TO-DAY.

No. 56.—JULY, 1888.

My Lady Light-of-Love.

My lady Light-of-Love and I
Have vowed to love a long day through ;
She swore it by an April sky,
And I, upon the morning dew.

Oh, love is deep as the ocean wave !
Oh, love is light as the ocean spray !
For the love that is deep, Time hath no grave ;
But light love dies in a summer day.

Strong chains hath love to hold and bind,
But we'll be bound with a gossamer thread:
So kiss two lily heads entwined,
With golden pollen dust bespread.

Oh, eyes that laugh with the blue of heaven,
That know not, know not how to weep !
Oh, blithe little heart, so often given,
So often given,—but not to keep !

She loves not me, nor anyone,
But like a light-winged butterfly,
She flutters in the noonday sun
From flower to flower unrestingly.

Oh, wild white wings, fold on my heart !
Oh, gossamer web, be quickly wove !
A kiss to woo, and a kiss to part,
And farewell, lady Light-of love !

HENRY BELLINGHAM.

Schismatic Socialism.

IT must be admitted that the Socialist movement has hitherto been very vigorous in the development—to borrow a Belfort-Baxian phrase—of its "immanent antagonisms." Whether this fact is a happy confirmation of the Baxian theory of Cosmic History from a Socialist standpoint, I will not presume to judge; but it is nothing short of a serious misfortune when antagonisms upon points of subordinate importance are pressed in a dogmatic and exclusive spirit to the risk of our union upon the central principles of Socialism. In protesting in the May issue of this magazine against the dangerous tendency to do this, Mrs. Besant ought to gain the support of every Socialist who cares more for the success of the movement than for the acceptance of his own private views on special points. It is certain that if the tendency is persisted in, the history of Socialism will be the history—not of a powerful body of persons united, despite minor differences, in allegiance to a broad democratic ideal, based on a demand for the public control of the means of wealth-production—but the history of petty schisms and impotent sects. It seems to me that the general purport of Mr. Bax's remarks in his reply to Mrs. Besant (*To-day* for June) is to agravate this sectarian and schismatic tendency; and I propose to state a few reasons for dissenting from his position.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to postulate one's opposition to the reduction of Socialism to a pulpy and amorphous creed which can be squeezed, in a spirit of easy accommodation, to suit any benevolent person who takes a fancy to the name. There must, of course, be some bone of principle and stout fibre of logic to our creed to give it rigidity; but just how rigid it ought to be it is a very difficult matter to determine. Historically, the word "Socialism" has been used to denote schemes of thought and action that contained a good many diverse, and sometimes conflicting, elements—as we shall allow if we

consider only the schemes of such undisputed Socialists as Rodbertus, Lassalle, Marx, and Schäffle. The use of the word in the past does not therefore help us much in stating what are the distinctive and essential doctrines of Socialism. I understand that our Paris comrades have laid down as the essential articles of Socialistic belief the clear recognition of the existence of a class war and of the necessity for the socialisation of the means of production. This is definite without being unduly exacting. Possibly experience has taught our comrades that in any great popular movement wide divergencies of opinion must be expected and tolerated upon a great many questions concerning social life and manners; and that conclusions upon these cannot be settled by easy *a priori* methods, but must await practical tests. Mr. Bax, however, is not to be propitiated by anything so simple. It is not enough for him that the practical aim of Socialism should be set down as the extinction of the competitive class system, and the popular organisation of industry for the common benefit. He demands much more than this.

What, then, are Mr. Bax's demands? He urges that no one can be a Socialist, (1) who does not believe that Socialism "implies perfect freedom in the sexual relation so far as the law and public opinion are concerned," and (2) who is a Christian. These two are the only disabilities with which Mr. Bax is concerned on this occasion; but it is not unlikely that there are many others which he would equally insist upon. For he states his general position in these words:—"If a man is not prepared to accept the consequences of the social revolution all round," he cannot be anything else than a "hybrid Socialist?" Possibly, therefore, he would think it necessary to formulate these "all round" consequences into a creed, which, except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved from condemnation as a "hybrid Socialist."

Now, at the outset, one is compelled to deny that it is possible to predict and formulate the "all round" consequences of the social revolution. The revolutionary movement, taken as a whole, is governed, as every great movement is governed, by a few comparatively simple leading ideas; and to attempt to say how, in the complexity of modern society, men will work these ideas out in the details of practical life seems to me to be pure pedantry. He who thinks that society can be organised according to an elaborate series of formulæ, or that human beings will realise identical principles in a uniform manner, is surely sunk pretty deep in the mire of an antiquated methodism. We find Mr. Bax saying in the sentence which follows that cited above:—"It is ten to one that such a man (the poor hybrid) does not even accept

communisation of the means of production unreservedly." As if the absolutely unreserved communisation of the means of production were a foregone conclusion! This may or may not be found expedient; it may not, because—to instance one matter only—it may be found requisite, in order to secure complete freedom of the press, to have the production of books and newspapers in private hands quite unfettered by state interference. And so with regard to other matters that might be mentioned; we cannot possibly predict at present what arrangements will, under the varying circumstances of actual practice, be found to secure the nearest approximation to our desired aim.

We ought, it seems to me, to bear steadily in mind that our economic proposals are not ends in themselves; but means to a supreme ethical end, which is, in fewest words, the realization of a society which secures the equal freedom of all—freedom, that is, conceived as carrying with it the idea of Social solidarity. There is a natural tendency of people with schemes to lose the end in a doctrinaire attachment to their scheme of means. Some of our collectivist plans, for instance, are but a few removes from the fanciful Utopian schemes of early theorists which are so derided by the "Scientific Socialists" of to-day. One cannot exactly include Mr. Bax among these victims of formularism; he knows too much. But it is impossible not to feel that in spite of all his cleverness and learning, it is the same dogmatic proclivity and the same obliviousness to the subtle and devious processes of historic growth which prompt him to make this exacting demand of his for an acceptance of certain "all round" consequences of the social revolution.

It will be seen that my disagreement with Mr. Bax is not based on any dissent from his assertion of the impossibility of isolating the economic aspect from the other aspects of the social problem. I thoroughly believe with him that the revolution which Socialism will achieve must necessarily touch every department of human life, and affect profoundly all our social relationships. For it seems to me that the economic change implies, and is conditional upon, a moral change of a very momentous kind. Obviously, the change from competition to co-operation, from production for profit to production for use, from the *régime* of class ascendency to the *régime* of equal freedom and democratic administration, cannot be a permanent change unless it is backed by a change of moral conviction and disposition. In the last resort, indeed, it must mean man's conversion from a sordid, commercial ideal of getting and spending, or of struggle for bank-balances and a place in the *Court Guide*, to a humanist ideal

of man's total perfection in society. Here, then, I am quite at one with Mr. Bax, holding with him that Socialism in its full significance means "a new view of life" as a whole. My protest is against the exaction from every Socialist of assent to a series of propositions which attempt to lay down the precise forms under which the charges which Socialism must involve will realize themselves. The ultimate aim of Socialism is, as I have already said, freedom, or a society of equally free citizens. The greatest possible freedom can only come after we have secured economic freedom, which, we have concluded, must be won by securing the popular control and organisation of the means of wealth-production. To work intelligently for this economic end is to induce a general ethical change in man; but, broadly speaking, it is the economic change which is our definite aim and the common purpose which unites us.

