of glory. But is not this, after all, a condition of greater happiness for woman? What advantage does a great man, who has died in misery and pain, derive from posthumous glory? What woman loses in greatness she gains in happiness. To my mind, she is not the loser by the exchange.

WILLIAM FERRERO.

THE NEW REVIEW.

No. 55.—December, 1883.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

In an article which appeared in the Nineteenth Century for the month of April, 1870, I attempted to establish a case for an eight-hours day on the fact that under existing conditions of labour it was impossible for us to give employment to the whole body of our working population. I quoted some figures from the Census Returns which seemed to indicate that the growth of machinery operates in such a way as at once to increase population and at the same time to decrease, relatively to the population, the amount of manual labour actually required for carrying on the work of the country. This fact, if true, seems to me to be of the gravest importance to us; and I propose, by way of calling renewed attention to it, to go a little more into detail.

Grouping together the staple industries of the country and taking them as comprising agriculture, the manufacture of the textile fabrics, work in mines and minerals, the transport service, and the making of machines and tools, I stated, in the article referred to, that the number of persons engaged in carrying on the work connected with them in Great Britain had increased in the interval between 1851 and 1881 by only 15,446, while the population had increased during the same period by nearly nine millions. On a closer examination of the Census Returns I find that the figures thus given as indicating the increase in the number of workmen are not correct. I took the figures as they stood in the Returns, and failed to allow (1) for the fact that the superannuated and retired are separately classed in the Returns for 1881, while in the earlier Returns they are included among the workers in the trades to which they had belonged; and (2) for the fact that (a) land proprietors and (b) the wives and female
par la négation qui est au bout, on ajoute à l'acceptation des malheurs le poids insupportable du néant ; et de ce qui n'était que la souffrance, c'est-à-dire la loi de Dieu, on fait le désespoir, c'est-à-dire la loi de l'enter. De là de profondes convulsions sociales. Ceses, je suis de ceux qui veulent, et personne n'en doute dans cette enceinte, je suis de ceux qui veulent, je ne dis pas avec sincérité, le mot est trop faible, je y vois avec une inexplicable ardeur, et par tous les moyens possibles, améliorer dans cette vie le sort matériel de ceux qui souffrent ; mais la première de améliorations, c'est de leur donner l'espérance. Comme s'améliorent nos mières fines quand il y mêle une espérance infinie ! Notre devoir à tous, qui que nous soyons, les législateurs comme les écrivains, c'est de répandre, c'est de dépenser, c'est de prodiguer, sous toutes les formes, toute l'énergie sociale pour combattre et détruire la misère, et en même temps de faire lever toutes les têtes vers le ciel, de diriger toutes les âmes, de tourner toutes les attentes vers une vie ultérieure, où justice sera faite et où justice sera rendue. Disons-le bien haut, personne n'aura injustement ni instamment souffert. La mort est une restitution. La loi du monde matériel, c'est l'équilibre ; la loi du monde moral, c'est l'équité. Dieu se retire à la fin de tout. Ne l'oublions pas, et enseignons-le à tous ; il n'y aurait aucun digne à vivre, et cela n'en vaudrait pas la peine, si nous devions mourir tout entier. Ce qui allège le labeur, ce qui sanctifie le travail, ce qui rend l'homme fort, bon, sage, patient, bienveillant, juste, à la fois humble et grand, digne de l'intelligence, digne de la liberté, c'est d'avoir devant soi la perpétuelle visée d'un monde meilleur rayonnant à travers les ténèbres de cette vie.*

W. S. LILLY.

* Speech in the debate on the Fallen Law (1850).

PAUL VERLAINE.

