the formation of surplus-value in such an atmosphere as this. "If you allow me," said a highly respectable master to me, 'to work only ten minutes in the day overtime, you put one thousand a year in my pocket.'" (*w*) "Moments are the elements of profit" (*x*).

From this point of view nothing is more characteristic than the names of "full-timers" given to those labourers who work full-time, and "half-timers" to the children who are only allowed to work six hours. Here the worker is nothing else than personified labour-time. All distinction between different individuals are lost in these denominations of "full-timers" and "half-timers" (*y*).

END OF SECTION II.

(*q*) Report, 31st October, 1856, p. 34.
(*r*) *l.c.*, p. 35.
(*s*) *l.c.*, p. 48.
(*t*) *l.c.*, p. 48.
(*u*) *l.c.*, p. 48.
(*w*) *l.c.*, p. 48.
(*x*) Reports, &c., 30th April, 1860, p. 56.
(*y*) This is the recognised expression both in the Reports and n the Factories.

# Books of To-Day.

Mr. Richard Whiteing has given us a good instance of how very unoriginal materials can, in skilful hands, be made the framework of an extremely interesting and altogether delightful story (*a*). Scene—Pitcairn's Island. Hero—a castaway peer. Heroine—a beautiful young islander. Main topics of conversation, love and civilization. Absolutely not a new idea, and yet one closes the book with the feeling that the author is original out and out, from title page to *finis*. And the feeling is not a mistaken one, for Mr. Whiteing has contrived to surround all the old topics with that mysterious charm, an almost perfect literary style. Indeed, we don't know why, unless because a reviewer gets into a bad way of being grudging of his praise, we should say "almost." If perfection is that in which we can spy no fault and suggest no improvement, then the qualifying word must be omitted in describing our author's workmanship.

It is fascinating but fruitless work, the trying to hit upon the secret of style; for the easier is the discovery, the worse is the style. The coarser and commoner components of literary excellence—those, the omission of one of which is fatal, are easily enough detected and are as familiar to the critic as is the flavour of fusel oil in whiskey to the cultivated palate of the connoisseur, but the *sine quâ non* itself, the "little more" which is so much, which is everything, is always as subtle as an aroma, as elusive as a marsh light, yet as resplendent as a star. Therefore, although we make no pretence of having discovered just what it is that gives Mr. Whiteing's style its fascination for us, we can easily put our finger on the most prominent of its excellences. It is simple—not simple after the manner of Steele and Addison and Goldsmith, no writers can do quite that sort of work now—but simple after the best modern manner, every sentence hitting straight home and needing no lingering over by the eye before its exact meaning is borne straight to the brain. It is picturesque, for without any over elaborated word-painting, each scene is presented clear in outline and true in colour. It is crisp, often epigrammatic, sometimes caustic; but whenever Mr. Whiteing is cynical, one can always see that his cynicism is born of righteous scorn of the foul and false; it is never a merely histrionic attempt to appear heartless under the impression that to shew feeling is to display weakness. Above all, it is original in the best sense of the word, not with the sham

(*a*) The Island, or an Adventure of a Person of Quality, by Richard Whiteing. Longmans, Green & Co., 1888.

originality of eccentricity, but with the originality of which Mr. Ruskin speaks when he says, "That virtue of originality that men strain after, is not newness as they vainly think (there is nothing new), it is only genuineness."