Let me turn now to the two points with which Mr. Bax specifically deals—marriage and religion. With his condemnation of the enforcement of the life-long union of persons who have developed their latent antagonisms to the extent of becoming intolerable to one another, I for one quite agree. My own impression is that most liberally-inclined persons would also agree upon the point. Facility of divorce to meet such cases is quite commonly advocated among comparatively orthodox people. Mr. Bax, however, disallows the right of the State to interfere in the matter of sex-relationships at all. Now, I presume that the right of the State to interfere with regard to marriage is maintained upon the ground that the possible consequence of marriage in the birth of children is a social consequence with which the State is necessarily concerned. So that in eliminating the question of children, as Mr. Bax purposely does, he seems to me to be eliminating the one factor which is vital to the discussion. The maintenance and nurture of children must be provided for; either this duty must be taken in hand by the State, or it must be enforced upon the parents. Which is it to be? The discussion of this question would require a separate paper. Without attempting to justify my opinions now, let me say that I am strongly opposed to the weakening of the sentiments of parental responsibility and parental affection, and to the dismemberment of the family, which is, I hold, the natural unit of social life. And, although I disapprove of the contemptible narrowness and exclusiveness of so much of our family life, I think that the monogamic family system is, so far as we can see at present, the system capable of producing the highest and best results in the rearing of progeny. I am also of opinion that the increase of the population is a matter with which the State

must in time concern itself, and that the indiscriminate breeding of children could not be allowed under any system. I conclude, therefore, that Socialism does not imply perfect freedom in the sexual relation, so far as the law is concerned. I shall not attempt to define now in what way I think the State should interfere. My object at present is to combat Mr. Bax's dogmatic assumption that Socialism necessitates this view of his upon the marriage question. I quite agree with Mrs. Besant that the great achievement of Socialism as affecting the problem of marriage, will be the economic emancipation of women. What will be the outcome of this momentous result we cannot pretend to do more than vaguely guess. To dogmatise upon the point is to discredit one's own judgment.

Mr. Bax is generally vehement (not to say fierce) on the subject of Christianity, and it is no fresh shock to his readers to find him insisting that a Christian cannot be a Socialist. The first criticism that one has to make upon his views is that he interprets the term Christianity in an unjustifiably narrow sense, and makes it supra-mundane and individualistic. He slights the ethical element in its teaching. So far, no doubt as Christianity is a doctrine of other worldliness—a system of qualifications for comfortable places in a *post mortem* Paradise, it is anti-Socialistic. But it has nearly always been something more than this; and we now find a constantly increasing number of persons for whom it means, before all things, the realisation of Christ's Kingdom of Heaven on this earth, until in men like Tolstoi we have the life after death eliminated altogether. However, unjustifiable it may seem to Mr. Bax, from the exalted standpoint of the universal historian, that a man, ignoring the decrees of councils and synods should call himself a Christian simply because he aims to be a follower of the teaching of Christ in its primitive simplicity—the fact that a considerable number of such persons claim the right to use the name Christian must be recognised, and the name must be held to include such. Myself a non-Christian, I do not attempt to defend these Christians from the charge of historical inconsistency and confusion which Mr. Bax would urge against them; but I must say that I do not see why any Socialist who likes these personal labels should not select for his Master Jesus the Christ, and call himself a Christian, just as we have other Socialists styling Shelley, "Master" and rejoicing in the name Shelleyites.

That there is anything in the general moral teaching of Christ, with its insistence on the will of God being done on earth as in heaven, on the brotherhood of man, on the duty of loving and treating of one's neighbour as oneself, on the measure of human worth being human service—that there is

anything in teaching of which these are the main themes that is inconsistent with Socialist ethics, I for one should deny. On the other hand that there is much in the frank brotherliness of Jesus, and His profound sympathy with the poor and rejected; His beautiful love of the gracious and comely things of this world, like wayside flowers and little children; in His respect for women;—that there is much in these personal characteristics of Jesus that makes Him an inspiring influence and a great figure in the world's history I should affirm with no less emphasis. And I should certainly maintain, therefore, that a person might be a disciple of Christ, and at the same time a Socialist.

It is not clear to me whether Mr. Bax considers that any kind of theological belief disqualifies one from being a Socialist. It seems as if he thought that the man who sought any kind of union or communion with the spirit of the world, the universal mind (or by whatever name he may call what the term God is usually employed to express) is finding a non-social or individualistic satisfaction. Surely these two things, love or worship of God, and love and service of man can co-exist. Indeed, we may speak with certainty, and say that they do co-exist; and that the lovers of God have often been the lovers of man, and sufferers for him. On this point then —the alleged inconsistency of Christianity and Socialism—I also join issue with Mr. Bax. The limits of space, however, prevent anything like a sufficient discussion of the question.

PERCIVAL A. CHUBB.

Whitman as a Socialist Poet.

SOCIALISM has as yet no poet of its own. Though there are poets in the Socialist party, and one great poet at least among them, they touch only casually upon certain sides of the movement, and cast their thought in the moulds of other times. Further, as Socialism is the crowning result of modern science and achievement, a poetry which shall be commensurate with it must first have mastered them also. Thus for lack of a poetry "that shall all-express" them, Socialists must be content with that which comes nearest to it; and I think that there can be no doubt that this is found in the works of Walt Whitman.

Whitman is, in every sense, the poet of America, his love for which he has expressed in surely the boldest figure ever used by a poet. He represents a little more than its good, a little less than its evil; he sees a little farther than the average American does. He is at bottom the poet of the virgin soil, the unexhausted territory, the increasing possibilities of the New World. "Thou bathed, choked, swimming in plenty!" he exclaims; and everywhere he accepts the material advantages of his country with a naïve unquestioning delight: so much so, indeed, that though occasionally he seems to discern rocks ahead, he appears as a rule to regard the existence of classes of rich and poor, of social inequalities, as mere temporary and trivial accidents. A sentence or two from his diary in *Specimen Days* will illustrate this. "New York is so situated, with the great ozonic brine on both sides, it comprises the most favourable health chances in the world. (If only the suffocating crowding of some of its tenement houses could be broken up)." He does not ask why in the vast continent there should be any suffocating crowding at all. Again, he speaks of the simple and childlike character of a millionaire friend, without seeming to consider the economical circumstance that "a millionaire is a monster."

No doubt Whitman's own character and environment have

greatly helped in giving him this optimistic view of things. When we consider his perfect parentage, his flawless constitution, his free and open life in boyhood and youth, it is easy to see whence comes that belief in bodily health, in the curative power of Nature, and in the wisdom of the scheme of the world, that remains with him through the horrors of war and the lingering trials of paralysis. "All comes by the body, only health puts you *rapport* with the universe," he says; and indeed it is almost amusing to find scattered up and down his diary allusions to a "plenteous breakfast," a "good dinner," "champagne" with a celebrated *restaurateur*, and so forth. These are, however, but surface-signs of his unshakable belief in Nature, and in all natural processes, which is the first thing that will win him sympathy from Socialists. With a more conscious and deliberate purpose he cries: "And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me, for I am determined to tell you with courageous clear voice to prove you illustrious;" a promise that he amply fulfils. "*All is clean forever and forever:*" this is the expression of a main part of his teaching.

This strong and fearless acceptance of the facts of life does not desert him when he comes to the complex world of society. He takes the commercial prosperous world of America as he finds it, "hanging on its neck with incomparable love," entering into its good and evil, its buying and selling, money-making, trades, moods and tempers, wilfulness and strength. In this respect he stands almost if not quite alone. He makes no attempt to tone anything down, or to diffuse any unreal glamour of romance about everyday affairs; he seeks simply to express what he sees and feels with all that it implies to him. He is essentially serious. The increase of population, of immigration, only feed his insatiate love of the common people, whom he loves for their own sakes as well as for their possibilities. His faith in Liberty is inexhaustible. "O latent right of insurrection!" he sings: "O quenchless indispensable fire!" I cannot forbear from quoting his lines "to a foiled European revolutionaire":—

"Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subserv'd whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.