It is not often that the life of a poet becomes common property until after his death. The irresponsible interviewer, certainly, is beginning to throw open study doors in Mayfair, boudoir doors in Bayswater, showing us the gentleman of letters seated elegantly at his desk, the lady of letters reclining elegantly on her divan ; we are told whether the lady smokes Turkish or Egyptian cigarettes, whether the gentleman uses the quill or the gilt J pen ; but even the interviewer plays the role of questions of conduct, and refrains from speculating as to the domestic virtues of his victims. Now, it is quite certain that the pens and cigarettes are, in themselves, worse than unimportant ; while the piety or immorality of a lady or gentleman who writes may be an extremely important and interesting matter. It is important and interesting, at all events, in the case of a writer whose work is personal in the closest sense, whose work has obviously been lived before it was written. But, in most cases, the critic is obliged deliberately to ignore even the most enticing and explanatory scandals which come to his ears, even about the least careful and the most prominent people. They are known, we all talk about them, but it would be indecent to talk about them in print. To this rule there is but one exception. A writer who confesses himself in public has only himself to blame if people listen to his confession, and make reports of it. And, by a singular good fortune, from one point of view, the life of Paul Verlaine, the greatest living poet, has thus become common property, if not absolutely by his own desire, at all events by his own action.

"Verlaine est homme avant d'être poète," says M. Charles Morice in his admirable little book ; "c'est seulement par excès d'activité, par intensité d'humanité, qu'il est poète."* Never was there any body of writing to which might be applied more aptly than to the writing of Verlaine Walt Whitman's "Camerado, this is a man!" It would be

* Paul Verlaine, p. 22 (Vannier, 1889).
almost possible to construct the life of Verlaine from his poems, with the very dates, the very facts; it is, indeed, impossible not to follow step by step the main course of an existence which brings you its griefs and joys, as a child does, wanting your sympathy. "Mon nom," cries Verlaine in one of his books of prose, "que je voudrais purger et bonhomement poétique, va-t-il passer en proverbe?" And he adds that he would have preferred, had the choice been his, "une existence de brave garçon et d’honnête homme." But the choice never was possible, and it is thus that the man of to-day speaks of himself:—

Je vais gueux comme un rat d'église,
Et toi, tu n'as que tes dix doigts ;
La table n'est pas souvent mise
Dans nos sous-sols et sous nos toits.†
La honte, envoyons-la se promener,
Même exaspérés et, sinon cyniques,
Soyons scandaleux sans plus nous gêner ;‡
Un mot encore, car je vous dois
Quelque heure en définitive
Concernant la chose qui m'arrive :
Je compte parmi les maladroits.
J'ai perdu ma vie et je sais bien
Que tout blâme sur moi s'en va foncer :
A cela je ne puis que répondre:
Que je suis vraiment nô Saturnien.§

And, at times, it is not merely in general terms that he writes of prisons and hospitals (to each of which he has devoted a book of prose), but, even in the verse, as minutely and unmistakably as this:—

Le "sort" fantastique qui m'a gâté à sa manière
M'a logé cette fois, peut-être la dernière —
Et la dernière c'est la bonne — à l'hôpital.
De mon rêve à celui le rêve est brutal,
Mais explicable par le fait d'une voueuse
(Dont l'histoire posthume est, dit-on, graveuse);
Des fort d’un rhumatisme aussi, moindre détail :
Puis d'un gâte où l'on est qui importe le portail ?

Régnier or Villon could not be more explicit. It would be an affectation to ignore what Verlaine has taken such particular care that everyone should know, and I shall therefore have no scruple in speaking of him as he is: the poet whom I admire beyond all other contemporary poets, and the man whose life, for all its disorder, seems to me essentially and splendidly the life of a poet.

I have elsewhere* analysed, in some detail, the whole of Verlaine's work as a poet, and still more recently† I have summed up my conclusions in regard to his position in "The Decadent Movement in Literature."‡ "Sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter," is the phrase by which he has defined, very aptly, his own theory of style; and again—

L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même.

In an earlier "Art Poétique" he had written:—

Car nous voulons la nuance encore,
Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance !
Oh ! la nuance, seule façon,
Le rêve au rêve et la lune au car !

And his verse, from the moment when, in Romances sans Paroles, it attains complete individuality, has been true to this theory of subtlety in simplicity, alike in the evocations of twilight landscapes and twilight moods which we find in his earlier work, in the poignant intensity of the spiritual conflict expressed in the work written later, and in the sometimes brutal sensuality which finds expression in some of his very latest work.

It is all very wrong, no doubt, and perhaps incredible, from one standpoint, that a man should sin and repent, sin and repent, with such absolute good faith, such tumultuous helplessness, and that he should write it all down as the mood takes him, addressing now "vous, cocotte un peu mère," and now—

Vous, maitresse de la mort
Et reine de la vie, ô Vierge immaculée.