Here is the story:—"A person of quality" is standing on the steps of the Royal Exchange one bright summer afternoon, watching with complacent interest the busy human ants bustling about their various businesses. "Dividend day over at the Bank yonder, and the well-known sight of the blessed going to take their quarterly reward. Dandy clerks making for Birch's with the sure and certain hope of a partnership in their easy grace. Shabby clerks making for the bun shops; flower girls at the foot of the statue, a patch of colour; beggar at the foot of steps, another patch, the red shirt beautifully toned down in wear—perfect! We want more of this in London—giant policeman moving him on. . . . And for background the nondescript thousands in black and brown and russet and every neutral hue, with the sun over all, and between the sun and the thousands the London mist." "What a bit of machinery!" he says to himself in a spasm of optimism. "What a wonder of parts and whole! The beggars, and occasionally the stock jobbers, and the nondescripts to go wrong; the policeman to take them up, the parson to shew them the way of repentance, and the sheriff to hang them, if need be, when all is done. What a bit of machinery!" Suddenly the beggar begins writhing in his shirt, "scratching himself, so to speak, against his own clothes" and then the obverse of the medal is presented to our onlooker's eyes. The apparatus appears all out of gear, and in mind he follows the clerks home, "the shabbies to Stockton lodgings of unstained brick, where infants down with the measles called for drink in the night, and querulous wives compounded that claim for romance with which every woman born of woman comes into the world for the not too solid certainty of bread and butter at thirty shillings a week all told. . . . . The very policeman had his anxieties; would civic reform bring him down to the wage level of the Metropolitan force? A soldier who had strayed into the prospect seemed to think it was odd to have to guard the bank on sevenpence a day. They were all scratching themselves and when an entire civilization begins to do that it is a serious thing." This sudden change of the point of view, this seeing everything "out of focus" as he calls it, renders the narrator so extremely uncomfortable that he hurries to Paris in the hopes that things may look better from a distance, but no, the clubs, the saloons, the opera, the boulevards, all perfect of their kind, fail to bring ease of mind. Of the first he says, "here their industry is *baccarat* and the net profits of many a mine and factory, transmitted by inheritance to youths of spirit who want to see the world, pass from hand to hand across the baize. Sailors reef the topsails in storms, coal-miners lie on backs or bellies in the dark, girls ripen to premature womanhood in the tropic heat of factories to feed this sport." In the second, young ladies in gilded chambers babble—not about protaplasm as Lord Beaconsfield has it, but on the right way of getting up on a winter's morning. "An hour before you turn up, *ma chère*, the maid is to light your fire and put up the screen. . . . Mind you have your chocolate on a warmer! And do you know how to warm your toast-rack? A little live charcoal sprinkled with vanilla, it makes the air so sweet. Line your slippers with swansdown too. . . . Do you know how to get warm? Never get cold. Floss silk for your stockings if you please. Then if you want to know how happy you are, just lift the blind, and peep out, and see the people dancing on the pavement to keep themselves warm." We won't quote what he says of the opera, and of the "ladies of the ballet" for fear of offending Mr. Stewart Headlam. In the street he sees a Socialist procession ending in a fight between

Anarchists and Collectivists, and this drives him straight off to Geneva, and finally to the South Seas. Leaving the ship one day in an open boat he gets swamped by the surf, washed ashore, the ship sails away without him and he awakens to find himself on Pitcairn's Island. Then begins one of the most charming love stories it has ever been our good lot to read. Not that our nameless traveller and Victoria spend much time in talking love's sweet nothings. On the contrary they generally discuss high politics—the problems of Empire and Ethics and if Mr. G. B. Shaw desires to learn how to introduce a lecture on political economy into a novel without jarring his reader's artistic sense and making him yawn with boredom, he could not do better than take a hint from Mr. Whiteing. The notes for the lecture on "a Roman Holiday" form one of the cleverest pieces of destructive criticism in modern literature, just as the history of the proletariat has never been done better *in petto* than in "The Pedigree of a Poor Stupid" (Chapter XIX). And as we have said, thanks to the author's style, the whole story is suffused in an atmosphere—an atmosphere as fresh and sweet as the sun-warmed, salt-scented airs which blow over Pitcairn Isle itself. We have seldom loved a woman as we love Victoria, we have certainly never been so interested in a lord as we are in the hero of this story, we have wished as heartily for few events as we do for the union of these two, and the tale which can give rise to these emotions in the rather leather-like heart of a *blasé* novel reader is the work of no ordinary writer of fiction. Yet, although we have felt bound to praise the book so highly we venture to predict that it will not be a popular success. Keenness of insight, lucidity of thought and expression, delicacy of delineation, polished satire, all these are as "*caviare* to the general," and it is in the last degree unlikely that a public which sends through a dozen editions the coarse plagiarisms of Mr. Rider Haggard, which loves the superficial character drawing and the false bourgeois ideals of Mr. Walter Besant, will pour many rewards into the lap of Mr. Richard Whiteing. He must be content to have his forehead decked with wreaths by the fingers of the elect. The commercial value of such guerdons is small, but we are much mistaken in the man if he does not value them more than the large cheques which find their way into the pocket books of our modern "Kings of Romance." If he is satisfied to let go the royalties of the many, and to know that he has given a few hours of unmixed pleasure to the few, then verily he will have his reward.