(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection also,
For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him,
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.)

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent advance and retreat,
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garrote, handcuffs, iron necklace and lead-balls do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in distant lands,
The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when they meet,
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor the infidel entered into full possession.

When Liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last."

But liberty after all is but a negative blessing, and Whitman is not slow to perceive that something more is needed. His gospel of *comradeship* is the one thing needful in America to-day, though without some measure of social equality it can never become a living reality. Our idea of comradeship is, necessarily perhaps, too much a militant one—that of the earnest union of those who are waging war with the enemies of humanity: Whitman proclaims it as a permanent source of strength and happiness:—

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.
I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades."

Comradeship is also for Whitman a complete solution of those metaphysical mysteries which affect even the clearest brains. He does not, however, seek so much to avoid mystery as to swallow it up and assimilate it. Speaking of the ideal poet, he says: "*As he sees the farthest he has the most faith.*" His own faith is boundless.

"I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all,
I believe materialism is true and spiritualism is true, I reject no part.
(Have I forgotten any part? anything in the past?
Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.)

* * * * * * *

I call to the world to distrust the accounts of my friends, but listen to my enemies, as I myself do,
I charge you forever reject those who would expound me, for I cannot expound myself,
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me,
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free."

With all this dislike for dogmatism, this strong desire to see things truly, to learn the lesson of everything, it is not surprising, it is only to be expected that he is fully alive to the importance of healthy speculation. The doctrine of evolution, which is the foundation of Socialism, he regards as the "last best word said up to date" upon the old problems of philosophy. His summary of Hegel I give in his own words:—"The whole earth, with its infinite variety, the past, the surroundings of to-day, or what may happen in the future, the contrarieties of material with spiritual, of natural with artificial, are all to the eye of the *ensemblist* but necessary sides and unfoldings, different steps or links, in the endless process of creative thought, which amid numberless apparent failures and contradictions, is held together by central and never-broken unity—not contradictions or failures at all, but radiations of one consistent and eternal purpose; the whole mass of everything steadily, unerringly tending and flowing toward the permanent *utile* and *morale*, as rivers to oceans. As life is the whole law and incessant effort of the visible universe, and death only the other or invisible side of the same, so the *utile*, so truth, so health, are the continuous immutable laws of the moral universe, and vice and disease, with their perturbations, are but transient, even if ever so prevalent expressions."

Holding this faith, he remains undaunted by the evident presence of acute evils in the heart of the America he loves; seeming to share with it the careless contempt of conscious strength.

"Democracy, the destined conqueror, yet treacherous lip-smiles everywhere,
And death and infidelity at every step.

* * * * * *

Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars."

* * * * * *

Forth from their masks, no matter what,
From the huge festering trunk, from craft and guile and tears,
Health to emerge and joy, joy universal.
Out of the bulk, the morbid and the shallow,
Out of the bad majority the varied countless frauds of men and states,
Electric, antiseptic yet, cleaving, suffusing all,
Only the good is universal."

Happy is he who, alike from natural constitution and social environment, and from bold and far-reaching speculation, is able to proclaim the final triumph of the best elements of human life:

"*I announce natural persons to arise.*"

Can any of us see farther?

But though mainly concerned with the life and prospects of the people as a whole, Whitman does not forget or undervalue, as some of us are apt to do, the great fact of Personality:—

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word *En Masse.*"

And again in a very fine passage he says:—

O I see flashing that this America is only you and me,
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you and me,
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are you and me,
Its Congress is you and me, its officers, capitols, armies, ships, are you and me,
Its endless gestations of new States are you and me,
The war (that war so bloody and grim, the war I will henceforth forget), was you and me,
Freedom, language, poems, employments, are you and me,
Past, present, future, are you and me."

But in spite of the bold language here used, the thought of the mysterious affinity between the past and present and future, and the impossibility of separating them into particles, is a fundamental one in these poems. Nevertheless, there seems no reason why the fact of individual existence should be ignored or despised. Whitman, then, recognises two lines of progress from imperfection to perfection;—First, that of the society, or the race, through successive generations of individuals, and secondly, that of the individual through different educational stages of life. Each of them he conceives to be endless; each of them governed by the same *law of results.* Upon this is founded the doctrine of Prudence, or the wisdom that has "learned to prefer results":—

"Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.
No specification is necessary, all that a male or female does, that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her,
In the unshakable order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever.
Who has been wise receives interest,
Savage, felon, President, judge, farmer, sailor, mechanic, literat, young, old, it is the same,
The interest will come round—all will come round.
Singly, wholly, to affect now, affected their time, will forever affect, all of the past and all of the present, and all of the future,
All the brave actions of war and peace,
All help given to relatives, strangers, the poor, old, sorrowful, young children, widows, the sick, and to shunn'd persons,
All self-denial that stood steady and aloof on wrecks, and saw others fill the seats of the boats,
All offering of substance or life for the good old cause, or for a friend's sake, or opinion's sake,
All pains of enthusiasts scoff'd at by their neighbours,
All the limitless sweet love and precious suffering of mothers,
All honest men baffled in strifes recorded or unrecorded,

All the grandeur and good of ancient nations whose fragments we inherit,
All the good of the dozens of ancient nations unknown to us by name, date, location,
All that was ever manfully begun, whether it succeeded or no,
All suggestions of the divine mind of man or the divinity of his mouth, or the shaping of his great hands,
All that is well thought or said this part of the globe, or on any of the wandering stars, or on any of the fix'd stars, by those there as we are here,
All that is henceforth to be thought or done by you whoever you are, or by anyone,
These inure, have inured, shall inure, to the identities from which they sprang, or shall spring.
Did you guess any thing lived only its moment?
The world does not so exist, no parts palpable or impalpable so exist,
No consummation exists without being from some long previous consummation and that from some other,
Without the farthest conceivable one coming a bit nearer the beginning than any.
Whatever satisfies souls is true;
Prudence entirely satisfies the craving and glut of souls,
Itself only finally satisfies the soul,
The soul has that measureless pride which revolts from every lesson but its own.
Now I breathe the word of the prudence that walks abreast with time, space, reality,
That answers the pride which refuses every lesson but its own.
What is prudence is indivisible,
Declines to separate one part of life from every part,
Divides not the righteous from the unrighteous or the living from the dead,
Matches every thought or act by its correlative,
Knows no possible forgiveness or deputed atonement,
Knows that the young man who composedly perill'd his life and lost it has done exceedingly well for himself without doubt,
That he who never perill'd his life, but retains it to old age in riches and ease, has probably achiev'd nothing for himself worth mentioning,
Knows that only that person has really learned who has learned to prefer results,
Who favours body and soul the same,
Who perceives the indirect assuredly following the direct,
Who in his spirit in any emergency whatever neither hurries or avoids death."

If these be true words, why should not those who are preparing to fling themselves for freedom's sake upon the spears of the reactionary host, have the full benefit of them? Why should not those in whom the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, take heart of grace from manly encouragement like this, so far removed from the unreal clap-trap of "rewards and punishments" and "spiritual consolation"? Undoubtedly a personal immortality, which many of us despise or affect to despise, is implied in all this. Indeed, Whitman does not merely imply or assert immortality; he never doubts it. Death for him is a translation: some of his most beautiful

lines are uttered in praise of death. In all this he is helpful and satisfying, because he is honest, and attempts to conceal nothing; his mental evolution is not unusual, but has been courageously pursued.

There is one more phase of life (now apparently passing through a critical period) which our many-sided poet has seized for us:—

"My comrade!
For you to share with me two greatnesses, and a third one rising inclusive and more resplendent,
The greatness of Love and Democracy, and the greatness of Religion.