* But Verlaine is always faithful to himself, to the two sides of himself, and he has thus succeeded in rendering, as no one ever has before, the whole homo duplex, the eternal conflict of humanity. And the verse which he has fashioned to his use with such finesse, the verse which can sing as French verse has never yet sung, which can express the last fine shade of emotion and of sensation, has, in opening up a new future for

French verse, because in his hands the vehicle of a new kind of truth Verlaine has often protested against the fallacy which attributes to him a school. He has shown others, it is true, that verse can have a new texture, as Whitman, for instance, has shown that paint can be handled in a new way. But he has done so incidentally, and where he is met himself he is least of all to be followed, for with Verlaine, as with every great writer, the style is the man.

The first time I saw Paul Verlaine was one hot night at the end of April, three years ago. Charles Morice, the poet, from whose book as Verlaine I have already quoted, was dining with me, and he had been talking in his usual vein, fluent, a trifle ecstatic, rather mad, full of charm and surprise. When we had had our coffee Morice turned to me, in his gentle and urbane way, biding his great bland head a little, and proposed that we should look in at the Café François Premier, and see if Verlaine was there. I cannot remember in the least what Morice was saying as we strolled, in the slow French fashion, up the Boulevard Saint-Michel. I do not think I knew at the time. I was very much excited at the thought of a possible meeting, at last, this extraordinary creature, whom I expected to find very much like his caricature in the Histoire d'Aujourd'hui: en échelles, ending in a green tail. We passed café after café, flaring with lights, filled with men and girls. The weather was warm, and the terrasses were crowded, the black coats interspersed with the cheerful colours of a bonnet. Students filled the pavement, swarming to and fro with that noisy, pleasant gaiety of the Boul' Mich' after dark. Gradually, as we mounted, the throng became less dense, the lighter, fainter.

At last we reached the corner at which stands the François Premier. Morice pushed open the door and went forward, I following. There, seated at a table, surrounded by a crowd of young men, was Verlaine, smiling benevolently. He came forward to greet us, and then we sat down opposite to him at the table. On one side of me was Jean Moréas, who has since then made so amusing a success with his Libère Passionné; a Greek, with the dark features, blue-black hair, and half-sullen black eyes which characterise the modern Athenian. Near by was Charles Vignier, the writer of a book of verses called Chants, with his pale, elegant, savage face, his bland plausibility, the veiled sneer of the lips. Opposite to him was Fernand Langlois, a young artist, incredibly tall and thin and youthful, with an air already of exhaustion, a tired, grey look upon his features. But Verlaine! at the time I saw eyes only for Verlaine. He was shabbily dressed, without a collar, a white scarf round his neck, a grey hat pushed back on his head. I had seen many portraits of him, not very nice to look at, and I had read the most unpleasant accounts of his appearance. What I saw was something totally different. The face was a strange, contradictory one, with its spiritual forehead, its animal jaw, its shifting fan's eyes. But it was quite genial, and it had a singularly manly air; a really gentlemanly air, I might add. The eyes were certainly curious: oblique, constantly in movement, with gestures (there is no other word) of the lids and brows. But Verlaine is all gesture: his hands, his arms, his whole body, speaks gesture violent, sudden, convincing, not French gesture at all. It is there that one sees the power, genial and ferocious, of the man. As he exploded into conversation his whole body seemed to translate his meaning into movement; it is the gesture that one seems to see in his work. With that, a natural dignity, an ineradicable refinement; a severity and simplicity, too, which impress one at once; an entire absence of pose, of souds extravagance; the extravagance, when it came as it did often enough, being natural and on the spur of the moment. He talked of England, of his admiration for Tennyson, for Swinburne, for—wonder of wonders—the English Sunday, so religious, he said, and began to pull an imaginary bell-rop. Then, without transition, he told some stories, rather shocking, in which he interrupted himself to find the exact English equivalents for the most untranslatable French words. Then, addressing himself exclusively to me, he recounted certain facts in his life, the most unusual ones, in the most matter-of-fact and impersonal manner, with the good-humoured tone of a man who simply tells a curious story which may interest one. He asked me to come and see him the next night, and wrote down his address for me—Hôtel des Mines, 65, Boulevard St. Michel, chamber No. 4.

