SOCIALISM FROM THE ROOT UP.

CHAPTER XVII.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM—CONVERSION OF CAPITAL INTO MONEY.

SAYS MARX: “The circulation of commodities is the starting point of capital: the production of commodities, their circulation, and that more developed form of their circulation called commerce, these form the historical groundwork from which it rises. The modern history of capital dates from the creation in the 19th century of a world-embracing commerce and a world-embracing market.”

The great representative of this circulation is money, which is the first form in which capital appears. In history, money presents itself as never opposed to leisure, as the merchant is opposed to the landowner; an antithesis which struck people so much at one period that they expressed it by means of a double proverb—“No land without a lord,” and “Money has no master.” This is, in fact, another way of stating the antithesis between the Medieval basis of property, viz., status, a recognized position in the great feudal hierarchy, and contract, the commercial basis, on which is built the position of the modern exploiter.

We must now see how capital is born, and the manner in which it works after it has been born. It is born out of the operation expressed by the formula M — C — M, which we had to take note of in our last few and grand generalization. Pal is that face with fright and helpless wonder; He harnessed for flight his swift-footed team; He falls to earth; the earth is burnt under—

O God of Vengeance, let him always dream!

That cottage by the brook—small is its space;

Virtue and Hunger share the peasant’s bed;

But God has granted to the poor a grace,

To quench in dreams the cares that crowd his head.

He sees the fields through glowingุม stumpfire.

Grow ripe and rich with harvest’s golden gleam;

His narrow cottage widens to a world—

O God of Liberty, let the poor man dream.

At this last house, upon the bench of stone,

One moment I must rest in earnest prayer;

I love thee true, my child—nor I alone.

My love with Freedom’s shall thee ever share.

A dove-drawn cradle bears thee to the skies;

For me wild courser charm and foam and steam;

I dream of eagles, thou of butterflies.

O God of lovers, let my darling dream!

Thou star, that shineth into the cloudy haze,

Thou night in pall of deepest purple furled,

To weep or grieve the poor man’s last estate.

On that sad face of the dawn-wakened world.

For fancy’s dream to do light’s deed must yield;

On tears—sprays sparkle the sun’s last beam;

Freedom to Tyranny reigns the field—

O God of dreamers, let us always dream!

FRANCE.

CARCASSONNE.—At the recent municipal election the Socialist list has been much more successful than the Opportunists one, nine Socialists having been elected.

PARIS.—Last week an “Extra-parliamentary Commission” was busy over the proposed national monument in commemoration of the Revolution. It is proposed to erect it on the grounds of the former palace of the Tuileries; all latitude is left to the artists and architects, who may decide upon one single edifice or several, the principal monument may be either purely symbolic, or may consist in halls in which would be placed statues and bas-reliefs illustrative of the men and scenes of the Revolution. The Commission will ask for a grant of twelve millions for the execution of the plan. We confess to a cold shudder in the hearing of the “symbolic monument,” from bitter knowledge, foreseeing what crime modern sculptural art can perpetrate when it strays from what it is fit for—i.e., executing a faithful and skilful likeness of a “social benefactor,” a city alderman, a coster, a crooner, and all, when it strays from this, the realm of everyday life, to that of false sentiment and humbug. Let us hope the Government will give it the grant, and waste the national money some other way, and that we may be spared the pain of a “symbolic monument.”

At the Château d’Eau Theatre in Paris a performance of Felix Pyat’s “Chiffonnier de Paris” was organised last week by the Ore de Peuple, in aid of the families of those who suffered in the St. Etienne explosion. The theatre was crowded to capacity, and the performance so fine, that the refrain with the refrain with a fervour and a precision which is indispensable to the dramatic effect of this fine tune. We shall have a great deal to do in the coming season with the “Marseillaise” sung by a French choir, or played as orchestrated by H. Berlioz and listened to by the emotional French audience. Several revolutionary songs were sung, and finally, amid great excitement, and the general upring of the audience, the orchestra played the “Marseillaise.” We English folk cannot quite realise without seeing it what an effect this song has on a large French crowd. For the “Marseillaise” sung in England, where we don’t know the meaning of fine French words, and are not able to shew in all the translated ones in place and time, is a very different thing from the “Mar- seillaise” sung by a French choir, or played as orchestrated by H. Berlioz and listened to by the emotional French audience. A fervour and a precision which is indispensable to the dramatic effect of this fine tune. We shall have a great deal to do in the coming season with the “Marseillaise” sung by a French choir, or played as orchestrated by H. Berlioz and listened to by the emotional French audience.