* * * * * *

Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worship'd half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is.
I say that the real and permanent grandeur of these states must be their religion,
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur,
Nor character nor life worthy the name without religion,
Nor land nor man nor woman without religion."

This it is which Whitman refers to in the following passage from *Specimen Days*:—"I should say that in all of them (the modern philosophers) and in the best of them, when compared with the lightning flashes and flights of the old prophets and *exaltés*, the spiritual poets and poetry of all lands (as in the Hebrew Bible), there seems to be, nay certainly is, something lacking—something cold, a failure to satisfy the deepest emotions of the soul,—a want of living glow, fondness, warmth, which the old *exaltés* and poets supply, and which the keenest modern philosophers so far do not." Whitman himself goes far towards filling up this serious gap. One of his critics has said that he takes up the thread of religion where Christ dropped it. And it is certainly noticeable that he, too, speaks "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Many of his phrases have almost the same turn of expression; take for example two lines already quoted:—

"*I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.*"

and

"*Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.*"

A more substantial similarity is that of the prevailing habit of thought, dwelling on liberty, the lawfulness of all things, on love the fulfilling of the law. This conception it is which made Christ's discourses so irresistibly attractive, which so powerfully seized and transformed the rabbinical mind of Paul, which glimmers in the traditional writings of the other early

Christian teachers, and which has been since almost wholly lost sight of; a circumstance which would be unaccountable were it not that this conception is the subtlest essence of Christian thought. But it would be truer, I think, to say that Whitman marks the fusion of the great Hebraic and Hellenic tendencies, the spiritual and concrete, the mystical and realistic. He is precisely a mystic and a realist in one; the two elements do not lie together conflicting and contradictory in his mind, nor is a compromise effected by a mutual surrender of their distinctive characteristics; but the perfect identity of both of them results from the perfect development of each.

In the presence of the thoughts which these poems awaken in us, it is surely needless to say anything with regard to the form of them, or the question whether they can strictly be called *poems* at all. It is clear, from many signs, that Whitman could not have said what he had to say in any other form. "The clearest expression," he says in his Preface, "is that which finds no sphere worthy of itself, and makes one." Again: "The art of art, the glory of expression, and the sunshine of the light of letters, is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity: nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. . . . I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writing any effect, or elegance, or originality to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is." And even if Walt Whitman has been unable, as I think he has been, to keep to the limits he sets himself, let us remember that this must be the fate of every poet worthy of the name. Let us admit that he has done his best, not cavilling at the form of the result, but accepting the substance of it; as he himself says:

"*The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything.*"

REGINALD A. BECKETT.

Aristotle on Wealth and Property.

Part I.—Wealth.

ARISTOTLE'S work on Politics, inferior as it is to Plato's Republic in literary form and logical arrangement, has yet a peculiar interest and importance, owing, among other reasons, to the use throughout it of the historical method. Plato is always anxious to show what good or bad effects *must* follow from any political or social expedient. Aristotle prefers, if possible, to see what effects have followed in the cases where that expedient has been tried. But very little of this characteristic side of Aristotle's work will appear in my paper. His detailed criticisms of the Spartan, the Cretan, and the Carthaginian constitutions, his long lists of the various causes which have brought about revolutions in monarchies, tyrannies, oligarchies, and democracies are somewhat foreign to the purpose with which I write. I have sought rather to discover how far Aristotle's study and criticism of the various forms of society which he knew, led him toward a general science of sociology. On this side there is much in Aristotle's book which any candid reader must confess to be somewhat unsatisfactory. The book, as we have it, is so roughly and hastily worked out, that it has been supposed to consist merely of notes from his lectures. One seems to see not only the results, but also the tentative processes of his analysis, and each succeeding enquiry leads him to a point of view different from, and often inconsistent with, the last. But yet, though all men may read their own opinions in the book, no man can read it at all without marvelling at the acuteness, the knowledge, the unvarying sanity of its author, and, perhaps, without lamenting that in more than 2000 years we seem to have learnt so little. Aristotle begins his treatise* "Every state is a community of

* I have availed myself freely, though not at all exclusively, of Jowett's translation.

some kind, and every community is established with a view to some good, for mankind always act in order to obtain what they think good. But if all communities aim at some good, the state, or political community, which is the highest of all, and which embraces all the rest, aims, and in a greater degree than any other, at the highest good."

Before he goes any further, Aristotle has to answer a possible objection, founded upon a statement of Socrates, that the state and the individual only differ in number, expanded by Plato into the statement that there is only one science of the management of human affairs, and that it does not matter whether one calls it the science of kingship, or politic or economy ("household management"). If this is so, of course there cannot be a distinct science of politic. It is necessary, therefore, to trace the origin of the state, and to show that it satisfies natural human wants which remain unsatisfied, either in individual or in family life. Both historically and analytically, the village or smallest possible state, begins as an association of families who join together to satisfy other than the ordinary daily wants. The family originates in two unions, first, of male and female, without which neither can exist, second, of master and slave, that both may be preserved. "Now," says he, "property is a part of the household, and the art of acquiring property is part of the art of managing the household, for no man can live well, or, indeed, live at all, unless provided with necessaries," or, as he says more explicitly in Book II., "That in a well-ordered state the citizens should have leisure, and not have to provide for their daily wants is generally acknowledged." For this it is necessary that a man should have slaves and property—the active and passive elements of production. This is implied in Hesiod's line "First, house and wife and an ox for the plough" for the ox, says Aristotle, is the poor man's slave. But this raises a great question, "Is there anyone thus intended by nature to be a slave and for whom such a condition is expedient and right, or rather, is not all slavery a violation of nature?" Now no one will deny that it is better for both soul and body, that the soul should rule, or that tame animals are better off than wild. If men differed among themselves as much in body as the statue of the Gods from the forms of men, then slavery would require no defence. But the difference is of soul, less obvious though more important. Aristotle does not for a moment deny that there are slaves who ought not to be slaves—whose slavery in his language is unnatural. But, says he, "when the relation between master and slave is natural they are friends and have a common interest"—

Now for the family life not only the slave, the living element

in production, is needed, but property also, the dead element. On this point of the methods, object and limits of production, Aristotle writes so clearly and so tersely and emphasises a point now so generally neglected that I will not try to condense, and what follows is rather a translation than a paraphrase. "The art then of acquiring property is distinct from economy but subordinate to it. The art of acquisition supplies the wealth which economy uses. Now there are naturally and inevitably as many methods of procuring wealth as there are varieties of human life. Some men are shepherds, some hunters, some fishermen, and more are agriculturalists. The art of acquisition in this sense, therefore, is the application to the purposes of domestic and political life of those means which nature herself supplies for the use of man.

"But there is another species of acquisition which men generally and rightly call money-making, and it is this species which has given rise to the opinion that wealth and property have no limit." This second species arises in this way. There are two uses of every possession, one proper to the thing and the other not, A shoe, for instance, may either be worn or exchanged for something else. Both are real uses of the shoe, but as a matter of fact the shoe was made to be worn and not to be exchanged; and thus the art of exchange springs up naturally at first from the fact that some men have more of a thing than they want, and others less. In the first community, the family, there is no place for exchange—all things are possessed in common. But the members of a larger community will inevitably have possession of different parts of the common stock, and these different parts must be distributed by means of barter—as they actually are in many barbarian communities where men give wine and receive corn, and so on. This sort of exchange is necessary if each man's life is to be complete. But from it the other and more dangerous form of trade followed as a natural consequence. For as the circle of exchange was widened, of necessity the use of currency was devised. I will translate his further description of the origin of currency as literally as I can "For it each of the things which men naturally require is easily portable. Wherefore, men agreed among themselves for purposes of exchange to give and receive something which, being in itself valuable, was in use easily managed for the needs of life, such as iron or silver or anything else there may be of the kind, and this was measured at first simply by size and weight, but at last by men putting also a stamp upon it, in order that it might save them from the trouble of weighing, for the stamp was put upon it as a mark of quantity."