Mr. Kaufmann has made very clear the difference between Christian Socialists and Socialists who are Christians (*b*), and that was worth doing. What the difference is we must leave our readers (those of them who do not know it already), to find out for themselves from Mr. Kaufmann's pages, and we venture to predict that they will come away with the impression that though little help is to be looked for from the former the latter will in all probability make up the main body of our conquering army. The author gives us interesting sketches of Kingsley, Lamennais, and of some of the contemporary leaders of the Christian Socialist movement in France and Germany; but far and away the most valuable chapters are those which deal with the Socialist possibilities of the Catholic Church. For She has possibilities; and we cannot but believe that it must be becoming more and more evident to the clear-sighted men of the Roman Curia that if Her claim to infallibility is to be maintained with any show of reason She must adapt Herself, and that rapidly, to the changes to be brought about in the near future by the inevitable economic revolution. Should it seem well to the

(*b*) *Christian Socialism.* By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., 1, Paternoster Square, 1888.

Sovereign Pontiff, in theological language, should the Holy Spirit direct him, to place the magnificent organisation of which he is supreme head in line with the forces of the future he will be able to do so with less fear of accusations of inconsistency than any other religious hierarch. For he will be able to point to a long and splendid record of services rendered in the past by the Church to the people, and to many a battle waged and won against their rich and powerful tyrants and oppressors. He will be able, truthfully, to declare that Communism has ever been the Church's ideal of life; that in all ages it has been practised by some, at any rate, of Her children; and if it has never been declared to be necessary to all men, the declaration has been withheld, he will be able to say, because of the hardness of men's hearts and because the fulness of time had not yet come. He will also be in a position to assert that the Church was the first organised body which upheld Internationalism and condemned, and mitigated the evils of, racial prejudice. But not only to history will the Church be able to appeal when the hour for adaptation has struck. Even now, "in these dangerous times," to use a phrase much beloved of Evangelicals *et hoc genus omne*, She is the only religious organisation which has any real spiritual hold upon great masses of the people; She is still as ever, *the* Church of the poor, and our Protestant author is fain to confess that "the Protestant Church has never been a great *social* force in the land of Luther, though the agrarian Socialism of the times formed a most important element in the Reformation of the sixteenth Century. And it is a remarkable fact that, in its external aspect as an ecclesiastical organisation, the Protestant Church of Germany has exercised little social influence as compared with the Romish Church." A fact not quite so remarkable to those, who, with clearer insight than Mr. Kaufmann, see that Protestantism is simply the religious expression of Individualism; the doctrine of "devil-take-the-hindmost" crystallised into a creed.

At present an outsider cannot see far enough ahead to venture on anything like a prediction as to the future attitude of the Church in the Socialist movement; but signs are not wanting that some at least of Her chiefs are sensitive to the subtle influences of the coming change. The frank recognition by Cardinal Manning, in the pages of a contemporary, of the action of the social environment on the formation of character, and the outspoken sermons of the Franciscan monk, whose eloquence is now filling the churches of North Italy, are protests not to be lightly disregarded. One thing at least is certain, a splendid opportunity lies before Leo XIII. To those who are as interested as are we in finding an answer to the question, will he take it? we can strongly recommend a perusal of Mr. Kaufmann's book.

