

that produce, either in its raw or wrought state for the purpose of sale or exchange from one place or country to another, it is *commercial*.

There is a fourth species, called intellectual labour, without the co-operation of which physical power is not exerted; and it is the exertion of this intellectual labour that constitutes the science or art of the agriculturist, manufacturer, and merchant.

Besides the labour occupied in the production of commodities, there is another sort, not less valuable, namely, that of legislators, judges, and magistrates, men of science, literature, and the arts, the medical classes, and domestic servants; all these are occupied in the production of utility, and contribute, like the husbandman and operative, to increase and multiply the comforts, enjoyments, and conveniences of social life.

Without the application of labour, the earth is unavailable to human use, it offers no spontaneous gifts; the mineral treasures contained in its bosom, the seas and rivers by which it is watered, and the animals, fruits, and vegetables, that cover its surface, are not directly useful till they have been subdued, gathered, and combined by human industry. The fire that warms us, the candle that lights us, our clothes, our food, our habitation—in short, every thing we eat, drink, see, or rest upon—afford evidence of the all-conquering power of industry.

As man's comforts augment, his labours multiply. The savage whose occupation is limited to the gathering of fruits or the picking up of shell-fish, is placed on the verge of social existence.

To increase his enjoyments, he must his dangers and exertions. The first step in his progress is to hunt wild animals, to feed himself with their flesh, and clothe himself with their skins. But the proceeds of the chase are uncertain, and in lieu of depending on such a toil-some and precarious source of subsistence, he tries to domesticate animals; from a hunter he becomes a shepherd and a herdsman—a transition that softens the rudeness of his nature, as well as guarantees him a more unfailling supply of food.

His next advance in civilization is to *agriculture*. Flesh alone forms an unsatisfactory repast, and to obtain a supply of vegetables, he must till the ground. With flocks and herds and the produce of the soil, his hunger may be appeased; but this is only one of his wants; he requires variety of diet, of clothing, and lodging; to attain these, he must become a *manufacturer*. He has now reached the fourth stage of improvement; he has triumphed over the material drawbacks that surrounded him, and acquired a power to minister to his desires, however varied and multiplied, that is only limited by his industry and intelligence. Although labour is the great architect of our enjoyments and conveniences in diet, dress and habitations, it is not a

creator of them; like a skilful chemist or artist, it only separates, fashions, and combines, and does not add a particle to the matter, of the world previously existing. Nature is the great capitalist, that, from the beginning of time, has furnished the raw material on which industry has been exercised.

The culture of the human mind keeps pace with the culture of the material products by which it is surrounded. When earth has been reclaimed by industry it ceases to be an appropriate domain for savage life; it requires an occupant whose passions have been meliorated, and his reason cultivated. Man uncivilised, and the earth uncultivated, are in their infancy; what labour effects for the one, education accomplishes for the other.

So omnipotent is labour, that it is considered by political economists to be the only source of *wealth*; or those riches which, apart from the spontaneous and unappropriated products of the earth, alone possess value in exchange. Nature has been lavish in her bounties, but man alone has given them exchangeable value. What I can appropriate, and of which every one has enough to satisfy his wants, may be extremely useful but has no value—will fetch *no price*. The sunbeam that warms us, the air that supports life, and the water that slakes thirst are all abundantly useful; but as they are the produce of no man's labour, and no man appropriates them to himself, they are of no value in the market.

“Labour was the first price, the original purchase money, that was paid for all things,” when all things lay in common, alike the gift of nature to all men who would have the best right to say, *this is mine*. The man who first set his mark upon it by his industry and thereby gave it a value that could not be severed from it. It was thus that labour originated appropriation, and appropriation exchangeable value.

It will be but a modest computation to say, that the products of the earth useful to the life of man, nine tenths are the effects of labour; nay, if we will rightly consider things as they come to our use, and cast the several expenses about them—what in them is purely owing to nature and what to labour. And we want a triumphant proof of the value of labour have only to look at the American nation—and reflect that in a few years—comparatively few—labour has converted a dense forests—a mighty waste into a powerful, industrious, enterprising and wealthy nation.

When a man has once got over his passion for a woman he finds her demonstrations of attachment very irksome; they proceeded from the most indifferent woman in the world they would please him better, because there would be at least something open—he is not *sure*, beforehand, that she will not prove the yet unseen queen of his soul; but a woman has once passionately loved and forgotten, has neither hope nor mystery remaining for him; she is a discovered enigma. No matter what noble or precious qualities lie within her he has explored them and found they cannot enrich her; there is no more to hope, or to expect, or discover.