"When, therefore, the currency has been already intro-

duced to provide for necessary exchange, the other art of money-making came in, namely, trade which, at first, pehaps, took simple forms, but afterwards, owing to experience, men employed more skill in discovering from whence and by what process of exchange the greatest profit could be made. And, therefore, the art of acquiring wealth is supposed to be especially connected with money in the form of currency, its function to be to discover how to get a great quantity of money, and itself to be the art of producing riches and money. For men often define wealth as a great quantity of coined money, because it is with coined money that money-making and trade concerns themselves. But others think that coined money is by nature worthless and has everywhere only a conventional value, both because if those who use it gave it up as a means of exchange it would become of no value, and in no way useful for any necessary purpose, and because a man who is rich in coined money will be often without necessary nourishment. But they say it is absurd that that can be wealth which a man may have plenty of and yet die of hunger, as Midas did. Wherefore, they seek for some other form of form of wealth and some other art of money-making and are quite right in so seeking. For the art of money-making is a different thing from natural wealth, and trade is the art of making money, not in every way but by exchange of money, and it has particularly to do with coined money, for coined money is the element and limit of exchange, and the wealth which comes from this sort of money-making has no fixed bounds. For as medicine and all other arts aim at the end proposed without limit, but limit the means employed, so this art aims without limit at its end and its end is this particular kind of wealth and the acquisition of money, the limit is set by the art of economy, and not by the art of money making, for economy does not propose the making of money as its end. In this way then it seems that there should be a limit in every case to wealth, but as a matter of fact we see the exact opposite happening, for all money makers will increase their supply of coined money without limit, and the reason is that the two arts of money-making are very closely allied, and are easily confused. For it is the same piece of property that we use, but the use we put it to is not the same. One has some further end before, and the end of the other is simply increase. So that some people think that this is the object of economy, and suppose that they ought to keep or increase their supply of coined money without limit. The reason of this state of mind is that they are anxious to live but not to live well. This desire being unlimited they desire unlimited means to

satisfy it, and those who *do* set themselves to live well really desire a life of bodily pleasure, so that as this also seems to depend on what a man has, all their care is to get money. They seek for excessive means to satisfy their excessive desire for enjoyment, and if they cannot get what they want by dealing in money, they try some other means, using each of their powers in a way that nature did not mean. For the object of courage and generalship and medicine is not money-making, but steadiness and victory and health. But they use them all as mere means of making money, thinking that that is the end and that everything ought to contribute to that end." A generation ago everyone in England thought that Economics was a science which provided materials for the art of unlimited money-making, and the newspapers think so now. The conception of a higher art, Aristotle's "economy" which shall aim at the due supply and due management of the material sources of human happiness is still so new among us that no name has yet been agreed on for it.

Aristotle then after a side stroke at the habit of lending money on interest, proceeds to classify the actual known methods of production. It is interesting to observe that he includes hired labourers, both skilled and unskilled in the class of those who make money by the less legitimate method of exchange, among those who, as we put it, work for profit and not for use. As one way of making money he speaks of the creation of a monopoly by Thales and by a nameless man in Syracuse, who contrived a "corner" in olive presses and iron respectively, recommending some such method of raising a revenue to the attention of the then newly developed race of political financiers, but mentioning without censure the fact that Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, promptly exiled the iron-broker.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

A Lullaby.

Voices of earth and sky,
Low winds that brood, dim wash of distant sea,
Cradle this wakeful baby on my knee,
With tender song and choral lullaby,
Beneath the darkening sky.

Sing softly nightingale,
Too sad, too shrill, the sorrow in thy song,
What knows my little one of loss or wrong?
Of brooding mother-love be all thy tale,
Sing softly nightingale.

Chime not, O evening bells,
Measure to measure will my baby beat,
Time with her twinkling hands and dancing feet
Of life and sunshine all your music tells,
Keep silent merry bells.

Fade quickly dying light,
Come blessed darkness, take her to thy breast,
Only with thee and silence will she rest,
Forgetting joy and song and day's delight,
Enfold us happy night.

CARIS BROOKE.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

"The work of a London journeyman baker begins, as a rule, at about eleven at night. At that hour he 'makes the dough,'—a laborious process, which lasts from half an hour to three quarters of an hour, according to the size of the batch or the labour bestowed upon it. He then lies down upon the kneading-board, which is also the covering of the trough in which the dough is 'made'; and with a sack under him, and another rolled up as a pillow, he sleeps for about a couple of hours. He is then engaged in a rapid and continuous labour for about five hours—throwing out the dough, 'scaling it off,' moulding it, putting it into the oven, preparing and baking rolls and fancy bread, taking the batch of bread out of the oven and up into the shop, etc., etc. The temperature of a bakehouse ranges from about 75 to upwards of 90 degrees, and in the smaller bakehouses approximates usually to the higher rather than to the lower degree of heat. When the business of making the bread, rolls, etc., is over, that of its distribution begins, and a considerable portion of the journeymen in the trade, after working hard in the manner described during the night, are upon their legs for many hours during the day; carrying baskets, or wheeling hand-carts, and sometimes again in the bakehouse, leaving off work at various hours.

between 1 and 6 p.m., according to the season of the year, or their amount and nature of their master's business; while others are again engaged in the bakehouse in 'bringing out' more batches until late in the afternoon (*nn*) . . . During what is called 'the London season,' the operatives belonging to the 'full-priced' bakers at the West end of the Town generally begin work at 11 p.m., and are engaged in making the bread, with one or two short (sometimes very short) intervals of rest, up to 8 o'clock the next morning. They are then engaged all day long, up to 4, 5, 6, and as late as 7 o'clock in the evening carrying out bread, or sometimes in the afternoon in the bakehouse again, assisting in the biscuit-making. They may have, after they have done their work, sometimes five or six, sometimes only four or five hours' sleep before they begin again. On Fridays they always begin sooner, some about 10 o'clock, and continue in some cases at work, either in making or delivering the bread, up to 8 p.m. on Saturday night, but generally up to 4 or 5 o'clock on Sunday morning. On Sundays the men must attend twice or three times during the day for an hour or two to make preparations for the next day's bread. . . . The men employed by the underselling masters (who sell their bread under the 'full price' and who, as already pointed out, comprise three-fourths of the London Bakers) have not only to work on the average longer hours, but their work is almost entirely confined to the bakehouse. The underselling masters generally sell their bread . . . . in the shop. If they send it out, which is not common, except in supplying chandlers' shops, they usually employ other hands for that purpose. It is not their practice to deliver bread from house to house. Towards the end of the week . . . . . the men begin on Thursday night at 10 o'clock, and continue on with only slight intermission until late on Saturday evening (*oo*)."

The ordinary intellect can take in and understand the position of the "underselling" masters. "The unpaid labour of the men was made the source whereby the competition was carried on" (*pp*). The baker who charges "full prices" condemns his underselling rivals before the Commission of Inquiry as adulterators and robbers of foreign labour. "They only exist now by first defrauding the public, and next getting 18 hours' work out of their men for 12 hours' wages (*qq*)."

(*nn*) *l.c.*, First Report, etc., page xl.

(*oo*) *l.c.* p. lxxi.

(*pp*) George Read, "The History of Baking" London, 1848, page 60.

(*qq*) Report (First, etc.). Evidence of the "full priced" baker, Cheeseman, page 108.