The next night, accordingly, I set out for the Hôtel des Mines. I was rather late, and inquired of the concierge for “chambre numéro 4.” "M. Verlaine," I asked, "est-il chez lui?" "The woman’s face darkened; she evidently had no regard for the inhabitant of “chambre numéro 4.” "Non," she said, jerking her head away, "non, monsieur, il n’est pas ici." Somewhat surprised, I turned away, and began to stroll down the boulevard. I had not gone far before I saw him shouting himself along, leaning on the arm of the honest-looking little shabby man who seemed to look after him. We saluted, and he began to talk at once, ramblingly repeating the same remark several times with
increasing emphasis—and the emphasis of Verlaine is tremendous. He had left his memory at the bottom of his glass, and it was some time before he could be induced to remember his invitation. The little man got the candle and key, and led the way.

We crossed a court, and began to climb a narrow staircase. Verlaine apologised for the time he took in getting up the stairs, stopping several times on the way to explain at greater length. The room was small and mean; the few things that were in it were in disorder, but there was not much opportunity for being disorderly. On the wall, facing the bed, hung several pencil and crayon portraits of himself. Below, on a chest of drawers, were a few books, apparently his entire library. There was a Bible, and there were one or two of his own books. The little man lit two other candles. Verlaine confided to me that he had just been getting some money, a rare event with him. "I have got money; I will have pleasure," he said, in the difficult, accentuated English into which he dropped from time to time, every word a housewarming. He took out his purse; it contained a two-franc piece. There was a knock at the door, and in came the tall, thin, feminine-looking young artist, Fernand Langlois, whom I had seen the day before at the café. He curried himself up, in his feline way, on the bed, the little man perched himself on the chest of drawers, I was honoured with a chair, and Verlaine began to move restlessly about the room. Presently the little man was sent out with the two-franc piece; he soon came back with a bottle of rum and some glasses. Then Verlaine sat down and began to talk, sometimes in English. I noticed that he sipped his rum very slowly, often raising the glass halfway to his lips and holding it there while he finished his sentence, or his string of sentences, sometimes putting it down again untasted. He was by turns argumentative and explosive; his facial pantomime was more frantic than ever; and now and again he would get up, perhaps to show me his Bible, which he did with great gusto, putting it over, pointing out the name of the translator, a Protestant, assuring me what an excellent book it was, and what a religious man he was himself. "Je suis Catholique!" he said over and over again; "mais," he added, frowning the Bible with the hand which did not hold the glass of rum. "Catholique du moyen-age!"

I have often seen Verlaine since then, but my first impression of him remains unaltered. It is all very sordid, of course, and very pathetic, this turbulent and disturbed existence, with the forced inaction of his...
Verlaine was in solitary confinement at Mons. He came out of prison a fervent Catholic, and after seven years' silence a volume of religious poems (certainly among the finest and the most profoundly sincere religious poems ever written) was published obscurely, under the name of _Sagesse_ (1881), at the office of a Catholic publisher. Since then, now lodging at the expense of his friends in some miserable garret, now a little more comfortably in hospital, he has published _J'ai Tous les Sens_ (1884), a book of poems which represents every side of his work; _Amour_ (1888), and _Bouche_ (1891), pendants to _Sagesse_; _Parallèlement_ (1889), and _Comotions pour elle_ (1891), its antithesis; besides some prose books, _Les Poètes Mandits, Louise Labé, Miroirs d'un Vœuf, Mes Hôpitaux, Mes Prisons_; and two privately printed books of verse, _Délicates_ (1890), and _Lirurgies Intimes_ (1892). Not many years ago, editors, even in Paris, dared not print his name; his genius was beclouded when it was not ignored; and the greatest of modern French poets was infinitely less regarded than, let us say, M. Jean Richepin. To-day, all that is changed. Verlaine remains what he always was, but the public has come to accept him as a poet, even, to some extent, as a man. For, as a man, it has come to see that he is necessarily what he is; that the conditions of his life can never be changed; that he is "irreclaimable," to use the favourite expression, and that it is perfectly right that he should be irreclaimable.

Arthur Symons.