Mr. Gunton's "Wealth and Progress" (*c*) is one of the many attempts at novelty in economic analysis for which Mr. Henry George is indirectly responsible. The ferment caused by "Progress and Poverty," even in those who, like Mr. Gunton, disagree with its conclusions, has caused the drybones of economics to be investigated by all sorts and conditions of men, with results that are sometimes ludicrous but which are also sometimes stimulating if not often valuable in themselves.

"Wealth and Progress" will be found a stimulating book by many serious students of social problems, if not by economists. The volume now published is, indeed, not really an economic treatise at all, but an argument in favour of the adoption by the United States, of Factory Legislation similar to that of this country, and ultimately of an Eight Hours Bill. The most interesting chapters of the work are those dealing with the history and results of Factory Legislation, and the

(*c*) *Wealth and Progress* by George Gunton. Macmillan & Co.

arguments for its further extension. It is significant that Mr. Gunton is led to demand this restriction of individual liberty and check upon private enterprise by the gravity of the industrial situation in that pattern of our political Liberals, the United States. In his concluding chapter he warns the statesmen of his country that the problem is not to be neglected. "The social crisis, especially in this country, is increasing in gravity every day. Like all neglected economic questions, it is rapidly assuming a social and political aspect: and unless we abandon our present undemocratic and uneconomic policy of superficial tinkering with our political institutions, to evade the effects of a mistaken industrial policy, and approach the subject on the plane of broad social principles, we shall ere long find ourselves in the terrible dilemma against which Macaulay warned us, of being compelled to choose between 'civilization and liberty.' Social degradation and democracy are incompatible." (p. 375). These are words which Socialists will understand and few others; yet Mr. Gunton shrinks back in horror from Socialism, and believes he has discovered a means of reconciling the material interests of landlord, capitalist and labourer.

This necessarily requires a new economic analysis of rent, interest and wages, and Mr. Gunton has accordingly examined the orthodox economics and found it wanting on all these points. The true theory of wages he finds to be "that the chief determining influence in the general rate of wages in any country, class, or industry, is the standard of living of the most expensive families forming a necessary part of the supply of labour in that country, class, or industry" (p. 89). We extract this statement because Mr. Gunton evidently thinks this a new truth of first-class importance, and he expresses his surprise that it should fail to find a place in the theory of any economist. Without claiming to answer for every person calling himself by that abused name, we can venture to assure Mr. Gunton that he has been superseded in his discovery by various well-known writers, whose works, indeed, he on occasion quotes. We can even go further and say that no economist of repute ignores the truth he urges. But the important point remains as to which of the labourers form a *necessary* part of the supply of labour." The workman whose "standard of living" cannot be maintained on the average wages of his trade, quickly discovers that he, at any rate, forms no such necessary part, and Mr. Gunton gives us no assistance in discovering it. Apparently in his view, all the labour of the country is this "necessary part," and he, therefore, proposes to raise wages by teaching the mass of the people those habits of luxury and refinement which require higher wages for their enjoyment, He believes that the higher wages would then inevitably come by the nature of things, and come too, without any diminution of rent and interest.

Here it is that Mr. Gunton makes his mistake. Most economists hold that a rise in the standard of living would cause a rise of wages, provided only that population did not increase, and that no new labour-saving machinery were introduced. The labourer whose standard had risen would then continue to be a "necessary part of the supply of labour," and would be able to obtain a larger share of the product. Unfortunately this is just the state of things which individual liberty does *not* tend to bring about, and Mr. Gunton himself ascribes the whole improvement that he finds in the English industrial position to the gradual limitation of that liberty, so far as the landlord and the capitalist are concerned. But most economists differ from Mr. Gunton in supposing that the rise in real wages, caused by a rise in the standard of living, necessarily implies a relative slackening of the growth of population, and a consequent rise in the "margin of cultivation," with its results of lower rent and interest. Mr. Gunton's theories of rent and interest are