The custom of adulterating bread, and the underselling of some bakers by others, dates from early in the 18th century, when the trade had lost its corporate character, and capitalists, in the shape of millers or flour dealers, rose behind those who were only nominally master bakers (*rr*). In this way the foundation of capitalist production in the baking trade was laid, and also of the unlimited enlargement of the working day, and of night labour, although it is only since 1824 that the latter gained a serious hold, even in London (*ss*).

After what we have just said, it will be readily understood that the Report of the Commission puts journeymen bakers in the category of short-lived workers who, though fortunate enough to escape the usual decimation of working class children, yet seldom reach the age of 42. Notwithstanding, the baking trade is constantly overwhelmed with applicants. The sources whence they are supplied to London are Scotland, the Western districts of England, and Germany.

In 1858-60 the Irish journeymen bakers organised, at their own cost, great meetings, with the object of agitating against Sunday and night work. The people, notably at a meeting in Dublin in May 1860, took the side of the bakers with characteristic Irish fervour, the result being that day-labour alone was established in Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Waterford and other places. In Limerick, where the grievances of the journeymen are demonstrated to be excessive, the movement has been defeated by the opposition of the master bakers, the miller bakers being the greatest opponents. The example of Limerick led to a retrogression in Ennis and Tipperary. In Cork, where the strongest possible demonstration of feeling took place, the masters, by exercising their power of turning the men out of employment, have defeated the movement. In Dublin, the master bakers have offered the most determined opposition to the movement, and by discountenancing as much as possible the journeymen promoting it, have succeeded in leading the men into acquiescence in Sunday work and night work, contrary to the convictions of the men (*tt*)."

(*rr*) George Read, *l.c.* At the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century, factors or agents, who began to crowd into every possible trade, were still officially denounced as "public nuisances." The Grand Jury at the Quarter Sessions of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Somerset forwarded a "presentment" to the House of Commons, which *inter alia* says, "That these factors of Blackwell Hall are a Publick Nuisance, and Prejudice to the Clothing Trade, and ought to be put down as a nuisance" ("The Case of our English Wool," &c., London, 1685, pp. 6, 7).

(*ss*) First Report, &c.

(*tt*) Report of the Committee of the Baking Trade in Ireland in 1861.

The Commission in Ireland, which represented a Government always armed and ready to show its teeth, expostulated in mild but lugubrious tones with the unmerciful master bakers of Dublin, Limerick, Cork, etc. "The Committee believe that the hours of labour are limited by natural laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. That for master bakers to induce their workmen, by the fear of losing employment, to violate their religious convictions and their better feelings, to disobey the laws of the land, and to disregard public opinion (this all refers to Sunday labour), is calculated to provoke ill-feeling between workmen and masters . . . . and affords an example dangerous to religion, morality, and social order. . . . . The Commission believe that any constant work beyond 12 hours a day encroaches on the domestic and private life of the working man, and so leads to disastrous moral results, interfering with each man's home, and the discharge of his family duties as a son, a brother, a husband, a father. That work beyond 12 hours has a tendency to undermine the health of the working-man, and so leads to premature old age and death, to the great injury of families of working-men, thus deprived of the care and support of the head of the family when most required"

Books of To-Day.

In every properly conducted Socialist Review, the place of honour must be given to the literature of economics. For although it is true, as we say further on, that before Socialism can become a living faith, and, herefore, before real, vitalising, conquering energy can be breathed into its propaganda, it must find a philosophico-religious basis, yet it is before all things necessary that it should be right in its economics, and to that end we should not be sorry to see a society set on foot one condition of whose membership should be the passing of an examination in history and political economy. Just at present the student of economic science will find no lack of new matter on which to exercise his brain, for books are being poured out of the press at a rate and at a price which leaves the would-be propagandist without excuse for economic ignorance.

One of the most valuable and important of those which have seen the light within the last few weeks is the first volume of Mr. W. J. Ashley's *Economic History* (*a*) The author tells us in the preface that he belongs to the strictly historical school of economists, and certainly if wide and deep research are "notes" of that body he has made out his claim to be a member of it. The first chapter deals with the Manor and Village Community and the author favours the view of M. Fustel de Coulanges and Mr. Seebohm that the early tenure of land by communal groups of freemen is only a figment of the Teutonic imagination, and that the progress of evolution has been linear from slavery to freedom, not spiral from freedom o serfage and back again to freedom. The chapter is replete with valuable and well arranged information and his comparison of the medieval with the modern village is extremely interesting, and, in spite of its conciseness, even picturesque. In Chapter II. he treats of the Merchant and Craft Guilds, of which, for ordinary purposes, most studiously inclined Socialists already know perhaps almost enough. The most valuable pages in this volume are those of the third and last chapter, on Economic Theories and Legislation. It begins with an analysis of the Catholic ethic of economic and being the work of a close and impartial student of history, is, naturally, diametrically opposed to the theories of Mr. Belfort Bax and the anti-Christian faction of Socialists. In support of the view that Catholicism was opposed to private property in the modern meaning of the phrase, Mr. Ashley quotes freely from the Fathers, and very largely from St. Thomas Aquinas. We have not space to reproduce either his arguments or his extracts here, but one would imagine that the following sentence of Clement's must be a lion in the polemical path of those who

(*a*) *An Introduction to English Economic History, and Theory*, by W. J. Ashley M.A. Rivingtons, Waterloo Place, London, 1888.

hold that individualism is the basic principle of Christianity. "The use of all that is in this world," says that great father, "ought to be common to all men. But, *by injustice*, one man has called this his own, another that, and thus has come division among mortals." Can Prince Kropotkine say more? No doubt the Church's economic theories were absurd enough, though not more so than those of Her opponents, and the arguments with which She sought to support them were wildly wide of the mark, but that Her purely ethical teaching was right to the very core few of us now will be prepared to deny. The task before Her and before us is to harmonise true ethic with sound economic. The long fight of the Church against the taking of interest occupies some twenty pages, but, the present volume dealing only with the period from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, the author has not been able to shew us how the growth of opinion favourable to usury was coincident with the spread of non-Christian views of life; until, in the sixteenth century, the final triumph of Protestantism established the absurdly illogical view that interest was quite justifiable up to a certain rate per cent! The remainder of the chapter is taken up with the history of the coinage and the vain endeavour of governments to fix a maximum price. Mr. Ashley has made his little book not only a history but a bibliography of the period with which he treats, as he devotes a page or two of each chapter to a list and brief account of all the authorities from whom he has obtained his information, and every page is plentifully besprinked with small figures, referring the reader to notes giving chapter and verse for the particular statement or quotation. As a further aid to the student there is a fairly complete index. We strongly recommend the book and we look forward with interest to the appearance of the next volume.

If the new elementary text-book on Political Economy(*b*) had been produced by any ordinary professor we should have contented ourselves with commenting upon its relative superiority over Mrs. Fawcett's half-a-crown's worth of errors, or Prof. Marshall's mathematical abstractions. But when a leading member of the English Land Restoration League and of the Guild of St. Matthew palms off on the unsuspecting public an economic treatise of the ordinary type, we are entitled to expect some explanation of this strange concealment of his cherished opinions. Professor Symes on a Land Nationalisation platform, and Professor Symes at University College, Nottingham, are evidently different personalities, and the curious point is that each, we believe, considers himself the Dr. Jekyll of the couple. We quite appreciate the theological doctrine of "economy," and we presume that it applies to economic as well as to other truths. But the reverend professor seems to carry it rather far, and there is clearly some force still left in the old Socialist taunt that university professors made it their main business to find a justification for their capitalist employers. In this case, Prof. Symes has no doubt much to urge in justification for his attitude of reserve. But a professor of economics is paid partly for the very purpose of letting the public know what is the truth on economic matters, and it is just because Prof. Symes has on other occasions spoken out courageously enough, that we regret all the more to find him in the present instance failing in his duty to his pupils and the public.

He has produced an excellent but somewhat commonplace text-book of the ordinary type, which ought, as far as elementary students are concerned, to supersede all others. It is simple, clear, and fairly concise. The ordinary economic truths are intelligibly set forth, without vain pretence of originality, and with ample warning as to their limita-

(*b*) *Political Economy*, by J. E. Symes, University College, Nottingham Rivingtons, London, 1888.

tions. The Malthusian doctrine is, for the first time in an orthodox text-book, reduced to almost less than its proper proportions, and care is taken throughout to distinguish between the science of political economy and the art of administration.

Prof. Symes' resolute self-suppressions can be traced all through the book. It must have cost him some effort to speak of "the idle rich and the idle poor, clergymen, schoolmasters, actors, musicians, thieves, domestic servants and others," as alike non-producers and a burden on the labour of the directly productive classes. From a member of the Guild of St. Matthew we should have expected a better classification of non-producers, and one which would not have tended to encourage his readers in the ordinary notion that the non-productivity of the "idle rich" was a burden on the manual workers merely in the same sense as is the maintenance of a professor. So, too, when he tries to define the maximum competitive wage, the member of the English Land Restoration League must have found it difficult to refrain from saying that, come what may in the shape of Trades Unions and Technical Education, the landless worker can never obtain as wages more than the produce of labour equivalent to his own, on the very worst land in use. The whole of the economic advantages of better soil, mines, harbours, town sites, necessarily go, as Prof. Symes has elsewhere frequently explained, under a system of private ownership, to the landlord class.

When Prof. Symes passes beyond the elementary truths of his science he is not more satisfactory than his predecessors. He recognises that the "law of diminishing return" applies to manufactures as well as to agriculture, and is, nevertheless, capable of believing that the aggregate profits of different employers tend (abstraction made of loan interest and of their respective rents of ability) to be equal, however much capital they employ. Moreover, he quite overlooks Prof. Sidgwick's exposure of the absurdity of computing a rate of interest on a nominal capital sum, the very amount of which is itself determined by the amount of the income and the general rate of interest.

Even on his favourite topic of economic rent, Prof. Symes is not always clear. He carefully (but quite incorrectly) states that Ricardian rent only applies to "gifts of nature" and not to the produce of labour at all, and thus ignores the fact that all permanent improvements of land yield, when they yield anything, what is strictly a rent. Yet he says the payment for the hire of a mine, which usually includes any amount of "the produce of labour," in the shape of shafts and adits, is subject to the same laws as the rent of agricultural land (except in so far as the one may be capable of more exhaustion than the other). On the other hand, he does not allow the payment for the hire of an advantageous house to be determined by the law of rent at all), and we presume that he would be shocked at the suggestion that superior ships bear a true Ricardian rent. On the difficult subject of value Prof. Symes allows too little importance to the Jevonian revolution, and consequently fails to give any clear law of the limit of demand. In matters of currency, he thinks (with the ordinary City man) that high prices are good for trade, and it is therefore not surprising to find him in sympathy with the bi-metallists. But these are blemishes affecting only the higher branches of the subject, and by the time the student reaches thus far, he ought to be able to judge for himself. On the whole we can cordially recommend the book as the best general text-book to place in the hands of a beginner, and we hope that it will find a large circulation, and give the final kick to Mrs. Fawcett's obstinate adherence to the exploded "wages fund" theory.

Professor Thorold Rogers, as is well-known, allows himself more than usual freedom in more than one direction, but he has seldom displayed

so much contempt for the science of which he is the Oxford representative as in his recent address to the Bradford Econonic and Statistical Society.(c) Free Trade, and that to any extent, and at any cost, appears to be the only economic tenet approved as sound by this exponent of the "dismal science." But this is only "pretty Fanny's way." It pleases the Professor to denounce Ricardo and his Law of Rent, but his own theory of rent is in practical accord with the orthodox view. Rent, it appears depends not on price but on the profits of the farmer, and what the landlord can obtain is the surplus in any case above the normal profits. What is this but the economic equivalent of the advantages of the land occupied bythat farmer over that which determines the value of the produce? In a similar humour we have Mill's "unearned increment" denounced as a "metaphysical conception," which recent experience in agriculture has shown to be fallacious. One would really suppose that Prof. Thorold Rogers believed that the aggregate of English rental is steadily falling, or else that Mill omitted the special strength of his own case, the increased value of town sites. The fact is that when an Oxford professor (and especially *this* Oxford professor), lectures to a popular audience, his contempt for their non-academic intelligence occasionally leads him into strange deliverances, supposed to be adapted to their feeble capacity. But let the professors take heart. The world is prepared for stronger meat in the way of economic analysis than it was in the days of Harriet Martineau, or even in those of Mrs. Fawcett's authorship. Unless Professor Thorold Rogers manages to keep up with its growing capacity, it will fain be constrained to agree with his own statement that all the reputation he possesses as an economist is due to his historical researches. Most competent critics already agree with the Professor on this point, if on no other.

An exposition of Socialism which does not drag in by the head and shoulders those direful and disputable subjects, "religion and the family," if at all decently done, will be thrice welcomed by all sane Socialists. When such an exposition comes recommended in a preface by Mr. William Morris it is almost a subject for shouting. To have produced such a work is the good fortune of Mr. Frank Fairman(d). After Mr. Kirkup's "Enquiry into Socialism," this is the best thing that has yet been done on the subject, and those who do not feel inclined to spend the five shillings necessary to purchase the former, cannot do better than lay out the ninepence which will secure the latter. It is written in a calm critical spirit, and contains no inflated rhetoric, exaggerated statements, or cooked statistics. Mr. Fairman is one of the happily growing section of Socialists who believe in methods political, and he even finds a good word for our present system of representative government, which he truly says "would be still less representative had it evolved any real Socialistic legislation, since public opinion has not yet demanded it." To those who say that "palliatives" tend to make the poor man contented and the rich man self-satisfied, our author replies that "such fears betray both lack of faith in Socialist principles, and ignorance of human nature." That is just it—the impossibilists are men of little faith and of immense self-righteousness. They believe neither in their principles nor in their fellow men, and they think that the appeal to justice which has converted them will fall unheeded upon the moral consciousness of their "friends and fellow-citizens." This Pecksniffian priggishness, this narrow sectarianism it is, which has fore-

(c) *The Relations of Economic Science to Social and Political Action.* J. E. Thorold Rogers. London, Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1888.

(d) *The Principles of Socialism made Plain*, by Frank Fairman, with Preface by William Morris. London, William Reeves, 1888.

doomed all their efforts to failure, and has cursed the Socialist movement from its inception. These persons will find much to complain of in Mr. Fairman's book, and their fault-finding will be the measure of its real value.

Mr. Firth's little book (*e*) is a very convenient summary of the large volume published by him on the same subject in 1875. It is well written and gives the reader in a small compass a great deal of very useful information about the actualities of London Government, and sketches out the lines along which reform is most needed. The book begins with a description of the various attempts which have been made to establish an organised government for London during the last forty years. One great cause of the ill success of these various efforts has been the steady opposition of the city corporation. This opposition has been mainly exercised not openly in the light of day, but secretly by underhand trickery and bribery. No less than £19,000 were expended by the city in getting up bogus meetings, and inserting lying paragraphs in the newspapers in order to oppose the London Government Bill of 1884. Similarly in the case of the question of the Coal and Wine dues last year, petitions containing 93,000 signatures in favour of the continuance of the dues were presented to Parliament. Of these signatures 90,000 were traced to city agents, and apparently nearly all of those had been written by a few men. Some idea of the other ways in which the city corporation squanders its huge revenue may be gathered from the appendices to Mr. Firth's book. On one banquet, given to commemorate the return of the Prince of Wales from India, no less than £26,760 were spent. Of this huge sum £5,000 went for food, £1,703 for wine, the rest was absorbed by decorations, gratuities and sundries. Another chapter deals with the vestry system and points out how wasteful and inefficient it is through the want of some central control. Take, for example, the following paragraph: "The method of rate collection in London varies infinitely, whilst a collector of Inland Revenue would find his work familiar when removed from one end of the kingdom to the other, a collector of London rates would find it needful to learn new methods if he even removed into the neighbouring parish." With regard to the Metropolitan Board of Works Mr. Firth says that it has certainly done some good work, as may be seen by comparing the condition of London now, with its condition forty years back. Its great defect lies in the method of election to it, a method which effectually prevents any popular interest in its constitution and which consequently makes corruption extremely easy.