reserved for his later volume, and with the theological prudery of the average new Englander, he never so much as mentions the population question, which has usually been considered to have some bearing on wages. Nevertheless he deals bravely with President Walker's statement of the orthodox doctrines, which depend entirely on the Malthusian Law of Population and the Ricardian Theory of Rent, without once referring to either the one or the other. The fact is that Mr. Gunton is one of those amiable philanthropists who are from temperament absolutely unable to face the hard facts of the economic problem. He would like the labourers share of the produce to be increased, but no one else's can be allowed to be diminished by a single cent. The inevitable optimism which is the residual product of American theology makes it absolutely necessary to find some "pre-established harmony" between all conflicting interests, and Mr. Gunton is even firmly persuaded that the most drastic compulsory limitation of the hours of labour will increase the profits of the capitalist class, as well as improve the condition of the labourer. We are reminded of Tom Sawyer's charming vision of the American Sunday-school boy leading the lion and the lamb amid the applauding multitude.

We believe that Mr. Gunton will find, if he discusses his theories with any competent follower, say, of President Walker, that the orthodox conclusion is irresistible. Athough it is true that wages depend on the standard of living, by the operation of the increase of population and the introduction of new machinery, the effective standard of living of the wage-earner constantly tends to a close approximation with the product of a similar worker at the contemporary margin of cultivation, aided by the very minimum of capital. The whole of the economic advantages of every superiority of soil or site, and of all but the minimum of capital, necessarily go to the owners of the superior lands and capitals, so that the mere worker can have none of them. This is the economic basis of Socialism, and Mr. Gunton's plea for Factory Legislation is itself one more unconscious tribute to the necessity of the complete popular resumption of control over the means of production.

Mr. Henderson's volume (*d*) has merits. It is short. It is nicely printed. The versification is correct. The language is musical, and the ideas are borrowed from the best sources. But an author must offer the world more than this before it will give him even a flavour of the laurel leaf in the rice pudding of his work-a-day life. It is true that originality is not always demanded of a writer. A man may be a true poet, and yet never have said or thought an original thing. He may win his way to the hearts of men, as did our Lost Leader Laureate, by saying, in perfect poetry, what everybody thinks in common prose. For the man who can translate our thoughts must have genius, how else could he read us? Hence the laurels. But to say what everybody thinks, and not to say it better than any one has said it before, this is not laudable, not tolerable even. We call the author of Maud a seer — and the author of Love Triumphant we call —. On reflection, no. We don't call names in these pages; besides, there is such a thing as unconscious plagiarism, which, in the young, is a venial sin, and expiable.

It may be interesting to the reader, especially if he be Fred Henderson, since he is probably less conscious of his "literary coincidence" than any outsider could be, if we suggest a few comparisons. Compare then "My Sun" with four lines of Bourdillon's in which is perfectly conveyed the idea which Mr. Henderson labouriously presents in fourteen lines.

(*d*) Love Triumphant.—A series of sonnets by F. Henderson. Tanved & Sons. 3 Paternoster Buildings, 1888.

"The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the whole world dies.
When the day is done."

is surely more complete and poetic than the sonnet ending

"Night hath her myriad stars, yet is not bright
Day hath a single sun, and all is light."

Compare too, "Love's Dawn" with the first of Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese. Compare "The Dedication" with the first few lines of the 90th Sonnet in Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. Compare "A Balance" with the 18th of those Sonnets. Compare "Spring Day II" with Shakespeare's ninety-ninth Sonnet. Let Mr. Henderson make these comparisons—let him abandon the sonnet and let him by no means give up rhyming. Poets are born not made, and Mr. Henderson certainly knows the language, though he has not yet thought of anything new to say. The fact is that his choice of an inspiration is unfortunate. More poetry has been written about love, probably, than about anything else, and it is almost hopeless for anyone to try to be original on that subject now-a-days. Let him renounce the over-sung theme of love and try Socialism as a subject. This, by the way, should fire his young ambition, since on the subject of Socialism, all of us, from William Morris downwards, experience an unaccountable difficulty or delicacy about "dropping into poetry."