Of the evils resulting from the absence of a single control in the matter of street repairs a very striking illustration is given. Not long ago a capacious subway was constructed down the centre of a main London thoroughfare and carefully built of granite cubing laid on concrete. The object of the subway was to provide a channel for gas and water pipes so that they might be laid down and repaired without tearing up the street. This is the universal system in Paris, but in London there was no power to compel the gas company to avail itself of the channel offered freely on the sole condition that they would go to the expense of properly jointing their pipes. And so, shortly after the work was completed, the gas company employed gangs of men to tear up the street on each side from end to end in order to lay their badly jointed pipes.

In a series of short chapters the author next describes the functions which a central governing body in London would have to perform—the maintenance of parks and open spaces, sanitary inspection, licensing

(*e*) *Reform of London Government and of City Guilds*, by G. F B Firth The Imperial Parliament Series. Swan Sonnenschien and Co., London

public houses, music halls, cabs, etc., etc., and he wisely suggests that the duties of the Metropolitan Asylums Board should be transfered to the central governing body. Finally, in a few well-written and interesting pages, he gives a sketch of the history and present condition of the city companies. Altogether this little book will be found extremely useful to readers interested at getting at the essential facts that affect the problem of the government of London.

We do not think that Dr. Bowles Daly has rendered much service to the cause of Home Rule by his publication of this series of memoirs of "the men of '98" now before us (*f*). If there is any lesson at all conveyed by the volume it is that the Irish people are lacking in all power of organisation, and are unable to stand shoulder to shoulder long enough to bring off a successful conspiracy. We know of no record of blundering more pitiable and hopeless than that of the Irish Government, except that of the plotters who have from time to time endeavoured to upset it. Treason, unreadiness, utter demoralisation, these form the staple of the story of '98 as told by a sympathetic historian. There is something tragically pathetic, pitiful, sickening, in the way in which noble young lives like those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Russell, were cut short, wasted and thrown away owing almost entirely to the colossal ineptitude and unreliability of the men in whom they put their trust. Nothing marks the wisdom of Mr. Parnell more distinctly than his decision to win his ends by the method of politics rather than by those of open rebellion. It proves that he has read the history of his country aright and learned that his countrymen are better fitted to work the ballot box of the politician than to wield the pike of the revolutionist. The most interesting thing in Dr. Daly's book is the diary of Wolfe Tone, the greater part of which was written while he was on board one of the French ships which took part in the abortive attempt to land an invading army in Bantry Bay. A little passage in this diary sheds an unexpected gleam of light on the character of the diarist. When, after hoping against hope, it had become quite clear to him that the "invasion" was a miserable *fiasco*, he writes as follows: "Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada"!!! Imagine the sense of proportion in a man who could compare this egregious expedition with its *two* commanders-in-chief and its *four* admirals, all of them in a blue funk lest they should run against an English man-of-war, to the great Armada, to defeat which called for the splendid seamanship and desperate valour of men like Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. One touch was wanting to make the farce complete, and poor Tone adds it under date December 29th. Here it is "At four this morning the commanders made the signal to sail for France, so there is an end of the expedition for the present, perhaps for ever. *At ten we made prize of an unfortunate brig, bound from Lisbon to Cork, laden with salt, which we sunk.*" Can the force of anti-climax further go? We cannot recommend this book to the ordinary reader, but to those who, for any reason, are "getting up" the period with which it deals it contains much valuable, and some hitherto unpublished, matter. We have not the knowledge necessary to criticise Dr. Daly's accuracy in the matter of facts, but it is well to be on the look out for "Celtic myths" when dealing with a writer, who, in seven lines of large type, makes use of the following epithets: "diabolical," "cold-blooded," "atrocity," "pernicious," "infamous," "odious," and "disgusting." The book is well bound, nicely printed, contains some excellent portraits, and two or three pictures of the blood-curdling kind which embellish Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion."

(*f*) *Ireland in '98. Sketches of the principal men of the time.* Edited by J. Bowles Daly, LL.D. Swan, Sonnenshein, Lowry & Co., 1888.

Adorned with designs by Walter Crane, well bound and well printed, with good tunes and good words, Mr. Carpenter's little book (*g*) should be a success. But it isn't. "Sweet music wedded to immortal verse" is all very well—when you get it—but here the sweet music is not wedded to the verse, but arbitrarily manacled, the editor forcing the reluctant words to the unwilling tune. This is specially evident in No. 23, where, in place of "Sweet *lass* of *Rich*mond *Hill*," we have "Our *dear* friends *the* po*lice*." The splendid march, "The British Grenadiers," is very funny. "Who hammers brass and sto-o-o-ne" is the first line, and in place of the concluding "The British Grenadiers," you get "The Proletari*at!*" which has a most surprising effect. Mr. Morris's fine poem "I heard men saying leave hope and praying," is unexpectedly set to the tender sentimental air of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." It is usually a mistake to set stock words to old tunes. Either the words should be written for the air or the air for the words. In cases where the union is effected merely because a poem has as many syllables as a tune has notes one longs for a divorce between them. Mr. Carpenter has evidently not tried to *sing* his Chants of Labour, but has only *read* them, and a thing that is very fair reading is often very poor singing. Some of these songs are absolutely not to be sung on any terms. Others again sing themselves, so to speak, but these are inevitably in the minority. Socialism is too young for songs, perhaps, and every one who has written Socialist songs has written better about something else. The worst of it all is that our Socialism is so largely an economic theory, and not yet a religious belief. The shell of the man is made out of the red clay, but not yet is the breath of life breathed into him. When Socialism shall have a soul, a religious as well as a scientific basis (and here we use "religious" in its true sense), then the poet of Socialism will arise, and sing us such songs of labour as shall send Mr. Edward Carpenter post haste to his publishers, to implore them to suppress what remains of his hundredth edition. But thanks to the crude materialism of so many of our leading spirits that millenial hour and mutual deification of true Socialism and true poetry is yet far off, and the nations who sit in darkness see as yet no such light. *En attendant*, Mr. Edward Carpenter, somewhat handicapped by a defective musical ear, has made a brave attempt with indifferent materials. If the result is not satisfactory, it is at least the best thing of the kind which we have. We wish it success, such success as to carry it speedily into a new edition. And then, if Mr. Carpenter is wise, he will confer with one having authority in matters musical, so that his second edition may be free from the glaring mal-adaptations which deform the first. The price of the paper covered edition is 1s. Clubs or societies which lighten Political Economy with song will find in this volume a good shilling's worth, *malgré* the blunders, which after all, are also worth the buying, since laughter is priceless, and a laugh at one's friends as enjoyable as a gird at one's enemies.

(*g*) *Chants of Labour* A song-book of the people with music. Edited by Edward Carpenter. Swan Sonnenschein, London, 1888.

Reviews of a large number of books are unavoidably held over until next month.