We may observe, *en passant*, that "consciousless repose" conveys no idea to the mind, and that "fruited stars" are also comparatively meaningless, and we may incidently remind the author that shearing is not done with a sickle. The description of Sappho as a "maiden above the seas witb her heart in sad commotion" is irresistibly comic—but in spite of this touch of humour, and of the metrical merit of the sonnets, the conclusion of the whole matter is that the book ought never to have been published. When Life shall have breathed a soul into his Undine of a Muse, and he publishes the great work that shall re-echo down the ages, Mr. Henderson may look back on this notice, and agree with the writer thereof. He is too young now for such agreement: and we, alas, too old to expect it.

While regretting that Mr. Henderson's book should have been published, we have no difficulty in understanding how it came to be written. The author is the subject of the Lyric mania, or impulse, under whose influence one would rather write nonsense than write nothing. The same excuse cannot be offered for Mr. Henry Rose (*e*) His pretty volume bears witness to his patience and carefulness, but of the "right Promethean fire" there is not a spark from beginning to end. Mr. Rose is painstaking, honest, and as far as he goes, original; he shows a true love of nature, and much close watching of her, but he is not a poet. Two, at least, of the ingredients which go to make up the poetic temperament are lacking here. Mr. Rose has no sense of humour and a very imperfect conception of the requirements of rhythm. A sense of humour is most necessary to a poet, even if he never wants to write humourous verses. Otherwise, how is he to know when he is making himself ridiculous? If the author of "From East to West," had possessed the slightest soupçon of a sense of humour how could he have made one of his heroes request the permission of the heroine, to "draw her to his throbbing side," as he thinks she would be a "sympathetic bride"! How could he have put into serious verse such expressions as,

(*e*) *From West to East.* By Henry Rose. D. Stott, London, 1888.

"The tranquilised view,
In silence expands"?

Here are a few more gems of the same water,

"The feline female stays,
Content for victory to decide,
Which one by right shall claim the bride,
And him as lord obeys."
"The shocked survivor, urged to glee
By scared relations, sought the sea."

He is very fond of the metre with which we are all so familiar in the Lear nonsense books, and writes a serious ballad (At the Stile, p. 45), in a metre so closely resembling this as to make the ballad deliciously funny. Here is one verse,

"But seeing his enemy's clay
Thus thrown at his feet for a prey,
The Lord of the fort offered life,
To such as relinquished the strife:
Which ended the terrible fray."

Mr. Rose is not quite destitute of lyric faculty. "The Woodland Tragedy," is good, or would be were it not for the unfortunate expressions "Innocent infantine bird," and "paralysed breast," and for the redundant "so" in the line, "Missed from the homestead *so* warm." Oh, these "so's" they are the crutch of lame versifiers, and the goad of easy going critics. Is there no other way of inflating one's lines to the requisite proportions without the introduction of this imbecile adverb? There should be a heavy fine for every introduction of this, and every other word in a place where it is not needed to express the exact meaning. But then where would three fourths of our "poets" be? "Aziz," seems to be an interesting story, and the metre compels a certain dignity which is lacking in the "Old man of Tobago" kind of verses. Decidedly if Mr. Rose wants to write poetry he ought to keep to story telling—for he has a nice taste in legends and tells them pleasantly, and sometimes with power. His descriptions of nature are always clear and straightforward, and sometimes pretty, but his lines do not stay by one, and one has the disheartening sense that if one wrote poetry oneself one could do as well as Mr. Rose, if not better. Take this:

"His wont it was, in summer's softest hours,
To win a wood that clothed a smooth hillside,
Sweet with wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,
And overlooking valleys green and wide.
Where constant zephyrs wafted from the tide,
And voices of the light-winged fairy folk
In murmurous waves on shores of dreamland broke."

That's all right. It's correct, and barring the zephyrs of which, by the way, Mr. Rose is inordinately fond, there is nothing in it that offends the ear, and it does certainly describe a scene. But there is no atmosphere. Take any of Matthew Arnold's simplest descriptions, independent of the added romance of Fairy Folk, and see what an enduring picture you get. You remember it not as something you have read, but as something you have seen. And why? Because you *have* seen it, or scenes like it, a hundred times. Mr. Matthew Arnold's words recall it as you saw it on some day when you had eyes to see. Most people describe nature as auctioneers describe furniture, and Mr. Rose describes her as she seems to us on our dullest days, when our eyes are "turned inward on our darkened hearts." Take the following verse from Matthew Arnolds Scholar Gipsy, and see what a much better figure the reaper makes than the Fairy Folk.

"Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leav
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruise,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves.
Then here at noon comes back his stores to use,
Here will I sit and wail,
While to my ear, from uplands far away,
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Poetry has been said to be like the young lady in the rhyme :

"When it is good
It is very, very good,
And when it is bad it is horrid."

Mr. Rose's poetry is not horrid, it is moderately good, but moderately good poetry ranks with the moderate churchman, and the moderately fresh egg.

There is some dearth of Revolutionary English poetry, and he who does into English the revolutionary songs of other nations is doing good work. Such good work that it is a thousand pities to scamp it. Half the number of poems, and twice the amount of trouble, would have produced a volume still more satisfactory than the one now before us (*f*). With some of Mr. Joynes' translations no fault can be found. He seems sometimes to have caught the spirit of the original, and this is especially the case with the poems of Herwegh, whose bent of mind, it seems, is more akin to Mr. Joynes' than is Heine's or Freiligrath's. For there should be strong sympathy between translated and translator not only as to principles, but in temperament and tastes, not only in ideas, but in methods of thought. How impossible it is for a translation to be good where this sympathy is lacking, may be seen by turning to Mr. Joynes' attempts to render Heine in English. These rather lame lines, with their lazy inversions and heavy laboured smartness, are an outrage to and a libel on Heine's metrical accuracy, lyric grace and stinging spontaneous satire. But then, no one has ever translated Heine yet—no one, that is, has ever succeeded in rendering at once the spirit and the letter. There is a particular peak on Parnassus where Heine and Beranger sit all day, laughing at their translators and making epigrams on the modern singers of democracy.

Mr. Joynes translations are like some coppers' horses, their turning out well or ill seems to be a matter of chance. If they arrange themselves suitably, well and good; if they don't, well and good also. He is not the man to force them against their inclination. He seems to despise such arts as polishing and sand-papering, duties which all poets owe to their Muse, their fellow men and themselves. Quantity, not quality, is his criterion of satisfactoriness. No man but a heaven sent genius can write so much as Mr. Joynes does, and write well; and the heaven-sent genius is rare—very rare.

It is a pity, too, to fritter away one's time on doing indifferently what has been done well by someone else. Mr. Joynes admits that two at least of the poems in his book have been better translated than he can (or does) do them. What possible excuse, then, can he have for publishing his own translations. Why not have enriched, with them, the waste-paper basket, which he all too frugally feeds.

By the way—H. M. H. with characteristic accuracy, makes the following

(*f*) "Songs of a Revolutionary Epoch," by J. I. Joynes. London, Foulger & Co., 1888.

assertion in a notice of this book. "Never before have the revolutionary poems of Herwegh, Freiligrath and others been offered to English readers in their own language, and the value of the work is enhanced by the short biographical notices of the writers which the translator has prefixed to his work." This is H. M. H.ish in the highest degree. Some of the Revolutionary Poems of Freiligrath at least, have been translated before, and Mr. Joynes states this fact in one of the short biographical notes by which H. M. H. considers the value of the work to be enhanced. H. M. H. should really, sometimes, read a book before log-rolling it.

Having said this, we cordially recommend the book as being a really interesting series of poems, which convey a very good idea of the Revolutionary movemen of 1848, and any one who reads the volume cannot fail to feel, on closing it, that in spite of its faults it was well worth doing, and has afforded to those who cannot read them in the original, a pleasant opportunity of becoming, if only to a limited extent, acquainted with such Revolutionary singers as Herwegh, Freiligrath and Weerth.